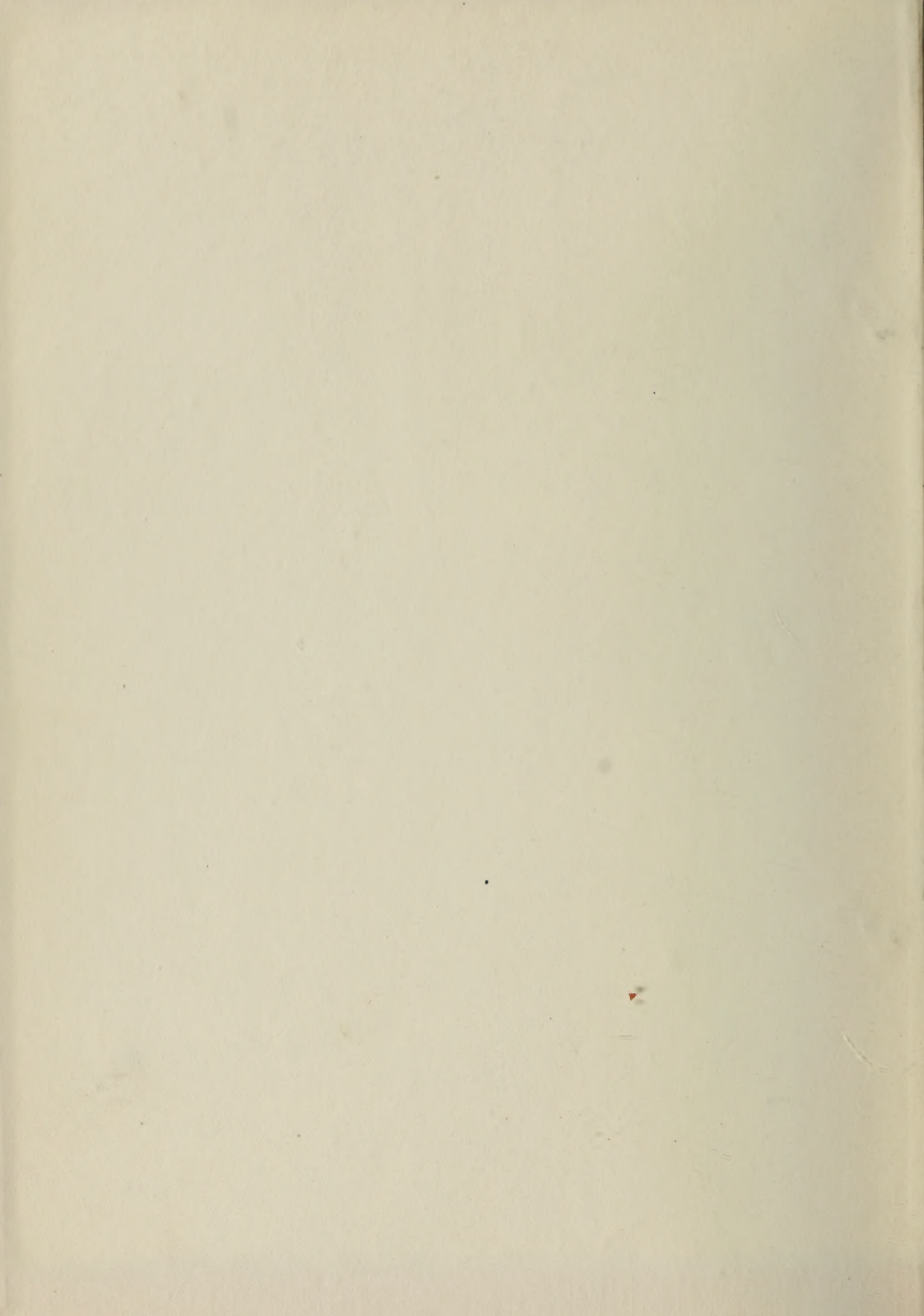
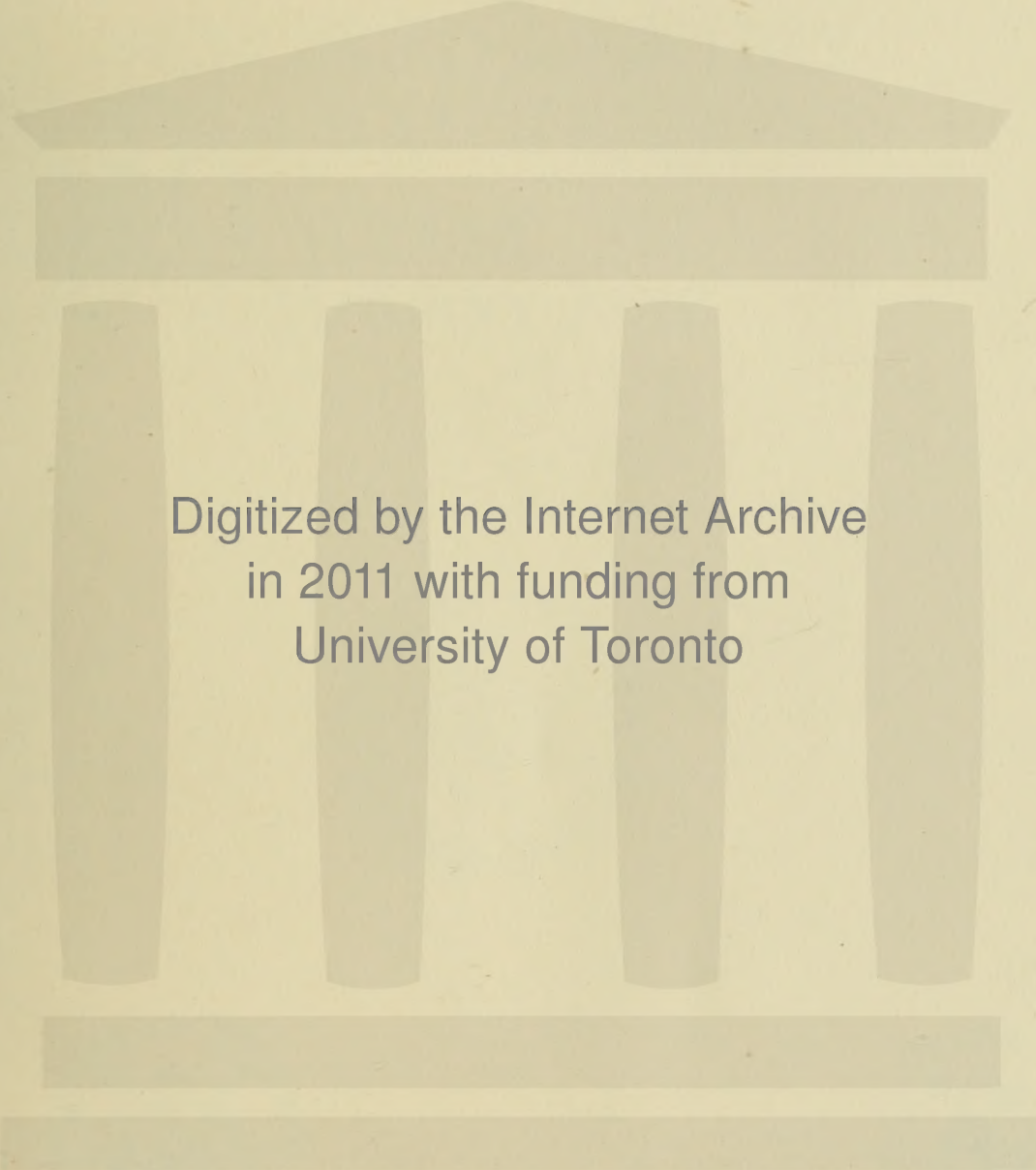




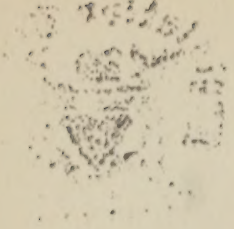
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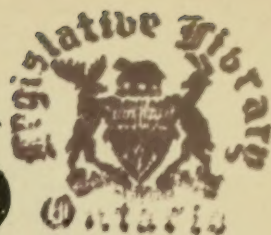
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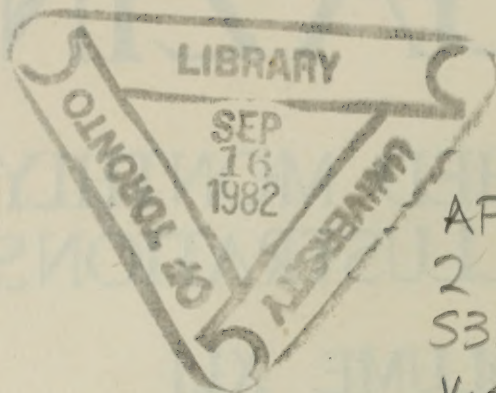
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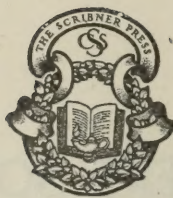


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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

HE STOOD BY HER IN SILENCE, HIS EYES ON THE INJURED MAN.

—"The Fruit of the Tree," page 10.

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VOL. XLI

JANUARY, 1907

NO. 1

A HOLIDAY IN A VACATION

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



It was really a good little summer resort where the boy and I were pegging away at our vacation. There were the mountains conveniently arranged, with pleasant trails running up all of them, carefully marked with rustic but legible guide-posts; and there was the sea comfortably besprinkled with islands, among which one might sail around and about, day after day, not to go anywhere, but just to enjoy the motion and the views; and there were cod and haddock swimming over the outer ledges in deep water, waiting to be fed with clams at any time, and on fortunate days ridiculously accommodating in letting themselves be pulled up at the end of a long, thick string with a pound of lead and two hooks tied to it. There were plenty of places considered proper for picnics, like Jordan's Pond, and Great Cranberry Island, and the Russian Tea-house, and the Log Cabin Tea-house, where you would be sure to meet other people who also were bent on picnicking; and there were hotels and summer cottages, of various degrees of elaboration, filled with agreeable and talkable folk, most of whom were connected by occupation or marriage with the rival colleges and universities, so that their ambitions for the simple life had an academic thoroughness and regularity. There were dinner parties, and tea parties, and garden parties, and sea parties, and luncheon parties, masculine and feminine, and a horse-show at Bar Harbor, and a gymkhana at North East, and dances at all the Harbors, where Minerva met Terpsichore on a friendly foot-

ing while Socrates sat out on the veranda with Midas discussing the great automobile question over their cigars.

It was all vastly entertaining and well-ordered, and you would think that any person with a properly constituted mind ought to be able to peg through a vacation in such a place without wavering. But when the boy confessed to me that he felt the need of a few "days off" in the big woods to keep him up to his duty, I saw at once that the money spent upon his education had not been wasted; for here, without effort, he had announced a great psychological fact—that *no vacation is perfect without a holiday in it*. So we packed our camping-kit, made our peace with the family, tied our engagements together and cut the string below the knot, and set out to find freedom and a little fishing in the region around Lake Nivatöus.

The south-east corner of the State of Maine is a happy remnant of the ancient wilderness. The railroads will carry you around it in a day, if you wish to go that way, making a big oval of two or three hundred miles along the sea and by the banks of the Penobscot, the Mattawamkeag, and the St. Croix. But if you wisely wish to cross the oval you must ride, or go afoot, or take to your canoe; probably you will have to try all three methods of locomotion, for the country is a mixed quantity. It reminds me of what I once heard in Stockholm: that the Creator, when the making of the rest of the world was done, had a lot of fragments of land and water, forests and meadows, mountains and valleys, lakes and moors, left over; and these He threw

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together to make the southern part of Sweden. I like that kind of a promiscuous country. The spice of life grows there.

When we had escaped from the railroad at Enfield on the Penobscot, we slept a short night in a room over a country store, and took wagon the next morning for a twenty-five mile drive. At the somnolent little village of Burlington we found our guides waiting for us. They were sitting on the green at the cross-roads, with their paddles and axes and bundles beside them. I knew at a glance that they were ready and all right; Sam, an old experienced, seasoned guide, and Harry, a good-looking young woodsman who had worked in lumber camps and on "the drive," but had never been "guiding" before. He was none the worse for that, for he belonged to the type of Maine man who has the faculty of learning things by doing them.

As we rattled along the road the farms grew poorer and sparser, until at last we came into the woods, crossed the rocky Passadumkeag River, and so over a succession of horseback hills to the landing-place on Nicatöus Stream, where the canoes were hidden in the bushes. Now load up with the bundles and boxes, the tent, the blanket-roll, the clothes-bag, the provisions—all the stuff that is known as "duffel" in New York, and "*butins*" in French Canada, and "*wangan*" in Maine—stow it all away judiciously so that the two light craft will be well balanced; and then push off, bow paddles, and let us taste the joy of a new stream! New to the boy and me, you understand; but to the guides it was old and familiar, a link in a much-travelled route. The amber water rippled merrily over the rocky bars where the river was low, and in the still reaches it spread out broad and smooth, covered with white lilies and fringed with tall grasses. All along the pleasant way Sam entertained us with memories of the stream.

"Ye see that grassy p'int, jest ahead of us? Three weeks ago I was comin' down for the mail, and there was three deer a-stannin' on that p'int, a buck and a doe and a fawn. And——"

"Up in them alders there's a little spring brook comes in. Good fishin' there in high water. But now? Well——"

"Jest beyond that bunch o' rocks last fall there was three fellers comin' down in a

canoe, and a big bear come out and started 'cross river. The gun was in the case in the bottom of the canoe, and one o' the fellers had a pistol, and so——"

Beyond a doubt it was so, always has been so, and always will be so—just so, on every river travelled by canoes, until the end of time. The sportsman travels through a happy interval between memories of failure and expectation of success. But the river and the wind in the trees sing to him by the way, and there are wild flowers along the banks, and every turn in the stream makes a new picture of beauty. Thus we came leisurely and peacefully to the place where the river issued from the lake; and here we must fish awhile, for it was reported that the land-locked salmon lay in the narrow channel just above the dam.

Sure enough, no sooner had the fly crossed the current than there was a rise; and at the second cast a pretty salmon of two and a half pounds was hooked, played, and landed. Three more were taken, of which the boy got two—and his were the biggest. Fish know nothing of the respect due to age. They leaped well, those little salmon, flashing clean out of the water again and again with silvery gleams. But on the whole they did not play as strongly nor as long as their brethren (called *ouan-aniche*), in the wild rapids where the Upper Saguenay breaks from Lake St. John. The same fish are always more lively, powerful, and enduring when they live in swift water, battling with the current, than when they vegetate in the quiet depths of a lake. But if a salmon must live in a luxurious home of that kind, Nicatöus is a good one, for the water is clear, the shores are clean, the islands plenty, and the bays deep and winding.

At the club-house, six miles up the lake, where we arrived at candle-lighting, we found such kindly welcome and good company that we tarried for three days in that woodland Capua, discussing the further course of our expedition. Everybody was willing to lend us aid and comfort. The sociable hermit who had summered for the last twenty years in his tiny cabin on the point gave us friendly counsel and excellent large blueberries. The matron provided us with daily bags of most delicate tea, a precaution against the native habit of "squatting" the leaves—that is, boiling and squeezing them to extract the tannin. The



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

On such a carry travel is slow.—Page 3.

little lady called Katharyne (a fearless forest-maid who roamed the woods in leathern jacket and short blue skirt, followed by an enormous and admiring guide, and caught big fish everywhere) offered to lend us anything in her outfit, from a pack-basket to a darning-needle. It was cheerful to meet with such general encouragement in our small adventure. But the trouble was to decide which way to go.

Nicatöus lies near the top of a watershed about a thousand feet high. From the region round about it at least seven canoeable rivers descend to civilization. The Narraguagus and the Union on the south, the Passadumkeag on the west, the Sisladobsis and the St. Croix on the north, and the two branches of the Machias or Kowahshiscook on the east; to say nothing of the Westogus and the Hackmatack and the Mopang. Here were names to stir the fancy and paralyze the tongue. What a joy to follow one of these streams clear through its course and come out of the woods in our own craft—from Nicatöus to the sea!

It was perhaps something in the name, some wild generosity of alphabetical expenditure, that led us to the choice of the Kowahshiscook, or west branch of the Machias River. Or perhaps it was because neither of our guides had been down that stream, and so the whole voyage would be an exploration, with everybody on the same level of experience. An easy day's journey across the lake, and up Comb's Brook, where the trout were abundant, and by a two-mile carry into Horseshoe Lake, and then over a narrow hardwood bridge, brought us to Green Lake, where we camped for the night in a new log shanty.

Here we were at the topmost source—*fons et origo*—of our chosen river. This single spring, crystal-clear and ice-cold, gushing out of the hillside in a forest of spruce and yellow birch and sugar maple, gave us the clue that we must follow for a week through the wilderness.

But how changed was that transparent rivulet after it entered the lake. There the water was pale green, translucent but semi-opaque, for at a depth of two or three feet the bottom was hardly visible. The lake was filled, I believe, with some minute aquatic growth which in the course of a thousand years or so would transform it into a meadow. But meantime the mysti-

cal water was inhabited, especially around the mouth of the spring, by huge trout to whom tradition ascribed a singular and provoking disposition. They would take the bait, when the fancy moved them: but the fly they would always refuse, ignoring it with calm disdain, or slapping at it with their tails and shoving it out of their way as they played on the surface in the summer evenings. This was the mysterious reputation of the trout of Green Lake, handed down from generation to generation of anglers; and this spell we had come to break, by finding the particular fly that would be irresistible to those secret epicures and the psychological moment of the day when they could no longer resist temptation. We tried all the flies in our books; at sunset, in the twilight, by the light of the stars and the rising moon, at dawn and at sunrise. Not one trout did we capture with the fly in Green Lake. Nor could we solve the mystery of those reluctant fish. The boy made a scientific suggestion that they got plenty of food from the cloudy water, which served them as a kind of soup. My guess was that their sight was impaired so that they could not see the fly. But Sam said it was "jest pure cussedness." Many things in the world happen from that cause, and as a rule it is best not to fret over them.

The trail from Green Lake to Campbell Lake was easily found; it followed down the outlet about a mile. But it had been little used for many years and the undergrowth had almost obliterated it. Rain had been falling all the morning and the bushes were wetter than water. On such a carry travel is slow. We had three trips to make each way before we could get the stuff and the canoes over. Then a short voyage across the lake, and another mile of the same sort of portage, after which we came out with the last load, an hour before sundown, on the shore of the Big Sabeo. This lake was quite different from the others; wide and open, with smooth sand-beaches all around it. The little hills which encircled it had been burned over years ago; and the blueberry pickers had renewed the fire from year to year. The landscape was light green and yellow, beneath a low, cloudy sky; no forest in sight, except one big, black island far across the water.

The place where we came out was not attractive; but nothing is more foolish than

to go on looking for a pretty camp-ground after daylight has begun to wane. When the sun comes within the width of two paddle-blades of the horizon, if you are wise you will take the first bit of level ground within reach of wood and water, and make haste to get the camp in order before dark. So we pitched our blue tent on the beach, with a screen of bushes at the back to shelter us from the wind; broke a double quantity of fir branches for our bed, to save us from the midnight misery of sand in the blankets; cut a generous supply of fire-wood from a dead pine-tree which stood conveniently at hand; and settled down in comfort for the night.

What could have been better than our supper, cooked in the open air and eaten by fire-light! True, we had no plates—they had been forgotten—but we never mourned for them. We made a shift to get along with the tops of some emptied tin cans and the cover of a kettle; and from these rude platters (quite as serviceable as the porcelain of Limoges or Sèvres) we consumed our toast, and our boiled potatoes with butter, and our trout prudently brought from Horse-shoe Lake, and, best of all, our bacon.

Do you remember what Charles Lamb says about roast pig? How he falls into an ecstasy of laudation, spelling the very name with small capitals, as if the lower case were too mean for such a delicacy, and breaking away from the cheap encomiums of the vulgar tongue to hail it in sonorous Latin as *princeps obsoniorum*! There is some truth in his compliments, no doubt; but they are wasteful, excessive, imprudent. For if all this praise is to be lavished on plain, fresh, immature, roast pig, what adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon? On roast pig a man cannot work; often he cannot sleep, if he have partaken of it immoderately. But bacon "brings to its sweetness no satiety." It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense wafted from a clean wood-fire; aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases, 'tis the matured bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by foresight for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting, and brought by art and man's de-

vice to a perfection surpassing nature. All the problems of woodland cookery are best solved by the baconian method. And when we say of one escaping great disaster that he has "saved his bacon," we say that the physical basis and the quintessential comfort of his life are still untouched and secure.

Steadily fell the rain all that night, plentiful, persistent, drumming on the tightened canvas over our heads, waking us now and then to pleasant thoughts of a rising stream and good water for the morrow. Breaking clouds rolled before the sunrise, and the lake was all a-glitter when we pushed away in dancing canoes to find the outlet. This is one of the problems in which the voyager learns to know something of the infinite reserve, the humorous subtlety, the hide-and-seek quality in nature. Where is it—that mysterious outlet? Behind yonder long point? Nothing here but a narrow arm of the lake. At the end of this deep bay? Nothing here but a little brook flowing in. At the back of the island? Nothing here but a landlocked lagoon. Must we make the circuit of the whole shore before we find the way out? Stop a moment. What are those two taller clumps of bushes on the edge of this broad curving meadow—down there in the corner, do you see? Turn back, go close to the shore, swing around the nearer clump, and here we are in the smooth amber stream, slipping silently, furtively, down through the meadow, as if it would steal away for a merry jest and leave us going round and round the lake till nightfall.

Easily and swiftly the canoes slide along with the little river, winding and doubling through the wide, wild field, travelling three miles to gain one. The rushes nod and glisten around us; the bending reeds whisper as we push between them, cutting across a point. Follow the stream; we know not its course, but we know that if we go with it, though it be a wayward and tricky guide, it will bring us out—but not too soon, we hope!

Here is a lumberman's dam, broad-based, solid, and ugly, a work of infinite labor, standing lonely, deserted, here in the heart of the wilderness. Now we must carry across it. But it shall help while it hinders us. Pry up the creaking sluice-gates, sending a fresh head of water down the channel along with us, lifting us over the shallows, driving us on through the rocky places,



We tried all the flies in our books.—Page 3.

buoyant, alert, and rejoicing, till we come again to a level meadow, and the long, calm, indolent reaches of river.

Look on the right there under the bushes. There is a cold, still brook, slipping into the lazy river; and there we must try the truth of the tales we have heard of the plentiful trout of Machias. Let the flies fall light by the mouth of the brook, caressing, inviting. Nothing there? Then push the canoe through the interlaced alders, quietly, slowly up the narrow stream, till a wider pool lies open before you. Now let the rod swing high in the air, lifting the line above the bushes, dropping the flies as far away as you can on the dark-brown water. See how quickly the answer comes, in two swift golden flashes out of the depths of the sleeping pool. This is a pretty brace of trout, from thirty to forty ounces of thoroughbred fighting pluck, and the spirit that will not surrender. If they only knew that their strength would be doubled by acting together, they soon would tangle your line in the roots or break your rod in the alders. But all the time they are fighting against each other, making it easy to bring them up to the net and land them—a pair of beauties, evenly matched in weight and in splendor, gleaming with rich iridescent hues of orange and green and peacock blue and crimson. A few feet beyond you find another, a smaller fish, and then one a little larger; and so you go on up the stream,

threading the boat through the alders, with patience and infinite caution, carefully casting your flies when the stream opens out to invite them, till you have rounded your dozen of trout and are wisely contented. Then you go backward down the brook—too narrow for turning—and join the other canoe that waits, floating leisurely on with the river.

There is a change now in the character of the stream. The low hills that have been standing far away come close together from either side as if they meant to bar any farther passage; and the dreamy river wakes up to wrestle its way down the narrow valley. There are no long, sleepy reaches, no wide, easy curves, now; but sharp, quick turns from one rocky ledge to another; and enormous stones piled and scattered along the river-bed; and sudden descents from level to level as if by the broad steps of a ruined, winding stairway. The water pushes, and rushes, and roars, and foams, and frets—no, it does not fret, after all, for there is always something joyous and exultant in its voice, a note of the *gaudia certaminis* by which the struggle of life is animated, a note of confident strength, sure that it can find or make a way, through all obstacles, to its goal. This is what I feel in a river, especially a little river flowing through a rough, steep country. This is what makes me love it. It seems to be thoroughly alive, and glad to be alive, and determined to go on, and certain that it will win through.

Our canoes go with the river, but no longer easily or lazily. Every step of the way must be carefully chosen; now close to the steep bank where the bushes hang over; now in mid-stream among the huge pointed rocks; now by the lowest point of a broad sunken ledge where the water sweeps smoothly over to drop into the next pool. The boy and I, using the bow paddles, are in the front of the adventure, guessing at the best channel, pushing aside suddenly to avoid treacherous stones hidden with dark moss, dashing swiftly down the long dancing rapids, with the shouting of the waves in our ears and the sprinkle of the foam in our faces.

From side to side of the wild avenue through the forest we turn and dart, zig-zagging among the rocks. Thick woods shut us in on either hand, pines and hemlocks and firs and spruces, beeches and maples and yellow-birches, alders with their brown seed-cones, and mountain-ashes with their scarlet berries. All four of us know the way; there can be no doubt about that, for down the river is the only road out. But none of us knows the path; for this is a new stream, you remember, and between us and our journey's end there lie a thousand possible difficulties, accidents, and escapes.

The boy had one of them. His canoe struck on a ledge, in passing over a little fall, swung around sideways to the current, and half filled with water; he and Harry had to leap out into the stream waist-deep. Sam and I made merry at their plight. But Nemesis was waiting for me a few miles below.

All the pools were full of fine trout. While the men were cooking lunch in a grove of balsams I waded down-stream to get another brace of fish. Stepping carefully among the rocks, I stood about thigh-deep in my rubber boots and cast across the pool. But the best bit of water was a little beyond my reach. A step further! There's a yellow bit of gravel that will give a good footing. Intent upon the flight of my flies, I took the step without care. But the yellow patch under the brown water was not gravel; it was the face of a rock polished smoother than glass. Gently, slowly, irresistibly, and with deep indignation I subsided backward into the cold pool. The rubber boots filled with water and the immersion was complete. Then I stood up and got the trout. When I returned to the camp-fire the boy said: "Why did you go in

swimming with your clothes on? Were you expecting a party of ladies to come down the stream?"

Our tenting-places were new every night and forsaken every morning. Each of them had a charm of its own. One was under a great yellow-birch tree, close to the bank of the river. Another was on top of a bare ridge in the middle of a vast blueberry patch, where the luscious fruit, cool and fresh with the morning dew, spread an immense breakfast-table to tempt us. The most beautiful of all was at the edge of a fir-wood, with a huge rock, covered with moss and lichen, sloping down before us in a broad, open descent of thirty feet to the foaming stream. The full moon climbed into the sky as we sat around our camp-fire, and showed her face above the dark, pointed tree-tops. The winding vale was flooded with silver radiance that rested on river and rock and tree-trunk and multitudinous leafage like an enchantment of tranquillity. The curling currents and the falling foam, up and down the stream, were glistening and sparkling, ever moving, yet never losing their position. The shouting of the water melted to music, in which a thousand strange and secret voices, near and far away, blending and alternating from rapid to rapid and fall to fall, seemed like hidden choirs, answering one another from place to place. The sense of struggle, of pressure and resistance, of perpetual change, was gone; and in its stead there was a feeling of infinite quietude, of perfect balance and repose, of deep accord and amity between the watching heavens and the waiting earth, in which the conflicts of existence seemed very distant and of little meaning, and the peace of nature prophesied

That one, far-off divine event
Towards which the whole creation moves.

Thus for six days and nights we kept company with our little river, following its guidance and enjoying all its changing moods. Sometimes it led us through a smooth country, across natural meadows, alder-fringed, where the bed of the stream was of amber sand and polished gravel, and the water rippled gently over the shallow bars, and there were deep holes underneath the hanging bushes, where the trout hid from the heat of the noon sun. Sometimes it had carved a way for itself over huge beds of solid rock,



Our tenting-places were new every night.—Page 6.

where, if the slope was gentle, we could dart arrow-like along the channel from pool to pool; but if the descent was steep and broken, we must get out of the canoes and let them down with ropes. Sometimes the course ran for miles through evergreen forests, where the fragrance of the fir-trees filled the air; and again we came out into the open regions where thousands of acres of wild blueberries were spread around us.

I call them wild because no man's hand has planted them. Yet they are cultivated after a fashion. Every two or three years a district of these hills is set on fire, and in the burned ground, the next spring, the berry-bushes spring up innumerable. The following fall they are loaded so heavily with blueberries that the harvest is gathered with rakes, each of which has a cup underneath it into which the berries fall as the rake is thrust through the bushes. The land is owned by two or three large proprietors, who employ men and women to gather the crop, paying them a few cents a bushel for picking. Sometimes the proprietor leases

his land to a factor, who pays a royalty on every bushel turned in at the factory in some village on the railroad or by the seashore, where the berries are canned or dried.

One day we came upon a camp of these berry-pickers by the riverside. Our first notice of their proximity was the sight of a raft with an arm-chair tied in the centre of it, stranded upon the rocks in a long, fierce rapid. Imagine how this looked to us after we had been five days in the wilderness! An arm-chair sitting up sedately in the middle of the rapids! What did it mean? Perhaps some vagrant artist had been exploring the river, and had fixed his seat there in order to paint a picture. Perhaps some lazy fisherman had found a good pool amid those boiling waters, and had arranged to take his ease while he whipped that fishy place with his flies. The mystery was solved when we rounded the next point; for there we found the berry-pickers taking their nooning in a cluster of little slab-shanties. They were friendly folks, men, women, and children, but they knew

nothing about the river; had never been up farther than the place where the boys had left their raft in the high water a week ago; had never been down at all; could not tell how many falls there were below, nor whether the mouth was five or fifty miles away. They had come in by the road, which crossed the river at this point, and by the road they would go back when the berries were picked. They wanted to know whether we were prospecting for lumber or thinking of going into the berry business. We tried to explain the nature of our expedition to them, but I reckon we failed.

These were the only people that we really met on our journey, though we saw a few others far off on some bare hill. We did not encounter a single boat or canoe on the river. But we saw the deer come down to the shore and stand shoulder-deep among the golden-rod and purple asters. We saw the ruffed grouse whirl through the thickets and the wild ducks skitter down the stream ahead of us. We saw the warblers and the cedar-birds gathering in flocks for their southward flight, the muskrats making their houses ready for the winter, and the porcupines dumbly meditating and masticating among the branches of the young poplar-trees. We also had a delightful interview with a wild-cat, and almost a thrilling adventure with a bear.

The boy and I had started out from camp for an hour of evening fishing. He went down the stream some distance ahead of me, as I supposed (though, as I afterward found, he had made a little detour and turned back). I was making my way painfully through a spruce thicket when I heard a loud crash and crackling of dead branches. "Hallo!" I cried; "have you fallen down? Are you hurt?" No answer. "Hallo, Teddy!" I shouted again; "what's the matter?" Another tremendous crash, and then dead silence.

I dropped my rod and pushed as rapidly as possible in the direction from which the sound had come. There I found a circle about fifty feet in diameter torn and trampled as if a circus had been there. The ground was trodden bare. Trees three and four inches thick were broken off. The bark of the larger trees was stripped away. The place was a ruin. A few paces away, among the bushes, there was a bear trap with some claws in it, and an iron chain attached to

the middle of a log about four feet long. The log hovel in which the trap had been set we found later, a little way back on an old wood road. Evidently a bear had been caught there, perhaps two or three days before we came. He had dragged the trap and the chained clog down into the thicket. There he had stayed, tearing up things generally in his efforts to escape from his encumbrance, and resting quietly in the intervals of his fury. My approach had startled him and he had made the first crash that I heard. Then he lay low and listened. My second inconsiderate shout of "Hallo, *Teddy!*" had put such an enormous fear into him that he dashed through the trees, caught the foolishly chained clog across two of them, and, tearing himself loose, escaped with the loss of a couple of toes. Thus ended our almost adventure with a bear. How glad the old fellow must have been!

The moral is this: If you want a bear, you should set your trap with the clog chained at one end, not around the middle: then it will trail through the woods and not break loose. But the best way is not to want a bear.

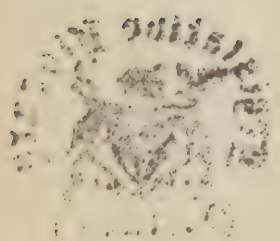
Our last camp was just at the head of Holmes's Fall, a splendid ravine down which the river rushes in two foaming leaps. Here in the gray of the morning we lugged our canoes and our camp-kit around the cataract, and then launched away for the end of our voyage. It was full of variety, for the river was now cutting its course through a series of ridges, and every mile was broken with rapids and larger falls. There was but one other place, however, where we had to make a portage. I believe it was called Grand Falls. After that, the stream was smooth and quiet. The tall maples and ashes and elms stood along the banks as if they had been planted for a park. The first faint touch of autumn color was beginning to illuminate their foliage. A few weeks later the river would be a long, winding avenue of gold and crimson, for every tree would redouble its splendor in the dark, unruffled water.

At one place, where there were a few cleared fields bordering on the river, we saw two or three houses and barns, and supposed we were near the end of our voyage. This was about nine o'clock in the morning; and we were glad because we calculated that we could catch the ten o'clock train for Bar Harbor. But that calculation



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Our canoes go with the river, but no longer easily or lazily.—Page 6.



was far astray. We skirted the cleared fields and entered the woodland again. The river flowed, broad and leisurely, in great curves half a mile long from point to point. As we rounded one cape after another we said to each other, "When we pass the next turn we shall see the village." But that inconsiderate village seemed to flee before us. Still the tall trees lined the banks in placid monotony. Still the river curved from cape to cape, each one like all the others. We paddled hard and steadily. Ten o'clock passed. Every day of our journey we had lost something—a frying-pan, a hatchet, a paddle, a ring. This day was no exception. We had lost the train. Still we pushed along against the cool wind, which always headed us, whether we turned north, or east, or south; wondering whether the village that we sought was still in the world, wondering whether the river came out anywhere, wondering—till at last we saw, across a lake-like expanse of water, the white church and the clustering houses of the far-famed Whitneyville.

It was a quaint old town, which had seen better days. The big lumber-mill that had once kept it busy was burned down, and the business had slipped away to the prosperous neighboring town of Machias. There were nice old houses with tall pillars in front of them, now falling into decay and slipping out of plumb. There were shops that had evidently been closed for years, with not even a sign "To Let" in the windows. Our dinner was cooked for us in a boarding-house, by a brisk young lady of about fifteen years, whose mother had gone to Machias for a day in the gay world. With one exception that pleasant young lady was the only thing in Whitneyville that did not have an air of having been left behind.

The exception was the establishment of Mr. Cornelius D——, whose "General Store" beside the bridge was still open for business, and whose big white house stood under the elm-trees at the corner of the road opposite the church, with bright windows, fresh-painted walls, and plenty of flowers blooming around it. He was walking in the yard, dressed in a black broadcloth frock-coat, with a black satin necktie and a collar with pointed ends,—an old-fashioned Gladstonian garb. When I heard him speak I knew where he came from. It was the rich accent of Killarney, just as I had heard it on the lakes two summers ago. But sixty years had passed since the young Cornelius had left the shores of the River Laune and come to dwell by the Kowahshiscook. He had grown up with the place; had run the lumber-mill and the first railroad that hauled the lumber from the mill down to tide-water; had become the owner of the store and the proprietor of some sixteen miles of timber-land along the river-front; had built the chief house of the village and given his children a capital education; and there he still dwelt, with his wife from Killarney, and with his tall sons and daughters about him, contented and happy, and not at all disposed to question the beneficent order of the universe. We had plenty of good talk that afternoon and evening, chiefly about the Old Country, and I had to rub up my recollections of Ross Castle and Kenmare House and all the places around Lough Leane, in order to match the old man's memory. He was interested in our expedition, too. He had often been far into the woods looking after his lumber. But I doubt whether he quite understood what it was that drew the boy and me on our idle voyage from Nicatöus to the sea.



THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK I

I



IN the surgical ward of the Hope Hospital at Hanaford, a nurse was bending over a young man whose bandaged right hand and arm lay stretched along the bed.

His head stirred uneasily, and slipping her arm behind him she effected a professional readjustment of the pillows. "Is that better?"

As she leaned over, he lifted his anxious bewildered eyes, deep-sunk under ridges of suffering. "I don't s'pose there's any kind of show for me, is there?" he asked, pointing with his free hand—the stained seamed hand of the mechanic—to the inert bundle on the quilt.

Her only immediate answer was to wipe the dampness from his forehead; then she said: "We'll talk about that to-morrow."

"Why not now?"

"Because Dr. Disbrow can't tell till the inflammation goes down."

"Will it go down by to-morrow?"

"It will begin to, if you don't excite yourself and keep up the fever."

"Excite myself? I—there's four of 'em at home——"

"Well, then there are four reasons for keeping quiet," she rejoined.

She did not use, in speaking, the soothing inflection of her trade: she seemed to disdain to cajole or trick the sufferer. Her full young voice kept its cool note of authority, her sympathy revealing itself only in the expert touch of her hands and the constant vigilance of her dark steady eyes. This vigilance softened to pity as the patient turned his head away with a groan. His free left hand continued to travel the sheet uneasily, clasp and unclasp itself in contortions of feverish unrest. It was as though all the anguish of his mutilation found expression in that lonely hand, left without work in the world now that its mate was useless.

The nurse felt a touch on her shoulder, and rose to face the matron, a sharp-featured woman with a soft intonation.

"This is Mr. Amherst, Miss Brent. The assistant manager from the mills. He wishes to see Dillon."

John Amherst's step was singularly noiseless. The nurse, sensitive by nature and training to all physical characteristics, was struck at once by the contrast between his alert face and figure and the silent way in which he moved. She noticed, too, that the same contrast was repeated in the face itself, its spare energetic outline, with the high nose and compressed lips of the mover of men, being curiously modified by the veiled inward gaze of the grey eyes he turned on her. It was one of the interests of Justice Brent's crowded yet lonely life to attempt a rapid mental classification of the persons she met; but the contradictions in Amherst's face baffled her, and she murmured inwardly: "I don't know" as she drew aside to let him approach the bed. He stood by her in silence, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes on the injured man, who lay motionless, as if sunk in a lethargy. The matron, at the call of another nurse, had minced away down the ward, committing Amherst with a glance to Miss Brent; and the two remained alone by the bed.

After a pause, Amherst moved toward the window beyond the empty cot adjoining Dillon's. One of the white screens used to isolate dying patients had been provisionally placed against this cot, which was the last at that end of the ward, and the space beyond formed a secluded corner, where a few words could be exchanged out of reach of the eyes in the other beds.

"Is he asleep?" Amherst asked, as Miss Brent joined him.

Miss Brent glanced at him again. His voice betokened not merely education, but something different and deeper—the familiar habit of gentle speech; and his shabby clothes—carefully brushed, but ill-cut

and worn along the seams—sat on him easily, and with the same difference.

"The morphine has made him drowsy," she answered. "The wounds were dressed about an hour ago, and the doctor gave him a hypodermic."

"The wounds—how many are there?"

"Beside the hand, his arm is badly torn up to the elbow."

Amherst listened with bent head and frowning brow.

"What do you think of the case?" he asked.

She hesitated. "Dr. Disbrow hasn't said——"

"And it's not your business to?" He smiled slightly. "I know hospital etiquette. But I have a particular reason for asking." He broke off and looked at her again, his veiled gaze sharpening to a glance of concentrated attention. "You're not one of the regular nurses, are you? Your dress seems to be of a different colour."

She smiled at the "seems to be," which denoted a tardy and imperfect apprehension of the difference between dark-blue linen and white.

"No: I happened to be staying at Hanaford, and hearing that they were in want of a surgical nurse, I offered my help."

Amherst nodded. "So much the better. Is there any place where I can say two words to you?"

"I could hardly leave the ward now, unless Mrs. Ogan comes back."

"I don't care to have you call Mrs. Ogan," he interposed quickly. "When do you go off duty?"

She looked at him in surprise. "If what you want to ask about is—anything connected with the management of things here—you know we're not supposed to talk of our patients outside of the hospital."

"I know. But I am going to ask you to break through the rule—in that poor fellow's behalf."

A protest wavered on her lip, but he held her eyes steadily, with a glint of good-humour behind his determination. "When do you go off duty?" he repeated.

"At six."

"Well, I'll meet you at the corner of South Street and walk a little way with you. Let me put my case, and if you're not convinced you can refuse to answer."

"Very well," she said, without farther

hesitation; and Amherst, with a slight nod of farewell, passed through the door near which they had been standing.

II



WHEN Justine Brent emerged from the Hope Hospital the October dusk had fallen and the wide suburban street was almost dark, except when the illuminated bulk of an electric car flashed by under the leafless maples.

She crossed the tracks and approached the narrower thoroughfare where Amherst awaited her. He hung back a moment, and she was amused to see that he failed to identify the uniformed nurse with the girl in her trim dark dress, soberly complete in all its accessories, who advanced to him, smiling under her little veil.

"Thank you," he said as he turned and walked beside her. "Is this your way?"

"I am staying in Oak Street. But it's just as short to go by Maplewood Avenue."

"Yes; and quieter."

For a few yards they walked on in silence, their long steps falling naturally into time, though Amherst was somewhat taller than his companion.

At length he said: "I suppose you know nothing about the relation between Hope Hospital and the Westmore Mills."

"Only that the hospital was endowed by one of the Westmore family."

"Yes; an old Miss Hope, a great-aunt of Westmore's. But there is more than that between them—all kinds of subterranean passages." He paused, and began again: "For instance, Dr. Disbrow married the sister of our Superintendent's wife."

"Your chief at the mills?"

"Yes," he said with a slight grimace. "So you see, if Truscomb—the Superintendent—thinks one of the mill-hands is only slightly injured, it's natural that his brother-in-law, Dr. Disbrow, should take an optimistic view of the case."

"Natural? I don't know——"

"Don't you think it's natural that a man should be influenced by his wife?"

"Not where his professional honour is concerned."

Amherst smiled. "That sounds very young—if you'll excuse my saying so. Well,

I won't go on to insinuate that, Truscomb being high in favour with the Westmores, and the Westmores having a lien on the hospital, Disbrow's position there is also bound up with his taking—more or less—the same view as Truscomb's."

Miss Brent had paused abruptly on the deserted pavement.

"No, don't go on—if you want me to think well of you," she flashed out.

Amherst met the thrust composedly, perceiving, as she turned to face him, that what she resented was not so much his insinuation against his superiors as his allusion to the youthfulness of her sentiments. She was, in fact, as he now noticed, still young enough to dislike being excused for her youth. In her severe uniform of blue linen, her dusky skin darkened by the nurse's cap, and by the pale background of the hospital walls, she had seemed older, more competent and experienced; but he now saw how fresh was the pale curve of her cheek, and how smooth the grave young brow clasped in close waves of hair.

"I began at the wrong end," he acknowledged. "But let me put Dillon's case before you dismiss me."

She softened. "It is only because of my interest in that poor fellow that I am here——"

"Because you think he needs help—and that you can help him?"

But she held back once more. "Please tell me about him first," she said, walking on.

Amherst met the request with another question. "I wonder how much you know about factory life?"

"Oh, next to nothing. Just what I've managed to pick up in these two days at the hospital."

He glanced at her small determined profile under its dark roll of hair, and said, half to himself: "That might be a good deal."

She took no notice of this, and he went on: "Well, I won't try to put the general situation before you, though Dillon's accident is really the result of it. He works at the looms, and on the day of the accident his loom stopped suddenly, and he put his hand behind him to get a tool he needed out of his trouser-pocket. He reached back a little too far, and the loom behind him caught his hand in its million of diamond-pointed wires. Truscomb and the overseer of the room maintain that the accident was

due to his own carelessness; but the hands say that it was caused by the fact of the looms being too near together, and that just such an accident was bound to happen sooner or later."

Miss Brent drew an eager breath. "And what do *you* say?"

"That they're right: the loom-room is shamefully overcrowded. Dillon hasn't been in it long—he worked his way up at the mills from being a bobbin-boy—and he hadn't yet learned how cautious a man must be in there. The looms are so close to each other that even the old hands run narrow risks, and it takes the cleverest operative some time to learn that he must calculate every movement to a fraction of an inch."

"But why do they crowd the rooms in that way?"

"To get the maximum of profit out of the minimum of floor-space. It costs more to increase the floor-space than to maim an operative now and then."

"I see. Go on," she murmured.

"That's the first point; here is the second. Dr. Disbrow told Truscomb this morning that Dillon's hand would certainly be saved, and that he might get back to work in a couple of months if the company would present him with an artificial finger or two."

Miss Brent faced him with a flush of indignation. "Mr. Amherst—who gave you this version of Dr. Disbrow's report?"

"The Superintendent himself."

"Verbally?"

"No—he showed me Disbrow's letter."

For a moment or two they walked on silently through the quiet street; then she said, in a voice still stirred with feeling: "As I told you this afternoon, Dr. Disbrow has said nothing in my hearing."

"And Mrs. Ogan?"

"Oh, Mrs. Ogan——" Her voice broke in a ripple of irony. "Mrs. Ogan 'feels it to be such a beautiful dispensation, my dear, that, owing to a death that very morning in the surgical ward, we happened to have a bed ready for the poor man within three hours of the accident.'" She had exchanged her deep throat-tones for a high reedy note which perfectly simulated the matron's lady-like inflections.

Amherst, at the change, turned on her with a boyish burst of laughter: she joined in it, and for a moment they were blent in

that closest of unions, the discovery of a common fund of humour.

She was the first to grow grave. "That three hours' delay didn't help matters—how is it there is no emergency hospital at the mills?"

Amherst laughed again, but in a different key. "That's part of the larger question, which we haven't time for now." He waited a moment, and then added: "You've not yet given me your own impression of Dillon's case."

"You shall have it, if you saw that letter. Dillon will certainly lose his hand—and probably the whole arm." She spoke with a thrilling of her slight frame that transformed the dispassionate professional into a girl shaken with tender indignation.

Amherst stood still before her. "Good God! Never anything but useless lumber?"

"Never——"

"And he won't die?"

"Alas!"

"He has a consumptive wife and three children. She ruined her health swallowing cotton-dust at the factory," Amherst continued.

"So she told me yesterday."

He turned in surprise. "You've had a talk with her?"

"I went out to Westmore last night. I was haunted by her face when she came to the hospital. She looks forty, but she told me she was only twenty-six." Miss Brent paused to steady her voice. "It's the curse of my trade that it's always tempting me to interfere in cases where I can do no possible good. The fact is, I'm not fit to be a nurse—I shall live and die a wretched sentimentalist!" she ended, with an angry dash at the tears on her veil.

Her companion walked on in silence till she had regained her composure. Then he said: "What did you think of Westmore?"

"I think it's one of the worst places I ever saw—and I am not unused to slums. It looks so dead. The slums of big cities are much more cheerful."

He made no answer, and after a moment she asked: "Does that cotton-dust always affect the lungs?"

"It's likely to, where there is the least phthysical tendency. But of course the harm could be immensely reduced by taking up the old rough floors which hold the dust, and by thorough cleanliness and ventilation."

"What does the company do in such cases? Where an operative breaks down at twenty-five?"

"The company says there was a phthysical tendency."

"And will they give nothing in return for the two lives they have taken?"

"They will probably pay for Dillon's care at the hospital, and they have taken the wife back as a scrubber."

"To clean those uncleanable floors? She's not fit for it!"

"She must work, fit for it or not; and there is less strain in scrubbing than in bending over the looms or carders. The pay is lower, of course, but she's very grateful for being taken back at all, now that she's no longer a first-class worker."

Miss Brent's face glowed with a fine wrath. "She can't possibly stand more than two or three months of it without breaking down!"

"Well, you see they've told her that in less than that time her husband will be at work again."

"And what will the company do for them when the wife is a hopeless invalid, and the husband a cripple?"

Amherst again uttered the dry laugh with which he had met her suggestion of an emergency hospital. "I know what I should do if I could get anywhere near Dillon—give him an overdose of morphine, and let the widow collect his life-insurance, and make a fresh start."

She looked at him curiously. "Should you, I wonder?"

"If I saw the suffering as you see it, and knew the circumstances as I know them, I believe I should feel justified——" He broke off. "In your work, don't you ever feel tempted to set a poor devil free?"

She mused. "One might . . . but perhaps the professional instinct to save would always come first."

"To save—what? When all the good of life is gone?"

"I daresay," she sighed, "poor Dillon would do it himself if he could—when he realizes that all the good is gone."

"Yes, but he can't do it himself; and it's the irony of such cases that his employers, after ruining his life, will do all they can to patch up the ruins."

"But that at least ought to count in their favour."

"Perhaps; if——" He paused, as though reluctant to lay himself open once more to the charge of uncharitableness; and suddenly she exclaimed, looking about her: "I didn't notice we had walked so far down Maplewood Avenue!"

They had turned a few minutes previously into the wide thoroughfare crowning the high ground which is covered by the residential quarter of Hanaford. Here the spacious houses, withdrawn behind shrubberies and sloping lawns, revealed in their silhouettes every form of architectural experiment, from the symmetrical pre-Revolutionary structure, with its classic portico and clipped box-borders, to the latest outbreak in boulders and tin cornices.

Amherst followed his companion's glance with surprise. "We *have* gone a block or two out of our way. I always forget where I am when I'm talking about anything that interests me."

Miss Brent looked at her watch. "My friends don't dine till seven, and I can get home in time by taking a Grove Street car," she said.

"If you don't mind walking a little farther you can take a Liberty Street car instead. They run oftener, and you will get home just as soon."

She made a gesture of assent, and as they walked on he continued: "I haven't yet explained why I am so anxious to get an unbiassed opinion of Dillon's case."

She looked at him in surprise. "What you have told me about Dr. Disbrow and your Superintendent is surely enough."

"Well, hardly, considering that I am Truscomb's subordinate. I shouldn't have committed a breach of professional etiquette, or asked you to do so, if I hadn't a hope of bettering things; but I have, and that is why I've held on at Westmore for the last few months, instead of getting out of it altogether."

"I'm glad of that," she said quickly.

"The owner of the mills—young Richard Westmore—died last winter," he went on, "and my hope—it's no more—is that the new broom may sweep a little cleaner."

"Who is the new broom?"

"He left everything to his widow, and she is coming here to-morrow to look into the management of the mills."

"Coming? She doesn't live here, then?"

"At Hanaford? Heaven forbid! It's an

anomaly nowadays for the employer to live near the employed. The Westmores have always lived in New York—and I believe they have a big place on Long Island."

"Well, at any rate she *is* coming, and that ought to be a good sign. Did she never show any interest in the mills during her husband's life?"

"Not as far as I know. I've been at Westmore three years, and she's not been seen there in my time. She is very young, and Westmore himself didn't care. It was a case of inherited money. He drew the dividends, and Truscomb did the rest."

Miss Brent reflected. "I don't know much about the constitution of companies—but I suppose Mrs. Westmore doesn't unite all the offices in her own person. Is there no one to stand between Truscomb and the operatives?"

"Oh, the company, on paper, shows the usual official hierarchy. Richard Westmore, of course, was president, and since his death the former treasurer—Halford Gaines—has replaced him, and his son, Westmore Gaines, has been appointed treasurer. You can see by the names that it's all in the family. Halford Gaines married a Miss Westmore, and represents the clan at Hanaford—leads society, and keeps up the social credit of the name. As treasurer, Mr. Halford Gaines kept strictly to his special business, and always refused to interfere between Truscomb and the operatives. As president he will probably follow the same policy, the more so as it fits in with his inherited respect for the *status quo*, and his blissful ignorance of economics."

"And the new treasurer—young Gaines? Is there no hope of his breaking away from the family tradition?"

"Westy Gaines has a better head than his father; but he hates Hanaford and the mills, and his chief object in life is to be taken for a New Yorker. So far he hasn't been here much, except for the quarterly meetings, and his routine work is done by another cousin—you perceive that Westmore is a nest of nepotism."

Miss Brent's work among the poor had developed her interest in social problems, and she followed these details attentively.

"Well, the outlook is not encouraging, but perhaps Mrs. Westmore's coming will make a change. I suppose she has more power than any one."

"She might have, if she chose to exert it, for her husband was really the whole company. The official cousins hold only a few shares apiece."

"Perhaps, then, her visit will open her eyes. Who knows but poor Dillon's case may help others—prove a beautiful dispensation, as Mrs. Ogan would say?"

"It does come terribly pat as an illustration of some of the abuses I want to have remedied. The difficulty will be to get the lady's ear. That's her house we're coming to, by the way."

An electric street-lamp irradiated the leafless trees and stone gate-posts of the building before them. Though dark gardens extended behind it, the house stood so near the pavement that only two short flights of steps intervened between the gate-posts and the portico. Light shone from every window of the pompous rusticated façade—in the turreted "Tuscan villa" style of the 'fifties—and as Miss Brent and Amherst approached, their advance was checked by a group of persons who were in the act of descending from two carriages drawn up at the door.

The lamp-light showed every detail of dress and countenance in the party, which consisted of two men, one slightly lame, with a long white moustache and a distinguished nose, the other short, lean and professional, and of two ladies and their laden attendants.

"Why, that must be her party arriving!" Miss Brent exclaimed; and as she spoke the younger of the two ladies, turning back to her maid, exposed to the glare of the electric light a fair pale face shadowed by the penthouse of her widow's veil.

"Is that Mrs. Westmore?" Miss Brent whispered; and as Amherst muttered: "I suppose so; I've never seen her——" she continued excitedly: "She looks so like—do you know what her name was before she married?"

He drew his brows together in a hopeless effort of remembrance. "I don't know—I must have heard—but I never can recall people's names."

"That's bad, for a leader of men!" she said mockingly, and he answered, as though touched on a sore point: "I mean people who don't count. I never forgot an operative's name or face."

"One can never tell who may be going to count," she rejoined sententiously.

He dwelt on this in silence while they walked on, catching as they passed a glimpse of the red-carpeted Westmore hall upon which the glass doors were just being closed. At length he roused himself to ask: "Does Mrs. Westmore look like some one you know?"

"I fancied so—a girl who was at the Sacred Heart in Paris with me. But isn't this my corner?" she exclaimed, as they turned into another street, down which a laden car was descending.

Its approach left them time for no more than a hurried hand-clasp, and when Miss Brent had been absorbed into the packed interior her companion, as his habit was, stood for a while where she had left him, gazing at some indefinite point in space; then, waking to a sudden consciousness of his surroundings, he walked off briskly toward the centre of the town.

At the junction of two business streets he met an empty car marked "Westmore," and springing into it, seated himself in a corner and drew out a pocket Shakespeare. He read on, indifferent to his surroundings, till the car left the asphalt streets and illuminated shop-fronts for a grey intermediate region of mud and macadam. Then he pocketed his volume and sat looking out into the gloom.

The houses grew more infrequent, with darker gaps of night between; and the rare street-lamps shone on cracked pavements, crooked telegraph-poles, hoardings tapestried with patent-medicine posters, and all the mean desolation of an American industrial suburb. Farther on there came a weed-grown field or two, then a row of operatives' houses, the showy gables of the "El-dorado" road-house—the only building in Westmore on which fresh paint was freely lavished—then the company "store," the machine shops and other outbuildings, the vast, forbidding bulk of the factories looming above the river-bend, and the sudden neatness of the Superintendent's turf and privet hedges. The scene was so familiar to Amherst that he had lost the habit of comparison, and his absorption in the moral and material needs of the workers sometimes made him forget the outward setting of their lives. But to-night he recalled the nurse's comment—"it looks so dead"—and the phrase roused him to a fresh perception of the scene. With sudden disgust

he saw the sordidness of it all—the poor, monotonous houses, the trampled grass-banks, the lean dogs prowling in refuse-heaps, the reflection of a crooked gas-lamp in a stagnant loop of the river; and he asked himself how it was possible to put any sense of moral beauty into lives bounded forever by the low horizon of the factory. There is a fortuitous ugliness that has life and hope in it: the ugliness of overcrowded city streets, of the rush and drive of packed activities; but this out-spread meanness of the suburban working colony, uncircumscribed by any pressure of surrounding life, and sunk into blank acceptance of its isolation, its banishment from beauty and variety and surprise, seemed to Amherst the very negation of hope and life.

"She's right," he mused—"it's dead—stone dead: there isn't a drop of wholesome blood left in it."

The Moosuc River valley, in the hollow of which, for that river's sake, the Westmore mills had been planted, lingered in the memory of pre-industrial Hanaford as the pleasantest suburb of the town. Here, beyond a thriving region of orchards and farm-houses, several "leading citizens" had placed, above the river-bank, their prim wood-cut "residences," with porticoes and terraced lawns; and from the chief of these, Hopewood, brought into the Westmore family by the Miss Hope who had married an earlier Westmore, the grim mill-village had been carved. The pillared "residences" had, after this, inevitably fallen to base uses; but the old house at Hopewood, and its wooded grounds, remained, neglected but intact, beyond the first bend of the river, deserted as a dwelling but "held" in anticipation of rising values, when the inevitable growth of Westmore should increase the demand for small building lots. Whenever Amherst's eyes were refreshed by the hanging foliage above the roofs of Westmore, he longed to convert the abandoned country-seat into a park and playground for the mill-hands; but he knew that the company counted on the gradual sale of Hopewood as a source of profit. No—the mill-town would not grow beautiful as it grew larger—rather, in obedience to the grim law of industrial prosperity, it would soon lose its one lingering grace and spread out in unmitigated ugliness, devouring green fields and shaded slopes like some insect-plague consuming the land. The conditions were

familiar enough to Amherst; and the sense of their inevitableness seemed to mock the hopes he had based on Mrs. Westmore's arrival.

"Where every stone is piled on another, through the whole stupid structure of selfishness and egotism, how can one be pulled out without making the whole thing topple? And whatever they're blind to, they always see that," he mused, reaching up for the strap of the car.

He walked a few yards beyond the Superintendent's house, and turned down a side street lined with scattered cottages. Approaching one of these by a gravelled path he pushed open the door, and entered a sitting-room where a green-shaded lamp shone pleasantly on book-shelves and a crowded writing-table.

A brisk little woman in black, laying down the evening paper as she rose, lifted her hands to his tall shoulders.

"Well, mother," he said, stooping to her kiss.

"You're late, John," she smiled back at him, not reproachfully, but with affection.

She was a wonderfully compact and active creature, with face so young and hair so white that she looked as unreal as a stage mother till a close view revealed the fine lines that experience had drawn about her mouth and eyes. The eyes themselves, brightly black and glancing, had none of the veiled depths of her son's gaze. Their look was outward, on a world which had dealt her hard blows and few favours, but in which her interest was still fresh, amused, and unabated.

Amherst glanced at his watch. "Never mind—Duplain will be later still. I had to go into Hanaford, and he is replacing me at the office."

"So much the better, dear: we can have a minute to ourselves. Sit down and tell me what kept you."

She picked up her knitting as she spoke, having the kind of hands that find repose in ceaseless small activities. Her son could not remember a time when he had not seen those small hands in motion—shaping garments, darning rents, repairing furniture, exploring the inner economy of clocks. "I make a sort of rag-carpet of the odd minutes," she had once explained to a friend who wondered at her turning to her needle-work in the moment's interval between other tasks.

Amherst threw himself wearily into a chair. "I was trying to find out something about Dillon's case," he said.

His mother turned a quick glance toward the door, rose to close it, and reseated herself.

"Well?"

"I managed to have a talk with his nurse when she went off duty this evening."

"The nurse? I wonder you could get her to speak."

"Luckily she's not the regular incumbent, but a volunteer who happened to be here on a visit. As it was, I had some difficulty in making her talk—till I told her of Disbrow's letter."

Mrs. Amherst lifted her bright glance from the needles. "He's very bad, then?"

"Hopelessly maimed!"

She shivered and cast down her eyes. "Do you suppose she really knows?"

"She struck me as quite competent to judge."

"A volunteer, you say, here on a visit? What is her name?"

He raised his head with a vague look. "I never thought of asking her."

Mrs. Amherst laughed. "How like you! Did she say with whom she was staying?"

"I think she said in Oak Street—but she didn't mention any name."

Mrs. Amherst wrinkled her brows thoughtfully. "I wonder if she's not the thin dark girl I saw the other day with Mrs. Harry Dressel. Was she tall and rather handsome?"

"I don't know," murmured Amherst indifferently. As a rule he was humorously resigned to his mother's habit of deserting the general for the particular, and following some irrelevant thread of association in utter disregard of the main issue. But tonight, preoccupied with his subject, and incapable of conceiving how anyone else could be unaffected by it, he resented her indifference as a sign of incurable frivolity.

"How she can live close to such suffering and forget it!" was his thought; then, with a movement of self-reproach, he remembered that the work flying through her fingers was to take shape as a garment for one of the infant Dillons. "She takes her pity out in action, like that quiet nurse, who was as cool as a drum-major till she took off her uniform—and then!" His face softened at the recollection of the girl's outbreak of

feeling. Much as he admired, in theory, the woman who kept a calm exterior in emergencies, he had all a man's desire to know that the springs of emotion lay close to the unruffled surface.

Meanwhile Mrs. Amherst had risen and crossed over to his chair. She leaned on it a moment, pushing the tossed brown hair from his forehead.

"John, have you considered what you mean to do next?"

He threw back his head to meet her gaze.

"About this Dillon case," she continued.

"How are all these investigations going to help you?"

Their eyes rested on each other for a moment; then he said coldly: "You are afraid I am going to lose my place."

She flushed like a girl and murmured: "It's not the kind of place I ever wanted to see you in!"

"I know it," he returned in a gentler tone, clasping one of the hands on his chair-back. "I ought to have followed a profession, like my grandfather; but my father's blood was too strong in me. I should never have been content as anything but a working-man."

"How can you call your father a working-man? He had a genius for mechanics, and if he had lived he would have been as great in his way as any statesman or lawyer."

Amherst smiled. "Greater, to my thinking; but he gave me his hard-working hands without the genius to create with them. I wish I had inherited more from him, or less; but I must make the best of what I am, rather than try to be somebody else." He laid her hand caressingly against his cheek. "It's hard on you, mother—but you must bear with me."

"I have never complained, John; but now you've chosen your work, it's natural that I should want you to stick to it."

He rose with an impatient gesture. "Never fear; I could easily get another job——"

"What? If Truscomb black-listed you? Do you forget that Scotch overseer who was here when we came?"

"And whom Truscomb hounded out of the trade? I remember him," said Amherst grimly; "but I have an idea I am going to do the hounding this time."

His mother sighed deeply, but her reply was cut short by the noisy opening of the outer door. Amherst seemed to hear the

sound with relief. "There's Duplain," he said, going into the passage; but on the threshold he encountered, not the young Alsatian overseer who boarded with them, but a small boy who said breathlessly: "Mr. Truscomb wants you to come down bimeby."

"This evening? To the office?"

"No—he's sick a-bed."

The blood rushed to Amherst's face, and he had to press his lips close to check an exclamation. "Say I'll come as soon as I've had supper," he said.

The boy vanished, and Amherst turned back to the sitting-room. "Truscomb's ill—he has sent for me; and I saw Mrs. Westmore arriving tonight! Have supper, mother—we won't wait for Duplain." His face still glowed with excitement, and his eyes were dark with the concentration of his inward vision.

"Oh, John, John!" Mrs. Amherst sighed, crossing the passage to the kitchen.

III



AT the Superintendent's door Amherst was met by Mrs. Truscomb, a large, flushed woman in a soiled wrapper and diamond earrings.

"Mr. Truscomb's very sick. He ought not to see you. The doctor thinks——" she began.

Dr. Disbrow, at this point, emerged from the sitting-room. He was a pale man, with a beard of mixed grey-and-drab, and a voice of the same indeterminate quality.

"Good evening, Mr. Amherst. Truscomb is pretty poorly—on the edge of pneumonia, I'm afraid. As he seems anxious to see you I think you'd better go up for two minutes—not more, please." He paused, and went on with a smile: "You won't excite him, of course—nothing unpleasant—"

"He's worried himself sick over that wretched Dillon," Mrs. Truscomb interposed, draping her wrapper majestically about an indignant bosom.

"That's it—puts too much heart into his work. But we'll have Dillon all right before long," the physician genially declared.

Mrs. Truscomb, with a reluctant gesture, led Amherst up the handsomely carpeted stairs to the room where her husband lay, a prey to the cares of office. She ushered the

young man in, and withdrew to the next room, where he heard her coughing at intervals, as if to remind him that he was under observation.

The superintendent of the Westmore mills was not the type of man that Amherst's comments on his superior suggested. As he sat propped against the pillows, with a brick-red flush on his cheek-bones, he seemed at first glance to belong to the innumerable army of American business men—the shallow, undersized, lack-lustred ruddies who have never lifted their heads from the ledger. Even his eye, now bright with fever, was dull and non-committal in daily life; and perhaps only the ramifications of his wrinkles could have revealed what particular ambitions had seamed his soul.

"Good evening, Amherst. I'm down with a confounded cold."

"I'm sorry to hear it," the young man forced himself to say.

"Can't get my breath—that's the trouble." Truscomb paused and gasped. "I've just heard that Mrs. Westmore is here—and I want you to go round—tomorrow morning—" He had to break off once more.

"Yes, sir," said Amherst, his heart leaping.

"Needn't see her—ask for her father, Mr. Langhope. Tell him what the doctor says—I'll be on my legs in a day or two—ask 'em to wait till I can take 'em over the mills."

He shot one of his fugitive glances at his assistant, and held up a bony hand. "Wait a minute. On your way there, stop and notify Mr. Gaines. He was to meet them here. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Amherst; and at that moment Mrs. Truscomb appeared on the threshold.

"I must ask you to come now, Mr. Amherst," she began haughtily; but a sudden glance from her husband reduced her to a heaving pink nonentity.

"Hold on, Amherst. I hear you've been in to Hanaford this afternoon. Did you go to the hospital?"

"Ezra—" his wife murmured: he looked through her.

"Yes," said Amherst.

Truscomb's face seemed to grow smaller and dryer. He transferred his look from his wife to his assistant.

"All right. You'll just bear in mind that it's Disbrow's business to report Dillon's

case to Mrs. Westmore? You're to confine yourself to my message. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear. Goodnight," Amherst answered, as he turned to follow Mrs. Truscomb from the room.

That same evening, four persons were seated under the bronze chandelier in the red satin drawing-room of the Westmore mansion. One of the four, the young lady in widow's weeds whose face had arrested Miss Brent's attention that afternoon, rose from a massively upholstered sofa and drifted over to the fire-place near which her father was seated.

"Didn't I tell you it was awful, father?" she sighed, leaning despondently against the high carved mantelpiece surmounted by a bronze clock in the form of an obelisk.

Mr. Langhope, who sat smoking, with one faultlessly-clad leg crossed on the other, and his ebony stick reposing against the arm of his chair, raised his clear ironical eyes to her face.

"As an archæologist," he said, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "I find it positively interesting. I should really like to come here and dig."

There were no lamps in the room, and the numerous gas-jets of the chandelier shed their light impartially on ponderously framed canvases of the Bay of Naples and the Hudson in Autumn, on Carrara busts and bronze Indians on velvet pedestals.

"All this," murmured Mr. Langhope, "is getting to be as rare as the giant sequoias. In another fifty years we shall have collectors fighting for that Bay of Naples."

Bessy Westmore turned from him impatiently. When she felt deeply on any subject her father's flippancy annoyed her.

"*You* can see, Maria," she said, seating herself beside the other lady of the party, "why I couldn't possibly live here."

Mrs. Eustace Ansell, immediately after dinner, had bent her slender back above the velvet-covered writing-table, where an ink-stand of Vienna ormolu offered its empty cup to her pen. Being habitually charged with a voluminous correspondence, she had foreseen this contingency and met it by despatching her maid for her own writing-case, which was now outspread before her in all its intricate neatness; but at Bessy's appeal she wiped her pen, and turned a sympathetic gaze on her companion.

Mrs. Ansell's face drew all its charm from its adaptability. It was a different face to each speaker: now kindling with irony, now gently maternal, now charged with abstract meditation—and few paused to reflect that, in each case, it was merely the mirror held up to some one else's view of life.

"It needs doing over," she admitted, following the widow's melancholy glance about the room. "But you are a spoilt child to complain. Think of having a house of your own to come to, instead of having to put up at the Hanaford hotel!"

Mrs. Westmore's attention was arrested by the first part of the reply.

"Doing over? Why in the world should I do it over? No one could expect me to come here *now*—could they, Mr. Tredegar?" she exclaimed, transferring her appeal to the fourth member of the party.

Mr. Tredegar, the family lawyer, who had deemed it his duty to accompany the widow on her visit of inspection, was strolling up and down the room with short pompous steps, a cigar between his lips, and his arms behind him. He cocked his sparrow-like head, scanned the offending apartment, and terminated his survey by resting his eyes on Mrs. Westmore's charming, petulant face.

"It all depends," he replied axiomatically, "how large an income you require."

Mr. Tredegar uttered this remark with the air of one who pronounces on an important point in law: his lightest observation seemed a decision handed down from the bench to which he had never ascended. He restored the cigar to his lips, and sought approval in Mrs. Ansell's expressive eye.

"Ah, that's it, Bessy. You've that to remember," the older lady murmured, as if struck by the profundity of the remark.

Mrs. Westmore made an impatient gesture. "We've always had money enough—Dick was perfectly satisfied." Her voice trembled a little on her husband's name. "And you don't know what the place is like by daylight—and the people who come to call!"

"Of course you needn't see any one now, dear," Mrs. Ansell reminded her, "except the Halford Gaineses."

"I am sure they're bad enough. Juliana Gaines will say: 'My dear, is that the way widows' veils are worn in New York this autumn?' and Halford will insist on our going to one of those awful family dinners, all Madeira and terrapin."

"It's too early for terrapin," Mrs. Ansell smiled consolingly; but Bessy had reverted to her argument. "Besides, what difference would my coming here make? I shall never understand anything about business," she declared.

Mr. Tredegar pondered, and once more removed his cigar. "The necessity has never arisen. But now that you find yourself in almost sole control of a large property——"

Mr. Langhope laughed gently. "Apply yourself, Bessy. Bring your masterly intellect to bear on the industrial problem."

Mrs. Ansell restored the innumerable implements to her writing-case, and laid her arm with a caressing gesture on Mrs. Westmore's shoulder. "Don't tease her. She's tired, and she misses the baby."

"I shall get a telegram tomorrow morning," exclaimed the young mother, brightening.

"Of course you will. 'Cicely has just eaten two boiled eggs and a bowl of porridge, and is bearing up wonderfully'."

She drew Mrs. Westmore persuasively to her feet, but the widow refused to relinquish her hold on her grievance.

"You all think I'm extravagant and careless about money," she broke out, addressing the room in general from the shelter of Mrs. Ansell's embrace; "but I know one thing: if I had my way I should begin to economize by selling this horrible house, instead of leaving it shut up from one year's end to another."

Her father looked up: proposals of retrenchment always struck him as business-like when they did not affect his own expenditure. "What do you think of that, eh, Tredegar?"

The eminent lawyer drew in his thin lips. "From the point of view of policy, I think unfavorably of it," he pronounced.

Bessy's face clouded, and Mrs. Ansell argued gently: "Really, it's too late to look so far into the future. Remember, my dear, that we are due at the mills tomorrow at ten."

The reminder that she must rise early had the effect of hastening Mrs. Westmore's withdrawal, and the two ladies, after an exchange of goodnights, left the men to their cigars.

Mr. Langhope was the first to speak after the door had closed.

"Bessy's as hopelessly vague about busi-

ness as I am, Tredegar. Why the deuce Westmore left her everything outright—but he was only a heedless boy himself."

"Yes. The way he allowed things to go, it's a wonder there was anything to leave. This Truscomb must be an able fellow."

"Devoted to Dick's interests, I've always understood."

"He makes the mills pay well, at any rate, and that's not so easy nowadays. But on general principles, it's as well he should see that we mean to look into everything thoroughly. Of course Halford Gaines will never be more than a good figure-head, but Truscomb must be made to understand that Mrs. Westmore intends to interest herself personally in the business."

"Oh, by all means—of course—" Mr. Langhope assented, his light smile stiffening into a yawn at the mere suggestion.

He rose with an effort, supporting himself on his stick. "I think I'll turn in myself. There's not a readable book in that God-forsaken library, and I believe Maria Ansell has gone off with my volume of *Loti*."

The next morning, when Amherst presented himself at the Westmore door, he had decided to follow his chief's instruction to the letter, and ask for Mr. Langhope only. The decision had cost him a struggle, for his heart was big with its purpose; but though he knew that he must soon place himself in open opposition to Truscomb, he recognized the prudence of deferring the declaration of war as long as possible.

On his round of the mills, that morning, he had paused in the room where Mrs. Dillon knelt beside her mop and pail, and had found her, to his surprise, comparatively reassured and cheerful. Dr. Disbrow, she told him, had been in the previous evening, and had told her to take heart about Jim, and left her enough money to get along for a week—and a wonderful new cough-mixture that he'd had put up for her special. Amherst found it difficult to listen calmly to this news, with the nurse's words still in his ears, and the sight before him of Mrs. Dillon's lean shoulder-blades travelling painfully up and down with the sweep of the mop.

"I don't suppose that cost Truscomb ten dollars," he said to himself, as the lift lowered him to the factory door; but another voice argued that he had no right to accuse Disbrow of acting as his brother-in-law's agent,

when the gift to Mrs. Dillon might have been prompted by his own kindness of heart.

"And what prompted the lie about her husband? Well, perhaps he's an incurable optimist," he summed up, springing into the Hanaford car.

By the time he reached Mrs. Westmore's door his wrath had subsided, and he felt that he had himself well in hand. He had taken unusual pains with his appearance that morning—or rather his mother, learning of the errand on which Truscomb had sent him, had laid out his carefully-brushed Sunday clothes, and adjusted his tie with skilful fingers. "You'd really be handsome, Johnny, if you were only a little vain-er," she said, pushing him away to survey the result; and when he stared at her, repeating: "I never heard that vanity made a man better-looking," she responded gaily: "Oh, up to a certain point, because it teaches him how to use what he's got. So remember," she charged him, as he smiled and took up his hat, "that you're going to see a pretty young woman, and that you're not a hundred years old yourself."

"I'll try to," he answered, humouring her, "but as I have been forbidden to ask for her, I am afraid your efforts will be wasted."

The servant to whom he gave his message showed him into the library, with a request that he should wait; and there, to his surprise, he found, not the white-moustached gentleman whom he had guessed the night before to be Mr. Langhope, but a young lady in deep black, who turned on him a look of not unfriendly enquiry.

It was not Bessy's habit to anticipate the clock; but her distaste for her surroundings, and the impatience to have done with the tedious duties awaiting her, had sent her downstairs before the rest of the party had assembled. Her life had been so free from tiresome obligations that she had but a small stock of patience to meet them with; and already, after a night at Hanaford, she was pining to get back to the familiar comforts of her own country-house, the soft rut of her daily habits, the funny chatter of her little girl, the long stride of her Irish hunter across the Hempstead plains—to everything, in short, that made it conceivably worth while for a civilized being to get up in the morning.

The servant who ushered in Amherst, thinking the room empty, had not mentioned

his name; and for a moment he and his hostess examined each other in silence, Bessy puzzled at the unannounced appearance of a good-looking young man who might have been some one she had met in society and forgotten, while Amherst felt his self-possession slipping away into the depths of a pair of eyes so dark-lashed and deeply blue, that his only conscious thought was one of wonder at his previous indifference to women's eyes.

"Mrs. Westmore?" he asked; restored to self-command by the sudden perception that his longed-for opportunity was at hand; and Bessy, his voice confirming the inference she had drawn from his appearance, replied with a smile: "I am Mrs. Westmore. But if you have come to see me, I ought to tell you that in a moment I shall be obliged to go out to our mills. I have a business appointment with our Superintendent, but if——"

She broke off, gracefully waiting for him to insert his explanation.

"I have come from the Superintendent; I am John Amherst—your assistant manager," he added, as the mention of his name apparently conveyed no enlightenment.

Mrs. Westmore's face changed, and she let slip a murmur of surprise which would certainly have flattered Amherst's mother if she could have heard it; but it had an opposite effect on the young man, who inwardly accused himself of having tried to disguise his trade by not putting on his everyday clothes.

"How stupid of me! I took you for—I had no idea; I didn't expect Mr. Truscomb here," his employer faltered in embarrassment; then their eyes met and both smiled.

"Mr. Truscomb sent me to tell you that he is ill, and will not be able to show you the mills today. I didn't mean to ask for you—I was told to give the message to Mr. Langhope," Amherst scrupulously explained, trying to repress the sudden note of joy in his voice.

He was subject to the unobservant man's acute flashes of vision, and Mrs. Westmore's beauty was like a blinding light abruptly turned on eyes subdued to obscurity. As he spoke, his glance passed from her face to her hair, and remained caught in its meshes. He had never seen such hair—it did not seem to grow in the usual orderly way, but bubbled up all over her head in in-

dependent clusters of brightness, breaking, about the brow, the temples, the nape, into little irrelevant waves and eddies of light, with dusky hollows of softness where the hand might plunge. It takes but the throb of a nerve to carry such a complex impression from the eye to the mind, but the object of the throb had perhaps felt the electric flash of its passage, for her colour rose while Amherst spoke.

"Ah, here is my father now," she said with a vague accent of relief, as Mr. Langhope's stick was heard tapping its way across the hall.

When he entered, accompanied by Mrs. Ansell, his sharp glance of surprise at her visitor told her that he was as much misled as herself, and gave her a sense of being agreeably justified in her blunder. "If *father* thinks you're a gentleman——" her shining eyes seemed to say, as she explained: "This is Mr. Amherst, father: Mr. Truscomb has sent him to see us."

"Mr. Amherst?" Langhope, with extended hand, echoed affably but vaguely; and it became clear that neither Mrs. Westmore nor her father had ever before heard the name of their assistant manager.

The discovery stung Amherst to a somewhat unreasoning resentment; and while he was trying to subordinate this sentiment to the larger feelings with which he had entered the house, Mrs. Ansell, turning her eyes on him, said gently: "Your name is unusual. I had a friend named Lucy Warne who married a very clever man—a mechanical genius——"

Amherst's face cleared. "My father *was* a genius; and my mother is Lucy Warne," he said, won by the soft look and the persuasive voice.

"What a delightful coincidence! We were girls together at Albany. You must remember Judge Warne?" she said, turning to Mr. Langhope, who, twirling his white moustache, murmured, a shade less cordially: "Of course—of course—delightful—most interesting."

Amherst did not notice the difference. His perceptions were already enveloped in the caress that emanated from Mrs. Ansell's voice and smile; and he only asked himself vaguely if it were possible that this graceful woman, with her sunny autumnal air, could really be his mother's contemporary. But the question brought an instant reaction of bitterness.

"Poverty is the only thing that makes people old nowadays," he reflected, painfully conscious of his own share in the hardships his mother had endured; and when Mrs. Ansell went on: "I must go and see her—you must let me take her by surprise," he said stiffly: "We live out at the mills, a long way from here."

"But we are going there this morning!" she rejoined, unrebuffed by what she probably took for a mere social awkwardness; while Mrs. Westmore interposed: "But, Maria, Mr. Truscomb is ill, and has sent Mr. Amherst to say that we are not to come."

"Yes: so Gaines has just telephoned. It's most unfortunate," Mr. Langhope grumbled. He too was already beginning to chafe at the uncongenial exile of Hanaford, and he shared his daughter's desire to despatch the tiresome business before them.

Mr. Tredegar had meanwhile appeared, and when Amherst had been named to him, and had received his Olympian nod, Bessy anxiously imparted her difficulty.

"But how ill is Mr. Truscomb? Do you think he can take us over the mills to-morrow?" she appealed to Amherst.

"I'm afraid not; I am sure he can't. He has a touch of bronchitis."

This announcement was met by a general outcry, in which sympathy for the Superintendent was not the predominating note. Mrs. Ansell saved the situation by breathing feelingly: "Poor man!" and after a decent echo of the phrase, and a doubtful glance at her father, Mrs. Westmore said: "But if it's bronchitis he may be ill for days, and what in the world are we to do?"

"Pack up and come back later," suggested Mr. Langhope briskly; but while Bessy sighed "Oh, that dreadful journey!" Mr. Tredegar interposed with authority: "One moment, Langhope, please. Mr. Amherst, is Mrs. Westmore expected at the mills?"

"Yes, I believe they know she is coming."

"Then I think, my dear, that to go back to New York without showing yourself would, under the circumstances, be—er—an error in judgment."

"Good Lord, Tredegar, you don't expect to keep us kicking our heels here for days?" her father ejaculated.

"I can certainly not afford to employ mine in that manner for even a fraction of

a day," rejoined the lawyer, always acutely resentful of the suggestion that he had a disengaged moment; "but meanwhile——"

"Father," Bessy interposed, with an eagerly flushing cheek, "don't you see that the only thing for us to do is to go over the mills now—at once—with Mr. Amherst?"

Mr. Langhope stared: he was always adventurously ready to unmake plans, but it flustered him to be called on to remake them. "Eh—what? Now—at once? But Gaines was to have gone with us, and how on earth are we to get at him? He telephoned me that, as the visit was given up, he should ride out to his farm."

"Oh, never mind—or, at least, all the better!" his daughter urged. "We can see the mills just as well without him; and we shall get through so much more quickly."

"Well—well—what do you say, Tredegar?" murmured Mr. Langhope, allured by her last argument; and Bessy, clasping her hands, summed up enthusiastically: "And I shall understand so much better without a lot of people trying to explain to me at once!"

Her sudden enthusiasm surprised no one, for even Mrs. Ansell, expert as she was in the interpreting of tones, set it down to the natural desire to have done as quickly as might be with Hanaford.

"Mrs. Westmore has left her little girl at home," she said to Amherst, with a confidential smile intended to counteract the possible ill-effect of the impression.

But Amherst suspected no slight in his employer's sudden eagerness to visit the mills. His overmastering thought was one of joy as the fulness of his opportunity broke on him. To show her the mills himself—to bring her face to face with her people, unhampered by Truscomb's jealous vigilance, and Truscomb's false explanations; to see the angel of pity stir the depths of those unfathomable eyes, when they rested, perhaps for the first time, on suffering that it was in their power to smile away as easily as they had smiled away his own distrust and constraint—all this the wonderful moment had brought him, and thoughts and arguments thronged so hot on his lips that he kept silence, trembling lest he should say too much.

(To be continued.)

SUNSET ON THE MARSH

By Jacob Van Vechten

APOLLO drives his bitted stallions down
Far o'er the golden path across the waves,
Which rise and fall in ceaseless undulation,
From where the shore juts, with its pebbly points
Thrust forward in the darkening waters.
The vesper wind, with soft and soothing touch,
Lisps through the reed-beds in the level marsh,
Through which the silent, silver creeks
Trace strange, symbolic figures;
And now the glorious, burnished road has gone—
Melted into the emerald of the water.
Slow sinks the burning splendor,
And naught is left of all the Sun-God's glory
But the dim wonder of the afterglow
And the green clouds of dreamland.

A BURIED CIVILIZATION OF CEYLON

POLONNARUA AND DAMBULLA

By Rosalie Slaughter Morton



THE great buried cities of Ceylon which have been discovered and partially excavated in recent years are situated in the North Central Province, and these, together with the other remains of the ancient civilization of Ceylon, are within a comparatively small area.

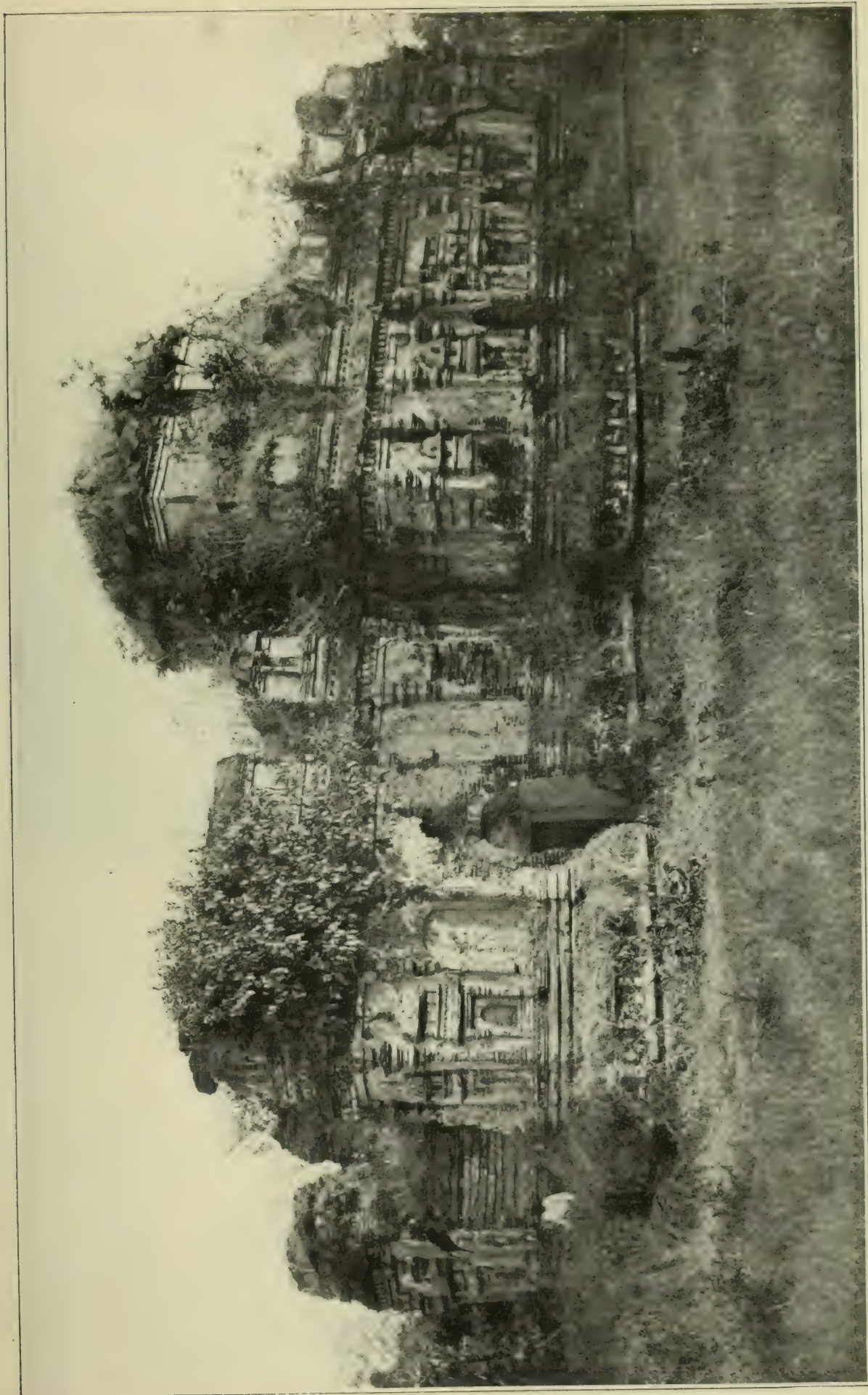
Polonnarua, the capital of the island from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries, has been utterly deserted and lost in the jungle for hundreds of years. The ruins are reached after a very uncomfortable journey, for on leaving the railroad the traveler has to traverse about sixteen miles of very rough road, and the only available vehicles are clumsy native bullock carts without springs or seats, which, if there have been recent rains, often get so deeply sunk in the mud that they can be extricated only with great difficulty after tediously long delays. However, after arriving at the bungalow rest-house provided for travellers one quickly forgets the fatigue, and finds in the silence and loneliness around the ruins an atmosphere filled with romantic visions of the life of the ancient city.

The ruins which have been excavated form several groups which lie in an almost straight line extending northward about two miles from a point a short distance east of the rest-house; and many treasures still remain to be brought to light under the able supervision of Mr. H. C. P. Bell, C. C. S., the archæological commissioner.

The history of Polonnarua is given in an ancient and thoroughly reliable Sinhalese chronicle, "The Mahawanso." This states that the city was a place of royal residence from time to time while the capital was still at Anuradhapura; and in A. D. 769 King Aggrabodhi IV, fleeing before Malabar invaders from southern India, evacuated Anuradhapura and transferred the seat of government to Polonnarua.

The city was soon furnished with abundant means of irrigation, beautified with magnificent temples, and rapidly acquired great wealth and power. This excited the jealousy of the Malabars, and in A. D. 1023 they took advantage of a season of famine and disease in Polonnarua to besiege the city, which they captured. The king and queen and the vast treasures of the city they took to India. The rest of the royal family fled to the south of the island; but in A. D. 1071 a prince of the name of Wijeya Bahu was there crowned King of Lanka, as Ceylon is called in the ancient chronicles. He at once collected an army and marched on Polonnarua. After a brilliant victory outside the walls he took the city by storm, and, finding that a general condition of degeneracy had resulted from the rule of the lawless and destructive Malabars, he set about the re-establishment of justice and order and proved himself generally a worthy monarch. The Malabars, however, returned, seized the city, and razed to the ground the palace the king had built for himself. Nothing daunted, the king in turn besieged the invaders and not only drove them to the coast, but turned the tables by sending an army into India and defeating them on their own ground. After this successful campaign he enjoyed a reign of peace and prosperity.

In A. D. 1153 Wijeya Bahu was succeeded by his grandson, the Great King of Ceylon, Parakrama Bahu, who erected most of the splendid buildings in Polonnarua and was evidently a ruler of conspicuous ability. One noteworthy course which he took to insure the development of his kingdom was the construction of one thousand four hundred and seventy reservoirs for the heavy tropical rainfall, and the restoration of a number of others; thereby insuring prosperity to hundreds of villages whose inhabitants were entirely dependent upon their crops. He is quoted as having



The Thuparama Temple.

said to his ministers: "In a country like this, not even the least quantity of rain-water should be allowed to flow into the ocean without profiting man; and since it is not meet that men like unto us should live and enjoy what has come into our hands and care nothing for the people, let there not be left anywhere in my kingdom a piece of land which does not yield some benefit to man." He sent to Siam for priests of great learning and summoned a council to settle questions of dispute. Besides build-

in southern India, and in spite of the superior numbers of the enemy won seven battles; as a result six districts were forced to pay tribute to Polonnarua.

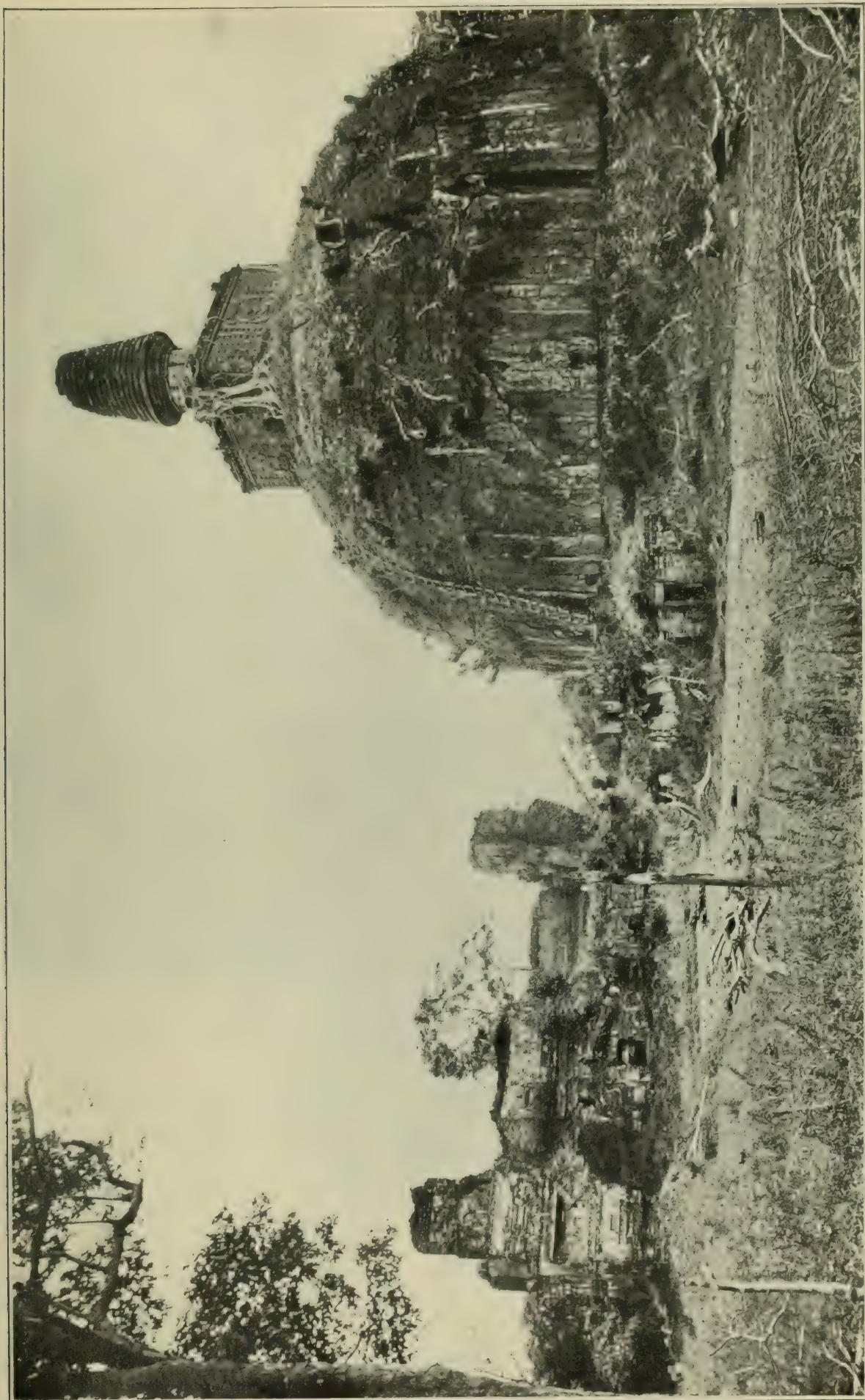
The ruins at Polonnarua, though more modern than those at Anuradhapura, have a special interest and importance because they form a link between the ancient and modern styles at a time when the Buddhists had ceased to build in India. One of the most interesting, and one of the first to be reached after leaving the rest-house, is



The Lankarama Dagoba, built by King Parakrama Bahu I in Anuradhapura in the thirteenth century after Christ.
The capitals and pillars are hewn out of single pieces of stone.

ing for himself a palace which had four thousand rooms, he built four almshouses for the poor and caused many of the temples in Anuradhapura to be restored, and built in that old city the beautiful Lankarama Dagoba. To guard against the enemy he erected a wall around his capital enclosing an area twelve miles wide by thirty miles long, and constructed fortresses along the coast. When the kings of Cambodia and Arramana plundered his merchants and insulted his ambassador, he immediately despatched an army and his general defeated and slew the Cambodian ruler, captured his citadel, and forced the country to pay tribute to King Parakrama. Not long after this his forces marched against the allied monarchs of Soli and Pandi near Madura

the Dalada Maligawa, or Palace of the Tooth, which was built to receive the most sacred relic of the tooth of Buddha when it was removed from the temple of the same name in Anuradhapura and brought to Polonnarua after the capture of Anuradhapura by the Malabars. There is an interesting mixture of Hindu and Buddhist architecture in this, as in most of the buildings which have been excavated; due, no doubt, to the influence of the invaders and the broad eclecticism of Buddhism. The sharply defined figures and mouldings have suffered little, and the well-cut blocks of granite of which the structure is built fit as accurately to-day as when they were first placed in position. The decoration on the base of the pilasters is interesting, and the



Kiri Vihara, or Milk Temple, with the Jetawanarama in the distance.

shape of the capitals is most unusual. On the south and west sides are the remains of outside chapels, one of which was protected by a stone canopy; this was no doubt desecrated by the iconoclastic Malabars, as many broken stone figures have been found in the jungle close by.

The plan of the building is Hindu, and consists of an outer quadrangle, an inner, and an innermost court. The entrance is on the north side. The shrine where the

of a brick statue of Buddha stands a large square stone with an inscription running around all four sides, which announces that

"His Majesty, Kalinga Parakrama, who was a descendant of the Okaka race, having made all Lanka's isle to appear like a festive island, like unto a wishing-tree, went forth with great hosts, and kings left their countries and came to him for protection. He treated them with kindness, and erected pillars of victory, and again came to Lanka's



Dalada Maligawa, or Palace of the Tooth.

Built to receive the most sacred relic of the tooth of Buddha.

tooth was kept had a conical or octagonal roof of brick, part of which is still in position and is decorated with a frieze of curiously shaped bricks. On one side there is a stone spout which conveyed to a square receptacle, still to be seen on the outside of the temple, the water which was poured in libations over the most holy relic.

The pillars around the shrine are unique in the character of their spreading capitals and square bases, which are finished off with cobras' heads. Near the north wall in front

isle and erected almshouses at different places throughout Ceylon, and spent much treasure on mendicants; and so, having extinguished the poverty of the inhabitants of the world, and done good to the world and to religion, this is the seat on which he sat to allay bodily weariness."

Near this seat a yoni stone was found with fourteen diamond-shaped holes pierced in it. This may have been used to assist the monks in meditation, by gazing intently at the holes. Or the openings may have been receptacles for articles of value depos-



Wata Dage, and Sat Mahal Prasada behind the trees in the background.

ited in the shrines, in which case they were looted centuries ago.

North of the Dalada Maligawa is the impressive ruin of another temple, the Thuparama, which was also named after a temple of much earlier date in Anuradhapura. It is a large oblong edifice of brick with walls five feet thick. The windows, the pilasters, and the bold frieze of lions which runs around the base of the building are well preserved. The interior is divided into a quadrangle and an inner vaulted chamber, over which is a low, square tower. The entrance to the inner chamber is a remarkable specimen of the false arch formed by horizontal layers of brick gradually approaching each other. To the south of



A detail of the Wata Dage.

the arch are the remains of a stairway leading to the tower. The chunam with which the building was originally coated is in some places more than two inches thick, and gives the ruin a glistening white ap-



Statue of King Parakrama.

pearance in many places, which makes it look as if it were built of polished marble.

Near this temple are the remains of the Sat Mahal Prasada or Palace of Seven Stories, a most unusual number in Sinhalese architecture. The Burmese Buddhists today give as a reason for their one-story houses, a religious and deep-rooted objection to having feet over their heads; and explain that this would necessarily result if people walked around in the second story.

The design of the building is unlike any in India and is said by Fergusson to be probably of Assyrian origin. Several of the

statues which ornamented each story are still standing guard, and inside are the remains of the staircases which led to the top. The Mahawanso speaks of the carpets of great value, of the tables of ivory inlaid with gold, and of many other gorgeous furnishings of this palace.

Not far from the Sat Mahal Prasada are the remains of the Wata Dage, or circular relic house, with its beautiful steps and handsome terraces, erected by King Kisdas, who reigned in 1187. The flower design on the balustrade of the terrace is not repeated anywhere in the other ruins, but is varied



This statue is only attached to the boulder before which it stands by a narrow strip down the back.

considerably in different parts of the balustrade, and beautifully wrought in an open-work section of the balustrade at the top of the eastern stairway. The figures of dwarfs on the retaining wall are pointing suggestively at a tree whose roots have forced their way between the stones, and the lion on one of the misplaced stones regards the roots with an expression of resentment and disgust.

Adjoining the Wata Dage are the ruins of the "Mura-ge," the ancient guard-house of this temple; and near these are a number of pillars which were doubtless part of the many noble buildings which the native

chronicle describes as having been near this temple, for it enumerates eight stately houses built for the priests, and for the chief priest a mansion of great splendor. Besides these there were also seventy image houses as well as a number of lesser halls and libraries.

Among the most interesting discoveries at Polonnaruwa is a huge monolith twenty-eight feet long by six feet wide and two feet five inches thick, which is known as the Galpota, book of stone, because it resembles a volume of olas or palmyra leaves, and bears an inscription recording the great deeds and virtues of King Nissanga, who reigned from

A. D. 1192 to 1201. This recounts how his Majesty, wearing his crown and royal robes, caused himself, his queens, his son, and his daughter to be weighed each year in a balance and then bestowed five times their combined weight of goods upon the priests and the poor.

This generous practice is stated to have insured the happiness of his household and to have caused a constant supply of rain. The inscription also tells how the state elephant on seeing the king trumpeted triumphantly and raised him to his back, and

row of windows near the floor which must have admitted very little light and heightened the effect on superstitious minds of the rays which, Tennent conjectures, fell, through a window situated above the entrance to the inner shrine (and invisible from below), upon the face of a gigantic brickwork figure of Buddha sixty feet high which still stands in the inner shrine.

Nearly all the temples in Polonnarua were built in honor of Buddha, but near the old city wall and moat the ruins of a granite temple to Vishnu have been discovered. Its



Entrance to the great caves at Dambulla.

when the king traversed a dry desert and wished for water, a cloud appeared in the clear sky and poured down an abundant supply. Finally it states that the stone was, at the instance of the minister of King Nis-sanga, brought by strong men from Mount Mahintale, more than eighty miles. A moulding ornamented by geese surrounds the inscription.

But the most imposing ruin of all is the Jetawanarama, a temple at whose entrance stand two polygonal turrets. It is entered by means of an elaborately carved flight of stone steps, each of which is twenty feet long. The part of the walls still standing is eighty feet high and is ornately decorated in the style of the Hindus. There is a small

small size suggests that there were not many adherents to the Hindu faith.

Near the Jetawanarama there is a small dome-shaped temple surmounted by a square tee and a circular spire, called Kiri, or milk, Vihara, on account of the white chunam with which it was covered. This composition, which was so popular with the Sinhalese, was sometimes put on four inches thick, and formed an excellent surface out of which to carve ornaments in relief or on which to lay paint. Near the jungle-wood ladder by which one may climb to the top are the remains of two small chapels. The four walls of the square tee which surmount the dome of the Kiri Vihara are ornamented with the familiar post and rail design so often



The Aluvihara cave temples

seen in Buddhist architecture, and in the centre of each is the chakra or wheel emblem. This dagoba forms an interesting comparison with the dagoba at Sanchi in India, called the "Sanchi tope," and spoken of as "the great"; for that is only forty-two feet high, and the Kiri Vihara has a height of one hundred feet. There is another by the side of which the "great Sanchi tope" is small indeed; for the Rangot or golden spire dagoba, built in 1154 by the queen of King Parakrama, rises proudly two hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

The Gal Vihara, or stone temple, which lies farther north than the Kiri Vihara, is one of the most interesting of the many shrines erected by Parakrama and consists of three figures of gigantic size hewn out of a granite boulder. One is a conventional seated figure of Buddha with a most unconventional background. From the squares

of the pilasters dragon heads project and from their mouths issue small lions. Above these are representations of Hindu pagodas.

There is a statue of Ananda, the favorite disciple of Buddha, standing on a circular pedestal bedecked with lotus leaves and grieving for his loss in the translation of his master.

The reclining figure of Buddha is forty-six feet long; the drapery is well carved and the depression in the pillow made by the head, which rests on the upturned palm, gives to the stone a suggestion of softness which is remarkable. On the face there is an expression of perfect peace, and the relaxation and repose of the figure give one a realizing sense of Nirvana.

A mile and a half southeast of the city and standing with his back turned toward it is a figure of King Parakrama twelve feet high sculptured in high relief on the face of



Interior of Dambulla caves, showing the principal shrine.

a granite boulder. The beard and mustache are interesting because this is the only instance in which a statue has been found wearing them; and it is no doubt a portrait statue, for there is a great deal of individuality in the pride, thoughtfulness, and strength of the face even as it now is. He holds in his hands a "book of the law," which suggests that it was neither as warrior, architect, nor king that he found his greatest happiness, but in earnest study of the great truths of Buddhism.

Much farther south than Polonnaruwa, but also in the North Central Province of Ceylon, are five remarkable caves which formed for many years a safe refuge for King Walagambahu, who was forced by the Tamils to flee from Anuradhapura about 103 B. C. For fifteen years he was a wanderer without a retinue and was often forced to hide for long periods in dens and caves. On regaining his throne he caused many of the caves to be made into temples. The most famous are those at Dambulla and those at Aluvihara still farther to the south. The latter are very interesting from a literary

standpoint, for about 90 B. C. the king assembled there the most learned Buddhist monks and caused them to write in Pali and thus make permanent the teachings of Buddha, which had been preserved orally until that time.

The Aluvihara caves are situated under towering boulders, in the midst of a wonderfully beautiful landscape, and the outer walls are frescoed with crude pictures of future punishment which remind one oddly enough of early Italian paintings. The Buddhist books, which are preserved with the greatest care, are made of a number of long, narrow strips of palm-leaf on which characters have been written with a stylus. These are fastened together with a thong through the ends. Each book is wrapped in a piece of silk, which is in turn enveloped in some stouter material and laid in a long, narrow wooden box which is protected by being wrapped in a closely woven piece of goods shaped like a large handkerchief. Each book has its own niche and only certain priests are allowed to handle them.

The Aluvihara and Dambulla caves are both still in daily use as places of worship.



A side view of the interior of one of the Dambulla cave temples, where Buddha has been worshipped for 1,900 years.

The latter are situated near the summit of a great rock and a tiny path leads to them from the road below. Directly after passing a *pasada* or priest's residence a steep ascent begins, partly up the bare rock and partly up a picturesque stairway, until a large gateway, called the *murage*, or guard-house, terminates the ascent and forms the entrance to the rock platform in front of the temples. The entrance to these caves is very much spoiled by the modern roofing. The *katara*, a ledge cut to keep off the drip of the rain, is plainly to be seen. On the edge of this there is an inscription in the oldest form of cave character. The entrance to the first cave is ornamented with a *makara torana*, or elaborate arch supported by figures. The temple in this cave is dedicated to the god Vishnu and the statue of him here is held in peculiar reverence, and even to the present day an oath taken under an ordeal by hot oil is practised before it.

The next cave is the finest and largest of the five and on entering it the coolness, the gloom, the silent circle of Buddhas, and the great stillness produce a very striking effect. This chamber measures 160 x 50 feet;

its greatest height is twenty-three feet, but toward the back of the cave the roof is so sloping that the rear wall is only four feet high. In the centre of the ceiling is a painting of Buddha in glory worshipped by priests, kings, and gods. There is a marked variety in the attitudes of adoration, and the colors are magnificently brilliant. The unevenness of the cave roof gives the ceiling decoration the appearance of being painted on a tremendous canvas, but in reality the colors are laid directly on the stone, which was prepared to receive them by a method which is now a lost art. There are a number of painters in a near-by native village whose business it is to keep the temple frescoes in repair, and this they skilfully do through art secrets which are carefully guarded and which have been handed down from father to son through many generations; but they cannot do original work which compares with these old frescoes in durability.

On other parts of the ceiling are depicted the assault on Buddha by the powers of evil and his conflict with demons. Behind the statues are curious frescoes of a procession of priests. On the side walls are frescoes of

Sinhalese history. In one of these the swords carried by the soldiers are exactly like one recently dug up at Lake Kalawewa and very different from those now used by the Sinhalese.

Adjoining this cave is a very small recess covered with historical paintings; in one of these the fish swimming in the sea are larger than the king's ship! In another a queen is shown riding on a war-horse and cutting off with ease and dexterity the heads of her enemies. In the middle of the roof is a fissure in the rock through which drips the water which is used in the temple. The fissure is appropriately decorated with paintings of fish.

In the centre of the cave is a well-proportioned dagoba surrounded by seated Buddhas, one of which is veiled and another has three hooded cobras behind his head in recognition of the service this serpent, according to the legends, rendered Prince Gautama. One day the future Buddha was sitting in contemplation, and regardless of himself sat where the rays of the sun fell scorchingly upon him. Noticing this, a friendly and solicitous cobra crawled behind him and raised its hood to protect him from the sun.

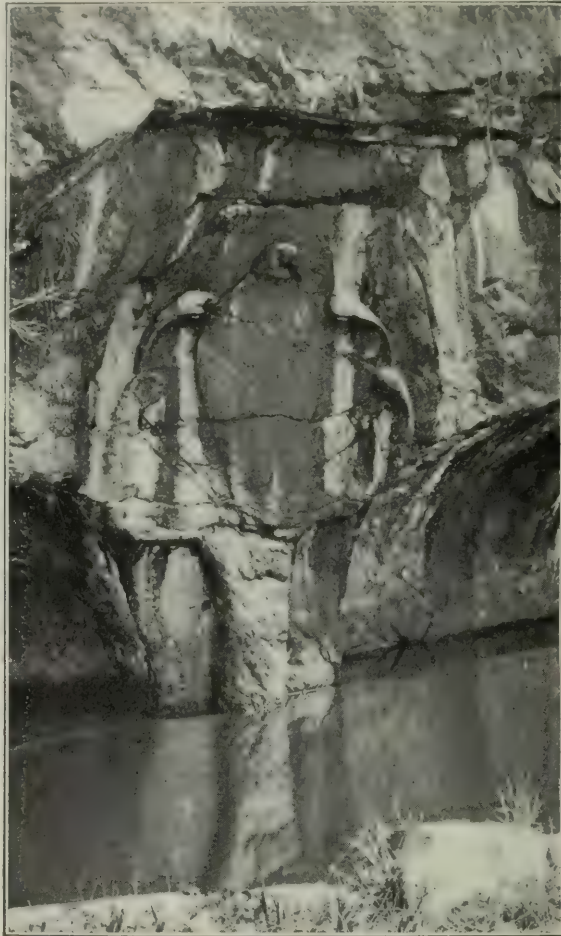
The glorified cobra with three or five, seven, or even nine heads is often found in Buddhist sculpture and has been accepted in the Hindu pantheon as well. A circular house for sacred snakes has been excavated in Polonnarua and one often finds unex-

pectedly on boulders or smaller wayside shrines an elaborately carved many-headed cobra. No Sinhalese or Hindu would under any consideration kill one of these reptiles.

The decoration of the side walls with Buddhas of different heights is very ingenious and the pedestals are exquisitely and intricately inlaid. There is an unusual degree of animation in the standing figures with arms raised in an attitude of teaching which stand facing the entrance. Gayly colored curtains hang in front of many of these and are raised by the priests at the request of worshippers.

The quaint lantern on one side of the central shrine is supported by a reed-like wand and is carried in processions. The temple drum is very large, its resounding tones calling the faithful to prayer; and the many large jars filled with incense ashes show how ready is the response.

Another cave contains a recumbent figure of Buddha thirty feet long. The Master is represented as sleeping with his head on his hand, and lotus flowers ornament the soles of his feet. This attitude is that seen most infrequently in statues of Buddha and this statue is one of the finest examples of its type. It is exceeded in size, however, by that at the Gal Vihare at Polonnarua and some of the standing statues, of which one, a figure in an attitude of teaching, sculptured in high relief from the vertical face of a huge boulder, measures thirty-six feet in height.



A weird serpent rising mysteriously above the dark waters of a lonely pool.

THE GREEN ISLE

FIFTH REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

"MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night and night and day,
Drifting on his weary way."

Ay! many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide agony.

—*Shelley.*

I



REBECCA came into the sitting-room with the flushed face and embarrassed mien that always foreshadowed a request. Requests were more commonly answered

in the negative than in the affirmative at the brick house, a fact that accounted for the slight confusion in her demeanor.

"Aunt Miranda," she began, "the fish man says that Clara Belle Simpson wants to see me very much, but Mrs. Fogg can't spare her long at a time, you know, on account of the baby being no better; but Clara Belle could walk a mile up, and I a mile down the road, and we could meet at the pink house, half way. Then we could rest and talk an hour or so, and both be back in time for our suppers. I've fed the cat; she had no appetite, as it's only two o'clock; but she'll go back to her saucer, and it's off my mind. I could go down cellar now and bring up the bean-pot and the pie and doughnuts before I start. Aunt Jane saw no objection; but we thought I'd better ask you so as to run no risks."

Miranda Sawyer, who had been patiently waiting for the end of this speech, laid down her knitting and raised her eyes with a half-resigned expression that meant: "Is there anything in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth that this child does not want to do? Will she ever settle down to plain, comprehensible Sawyer ways, or will she to

the end make these sudden and radical propositions, suggesting at every turn the irresponsible Randall ancestry?"

"You know well enough, Rebecca, that I don't like you to be intimate with Abner Simpson's young ones," she said decisively. "They ain't fit company for anybody that's got Sawyer blood in their veins, if it's ever so little. I don't know, I'm sure, how you're goin' to turn out! The fish peddler seems to be your best friend, without it's Abijah Flagg, that you're everlastingly talkin' to lately. I should think you'd rather read some improvin' book than to be chatterin' with Squire Bean's choreboy!"

"He isn't always going to be a choreboy," explained Rebecca, "and that's what we're considering. It's his career we talk about, and he hasn't got any father or mother to advise him. Besides, Clara Belle kind of belongs to the village now that she lives with Mrs. Fogg; and she's the best behaved of all the girls, either in school or Sunday-school. Children can't help having fathers!"

"Everybody says Abner is turning over a new leaf, and if so, the family'd ought to be encouraged every possible way," said Miss Jane, entering the room with her mending basket in hand.

"If Abner Simpson is turnin' over a leaf, or anythin' else in creation, it's only to see what's on the under side!" remarked Miss Miranda promptly. "Don't talk to me about new leaves! You can't change that kind of a man; he is what he is, and you can't make him no different!"

"The grace of God can do consid'erable," observed Jane piously.

"I ain't sayin' but it can if it sets out, but it has to begin early and stay late on a man like Simpson."

"Now, Mirandy, Abner ain't more'n forty! I don't know what the average age for repentance is in men-folks, but when you think of what an awful sight of 'em leaves it to their death-beds, forty seems real kind of

young. Not that I've heard Abner has experienced religion, but everybody's surprised at the good way he's conductin' this fall."

"They'll be surprised the other way round when they come to miss their firewood and apples and potatoes again," affirmed Miranda.

"Clara Belle don't seem to have inherited from her father," Jane ventured again, timidly. "No wonder Mrs. Fogg sets such store by the girl. If it hadn't been for her, the baby would have been dead by now."

"Perhaps tryin' to save it was interferin' with the Lord's will," was Miranda's retort.

"Folks can't stop to figure out just what's the Lord's will when a child has upset a kettle of scalding water on to himself," and as she spoke Jane darned more excitedly. "Mrs. Fogg knows well enough she hadn't ought to have left that baby alone in the kitchen with the stove, even if she did see Clara Belle comin' across lots. She'd ought to have waited before drivin' off; but of course she was afraid of missin' the train, and she's too good a woman to be held accountable."

"The minister's wife says Clara Belle is a real—I can't think of the word!" chimed in Rebecca. "What's the female of hero? Whatever it is, that's what Mrs. Baxter called her!"

"Clara Belle's the female of Simpson; that's what she is," Miss Miranda asserted; "but she's been brought up to use her wits, and I ain't sayin' but she used 'em."

"I should say she did!" exclaimed Miss Jane. "To put that screaming, suffering child in the baby-carriage and run all the way to the doctor's when there wasn't a soul on hand to advise her! Two or three more such actions would make the Simpson name sound consid'erable sweeter in this neighborhood."

"Simpson will always sound like Simpson to me!" vouchsafed the elder sister, "but we've talked enough about 'em an' to spare. You can go along, Rebecca; but remember that a child is known by the company she keeps."

"All right, Aunt Miranda; thank you!" cried Rebecca, leaping from the chair on which she had been twisting nervously for five minutes. "And how does this strike you? Would you be in favor of my taking Clara Belle a company tart?"

"Don't Mrs. Fogg feed the young one, now she's taken her right into the family?"

"Oh, yes," Rebecca answered, "she has lovely things to eat, and Mrs. Fogg won't even let her drink skim milk; but taking a present lets the person know you've been thinking about them and are extra glad to see them. Besides, unless we have company soon, those tarts will have to be eaten by the family, and a new batch made; you remember the one I had when I was rewarding myself last week? That was queer—but nice," she added hastily.

"Mebbe you could think of something of your own you could give away without taking my tarts!" responded Miranda tersely, the joints of her armor having been pierced by the fatally keen tongue of her niece, who had insinuated that company tarts lasted a long time in the brick house. This was a fact; indeed, the company tart was so named not from any idea that it would ever be eaten by guests, but because it was too good for everyday use.

Rebecca's face crimsoned with shame that she had drifted into an impolite, and, what was worse, an apparently ungrateful speech.

"I didn't mean to say anything not nice, Aunt Miranda," she stammered. "Truly the tart was splendid, but not exactly like new, that's all. And oh! I know what I can take Clara Belle! A few chocolate drops out of the box Mr. Ladd gave me on my birthday."

"You go down cellar and get that tart, same as I told you," commanded Miranda, "and when you fill it don't uncover a new tumbler of jelly; there's some dried apple preserves open that'll do. Wear your rubbers and your thick jacket. After runnin' all the way down there—for your legs never seem to be rigged for walkin'—you'll set down on some damp stone or other and ketch your death o' cold an' your Aunt Jane 'n' I'll be kep' up nights nursin' you."

Here Miranda leaned her head against the back of her rocking-chair, dropped her knitting and closed her eyes wearily; for when the immovable body is opposed by the irresistible force there is a certain amount of jar and disturbance involved in the operation.

Rebecca moved toward the side-door, shooting a questioning glance at Aunt Jane as she passed. The look was full of mys-

terious suggestion and was accompanied by an almost imperceptible gesture. Miss Jane knew that certain articles were kept in the entry closet, and by this time she had become sufficiently expert in telegraphy to know that Rebecca's unspoken query meant: "*Could you permit the hat with the red wings, it being Saturday, fine settled weather, and a pleasure excursion?*"

These confidential requests, though fraught with embarrassment when Miranda was in the room, gave Jane much secret joy; there was something about them that stirred her spinster heart—they were so gay, so appealing, so un-Sawyer, un-Riverboro like.

There was frost in the air, but a bright, cheery sun, as Rebecca walked decorously out of the brick-house yard. Emma Jane Perkins had been away for some time on a visit to a cousin in Moderation; Alice Robinson was having measles; the opening of the fall term at Wareham had taken away the older boys and girls, and Riverboro was very quiet. Still life was seldom anything but a gay adventure to Rebecca, and she started afresh every morning to its conquest. She was not exacting! the Asmodean feat of spinning a sand heap into twine was, poetically speaking, always in her power, so the mile walk to the pink-house gate, and the tryst with freckled, red-haired Clara Belle Simpson (whose face Miss Miranda said looked like a raw pie in a brick oven); these commonplace incidents were sufficiently exhilarating to brighten her eye and quicken her step. As the great, bare horse-chestnut near the pink-house gate loomed into view, the red linsey-woolsey speck going down the road spied the blue linsey-woolsey speck coming up, and both specks flew over the intervening distance and, meeting, embraced each other ardently, somewhat to the injury of the company tart.

"Didn't it come out splendidly?" exclaimed Rebecca. "I was so afraid the fish man wouldn't tell you to start exactly at two, or that one of us would walk faster than the other; but we met at the very spot!"

"And what do you think?" asked Clara Belle proudly. "Look at this! Mrs. Fogg lent me her watch to come home by!"

"Oh, Clara Belle, how wonderful! Mrs. Fogg gets kinder and kinder to you, doesn't she? You're not homesick any more, are you?"

"No-o; not really; only when I remem-

ber there's only little Susan to manage the twins: though they're getting on real well without me. But I kind of think, Rebecca, that I'm going to be given away to the Foggs for good."

"Do you mean adopted?"

"Yes; I think father's going to sign papers. You see we can't tell how many years it'll be before the poor baby outgrows its burns, and Mrs. Fogg'll never be the same again, and she must have somebody to help her."

"You'll be their real daughter, then, won't you, Clara Belle? And Mr. Fogg is a deacon, and a selectman, and a road commissioner, and everything splendid."

"Yes; I'll have board, and clothes, and school, and be named Fogg and" (here her voice sank to an awed whisper) "the upper farm if I should ever get married; Miss Dearborn told me that herself when she was persuading me not to mind being given away."

"Clara Belle Simpson!" exclaimed Rebecca in a transport. "Who'd have thought you'd be a female hero and an heiress besides? It's just like a book story, and it happened in Riverboro. I'll make Uncle Jerry Cobb allow there *can* be Riverboro stories, you see if I don't."

"Of course I know it's all right," Clara Belle replied soberly. "I'll have a good home, and father can't keep us all; but it's kind of dreadful to be given away, like a watch and chain."

Rebecca's hand went out to Clara Belle's freckled paw sympathetically. Suddenly her own face clouded and she whispered:

"I'm not sure, Clara Belle, but I'm given away too—do you s'pose I am? I thought I came away from Sunnybrook to get an education and then help pay off the mortgage; but mother doesn't say anything about my coming back, and our family's one of those too-big ones, you know, just like yours."

"Did your mother sign papers to your aunts?"

"If she did I never heard anything about it; but there's something pinned on to the mortgage that mother keeps in the drawer of the bookcase."

"You'd know it if 'twas adoption papers; I guess you're just lent," Clara Belle said cheerily. "I don't believe anybody'd ever give *you* away! And, oh! Rebecca, father's getting on so well! He works on Daly's farm, where they raise lots of horses and cattle, too,

and he breaks all the young colts and trains them and swaps off the poor ones, and drives all over the country. Daly told Mr. Fogg he was splendid with stock, and father says it's just like play. He's sent home money three Saturday nights."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Rebecca sympathetically. "Now your mother'll have a good time and a black silk dress, won't she?"

"I don't know," sighed Clara Belle, and her voice was grave. "Ever since I can remember she's just washed and cried and cried and washed. Miss Dearborn has been spending her vacation up to Acreville, you know, and she came yesterday to board next door to Mrs. Fogg's. I heard them talking last night when I was getting the baby to sleep—I couldn't help it, they were so close—and Miss Dearborn said mother didn't like Acreville; she said nobody takes any notice of her, and they don't give her any more work. Mrs. Fogg said, well, they were dreadful stiff and particular up that way and they liked women to have wedding-rings."

"Hasn't your mother got a wedding-ring?" asked Rebecca, astonished. "Why, I thought everybody *had* to have them, just as they do sofas and chairs."

"I never noticed she didn't have one, but when they spoke I remembered mother's hands washing and wringing, and she doesn't wear one I know. She hasn't got any jewelry, not even a breast-pin."

"Well," and Rebecca's tone was somewhat censorious, "your father's been so poor perhaps he couldn't afford breast-pins, but I should have thought he'd have given your mother a wedding-ring when they were married; that's the time to do it, right at the very first."

"They didn't have any real dress-wedding," explained Clara Belle extenuatingly. "You see the first mother, mine, had the big boys and me, and then she died when we were little. Then after a while this mother came to housekeep, and she stayed, and by and by she was Mrs. Simpson, and Susan and the twins are hers, and she and father didn't have time for a regular wedding in church. They don't have veils and bridesmaids and refreshments around here like Miss Dearborn's sister did."

"Do they cost a great deal—wedding rings?" asked Rebecca thoughtfully. "They're solid gold, so I s'pose they do. If

they were cheap we might buy one. I've got seventy-four cents saved up; how much have you?"

"Fifty-three," Clara Belle responded in a depressing tone; "and anyway there are no stores nearer than Milltown. We'd have to buy it secretly, for I wouldn't make father angry, or shame his pride, now he's got steady work! and mother would know I had spent all my savings."

Rebecca looked nonplussed. "I declare," she said, "I think the Acreville people must be perfectly horrid not to call on your mother only because she hasn't got any jewelry. You wouldn't dare tell your father what Miss Dearborn heard, so he'd save up and buy the ring?"

"No; I certainly would not!" and Clara Belle's lips closed tightly and decisively.

Rebecca sat quietly for a few moments, then she exclaimed jubilantly: "I know where we could get it! From Mr. Aladdin, and then I needn't tell him who it's for! He's coming to stay over to-morrow with his aunt, and I'll ask him to buy a ring for us in Boston. I won't explain anything, you know; I'll just say I need a wedding-ring."

"That would be perfectly lovely," replied Clara Belle, a look of hope dawning in her eyes; "and we can think afterwards how to get it over to mother. Perhaps you could send it to father instead, but I wouldn't dare to do it myself. You won't tell anybody, Rebecca?"

"Cross my heart!" Rebecca exclaimed dramatically; and then with a reproachful look, "you know I couldn't repeat a sacred secret like that! Shall we meet next Saturday afternoon, and I tell you what's happened?—Why, Clara Belle, isn't that Mr. Ladd watering his horse at the foot of the hill this very minute? It is; and he's driven up from Milltown 'stead of coming on the train from Boston to Edgewood. He's all alone, and I can ride home with him and ask him about the ring right away!"

Clara Belle kissed Rebecca fervently, and started on her homeward walk, while Rebecca waited at the top of the long hill, fluttering her handkerchief as a signal.

"Mr. Aladdin! Mr. Aladdin!" she cried as the horse and wagon came nearer.

Adam Ladd drew up quickly at the sound of the eager young voice.

"Well, well; here is Rebecca Rowena

fluttering along the high road like a red-winged blackbird! Are you going to fly home, or drive with me?"

Rebecca clambered into the carriage, laughing and blushing with delight at his nonsense and with joy at seeing him again.

"Clara Belle and I were just talking about you this minute, and I'm so glad you came this way, for there's something very important to ask you about," she began, rather breathlessly.

"No doubt," laughed Adam Ladd, who had become, in the course of his acquaintance with Rebecca, a sort of high court of appeals; "I hope the premium banquet lamp doesn't smoke."

"Now, Mr. Aladdin, you *will* not remember nicely. Mr. Simpson swapped off the banquet lamp when he was moving the family to Acreville; it's not that; but once, when you were here last time, you said you'd make up your mind what you were going to give me for Christmas."

"I do remember that much quite nicely."

"Well, is it bought?"

"No, I never buy Christmas presents before Thanksgiving."

"Then, *dear* Mr. Aladdin, would you buy me something different, something that I want to give away, and buy it a little sooner than Christmas?"

"That depends. I don't relish having my Christmas presents given away. I like to have them kept forever in little girls' bureau drawers, all wrapped in pink tissue paper; but explain the matter and perhaps I'll change my mind. What is it you want?"

"I need a wedding-ring dreadfully," said Rebecca, "but it's a sacred secret."

Adam Ladd's eyes flashed with surprise and he chuckled to himself with pleasure. Had he on his list of acquaintances, he asked himself, a person of any age or sex so altogether irresistible and unique as this child? Then he turned to face her with the merry, teasing look that made him so delightful to young people.

"I thought it was perfectly understood between us," he said, "that if you could ever contrive to grow up, and I were willing to wait, that I was to ride up to the brick house on my snow-white——"

"Coal-black," corrected Rebecca, with a warning finger.

"Coal-black charger; put a golden circlet

on your lily-white finger, draw you up behind me on my pillion——"

"And Emma Jane, too," Rebecca interrupted.

"I think I didn't mention Emma Jane," argued Mr. Aladdin. "Three on a pillion is very uncomfortable. I think Emma Jane leaps on the back of a prancing chestnut, and we all go off to my castle in the forest."

"Emma Jane never leaps, and she'd be afraid of a prancing chestnut," objected Rebecca.

"Then she shall have a gentle, cream-colored pony; but now, without any explanation, you ask me to buy you a wedding-ring, which shows plainly that you are planning to ride off on a snow-white—I mean coal-black—charger with somebody else."

Rebecca dimpled and laughed with joy at the nonsense. In her prosaic world no one but Adam Ladd played the game and answered the fool according to his folly. Nobody else talked delicious fairy-story twaddle but Mr. Aladdin.

"The ring isn't for *me*!" she explained carefully. "You know very well that Emma Jane nor I can't be married till we're through Quackenbos's Grammar, Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and big enough to wear long trails and run a sewing machine. The ring is for a friend."

"Why doesn't the groom give it to the bride himself?"

"Because he's poor and kind of thoughtless, and anyway she isn't a bride any more; she has three step and three other kind of children."

Adam Ladd put the whip back in the socket thoughtfully, and then stooped to tuck in the rug over Rebecca's feet and his own. When he raised his head again he asked: "Why not tell me a little more, Rebecca? I'm safe!"

Rebecca looked at him, feeling his wisdom and strength, and above all his sympathy. Then she said hesitatingly: "Mr. Simpson, Clara Belle's father, has always been very poor, and not always very good—a little bit thievish, you know—but oh, so pleasant and nice to talk to! and now he's turning over a new leaf. And everybody in Riverboro liked Mrs. Simpson when she came here a stranger, because they were sorry for her and she was so patient, and such a hard worker, and so kind to the children. But where she lives now they're not polite to her and don't give her scrub-

bing and washing; and Clara Belle heard our teacher say to Mrs. Fogg that the Acreville people were stiff, and despised her because she didn't wear a wedding-ring, like all the rest. And Clara Belle and I thought if they were so mean as that, we'd love to give her one, and then she'd be happier and have more work; and perhaps Mr. Simpson if he gets along better will buy her a breast-pin and earrings, and she'll be fitted out like the others. I know Mrs. Peter Meserve is looked up to by everybody in Edgewood on account of her gold bracelets and moss-agate necklace."

Adam turned again to meet the luminous, innocent eyes that glowed under the delicate brows and long lashes, feeling as he had more than once felt before, as if his worldly-wise, grown-up thoughts had been bathed in some purifying spring.

"How shall you send the ring to Mrs. Simpson?" he asked with interest.

"We haven't settled yet; Clara Belle's afraid to do it, and thinks I could manage better. Will the ring cost much? because, of course, if it does, I must ask Aunt Jane. There are things I have to ask Aunt Miranda, and others that belong to Aunt Jane."

"It costs the merest trifle. I'll buy one and bring it to you, and we'll consult about it, but I think as you're great friends with Mr. Simpson you'd better send it to him in a letter; letters being your strong point! It's a present a man ought to give his own wife, but it's worth trying, Rebecca. You and Clara Belle can manage it between you, and I'll stay in the background where nobody will see me."

II

MEANTIME in these frosty autumn days life was crowded with events in the lonely Simpson house at Acreville.

The tumble-down dwelling stood on the edge of Pliny's Pond; so called because old Colonel Richardson left his lands to be divided in five equal parts, each share to be chosen in turn by one of his five sons, Pliny, the eldest, having priority of choice.

Pliny Richardson, having little taste for farming, and being ardently fond of fishing, rowing, and swimming, acted up to his reputation of being "a little mite odd," and took his whole twenty acres in water—hence Pliny's Pond.

The eldest Simpson boy had been working on a farm in Cumberland County for two years. Samuel, generally dubbed "See-saw," had now found a humble place in a shingle mill and was partially self-supporting. Clara Belle had been adopted by the Fogg; thus there were only three mouths to fill, the capacious ones of Elijah and Elisha, the twin boys, and of lispings, nine-year old Susan, the capable houseworker and mother's assistant.

There was no doubt that the erratic father of the family had turned over a new leaf. Exactly when he began, or how, or why, or how long he would continue the praiseworthy process—in a word whether there would be more leaves turned as the months went on—Mrs. Simpson did not know, and it is doubtful if any authority lower than that of Mr. Simpson's Maker could have decided the matter. He had stolen articles for swapping purposes for a long time, but had often avoided detection, and always escaped punishment until the last few years. Two fines imposed for small offences were followed by several arrests and two imprisonments for brief periods, and he found himself wholly out of sympathy with the wages of sin. Sin itself he did not especially mind, but the wages thereof were decidedly unpleasant and irksome to him. He also minded very much the isolated position in the community which had lately become his; for he was a social being and would *almost* rather not steal from a neighbor than have him find it out and cease intercourse! This feeling was working in him and rendering him unaccountably irritable and depressed when he took his daughter over to Riverboro at the time of the great flag-raising.

There are seasons of refreshment as well as seasons of drought, in the spiritual as in the natural world, and in some way or other dews and rains of grace fell upon Abner Simpson's heart during that brief journey. Perhaps the giving away of a child that he could not support had made the soil of his heart a little softer and readier for planting than usual; but when he stole the new flag off Mrs. Peter Meserve's doorsteps, under the impression that the cotton-covered bundle contained clean clothes from the "wash," he unconsciously set certain forces in operation.

It will be remembered that Rebecca saw

an inch of red bunting peeping from the back of his wagon, and asked the pleasure of a drive with him; she was no daughter of the regiment, but she proposed to follow the flag. When she diplomatically requested the return of the sacred object which was to be the glory of the "raising" next day, and he thus discovered his mistake, he was furious with himself for having slipped into a disagreeable predicament; and later, when he unexpectedly faced a detachment of Riverboro society at the crossroads, and met not only their wrath and scorn, but the reproachful, disappointed glance of Rebecca's eyes, he felt degraded as never before.

The night at the Center Tavern did not help matters, nor the jolly patriotic meeting of the three villages at the flag-raising next morning. He would have enjoyed being at the head and front of the festive preparations, but as he had cut himself off from all such friendly gatherings, he intended at any rate to sit in his wagon on the very outskirts of the assembled crowd and see some of the gayety; for, heaven knows, he had little enough, he who loved talk, and song, and story, and laughter, and excitement.

The flag was raised, the crowd cheered, the little girl to whom he had lied, the girl who was impersonating the State of Maine, was on the platform "speaking her piece," and he could just distinguish some of the words she was saying:

"For it's your star, my star, all our stars together
That makes the dear old banner proud
To float in the bright fall weather."

Then suddenly there was a clarion voice cleaving the air, and he saw a tall man standing in the centre of the stage and heard him crying: "*Three cheers for the girl that saved the flag from the hands of the enemy!*"

He was sore and bitter enough already; lonely, isolated enough; with no lot nor share in the honest community life; no hand to shake, no neighbor's meal to share; and this unexpected public arraignment smote him between the eyes. With resentment newly kindled, pride wounded, vanity bleeding, he flung a curse at the joyous throng and drove toward home, the home where he would find his ragged children, and meet the timid eyes of a woman who had been the loyal partner of his poverty and disgraces.

It is probable that even then his (ex-

tremely light) hand was already on the "new leaf." The angels, doubtless, were not especially proud of the matter and manner of his reformation, but I daresay they were glad to count him theirs on any terms, so difficult is the reformation of this blind and foolish world! They must have been; for they immediately flung into his very lap a profitable, and what is more to the point, an interesting and agreeable situation where money could be earned by doing the very things his nature craved. There were feats of daring to be performed in sight of admiring and applauding stable boys; the horses he loved were his companions; he was *obliged* to "swap," for Daly, his employer, counted on him to get rid of all undesirable stock; power and responsibility of a sort were given him freely, for Daly was no Puritan, and felt himself amply capable of managing any number of Simpsons; so here were numberless advantages within the man's grasp, and wages besides! Abner positively felt no temptation to steal; his soul expanded with pride, and the admiration and astonishment with which he regarded his virtuous present was only equalled by the disgust with which he contemplated his past; not so much a vicious past, in his own generous estimation of it, as a "thunderin' foolish" one.

Mrs. Simpson took the same view of Abner's new leaf as the angels. She was thankful for even a brief season of honesty, coupled with the Saturday night remittance; and if she still washed and cried and cried and washed, as Clara Belle had always seen her, it was either because of some hidden sorrow, or because her poor strength seemed all at once to have deserted her.

Just when employment and good fortune had come to the "steps" and her own children were better fed and clothed than ever before, the pain that had always lurked, constant but dull, near her tired heart, grew fierce and triumphantly strong, clutching her in its talons, biting, gnawing, worrying, leaving her each week with slighter powers of resistance. Still hope was in the air and a greater content than had ever been hers was in her eyes; a content that came near to happiness when the doctor ordered her to keep her bed and sent for Clara Belle. She could not wash any longer, but there was the ever-new miracle of the Saturday night remittance for household expenses.

"Is your pain bad to-day, mother?" asked Clara Belle, who, only lately given away, was merely borrowed from Mrs. Fogg for what was thought to be a brief emergency.

"Well, there, I can't hardly tell, Clara Belle," Mrs. Simpson replied with a faint smile. "I can't seem to remember the pain these days without it's extra bad. The neighbors are so good; Mrs. Little has sent me canned mustard greens, and Mrs. Carll chocolate ice cream and mince pie; there's the doctor's drops to make me sleep, and these blankets and that great box of eatables from Mr. Ladd; and you here to keep me comp'ny! I declare I'm kind o' dazed with comforts. I never expected to see sherry wine in this house. I ain't never drawed the cork; it does me good enough jest to look at Mr. Ladd's bottle settin' on the mantelpiece with the fire shinin' on the brown glass."

Mr. Simpson had come to see his wife and had met the doctor just as he was leaving the house.

"She looks awful bad to me. Is she goin' to pull through all right, same as the last time?" he asked the doctor nervously.

"She's going to pull right through into the other world," the doctor answered bluntly, "and as there don't seem to be anybody else to take the bull by the horns, I'd advise you, having made the woman's life about as hard and miserable as you could, to try and help her to die easy!"

Abner, surprised and crushed by the weight of this verbal chastisement, sat down on the doorstep, his head in his hands, and thought a while solemnly. Thought was not an operation he was wont to indulge in, and when he opened the gate a few minutes later and walked slowly toward the barn for his horse, he looked pale and unnerved. (It is uncommonly startling, first to see yourself in another man's scornful eyes, and then, clearly, in your own.)

Two days later he came again, and this time it was decreed that he should find Parson Carll tying his piebald mare at the post.

Clara Belle's quick eye had observed the minister as he alighted from his buggy, and, warning her mother, she hastily smoothed the bedclothes, arranged the medicine bottles, and swept the hearth.

"Oh! don't let him in!" wailed Mrs. Simpson, all of a flutter at the prospect of such a visitor. "Oh, dear! they must think over to the village that I'm dreadful sick, or

the minister wouldn't never think of callin'! Don't let him in, Clara Belle! I'm afraid he will say hard words to me, or pray to me; and I ain't never been prayed to since I was a child! Is his wife with him?"

"No; he's alone; but father's just drove up and is hitching at the shed door."

"That's worse than all!" and Mrs. Simpson raised herself feebly on her pillows and clasped her hands in despair. "You mustn't let them two meet, Clara Belle, and you must send Mr. Carll away; your father wouldn't have a minister in the house, nor speak to one, for a thousand dollars!"

"Be quiet, mother! Lie down! It'll be all right! You'll only fret yourself into a spell! The minister's just a good man; he won't say anything to frighten you. Father's talking with him real pleasant, and pointing the way to the front door."

The parson knocked and was admitted by the excited Clara Belle, who ushered him tremblingly into the sick room, and then betook herself to the kitchen with the children, as he gently requested her.

Abner Simpson, left alone in the shed, fumbled in his vest pocket and took out an envelope which held a sheet of paper and a tiny packet wrapped in tissue paper. The letter had been read once before and ran as follows:

DEAR MR. SIMPSON:

This is a secret letter. I heard that the Acreville people weren't nice to Mrs. Simpson because she didn't have any wedding-ring like all the others. I know you've always been poor, dear Mr. Simpson, and troubled with a large family like ours at the farm; but you really ought to have given Mrs. Simpson a ring when you were married to her, right at the very first; for then it would have been over and done with, as they are solid gold and last forever. And probably she wouldn't feel like asking you for one, because ladies are just like girls, only grown up, and I know I'd be ashamed to beg for jewelry when just board and clothes cost so much. So I send you a nice, new wedding-ring to save your buying, thinking you might get Mrs. Simpson a bracelet or eardrops for Christmas. It did not cost me anything, as it was a secret present from a friend. I hear Mrs. Simpson is sick, and it would be a great comfort to her while she is in bed and has so much time to look at it. When I had the measles Emma Jane Perkins lent me her mother's garnet ring, and it helped me very much to put my wasted hand outside the bedclothes and see the ring sparkling.

"Please don't be angry with me, dear Mr. Simpson, because I like you so much and am so glad you are happy with the horses and colts; and I believe now perhaps you *did* think the flag was a bundle of washing when you took it that day; so no more from your

Trusted friend, REBECCA RANDALL.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'll just say I need a wedding-ring."—Page 40.



"The ring isn't for *me*!" she explained carefully.—Page 41.

Simpson tore the letter slowly and quietly into fragments and scattered the bits on the woodpile, took off his hat and smoothed his hair, pulled his moustaches thoughtfully, straightened his shoulders and then, holding the tiny packet in the palm of his hand, he went round to the front door, and having entered the house stood outside the sick room for an instant, then turned the knob and walked softly in.

Then at last the angels might have enjoyed a moment of unmixed joy, for in that brief walk from shed to house, Abner Simpson's conscience waked to life and attained sufficient strength to prick and sting, to provoke remorse, to incite penitence, to do all sorts of divine and beautiful things it was meant for, but had never been allowed to do.

Clara Belle went about the kitchen quietly making preparations for the children's supper. She had left Riverboro in haste, as the change for the worse in Mrs. Simpson had been very sudden, but since she had come she had thought more than once

of the wedding-ring. She had wondered whether Mr. Ladd had bought it for Rebecca, and whether Rebecca would find means to send it to Acreville; but her cares had been so many and varied, that the subject had now finally retired to the background of her mind.

The hands of the clock crept on and she kept hushing the strident tones of Elijah and Elisha, opening and shutting the oven door to look at the corn bread, advising Susan as to her dishes, and marvelling that the minister stayed so long.

At last she heard a door open and close, and saw the old parson come out, wiping his spectacles, and step into the buggy for his drive to the village.

Then there was another period of suspense, during which the house was as silent as the grave, and presently her father came into the kitchen, greeted the twins and Susan, and said to Clara Belle: "Don't go in there yet! (jerking his thumb towards Mrs. Simpson's room), she's all beat out and she's just droppin' off to sleep. I'll send some

groceries up from the store as I go along; is the doctor comin' again to-night?"

"Yes; he'll be here pretty soon, now," Clara Belle answered, looking at the clock.

"All right. I'll be here again to-morrow soon as it's light, and if she ain't picked up

band of steel, lessened its cruel pressure, and finally left her so completely that she seemed to see it floating above her head; only that it looked no longer like a band of steel, but a golden circle.

The frail bark in which she had sailed



"This is a secret letter."—Page 44.

any I'll send word back to Daly, and stop here with you for a spell till she's better."

It was true; Mrs. Simpson was "all beat out." It had been a time of excitement and stress, and the poor, fluttered creature was dropping off into the strangest sleep—a sleep made up of waking dreams. Her pain, that had encompassed her heart like a

her life-voyage had been rocking on a rough and tossing ocean, and now it floated, floated slowly into smoother waters. As long as she could remember, her boat had been flung about in storm and tempest, lashed by angry winds, borne against rocks, beaten, torn, buffeted. Now the waves had subsided; the sky was clear; the sea was warm and tranquil; the sunshine dried the



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Turned the knob and walked softly in.—Page 46.

tattered sails; the air was soft and balmy. And now, for sleep plays strange tricks, the bark disappeared from the dream, and it was she, herself, who was floating, floating farther and farther away; whither she neither knew nor cared; it was enough to be at rest, lulled by the lapping of the cool waves. Then there appeared a green isle rising from the sea; an isle so radiant and fairy-like that her famished eyes could hardly believe its reality; but it was real, for she sailed nearer and nearer to its shores, and at last her feet skimmed the shining sands and she floated through the air as disembodied spirits float, till she sank softly at the foot of a spreading tree.

Then she saw that the green isle was a flowering isle. Every shrub and bush was blooming; the trees were hung with rosy garlands, and even the earth was carpeted with tiny flowers. The rare fragrances, the bird songs, soft and musical, the ravishment of color, all bore down upon her swimming senses at once, taking them captive so completely that she remembered no past, was conscious of no present, looked forward to no future. She seemed to leave the body and the sad, heavy things of the body. The humming in her ears ceased, the light faded, the birds' song grew fainter and more distant, the golden circle of pain receded farther and farther until it was lost to view; even the flowering island gently drifted away, and all was peace and silence.

It was time for the doctor now, and Clara Belle, too anxious to wait longer, softly turned the knob of her mother's door and entered the room. The glow of the open fire illumined the darkest side of the poor chamber. There were no trees near the house, and a full November moon streamed in at the unblinded, uncurtained windows, lighting up the bare interior—

the unpainted floor, the gray plastered walls, and the white counterpane.

Her mother lay quite still, her head turned and drooping a little on the pillow. Her left hand was folded softly up against her breast, the fingers of the right partly covering it, as if protecting something precious.

Was it the moonlight that made the patient brow so white, and where were the lines of anxiety and pain? The face of the mother that had washed and cried and cried and washed was as radiant as if the closed eyes were beholding heavenly visions.

"Something must have cured her!" thought Clara Belle, awed and almost frightened by the whiteness and the silence.

She tiptoed across the floor to look more closely at the still, smiling shape, and bending over it saw, under the shadow of the caressing right hand, a narrow gold band gleaming on the work-stained finger.

"Oh, the ring came, after all!" she said in a glad whisper, "and perhaps it was that that made her better!"

She put her hand on her mother's gently. A terrified shiver, a warning shudder, shook the girl from head to foot at the chilling touch. A dread presence she had never met before suddenly took shape. It filled the room; stifled the cry on her lips; froze her steps to the floor; stopped the beating of her heart.

Just then the door opened.

"Oh, doctor! come quick!" she sobbed, stretching out her hands for help, and then covering her eyes. "Come close! Look at mother! Is she better—or is she dead?"

The doctor put one hand on the shoulder of the shrinking child, and touched the woman with the other.

"She is better!" he said gently; "and she is dead."

AT LAST

By Don Marquis

EACH race has died and lived and fought for the "true" gods of that poor race,
Unconsciously, divinest thought of each race gilding its god's face.
And every race that lives and dies shall make itself some other gods;
Shall build, with mingled truth and lies, new icons from the world-old clods.
Through all the tangled creeds and dreams and shifting shibboleths men hold
The false and true, inwoven, gleams: a matted mass of dross and gold.
Prove, then, thy gods in thine own soul; all others' gods, for thee, are vain;
Nor swerved be, struggling for the goal, by bribe of joy nor threat of pain.

As skulls grow broader, so do faiths—as old tongues die, old gods die, too,
And only ghosts of gods and wraiths may meet the backward gazer's view.
Where, where the faiths of yesterday? Ah, whither vanished, whither gone?
Say, what Apollos drive to-day adown the flaming slopes of dawn?
Oh, does the blank past hide from view forgotten Christs to be reborn,
The future tremble where some new Messiah-Memnon sings the morn?
Of all the worlds, say any earth, like dust wind-harried to and fro,
Shall give the next Prometheus birth; but say—at last—you do not know.

How should I know what dawn may gleam beyond the gates of darkness there—
Which god of all the gods men dream? Why should I whip myself to care?
Whichever over all hath place hath shaped and made me what I am;
Hath made me strong to front His face, to dare to question though He damn!
Mayhap to cringe and cower and bring a shrine a forced and faithless faith
Is worse than to strip glove and fling it, laughing, in the teeth of Death.
For, writhe or whirl in dervish rout, they are not flattered there on high;
Or sham belief to hide a doubt—no gods are mine that love a lie!
Nor gods that beg belief on earth with portents that some seer foretells—
Is life itself not wonder-worth that we must cry for miracles?
Is it not strange enough we breathe? Does everything not God reveal?
Or must we ever weave and wreath some creed that shall His face conceal?
Some creed of which its prophets cry it holds the secret's all in all;
Some creed which ever by and by doth crumble, totter, to its fall!
Say any dream of all the dreams that shift and darkle, drift and glow,
Holds most of truth within its gleams; but say—at last—you do not know.

Oh, say the soul, from star to star, with victory winged, leap on through space
And scale the bastioned nights that bar the secret's inner dwelling-place;
Or say it ever roam dim glades where pallid wraiths of long-dead moons
Flit like blown feathers through the shades, borne on the breath of sobbing tunes;
Say any tide of any time, of all the tides that ebb and flow,
Shall buoy us on toward any clime; but say—at last—you do not know!

THE BLACK HAWTHORN JAR

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL J. MEYLAN



HERE is a far-travelled legend to the effect that many hundreds of years ago a certain Chinese emperor effectually reformed the bad commercial morals of his time by making a law that a man who did not pay up his debts by the New Year should have his head neatly and ceremoniously shaved off just above his shoulders. Such has been the active force in heredity of that simple regulation, that to this day an instinct to be honest in money matters is born in a Chinese, even though the severity of his legal code is now relaxed, and though he cannot fail to perceive that even the fortunate merchants in enlightened Christian countries sometimes transgress the universal law of honesty. This is not to say that every Chinese is always honest. It merely indicates that one is quite as apt to find the truth spoken in a Chinese shop as anywhere else.

Some such ideas had lodged in the mind of Mr. Peter Wyckoff in the course of his travels among the curio dealers, and may have led his feet on this particular April afternoon to the shop of the discreet and affable Mr. Tom Sing Low, an old Chinese merchant whose wits had suggested to him that the Fifth Avenue market for porcelains, carvings, silks, and curios of every kind and all grades of value, except the very cheapest, was more profitable than the opportunities of the Chinese quarter. Sundry other Chinese merchants, moved by the same idea, had invaded the "uptown" field, but Peter found Mr. Low's shop the pleasantest to browse in, and its proprietor had come to know him as an occasional buyer who possessed the real "feeling" for Oriental art.

As Peter approached Mr. Low's shop from the direction of the newspaper office where he passed his days, another man was approaching from the other direction, and the two met at the door. Peter had a pleasant acquaintance with this man, Mr. Otis Danvers, art critic, traveller and essayist,

white-haired and bright-eyed, trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, and member of half the clubs in town. With a mutual and indulgent grin at each other's failing for things Chinese, they entered the shop together.

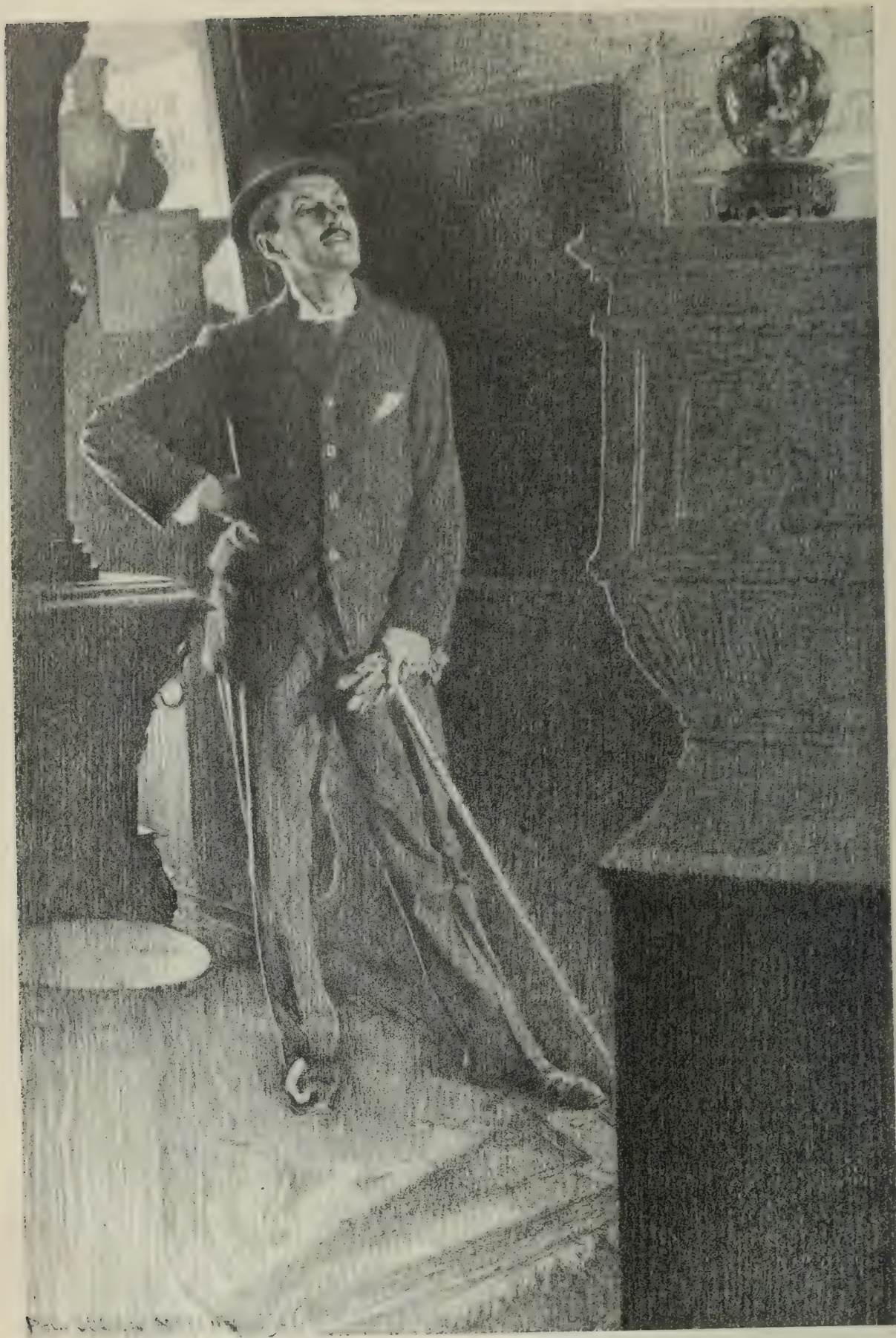
They found Mr. Low fortifying himself with tea, which he had made in a queer little white-and-green teapot with spout and handle in the form of two red lizards with ferocious countenances and sinuous tails. They refused to interrupt him, so, with a low bow, the old man turned them over to his assistant, a younger Chinese of American education in whom the colors of Western civilization played against the inscrutable background of Eastern character. He led them through the succession of formal, squarely furnished rooms in which a Chinese shop is inevitably arranged, into the remotest inner fastness, where the few choicest selections from his wares were posed upon two or three small, slender-legged rectangular tables, and in a carved and gilded cabinet more like a shrine than a showcase.

A little pair of soft, paste beakers, scarcely more than eight inches high, brought Danvers to a halt. The salesman pointed out their excellences—genuine specimens of the period of Ki'en Lung, with the full six marks on the bottom, and the conventional, dignified decoration of sweet-flag leaves, perfect in form, surface, and deep blue and clear white color.

Peter asked the price.

"They are marked \$100," was the answer. "They are very cheap, because the cost was small. I think Mr. Low could get more, but he says, 'No, this price for them.' But they are very fine."

Although no expert, Peter could imagine that the man was telling the exact truth, for among other curious idiosyncrasies, the Chinese merchant will often be stubbornly content with, say, five hundred per cent. profit upon a work of art, even though he could be pretty sure of getting twice as much by waiting, and beguiling, and misrepresenting.



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan.

He would speak to the jar. "How are you!" he said.—Page 57.

Danvers held one of the beakers in his hand and stroked its formal outline admiringly. "Mighty good," he said; "good every way you look at it!"

As they turned away from the sedate little vases, they met Mr. Low accompanying a spare, sandy man with a thin head that bulged out over his eyebrows and a figure which suggested a rigid, slender tree with a tight, hard bark. This gentleman nodded to Peter, and bowed stiffly to Danvers.

"Ah, treasure-hunting again, Mr. Wyck-off?" he said in a high, heady voice, curiously irritating, and with an air of patronage as offensive as it was unconscious. "What do you find?"

"I was looking at those beakers, Mr. Bowman," replied Peter. "What do you think of them?"

Mr. Low lifted one of the vases in his pointed, pale, old fingers. "Nice color," he said. "You like?"

Mr. Bowman touched the porcelain with the tip of his cool gray eyesight. "Oh, good enough," he said. "Modern, eh?"

Oriental politeness and courtesy showed no signs of failing as the old man spoke of the value and interest of the beakers in the face of Mr. Bowman's open incredulity. And when the price was named he turned with an obtrusive wink to Peter.

"No—guess I won't take 'em to-day." His laugh dried up any trickle of human sympathy which might have survived the acrid tones of his voice. "Shouldn't wonder if they'd be here when I come in again."

They walked back through the rooms, and Mr. Bowman's interest was not aroused by anything he saw. As they reached the little office at the front of the shop, Otis Danvers paused by the table where Mr. Low had left his teapot. He lifted it in both hands.

"This for sale, Mr. Low?" he asked. "Rather like this."

The merchant smiled and shook his head. "I keep that one," he said. "You don't want."

"But this is pretty old," said Danvers, as he noted all its details. It was cylindrical in form, and the cream-colored surface was finely crackled. Besides the strong colors in the lizards that formed the spout and handle, the body of the teapot was entirely covered with landscapes and domestic scenes drawn with a good deal of skill in

reds and blues and greens, all glistening with the inimitable patina of time.

"Don't get this kind any more," admitted Mr. Low. "This not topside old—not old like blue vases, but maybe five emperor old. Not hard porcelain—you call, pottery. You see green color—this what Japanese make like, call Kutani ware. You und'stand?"

"I see," said Danvers. "I know it's not porcelain, but I like it. You'd better sell it to me before you break it. Give you five dollars for it."

The old Chinese laughed. "That price enough—but I keep it," he said. "Maybe break it; but I like, too."

Mr. Bowman stood by in unconcealed disdain. "I fear I shall have to leave you," he said. "I must get uptown. A business man, you know, becomes—a—morbidity about wasting time. Good-day to you." And with this tactful adieu Mr. Bowman departed, his narrow head erect.

Danvers and Peter smiled at each other in delighted appreciation. "God made him to diffuse a sense of thankfulness among his fellow-men," remarked Danvers piously. "And that's not pharisaical, either. He's part of the great scheme of light and shade in the world. Do you know him pretty well? I've met him a few times, and heard things about him. I believe he's a big steel man, somewhere downtown."

"Yes; he's an officer in the Transappalachian," said Peter. "I have had to go to see him for the paper two or three times, and I've run across him occasionally in places like this. He's a queer bird. Your taste in teapots was too much for him."

"Evidently," said Danvers. "But since I can't have the teapot, I don't want to look at anything else to-day." He turned to the quiet old Chinese. "Good-by, Mr. Low. If you ever change your mind, let me know."

"Which way?" asked Peter as they left the shop.

"I've got to go away down to Union Square," answered Danvers. "You walking that way?"

"It's my shortest road home," said Peter in great contentment. "I can't understand about Bowman," he reverted, as they went along. "He's grown very rich within a few years, and he has the reputation of getting more coal or iron for a dollar than anybody else can, but when it comes to porcelain, he seems to want to pay a good deal for what

he buys. He doesn't really know anything about porcelain—at least, I judge so——”

“—So do I,” said Danvers.

“—But his conceit about it is wonderful. I should think the dealers would love him.”

“Oh, they do!” agreed Danvers. “And that’s another thing. There is a class of dealers here, now, who simply hypnotize people. They have their shops arranged as carefully as any stage scene you ever saw—all sorts of tricks to beguile people out of themselves and get them afloat on the current of ‘suggestion,’ or whatever the doctors call it. And then, how they do turn their customers’ pockets inside out! I can think of two or three such places. Yes, Bowman must endear himself very much to those gentlemen. And as you say, Wyckoff, the spectacle of his self-complacency is marvellous. I know it’s one of the few joys of my embittered life!”

Peter laughed. “You must get pretty tired of the cocksure amateur,” he reflected. “I suppose you have to see a lot of ‘em.”

“O Lord!” said Danvers; “and you never know where they’ll break out. It used to be only pictures, but now they go in for everything, from old spoons to Roman ruins by the shipload. The number of people who ‘have collections’ nowadays is surprising, and the quantity of rubbish they get together is unbelievable. Take this simple matter of Chinese porcelains. I suppose there are five hundred collections in New York to-day, each of which has cost its owner a good deal of money, and very few of them have any excuse for themselves. Of course, Mr. Sunderland’s collection is famous. Mr. Wortendyke’s is very fine; so is Mr. Blooker’s and Mr. Astley’s. Mr. Cippolini has some good things, so has Mr. Rothstein, so have maybe a dozen others. But since Chinese porcelain has, in a way, become the fashion, a lot of uninformed people go to auctions and buy whatever is offered, or they go to the dealers and pay whatever is asked—the higher the price the better they like it. Bowman is only a good type of about the most trying class of all—those men who believe every piece in their own collections is a treasure because it has cost them a lot of money.”

“Then those are the people who buy only the outlandish things—like Ten Eyck,” suggested Peter. “Rare enough, perhaps, but most of them so ugly.”

“Yes,” assented Danvers; “he’s the sort of man who would buy a mummy’s foot, like the fellow in the French story. But, on the other hand, there are a few rich men who have a sense of the real things, who buy the actual treasures; and I’m glad to say some of ‘em are generous to the Museum. We’ve just had a splendid gift from such a man—a most magnificent old black hawthorn vase, about forty inches high—a superb piece. You know we’re pretty strong on old Chinese porcelain up there; but this holds its own with anything we’ve got. I understand Mr. Sunderland, our benefactor, paid \$7,000 for it.”

“That’s quite a piece of money, as my office-boy says,” remarked Peter.

“Of course,” said Danvers; “but the value seems to be there, in this case. Pieces of that size and importance in that decoration are simply almost non-existent now. It’s the chance of a dozen men’s lifetimes to find them. Of course, such values are all relative and somewhat arbitrary; but an example like that confers a distinction on any collection, and we feel very fortunate. And, by the way, you might like to make a few notes about the gift for the paper. You would? All right. If you’ll come up to my place to-night I’ll give you the whole story. Suppose you’d rather have all the facts and use your own judgment about how much you’ll write. Oh, is this where you turn off? Very well; see you this evening.”

He found Danvers among his bachelor penates a few hours later, and with the notes for his paragraph in his pocket, Peter idled delightedly and listened to the stream of brilliant talk which sparkled from his host. Men and letters, art, customs, and all manner of “manifestations,” from Rome and Cairo to Hong-Kong, made up the broad web of their conversation, with the bright sparkle of Danvers’s wit and delicate appreciation flashing back and forth, carrying the thread of his own vivid human interest through it all, so that the precious little Tekke rug on the library table, fine as a shawl, and glowing in its minute patterns with the richest colorings, was no more lovely a fabric.

As Peter rose to go, at last, his eye was caught by a black jar standing on the floor, almost hidden by a table.

“Hallo!” he said: “what’s that? Have you got a piece of black hawthorn of your own?”

Danvers set it on the table.

"That," he said, regarding it sternly, as a monk might gaze upon fleshly lusts successfully resisted, "is a very sinful piece of porcelain. It's mine, but I'm not going to keep it. It's going back to the place where I got it."

Peter approached the jar wondering if a wicked spirit would issue from it in smoke, as once happened in Arabia. It was of the shape called a "ginger jar," about eight inches in largest diameter, and it stood ten or twelve inches high, with its flat cover. The porcelain showed a ground of deep, lustrous "mirror black," thickly overlaid with a pattern of pink and white hawthorn blossoms, with soft yellows in the flower centres, and a brilliant offsetting of little green stems and twigs. A peculiarity in the decoration at one place attracted his attention; two green twigs crossed each other in such a way as to look like the Arabic numerals 42, though the resemblance was rather fanciful. The same peculiarity was to be seen in one spot on the cover, and only twice upon the whole piece. Danvers had already noted the point. "Oh, there's not much about this jar I don't know," he said grimly.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" asked Peter at last. "I think it's beautiful."

"So it is," returned Danvers; "but it's a cheat. It was a magnificent jar once; but it has been smashed to pieces; it has no value, though it looks so fine."

"It's wonderfully mended!" commented Peter, as he examined the jar closely. "I can't see any signs of a single break."

"Ah, that's the trouble," he sighed. "Let me tell you—that piece has a bit of a history. I bought it from a man I know very well—Joe Whitman, the architect."

"Why, I was in college with him," said Peter. "He's all right."

"Of course," said Danvers. "But when I saw it in his office it didn't look like this. It had been mended less skilfully, and it showed some of the joints. He didn't ask much for it, and I bought it because I liked the colors. But when I got it home, I couldn't keep my hands off it—felt like a child that wants to see the inside of his drum. I couldn't rest till I had pulled it apart to see how badly it was broken. Well—it was in about twenty pieces, and after I had soaked 'em all apart, I felt satisfied. Then I gave it to Lefroy to put together again. Ever see any of his work before?"

"No," replied Peter. "He's the crack china-mender in all New York, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes," returned Danvers. "He used to be with Delatour, in Paris—fellow who makes the reproductions for all the museums, you know. Lefroy's far and away the most skilful man in town. And when he brought that jar back to me, I assure you, Wyckoff, I was amazed—well, you can see it for yourself. It hasn't a suggestion of being broken. There was a slight chip on the cover—he had filled that up with a black glaze that matched the body color so exactly it was uncanny. And he covered the bottom of the jar, where three pieces were patched together, with a smooth coat of bluish-white glaze that hardened perfectly; he must have fired it, somehow. I don't begin to know the tricks of his trade. Oh, it's a splendid job, and if I didn't happen to know, I shouldn't suspect it wasn't sound. See—no dulness of color at the mended spots, no difference to the touch, no flatness in the ring"—Danvers struck it with his knuckles—"literally, no flaw!"

"So good you're afraid of it, eh?" laughed Peter.

"Actually," assented Danvers. "It has begun to haunt me. It's such an infernally good cheat. It has deceived some of my friends, and I began to be tempted to accept it and think of it at its face value. Now it's getting on my nerves, worse every day, and I'm going to send it back to Whitman. He said he'd take it back if I found I didn't want it. I only gave him twenty dollars for it, to begin with, but it cost twenty more to mend; still, I wouldn't have it around for a hundred."

Peter nodded. "I see what you mean," he said. "It is a sinful thing—just as you particularly hate to see a bad woman made up to look like a good one. And very likely to fool somebody, too!"

Peter's work at the office kept him unusually close for several weeks thereafter, and May was warm in the streets before he saw Danvers again, at an exhibition of pictures to be sold at auction, following the collapse of their owner on the Stock Exchange. Neither of them found the exhibition interesting, and they turned to the door together. Suddenly Danvers broke out:

"Oh, do you remember our talking, a while ago, about some of those hypnotic curio dealers? Well, how'd you like to go

and see one of 'em now, with me? He's got a very interesting lot of things, and you might enjoy looking through them. And the old man—Benjamin Hayward's his name—he's a study, all by himself. Occasionally the museum buys something from him, and he pesters me a good deal with invitations to come and see his wonders. He's got hold of a lot of old Italian altar lace now, and wants me to look at it before he shows it to the general public, he says. So if you like, we'll go there."

They walked up the Avenue together, between the rows of shop-windows that smirked from out the faded pride of old houses which once were dignified, past the brawling rapids of Forty-second Street, and up through the strong, swift channel where the eager, darting fishes, big and little together, swim upstream once a day to the cool hollows of the park, to feed for an hour a blind instinct stronger even than their appetite for money.

"It's just around here that we have to go," said Danvers, as they wheeled into one of the cross-streets above the cathedral, and he piloted Peter up the steps of a brownstone house exactly like all the others in the block.

The door was opened by such a man as Mr. Dombey's relative, Mrs. Skewton, would have called "a Native," dressed in ordinary dark-colored clothing except for a big turban. In the drawing-room they were met by an elderly man with soft blue eyes and as bland a countenance as Peter had ever seen. Crisp white hair framed a face of mild benevolence. He seemed to diffuse it, as when a friendly physician comes smiling to a patient.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Hayward," said Danvers. "I have brought my friend, Mr. Wyckoff, to see some of your treasures."

Mr. Hayward's old-fashioned bow matched his loose gray clothes and unaffected manner. "Glad to see you, sir," he said. "Like to look around?"

They walked slowly down the fine old drawing-room, with its high ceiling, which ran the full depth of the house. Heavy rugs covered the floor; not too much light came from the draped windows. The air in the room was a trifle cool, and curiously fragrant. They passed a huge cinnabar screen, full of elaborate detail, and another of carved teak in which were set at regular

intervals some twenty large tablets in old blue-and-white porcelain; there were great carved pieces of jade and rock-crystal, dark bronzes half hidden in gilded shrines, heavy old bowls of Sung *cloisonné*, ivory carvings cased in tarnished silver frames with backgrounds of wonderful embroidery in the most brilliant blue, like a lining of cut sapphires in a casket. And everywhere was a strange, faint scent which made Peter think of sandalwood and opium and fire-crackers, all at once—a blending of indefinable odors, a whiff of which sometimes comes to one passing an old doorway in Gloucester or Newburyport, if the "best room" in the dead sea-captain's house chance to be open.

Two fireplaces were set at one side of the long room, and over one hung an old Italian painting, over the other a picture from Barbizon; an enormous mirror of Venetian colored glass stood like an arched doorway midway in the wall. Mr. Hayward paused beside it, and lifted the carved top of an ancient Dutch chest in blackened oak. In both arms he brought out a big triangular piece of heavy linen splintered into wonderful designs of lacework.

"This is the best piece," he said to Danvers. "Fifteen foot on the long edge. The priest I got it from—up on the big hill at Ravello, 'twas—had to give the old man who owned it a free ticket straight to heaven before he'd sell it. It had been in the old man's family chapel for three hundred years. It's all fine, but this 'un is somethin' extry. I never saw such a piece before. And I heard the old man had lots o' sins to forgive, but this was wuth 'em all," added Mr. Hayward reverently.

Now there was a blind spot in Peter's æsthetic sense; he had never learned to comprehend the beauty of old lace. As Danvers and the dealer laid their heads together over the great, three-cornered altar-piece, Peter sauntered down the room, glancing at cabinets holding feathery pieces of Bombay silver filigree-work, a mummy-case, a pile of glittering old Persian tiles, a Chinese cabinet in old black lacquer, its slender framework covered with faded gilt figures. Across the end of the long room, on a raised platform, stood a Florentine dower chest seven or eight feet long, with painted panels, and over its top was folded a pall of dark crimson velvet, such as is still used at funerals of the nobility beside the

Arno. And in the centre, upon a finely carved teak stand fully six inches high, stood a black hawthorn covered jar.

He stood stock still. It was like meeting a person suddenly whom he preferred not to recognize. The whimsical fancy took him to make the best of a bad situation. He would speak to the jar. "How are you!" he said, nodding cheerfully.

Danvers and the dealer, hearing him speak, walked toward him. "What did you say, Wyckoff?" asked his friend.

Peter pointed to the jar. "I thought I recognized an old acquaintance," he replied, "but I may be mistaken."

Danvers stared up at the black hawthorn. After a moment's scrutiny he turned with a twinkling eye to the old man standing placidly at his side. "Where'd you get that, Mr. Hayward?" he asked. "Looks like a fine piece."

The dealer hesitated a fraction of a second and looked curiously at both his visitors. "I don't know much about that piece, Mr. Danvers," he admitted. "But it's a good color, ain't it?"

"Let's have it down," said Danvers brusquely.

The old man climbed upon a stool and lifted the jar from its elaborate stand.

"I wasn't thinkin' o' showin' you this, Mr. Danvers," he said with sweet frankness. "Guess you've got all the Chinese porcelain you need, already. But I liked the decoration o' that piece, and thought it was cheap, so I bought it."

Danvers and Peter were examining the jar. There was no mistake about it. There on the side, among all the lustrous beauty of the pale pink leaves against the black porcelain, two little green twigs crossed each other in a peculiar way. There were the fanciful figures, 42, and in only one place. They looked at the cover. There was the same twisting of green stems. It was Joe Whitman's jar.

Danvers looked sharply at the old dealer, but his face radiated only benevolence and humble pride.

"Look here, Mr. Hayward," he said, "do you know that jar has been broken and mended?"

"That's what the man said that sold it to me," replied Mr. Hayward; "and I don't s'pose he'd ha' said so if it wasn't. But it's a mighty good job o' mendin'. I think it

would ha' fooled me. And"—in what a tone of childlike simplicity came the words!—"how do you happen to know, Mr. Danvers?"

"Because I soaked it apart myself and then had it put together again," he replied. He told the story in a few words to the dealer and added: "It's altogether *too* good a job of mending. But Mr. Whitman told you it was imperfect, of course."

"Oh, yes," returned the dealer gently. "But I liked the colors, so I took it just's it was. But I guess I'll put it down here where it won't show quite so much," he added, as he found a place for it on a table in a corner. "You'll think about that lace, Mr. Danvers?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I'm not likely to forget such a piece as that big one. I'll bear it in mind, but ten thousand dollars is a lot of money. The old Italian must have been a very wicked man."

Mr. Hayward looked more like a country bank president than ever as he walked back through the long room with them. "Come in just when you feel like it, Mr. Wyckoff," he said. "I sh'll always be glad to see a friend o' Mr. Danvers."

The Native opened the door for them, and as they walked to the corner of the Avenue, Danvers hummed a little song to himself. "Wonderful piece of lace—wonderful!" he said; "worth anything he might choose to ask, perhaps. But the man is such a slick customer that I'm always on my guard, instinctively. Hasn't he got a melodramatic shop, Wyckoff? The 'atmosphere' is so thick it gets in your eyes. I'm afraid some Western patron of the arts will pay him ten times twenty dollars for that jar. But it's not on *my* conscience, anyhow."

The summer which followed was of the sort known as "dry" in the newspaper offices. Politics was dull; no highly gifted criminals performed startling misdeeds; even Nature forebore to stimulate commercial ingenuity by shortening the crops; the stock market became as commonplace as the weather reports. General prosperity ravaged the country, and so, for lack of more active occupation, Satan took up his knitting-work of inspiring the professional reformers. Investigations of sundry commercial enterprises were launched by individuals interested in other enterprises, or in none at all; questionable practices were alleged against mayors and boards of alder-

men; the outsiders everywhere rallied to the assault upon the insiders; labor unions became restless without grievances, and straightway invented them; and thus it came about by the autumn, without any very evident cause, that every industry carried a chip on its shoulder and looked for a fight. Naturally and inevitably, fights grew out of the empty air. Railroad was divided against railroad, and steel mill against coal mine; directors began to watch their presidents, and stockholders cried aloud for they knew not what; so great a matter can be kindled by the little fire of the professional reformer, fanned by sundry ingenious, greedy, and conscienceless newspapers upon whose appetites a daily diet of wholesome decency has long since palled.

The newspaper which Peter Wyckoff served was not one of the mischief-makers, but news is news, and even in the office of the *Elector* it was the staff of its life. The quarrel between two of the coal railroads had grown very bitter, and now the situation was acute. Much depended upon a directors' meeting to be held in Pittsburg, but there came to the managing editor—he actually did not know whence, out of the air, as secrets of finance and diplomacy always seem to come—a hint that even more depended on the result of a conference between three men in an office at ๐๐ Broadway. The managing editor sent the railroad reporter to the office, but that astute specialist was turned away empty. Casting about for a different avenue of approach, the managing editor called Peter.

"Mr. Wyckoff," he said, "you know Hiram W. Bowman, do you not?"

"I've seen him several times," said Peter. "I got the other side's story from him in the Open Hearth Merger business, and once I went to see him about some detail of the coal strike. Another time he sent for me to tell me a piece of news about a row in the art museum in Pittsburg. Besides, I have happened to meet him occasionally in the bric-a-brac shops. I suppose he may remember my name."

"All right," said the managing editor. "Now, it comes pretty straight to us that the Northern Delta Coal and Iron Company is about to be gobbled up by the Trans-appalachian—that's Bowman's concern—he's chairman of the finance committee of the board. The formal vote won't come

for a week yet, but the plan is to deliver the goods at Bowman's office day after to-morrow." Then followed a mass of details. "Now, all this is the working plans of both sides, but *we* want to know if Bowman has got his proxies. He's refused all information to everybody, so I don't think you'll make much headway, but it's worth a hard try. If you can get it, we shall beat everybody in town, for one thing. . . . If he's dead sure, possibly he might tell you, for I think he likes to be a little spectacular. Well—see him to-day."

Peter's name seemed to be good for something in the inner office at ๐๐ Broadway, for it gained him admission to the private room of the man he wanted to see. Mr. Bowman greeted him cordially, and listened to his questions. Then he laughed at him.

"My dear Mr. Wyckoff," he said, "you know how glad I should be to oblige you, but I couldn't give you the information you ask if you were my own brother."

Peter remembered having heard that Bowman's brother was his deadliest enemy, in business, so he refrained from any expression of surprise.

Mr. Bowman allowed his refusal to be driven home by an interval of silence. Then he cocked his head over on one side and bestowed a smile of such complacency on Peter as he usually reserved for directors' meetings, when he advised the board of some new masterstroke of his policy.

"Can't possibly say anything else just now," he said; "but I *have* got a piece of news for you which is—a—I may say—not without interest to the public. If you'll come up to my house this evening at nine o'clock, you shall have it. Good-day to you," and in two minutes Peter was walking up Broadway chopfallen and puzzled. "Well, I won't go to the office until after I've seen him to-night," he reflected. "What a self-satisfied ass he is! But if he will only tell me something, it will be more than anybody else has got out of him."

At nine o'clock Mr. Bowman's butler admitted Peter to a house which seemed to him almost as magnificent as the office of a life insurance company. In the library, behind a broad mahogany table upon which business from his office often overflowed, Mr. Bowman sat in his evening black, two or three typewritten pages in his hand.

"I'm all ready for you," he said with

enormous self-contentment. "I have prepared a little article which I think you may wish to print just as it stands. I don't go into very great detail, but merely give enough to lead up to my present action."

Peter bowed. Whatever his preconceived ideas of Mr. Bowman's powers of composition, there could be nothing gained by interrupting his talk.

"You may possibly not be informed, Mr. Wyckoff," went on Mr. Bowman, condescending from the hidden heights of his knowledge, "that several months ago the Metropolitan Museum received by gift of Mr. Sunderland—the lawyer who has such a wonderful collection of Chinese porcelain, you know"—Mr. Bowman's indulgence to Peter in outer darkness was most gentle—"the museum received from him a magnificent vase, valued at \$7,000. It was of the black hawthorn variety, which is, at present, I may say, the rarest and most sought for decoration."

Mr. Bowman scarcely stopped for breath and Peter's wonder grew. What had black hawthorn to do with the election in Transappalachian?

"That incident, Mr. Wyckoff, gave me just the hint I needed. Ever since I've been collecting old porcelain, do you know, I've felt the lack of something special—something really worth while, don't you see, to keep before my mind as an objective point. I do that in my business, and I find it gives me a keener interest, I may say, in the work as I go along. So, with this suggestion from the Sunderland vase, I kept my eye out for a fine piece of black hawthorn, and at last I found it."

Archimedes himself could have spoken the words with no profounder feeling. The typewritten pages in his hands trembled slightly; that brain which shaped the destiny of Transappalachian flashed its fire through the usually cool gray eye. He waited for the full gravity of his announcement to impress his listener, and Peter felt his wonder chilling down into foreboding. He proceeded:

"I found this remarkable piece of porcelain in the house of a man who has, for years, been a collector of the rarest and most valuable art treasures. Of late, he has been disposing of his collection in a nice sort of way, you understand—doesn't keep an ordinary shop, at all, but sends out in-

vitations to—a—to people of means who really know something about art, and can appreciate, I may say, objects of the very best class. I feel myself very fortunate to have been able to acquire it, and I propose to signalize my achievement, if I may say so, by presenting it to the Metropolitan Museum. I shall feel quite repaid for all my expenditure of time and money in the thought that the Sunderland vase will be—I would not say matched, but at least attended by, the Bowman jar."

With this modest peroration, Mr. Bowman turned a switch in the wall, and illuminated the end of the room, until now in shadow, where stood a large cabinet containing his treasures of porcelain—literally, pieces of great price. And on a table in front of the cabinet, in isolated grandeur, Peter beheld a black hawthorn jar.

He stood silent in the disappointment of the newspaper man balked of his "story." It was perfectly clear that Bowman had asked him to come that evening not to give him any news about Transappalachian, but simply to procure an advertisement for his own pet vanity. But through the wave of angry disgust which swept over him Peter's mind saw a vivid streak of light. He still had a chance to get his news.

Mr. Bowman had lifted the jar reverently and set it upon the table between them, and in that instant Peter's eye had caught the fanciful figures, 42, in the twisted green stems of the decoration. What Bowman had said about the place his jar had come from tallied perfectly with Peter's memory of Hayward's house, though Hayward's name had not been mentioned. It flashed upon him that he held the highest card, and the game was in his own hands.

Bowman held out the typewritten sheets. "I have made a few remarks about my collection, as introduction to the presentation of this piece to the museum," he said complacently; "I think you will find you need not change a word."

Peter's plan grew distinct in his mind as he accepted the sheets with a bow. Then he laid them on the table and looked squarely into Bowman's cool eyes.

"Mr. Bowman," he said, "you have known me some time, and I believe you have found me square and fairly intelligent. Is this so?"

Mr. Bowman stared. "Why, certainly, Mr. Wyckoff. 'But what do you mean?'"

Peter returned a question. "Will you let me make a brief statement to you, and give me a chance to prove it, without being offended? I will make it concise as I can."

Mr. Bowman continued to stare. Then he leaned back and smiled indulgently. "Go on, Mr. Wyckoff," he said. "I'll agree to hear you out."

"All right," rejoined Peter. "Now, to begin with, I'm going to give you a token that I know something which you do not. You bought that jar from an old man named Benjamin Hayward——"

Bowman sat up. Peter held out his hand, and went on:

"And I know you have been cheated. If I prove this to you, and save you from a still further mortifying mistake, will you tell me whether you have got your proxies in the Transappalachian matter?"

Bowman flew into a rage of wounded vanity, but Peter held him to the point. "If I prove what I say, will you give me my news?"

"But you can't prove it!" cried Bowman, pale with anger. "Do you suppose I am a fool? Don't you think I know something about porcelain? Do you suppose Hayward would dare to play tricks on me? Besides—I don't know what you're talking about. What's the matter with the jar?"

"Mr. Bowman," said Peter. "You promised to keep your temper. I know exactly what I'm talking about, and so does Mr. Otis Danvers. He will tell you the same story about that jar that I can tell, if you'll let me. Or would you rather hear it from him?"

"Oh, Danvers be d——d!" screamed the connoisseur; "I don't want to hear his name. What does *he* know about old porcelains? Why, don't you remember, Wyckoff, I met you and him in that Chinese shop last spring, and he wanted to buy a trumpery little teapot for five dollars? A man who will look twice at such stuff—what sort of judgment has *he* got? Don't say Danvers to me, I beg."

"Well, I shall be glad to place my information at your service, Mr. Bowman, and prove its accuracy, if you wish me to do so, and will, in return, tell me what I want to know. Of course," added Peter, "I assume that you can tell me about your proxies, if you choose, without risking the success of your business enterprise."

Bowman's sandy eyebrows were puck-

ered into a knot. It was perfectly true, he reflected, that his only reason for refusing Peter the information he sought was his unwillingness to tell any business secret whatever in advance. The alternative rose before him: to offer the jar to the museum, where Danvers—Danvers!—was a trustee! And Wyckoff said Danvers knew the story, whatever it was!

"Very well, Mr. Wyckoff," he said, at last. "You're in the position of advantage. I accept your proposition. If you can tell me such a story as you indicate, and prove it, I'll tell you what you want to know."

Peter tingled with delight. He would not have to "fall down on his story," after all. "It's a bargain," he agreed, and as quickly as he could speak he detailed the whole story—Danvers's experience with the jar, its consummate mending by Lefroy, their discovery of it, together, at Hayward's house, and the full acknowledgment by Hayward of its imperfection, induced by his desire to stand well in the eyes of a trustee of the museum, with whom he hoped to do business. He pointed out the twisted green stems in the decoration, to make the identification complete.

"But look at it!" snapped Bowman. "It's perfect! How do I know that Danvers wasn't lying? And you—what—why——"

The chairman of Transappalachian's finance committee had never been so moved by any business situation in the history of the board room. He turned upon Peter as the nearest scapegoat for his wrath.

Peter stood up. "If there's any doubt in your mind," he said, "you can settle it in five minutes by putting that jar into a tub of hot water. Test it for yourself."

Bowman groaned. "But if it *should* come to pieces—why, I paid that old devil fifteen hundred dollars for that jar!"

It was Peter's turn to stare. "Lord, what a thief!" he said under his breath. "And he paid Joe Whitman twenty for it!"

But Bowman's raging fit had passed again, and now he was sitting quietly, his gray eyes quite blank of expression. His associates had learned to know that this vacant look indicated pretty lively thinking. He pulled himself together, and sat up straight.

"Mr. Wyckoff," he said very gently, "thanks to you, I think I can take charge of this matter now. But I must ask you to

give me about half an hour longer." He turned to the telephone which stood on his desk and called for a number. Then, in tones dripping with butter and honey:

"This Mr. Hayward's house—this you, Mr. Hayward? This is Mr. Bowman—yes. Would you mind doing me the favor to come up to my house—yes, now—it's not very late. I want to consult you to-night, if you would be so good. You'll come? Thank you, I shall appreciate it very much."

He hung up the receiver. "Mr. Hayward only has a few blocks to walk, and when he comes, I shall prefer to talk to him myself. Would you mind—a—sitting in the next room for a few minutes?" Bowman's tone was as quiet as his manner. Peter assented, with perfect gravity.

In less than ten minutes they heard the door bell. Peter stepped into the adjoining room, and not until he was well out of Bowman's sight did he permit himself an appreciative smile.

Mr. Hayward's old-fashioned figure entered the library, and Mr. Bowman greeted him softly.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Hayward," he said. "I have asked you to come here to-night to consult your judgment as to what I had better do with this hawthorn jar."

He waved his hand toward the sinful object. Mr. Hayward held his peace, his mild blue eyes very alert.

"You will remember that I bought this jar from you for fifteen hundred dollars some time ago. I did not tell you, at that time, that my purpose was to present it to the Metropolitan Museum, but such was my intention. I believe I may call myself a good judge of porcelain, Mr. Hayward?"

"None better, I sh'd say," returned the old man, blinking blandly.

"Well, on making a very careful examination of the jar, I have become dissatisfied with it. I have discovered, Mr. Hayward"—Bowman's tone was righteously severe—"that it is not a perfect piece. It has been broken and mended, though so skilfully that I know scarcely anybody in this country, except perhaps Lefroy, who could have made so fine a restoration. But—I am dis-

satisfied; I will not say more. I have sent for you to decide my perplexity for me."

The dealer sat in dead silence, waiting for him to go on. His eyes never left Bowman's face.

"There are three courses open to me," proceeded Bowman. "I can sue you for fraud, and prove my case with a tub of hot water. This, I prefer not to do. Two other courses remain. I can carry out my original design, and offer it to the Museum. Of course, I should take pleasure in saying where I got the jar, and how highly you appreciated it. Or—since it is my property, I can offer it for sale, plainly stating its imperfection. Which course do you advise?"

The old man sat very still. Turning the situation over in his mind, he saw himself and his reputation wholly at Bowman's mercy. He decided quickly.

"Oh, if you're dissatisfied, Mr. Bowman," he said, mildly, "that's all there is to it. I'll take the jar back, of course."

"I don't quite understand you," returned the other, crisply. "I bought it of you, and paid for it. That transaction is closed. I now offer it for sale, in its broken condition. The price is two thousand dollars. Do you wish to buy it?"

Mr. Hayward shot one look against Bowman's eye. It glanced off. He hitched his chair closer to the table, wrote a check, and handed it over without a word.

"Will you take it with you, Mr. Hayward, or shall I send it down?" asked Bowman.

"I'll take it along right now, I guess," said Mr. Hayward, in as quaint an idiom as any rural squire. "Good-night, Mr. Bowman."

"Good-night, Mr. Hayward."

As the butler closed the door upon the departed one: "Come in here, Wyckoff!" sang out Bowman. He sat rubbing his hands, radiating self-complacency. "Now, having sold my hawthorn jar for five hundred dollars more than I paid for it, suppose we take up that Transappalachian matter," he said.

The two men smiled at each other—each from his own point of view.

THE FALL OF THE OAK

By William Hervey Woods

WITH front majestic o'er his fellows lifted,
Three hundred years he watched the dawn come in,
Turn its long lances on the night-mists drifted,
And slope by slope the world to daylight win.

The gaunt gray figure at his' vitals striking
Seems but an infant to the ancient tree
Whose youth looked down on grandsons of the Viking
And rough newcomers from an unknown sea.

He saw Winonah's wigwams careless cluster
Where now the corn-shocks camp in ordered files,
And heard low thunders of the bison's muster
Where clouds of sheep now flock the fertile miles.

Much, much has passed him down the ages ranging,
Old names of men, old towns and states and wars—
The fields, the ways, the very earth went changing—
He only stood—he and the steadfast stars.

And now, alas! low, low behind him wheeling
Sinks the red sun he shall not see go down,
And his own crest, in strangest ruin reeling,
Droops not the slower for its long renown.

The woods look on in silent grief attending,
The winds no mourning make around his stem—
Too weak their wailing for a giant's ending—
The oak's own downfall is his requiem,

And now begins; his great heart-strings are breaking;
His branches tremble; now his mighty head
He stoops, and then, the hillside round him shaking,
With whirlwind roar falls crashing prone and dead.

And watched afar by many a frowning column
The woodman homeward moves while shadows run,
And leaves behind him in the twilight solemn
Three hundred years of life and work undone.

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA

By Francis Gribble



THE *Almanach de Gotha* is more than an Almanac. It is an institution. Bravely arrayed in red and gold, it lies on the table of every diplomatist, is in constant request in the newspaper offices of all countries, and makes a wider and more international appeal than any other annual of reference in the world. It is to Europe what Burke and Debrett and the other Peerages are to the British Isles, and it is also the lineal ancestor and model of such topical encyclopædias as our "Whittaker," our "Hazell," and our "Stateman's Year-book." A political and social history of the world for the last one hundred and fifty years could be written from its back numbers if these were readily accessible to students. But they are not. The *Almanach de Gotha* began to appear in 1763, but the purchasers did not file it for reference. The earliest numbers in the British Museum are those for 1774 and 1783; and a complete set can be consulted nowhere except in the editorial office in Friederich's Allee in the little Thuringian capital, whence the 141st issue was lately published. Probably not one in ten thousand of those who currently use the Almanac has any knowledge of its interesting history.

It had, of course, its predecessors. The bibliographies of Almanacs are ponderous tomes, and the middle of the eighteenth century was the golden age of this kind of literature. In Paris alone, as many as seventy-three Almanacs were published in the year 1760, including a Royal Almanac, an Almanac for Merchants, an Almanac for Freemasons, an Almanac of Beasts, an Almanac of Badinage, etc., etc., etc. The city of Gotha itself had its own Almanac from a still earlier date, in the shape of an "Improved Gotha Genealogical and Writing Calendar," the origin of which is lost in the mist of antiquity, though a copy dated 1740 survives. In 1763, however, the new and more ambitious enterprise was inaugurated; the close of the Seven Years'

War seeming to give the opening for it. It was decided that French was the proper language for the work—or, at all events, that a French as well as a German edition ought to be issued—not only because French was the language of diplomacy, but also because Voltaire's recent visit to Gotha had made France and the French popular at that court. So, in 1763, there appeared the "Gotha Genealogical and Writers' Calendar," priced at three shillings of our currency—the annual which has never since ceased to appear, but has grown into the *Almanach de Gotha*, as we now know it—under the joint auspices of Wilhelm von Rotberg, Grand Master of the Court and President of the Cabinet, and Emmanuel Christopher Klupfel, who had been tutor to the Crown Prince of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg during his stay in Paris from 1747 to 1750. The title *Almanach de Gotha, contenant diverses connoissances curieuses et utiles* was first assumed in 1764.

Nowadays the *Almanach de Gotha* has more than twelve hundred pages. Then it had only about one hundred, and their contents, printed in rude Gothic type, were *jejune*. The distinctive feature is the "Genealogical List of Existing High Persons in Europe," setting forth the names and birthdays of reigning princes and their nearest relatives, and mirroring in the most interesting manner the feudal *régime* of the days when Voltaire, in the *Siècle de Louis XIV*, admired the "German phlegm" which enabled a system including "sixty free cities, about as many secular sovereigns, nearly forty princes of the Church, either abbots or bishops" to work harmoniously under the supreme direction of the Emperor. But there are other features also: lists of saints' days, changes of the moon, and weather forecasts; a bewilderingly long table of foreign moneys (for the most insignificant rulers clung to their cherished right of coinage); a Postal Guide for Gotha, showing the days of arrival and departure of "riders"; interest and multiplication tables; and blank leaves on which

gamblers were invited to record their gains and losses at the card-table. Such were the humble beginnings of the great diplomatic annual.

By slow degrees the Almanac developed. On the one hand the meagre details of princely families were expanded into elaborate genealogies, mostly supplied by the princes themselves. On the other hand, the miscellaneous contents of the Almanac received multifarious additions on what may perhaps be described, in journalistic jargon, as "magazine page" lines. Short popular articles were admitted on all imaginable topics: on "The Aurora Borealis," on "The Influence of Music on Animals," on "Cock Fights," on "Antediluvian Monsters," on "The Beverages of Different Countries," on "Trotting Races in Holland," on "The Police of the Harem among the Turks." There was also, in 1799, a prescription for a remedy for sea-sickness; and lists of prices of various commodities of the most diverse character were included from time to time. "Smoked meats," "exotic birds," playing-cards, precious stones, beds (single and double), suites of furniture, crockery, and sweetmeats are among the articles thus enumerated, with the result that some of the back numbers of the Almanac suggest an excerpt from the catalogue of some eighteenth century Army and Navy Stores.

At first the Almanac had no illustrations. These were introduced, however, in 1768, and since that date there have been copperplate engravings in every issue. The earlier subjects were exclusively mythological and allegorical. Presently, however, fashion plates began to appear—towering coiffures and flowing "Directoire" draperies—and then we are given sets of illustrations to popular plays and romances. In 1786 there were drawings illustrating Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro"—the pregnant satire which helped to prepare the way for the impending Revolution. In other years there were illustrations of scenes in Wieland's "Oberon," in "Gil Blas," in "Caroline de Lichtfelt," and in "Kenilworth." Then we come to views of palaces and portraits of celebrities mentioned in the annual. Since 1832 all the illustrations have been portraits; the first portrait—that of Francis II, Emperor of Germany—appearing in 1793, in the midst of the revolutionary turmoil.

The attitude of the editor of the Almanac toward the French Revolution was like that of the powers of Europe toward the present King Peter of Servia. He simply did not recognize it. For him Louis XVI continues to be King of France after his deposition, and his unfortunate son, Louis XVII, is represented as sitting on the throne at a time when he was really imprisoned in the Temple; while he even inclined to the same ostrich-like policy in 1848. Napoleon, however, who remodelled the map of Europe, and refashioned the German Empire, deposing Austria from its leadership, could not be similarly ignored, and mere recognition was not enough to satisfy that Man of Destiny. In 1808 his iron hand made itself felt in the editorial chair, his grievances being twofold. In the first place, as he himself was only an "ancestor," he refused to allow the enumeration of other princes' pedigrees. In the second place, he insisted that the list of royal houses should begin with Napoleon, and not, as the established alphabetical order required, with Anhalt. He called in the 1808 edition, therefore, and had another edition, prepared in Paris, substituted for it. Consequently, for that year, there are two editions for the collectors, one of them being very rare indeed.

Napoleon's orders were observed as long as his star was in the ascendant. The section dealing with ruling families was then headed "Births and Marriages of Princes and Princesses," and a rigid censorship was exercised over the Almanac until 1814, when the oppressor fell. He had no time to revive that censorship during the "hundred days," and the genealogical section resumed its ancient title after the resettlement of Europe on a reactionary basis by the Congress of Vienna; while the serial itself speedily assumed its existing form. The germs of the statistical section had appeared long before, estimates of the area, population, etc., of the powers of Europe being sandwiched between a "History of Snuffers" and a bird's-eye view of French fashions. The first list of ambassadors had been given as early as 1802. In 1824 the ultra-Conservative direction at last took cognizance of the United States; and it now takes cognizance of every government in the world, from the British Empire to the Republic of Hayti. The minute vol-



The editor in his sanctum.

ume of 1763 had grown to 1,079 duodecimo pages in 1884; while the edition for 1905 contains more than 1,200 pages in small octavo. . . . There are nowadays two editions—one in German, and the other in a language which the hypercritical Larousse says is not exactly French, though it is a painstaking imitation of that polished tongue, not easily to be distinguished from it by an English reader.

A glance at the contents of the Almanac reveals many anomalies and strange survivals. It embraces two distinct and, indeed, divergent sections, which must ultimately be issued as separate volumes. The first section is purely genealogical, and affords convincing proof of the persistence of that caste feeling which was imported into Europe by our Indo-German ancestors. It is divided into three subsections, of which the first sets forth all the members of the sovereign houses of Europe, together with those which have lost thrones since 1815. Some of these are clans, rather than families, for every scion transmits his rank, and the streams of royal and non-royal blood are presumed to run in different channels. In this way the ramifications of the house

of Hapsburg fill eight pages of the Almanac, and those of the Bourbon family are still more complicated. There are three distinct branches of the house, requiring eleven pages for the enumeration of their members. On the other hand, the imperial Bonapartes are represented by two bachelors, the younger of whom is nearly forty; the representatives of the elder branch of the family—the descendants of Lucien Bonaparte, who refused to accept a kingdom from his brother—are relegated to the less dignified pages of the work. In the royal section we find mention, side by side, of the King of England, who rules over one-fifth of the surface of the globe and more than a quarter of its population, of the Prince of Monaco, who rules over 15,180 subjects and less than a square mile of territory, and of the Prince of Liechtenstein, whose dominions extend over ninety-three square miles, but whose subjects only number 9,477.

Part II of the Almanac is devoted to fifty-six "mediatized families." These houses, by the Treaty of Pressburg, lost their "immediate" jurisdiction, but have retained their estates, and were given equal-

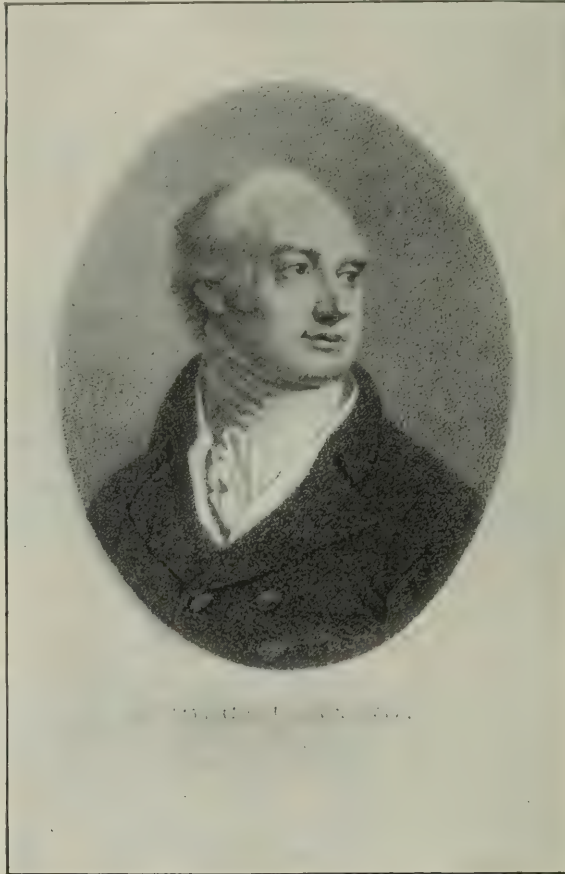
ity of birth with reigning houses by resolutions of the German Diet in 1825 and 1829. Those of them who were princes of the Holy Roman Empire are now Serene Highnesses (*Durchlaucht*), while the representatives of counts of the empire are dignified as Most Illustrious (*Erlaucht*). In theory therefore, the heir to the throne of Great Britain may, without derogation, marry the descendant of a mediæval Rothschild or a Vienna court favorite; whereas the humblest scion of the lowliest mediatized stock cannot intermarry with the oldest British nobility without what, in the Fatherland, is regarded as a *mésalliance*. Such unions, in fact, can only be contracted “morganatically,” and the children of them cannot inherit either the titles or the real estates of their ancestors. Seeing how insignificant these German princelets are, it is amazing that

daughters of the English aristocracy—or of free and independent American citizens either, for that matter—should condescend to become their “left-handed” wives; but one has only to turn over the pages of the Almanac to see how frequently it happens.

The third section is devoted to the non-royal aristocracy of princely or ducal rank, counts and barons being enumerated in separate but similar handbooks issued (in the German language only) from the same press. Inclusion in this section is not, however, as in the other cases, automatically obtained. The editor makes no advances, but waits for claimants to apply—a thing which many families of indubitable nobility have never troubled to do. Their proper course is, however, if they desire admission, to write to Herr Hofrat Wendel-

math, who has ably filled the editorial chair for the last eight years, enclosing their letters patent, an historical account of their family, a description of its arms, and a drawing heraldically colored, and a list of all surviving members. This done, Herr Hofrat Wendelmath will sit in solemn and

impartial judgment on their claims. Endeavors, of course, have been made from time to time by parvenus to purchase his favorable verdict by financial considerations; but it is only necessary to look through the Almanac to see that these attempts have failed. Even Peter Karageorgevitch and his house were kept out of the Almanac until the murder, or, as the Almanac puts it, the “extinction of the dynasty” of his predecessor on the Servian throne. The editor, in fact, is more royalist than the kings, and more exclusive than the most blue-blooded of the aris-



An illustration from the Almanac in 1824.

ocrats. It is probably a great pain to him to look through the pages of his own annual, and note the evidence which it supplies of the ubiquity of the American heiress. She has enriched the noblest blood of Europe, but there are certain rights which she has yet to conquer, as a characteristic story shows.

One of these brand-new princesses from across the Atlantic once asked her husband whether their daughters might not be received into a “noble chapter” which exists for virgins of uncertain age and more than sixteen quarterings. “Alas!” sighed his Serene Highness, “you have shut the doors of all the noble chapters in our faces.” “Yes,” was the lady’s spirited reply, “and I’ve shut the workhouse door, too.”

We next come to the “Diplomatic and



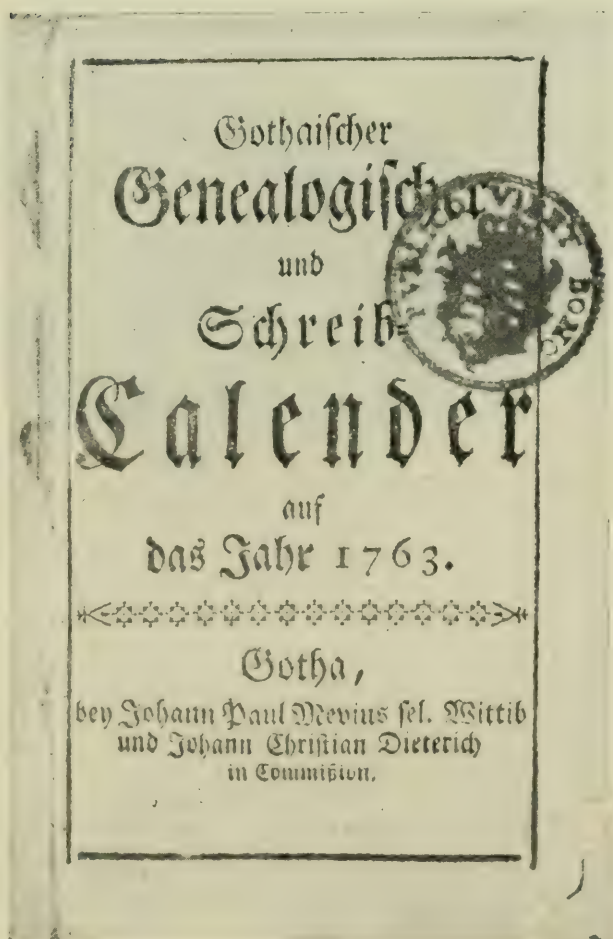
Kenilworth I



Kenilworth III

Illustrations from the Almanac in 1824.

Statistical Annual," which occupies nearly two-thirds of the Almanac. It is a directory of the high officials of every land, and an epitome of the military, naval, and commercial resources of each. No one who is engaged in making history or aspires to do so can afford to neglect this all-important section, which has often been imitated but never superseded. Its production naturally entails a huge amount of labor and responsibility; and the methods of the editorial sanctum



Title page (reduced) of the first issue.

were lately described to the present writer for the purpose of this article.

Since 1817 the Almanac has been managed by the firm of Justus Perthes, which has had charge of the commercial details since 1786. The present head, fourth in descent from the founder, is Herr Hofrat Bernhard Perthes, who also directs the greatest geographical institute in the world. The editor of the Almanac, Herr Hofrat Wendelmuth, whom our photograph shows at work in his sanc-



A complete series of the Almanac.

The German edition occupies the left of the bookcase.

tum, is deeply skilled in heraldry, genealogy, and statistics. His method of compilation is characterized by Teutonic thoroughness. The procedure is as follows:

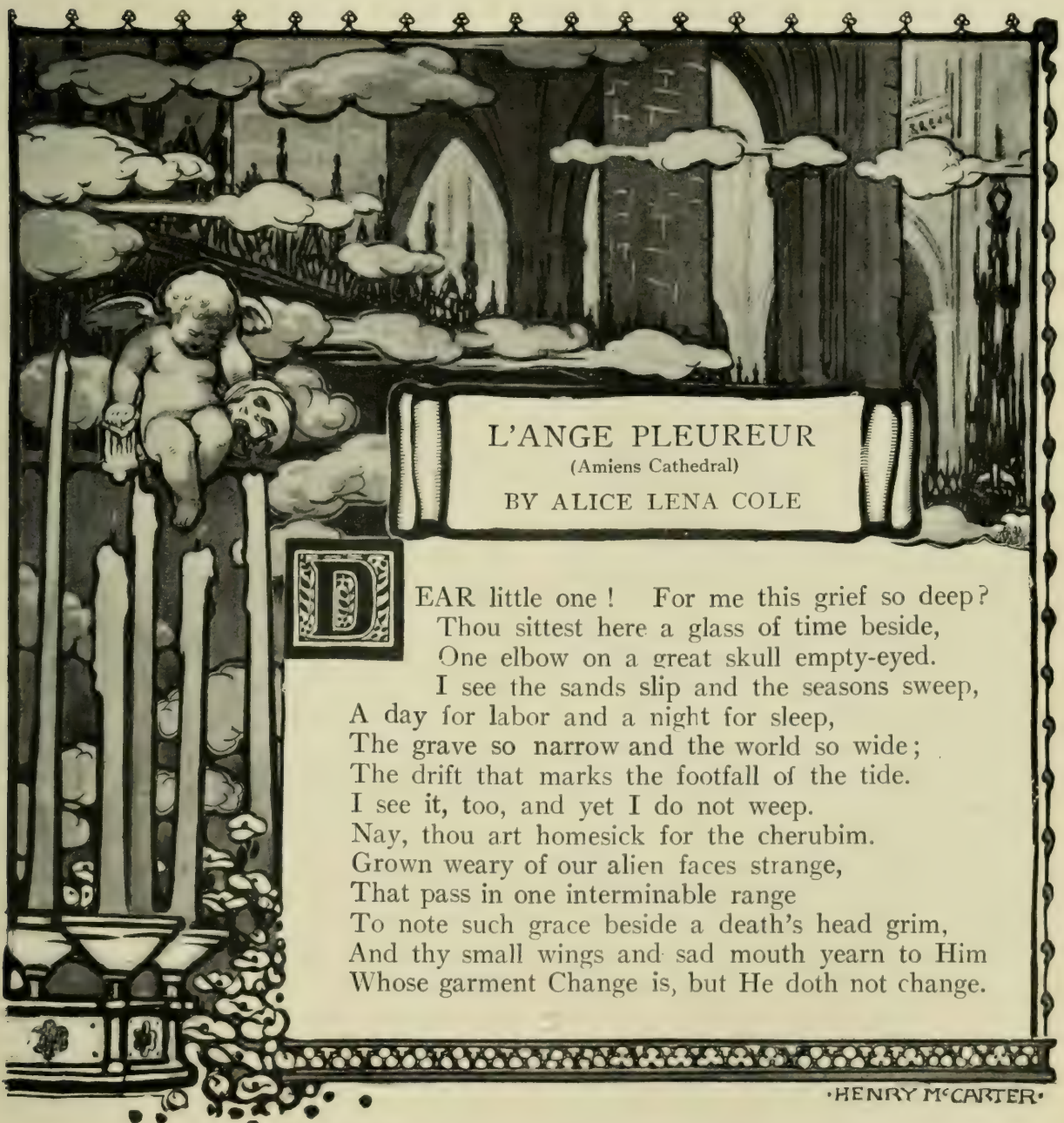
First of all, proofs of each page are pasted in a huge volume with ample margins. Then, in July of each year, proofs of the innumerable entries are sent to every person or department concerned. In the genealogical section these go to the heads of the royal and noble families, and to members of those families who are personally known to the editor. The results are tallied

with entries in the Peerages and other annuals, but these are by no means relied upon. Information required for the Diplomatic Annual is gleaned from official publications, which are received in exchange for copies of the Almanac. But these, like Peerages, are often untrustworthy guides. Proofs are therefore sent out to the heads of departments in every country, and to German ambassadors accredited to the several courts; and the utmost pains are taken to ensure the accuracy for which the Almanac is famous. For instance, the list of

Danish consuls in British possessions, as received from our Foreign Office, is corrected by King Christian's ambassador in London. Nor is this all. Second proofs are sent in due course to the host of willing coadjutors. The Almanac is published in the first week in December, and no alterations are admitted after November 15th. The system of record keeping is equally punctilious. Every country, colony, and family has its folio volume, in which communications regarding its affairs are pasted when received, so that the editor can verify any required fact in the course of a few minutes.

Such is the *Almanach de Gotha*: a strange

mixture of the old and the new, a mirror of obsolescent feudalism, and a record of the material progress evolved by the struggle for existence between modern communities. It is not the oldest of the existing almanacs. The French *Almanach National* (formerly styled the *Almanach Imperial*, and at a still earlier date the *Almanach Royal*) is older. But, in its historical interest and cosmopolitan importance, it is unique. There was a time when it had a rival—the *Almanach de Goettingen*, started by one of its retiring editors. This competitor, however, failed, and the *Almanach de Gotha* has, for the last century, held the field unchallenged.



L'ANGE PLEUREUR

(Amiens Cathedral)

BY ALICE LENA COLE

D

EAR little one ! For me this grief so deep ?
 Thou sittest here a glass of time beside,
 One elbow on a great skull empty-eyed.
 I see the sands slip and the seasons sweep,
 A day for labor and a night for sleep,
 The grave so narrow and the world so wide ;
 The drift that marks the footfall of the tide.
 I see it, too, and yet I do not weep.
 Nay, thou art homesick for the cherubim.
 Grown weary of our alien faces strange,
 That pass in one interminable range
 To note such grace beside a death's head grim,
 And thy small wings and sad mouth yearn to Him
 Whose garment Change is, but He doth not change.

•HENRY M'CARTER•

EVERYMAN'S RIDDLE

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL



OURS was the second train to arrive after the accident, and while the towering mass of wreckage had remained untouched, most of the human suffering had been fairly well put under cover. The killed had either been carried into the section house or covered with blankets, and the doctors who had arrived a short time before us were looking after the more seriously injured in one of the coaches of their special. It was about five o'clock when our train slowed up and the brakeman ran down the aisle of the smoking-car and with his big fist broke in the glass door of the tool-case. Naturally when he jumped off the platform we followed him, and away ahead of us we could see the two engines smashed and bent, but erect and holding each other up like two great, brutal, fighting animals standing on their hind legs, too tired to strike out and finish the battle. The day coaches and the sleeping-cars were piled about like a lot of children's blocks in a nursery. It was early in June, and the sky was quite cloudless and a deep blue and the turf was a marshy green and yielding; the air was full of the smell of wild flowers and little birds were hopping about and chirping all over the place. It was a day that would suggest anything else in the world before death, and there it was—death and worse than death on every side of us.

I looked about for a while in the hope of helping someone, but we were too late to be of any real service; it was a case for the doctors, in most instances, and how can a stranger comfort a man who has just seen his wife and children mangled out of recognition and wiped out of his life forever? Of course, there were some of them that were hysterical to the point of danger, and there were others that sat about their dead, dry-eyed and looking out across the fields as if the setting of the sun was the only thing that was of any real interest to them in the world. I picked my way across a stream that ran by the road-bed and climbed up a little hill overlooking the wreck. The hill was thick with pine-trees and the ground, slippery with brown needles, was strewn

with pieces of painted wood from the cars and glistening, twisted bits of machinery from the two engines. There were a good many odd pieces of men's and women's clothing, too, lying about and quite a number of broken hats and some pieces of trunks and suit-cases. Half-way up the hill a little group of passengers had gathered about a young man who was sitting on the ground, his back against a pine-tree. He had evidently been placed there until the doctors could carry him away on one of their improvised stretchers. The little circle who stood about him must have annoyed him, for as I approached I saw him half raise his arm and motion them away. It was a feeble effort at best, but I suppose they knew what he meant, for the party suddenly broke up into couples and wandered back to the wreck. At the moment I was standing perhaps twenty feet away and a little back of him, so he probably believed that he was quite alone. He was a young man, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty—neither good nor bad looking, I should think, but it was difficult to tell exactly, as his face was gray as putty and all screwed up with the pain. He was smooth-shaven and he had red hair and was dressed as a man would in good circumstances. When the circle about him had broken up and the men had started down the hill, I noticed that a look of great relief seemed to come into his face. His head still resting against the tree, he looked up for a moment through the straight branches of the pines to the patches of blue sky above. I could see his face more clearly then, and during that moment I am sure that the pain had left him, that his mind was clear, and that he had asked his last favor on this earth. For a moment he closed his eyes, and when he opened them again it was evident that he saw the little group of men who were coming toward him with the stretcher. And then I saw him raise his arm with great difficulty and take from the inside pocket of his coat a folded piece of a newspaper. This he spread out upon his knees, but after one brief glance he crumpled it in both hands and threw it as far away from him as his feeble strength allowed.

They carried him away down the little

hill over the soft carpet of pine-needles, glowing like copper in the broad shafts of the evening sun. As they reached the creek I saw the arm of the young man, which had been resting over his eyes, suddenly fall to his side. For a moment the little procession halted; one of the physicians knelt at the side of the litter and looked searchingly into the face of the young man. Then the doctor pulled himself to his feet again and nodded in the direction of the section house, and they carried him on very slowly and very silently, with their hats in their hands. As I started down the hill I saw the crumpled piece of paper which the young man had thrown away, lying but a few feet from me. For a moment I hesitated, and then I went over to where it lay and picked it up. It was half a page torn from the Saturday illustrated supplement of a New York evening paper. At the first glance it looked dull enough, but I felt sure that somewhere it contained at least a minor story in the life of the young man; so I carefully folded the torn, crumpled sheet and put it away in my pocket. Then I walked down to the section house where the young man had already been identified by some letters and his visiting-cards. His name was Hugh Musgrove and the address given was "Editorial Rooms—*The Evening* ——, New York."

It was some hours later, when our train had started on a long circuitous route to New York, that I again looked at the torn piece of newspaper that Musgrove had thrown away just previous to his death. On one side there was a description of a recent flood in the Far West and some illustrations showing the damage it had done; the other side was part of the dramatic department of the paper and the letter-press was devoted to a description of several theatrical attractions which were to open in New York the following Monday. In addition to the letter-press there were three pictures—all of women. The centre and largest picture of the three was a big, handsome woman, dressed in the robes of Brunhilde. The caption under the picture read—"Madame Carlotta Helma, who gives her farewell song recital Thursday afternoon at Carnegie Hall." On the right side of this there was a picture of a very young woman with a slight girlish figure and a face remarkable for a wonderful purity and sweetness of expression. She was dressed in a very simple

evening dress and was posed as if about to begin playing the violin. Under this picture was the line, "Miss Agnes Beach, who makes her *début* Wednesday night with the Philharmonic Society orchestra at Chickerling Hall." The third picture was that of a young woman, remarkable at least for her figure and a wealth of hair, which may or may not have been a wig. She had big eyes, clean-cut features, and although she was undoubtedly heavily made up when the original photograph had been taken, her beauty was easily evident. The caption read: "Miss Deane Kimball, in the Cockatoo chorus of 'The Belle and the Bandit,' which opens Monday night at the Casino."

Perhaps it was from mere curiosity, or perhaps there was an underlying hope of doing a kindly act in telling one of the three women the last incident in the life of Musgrove, but whatever the motive, when I returned to New York I wrote a letter to each of the three. The addresses of Madame Helma and Miss Beach I learned through a musical agency. The letter to Miss Kimball I mailed to the Casino. This is what I wrote in each letter:

DEAR MADAM: Following the recent terrible railroad accident at Mill's Crossing it was my misfortune to be present at the death of a young man whom, I believe, you numbered among your friends. As it is purely a private matter, I am tempted to ask you to permit me to call on you personally, rather than to write you concerning the incident. Believe me,

Yours truly, etc.

For several days after the accident I carefully read the newspapers to obtain, if possible, some information concerning Hugh Musgrove. In the revised lists of the dead he was referred to as either the assistant musical, or assistant dramatic critic of *The Evening* ——, or merely as a journalist. Not a word about his home or his family, and the last I saw about him in the papers was a paragraph to the effect that he had been buried from an Eighth Avenue undertaker's shop.

Within forty-eight hours after I had mailed my letters I received an answer from each of the three women. Madame Helma asked me to call the following evening at half past six o'clock at the Cambridge Hotel; Miss Beach, who answered me through her father, said that she could see me any evening after eight o'clock at her home on Clinton Place; Miss Kimball sent me as her address The Barclay, on West Forty-third Street, and

said that she could usually be found at home between five and seven-thirty in the evening. None of them mentioned Musgrove's name, but that did not surprise me, as I had refrained from writing it myself, and in a wreck of such proportions as the one at Mill's Crossing, it was possible for almost everyone to have numbered one or more friends in the list of the killed.

With the torn piece of newspaper in my coat pocket I presented myself the next evening at the Cambridge and was shown to Madame Helma's apartment. Of the woman I knew but little beyond the fact that she was born in America and that she was recognized as one of the greatest dramatic sopranos in the world. In a vague way I rather imagined I had heard that she had been married to an Austrian officer of title. I did not for a moment believe that she was the one of the three women who had interested the ill-fated Musgrove, but it was part of my general plan to call on all three of them, and the appointment which she had made for me was the first to find me at leisure. Madame occupied a suite on the third floor of the hotel at the corner overlooking Fifth Avenue. Her Austrian husband, with a small, tawny pointed mustache and a tawny pointed beard, met me at the door and showed me with much manner into the drawing-room. For a few moments we chatted on purely impersonal subjects, looked at large, fiercely autographed photographs of other opera singers which stood about on the mantel-shelf and piano, and then the portières opened and Madame Helma herself appeared. She was a very big, fine-looking woman, and in the little *salon* and by the side of her husband, she really appeared quite heroic in size. She was evidently on her way to dinner, and her dress and opera-cloak as well as her jewels were really regal. Her manner to me, in a general way, might be described as gracious, but it was the graciousness of the truly condescending and, like the few other opera singers I have known, her belief in herself was so great that she appeared as two women—the great artist standing quite apart, the other, the female worshipper, ready to admire at any distance. Madame Helma threw her cloak over one of the deep red velvet chairs, sank majestically into another, and with a move of her ample arm, consigned me to a small brocade and gold

affair with very slight spindle legs. The Austrian husband stood by the fireplace and alternately puffed at a cigarette and twisted the ends of his beard and tawny mustache.

Madame preferred to dispense with all preliminary formalities. "Your note said," she began, "that you wished to see me on a matter of a more or less personal nature."

The husband glanced up and took a step toward the door, but madame, with a barely perceptible movement of the wrist, waved him back to the hearth. The husband clicked his heels and bowed to us in turn. "It is more than possible," I said, "that I have made a serious mistake, Madame Helma, and that this visit may prove but an unnecessary annoyance to you."

The eyebrows of madame became somewhat pointed and I saw the husband stealthily pull out his watch.

"I am coming to the point at once," I said. "Did you by any chance ever know a young newspaper man by the name of Hugh Musgrove?" Madame Helma slowly and deliberately bowed her assent. She evidently did not wish to have the young man regarded as one of her intimates.

"I know him but slightly," she said thoughtfully. "You remember him, Louis, surely—the young man that came to interview me after the 'Traviata' *matinée*, when the draperies caught fire on the stage at the Metropolitan and I saved, oh, so many lives? He also came to tea one day later when we had some other newspaper men."

"I know him well, very well," said the husband. "He was most charming, gracious, and, my dear, how he admired you! What is the matter with the young man?"

"Oh," I said, "you don't know?" Madame Helma was arranging a piece of lace on her corsage, but the husband shook his head.

"He was killed," I said, "in a railroad wreck at Mill's Crossing."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the husband; "what do you think of that! He was so young, and how he loved my Carlotta!"

Madame Helma looked up at her husband questioningly. "I wonder, Louis, if he really did love me—the poor boy! He was young and not bad looking. I can almost see him now. He sat where you are sitting—it was but very recently—almost the other day. And when he talked of my art he really seemed inspired."

"*Vraiment,*" interrupted the husband,



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"When he talked of my art he really seemed inspired."—Page 72.

"his love for you, as you say, was inspired. *Le pauvre garçon!*"

"I don't think he loved me at all," Madame Helma interrupted. "True, he told me how he admired me for having withstood all the temptations with which every great artist is beset. We are very temperamental, you know, of course, very temperamental. Many of my sisters in art have succumbed to their artistic environment, but I have happily remained saturated in the very essence of temperament and yet withstood its entanglements."

The virtues of Madame Helma seemed to fairly swell within her and her magnificent physique to fill the red plush chair even more amply than before.

"I think it was for this," she went on, "and for my position in the social world that Mr. Musgrove really admired me. Don't you remember, Louis, when he told us how he used to go to all my performances and watch the people and their enthusiasm? He spoke particularly of my rendering of 'Dich theure Halle,' and how the audience rose and cheered me." For a moment Madame Helma became almost human. "I remember he said that that represented to him the very pinnacle of fame; that while the author and the artist might know a more enduring success, the reward came slowly—often after death—while the great opera singer could herself feel the tremendous effect on her audience and receive their homage at almost the same moment. I think it was just fame that that young man craved—fame and glory and the notoriety that goes with it. It was natural, after all, because he really, I suppose, had no fame at all, did he? Louis, you had better send some flowers to his funeral."

"It's too late, I fear," I answered, rising. "The young man was buried yesterday, and, as you suggest, without ever having obtained to any great degree of fame. He was buried from an undertaker's shop on Eighth Avenue."

My mission was at an end. Of the three women whose portraits appeared in the paper, which I still had in my inside pocket, Madame Helma's was the last which I should have imagined would have occupied a young man's thoughts, with death staring him in the face. Nothing, however, would have induced me to show the torn newspaper to Madame Helma, or to have told her

how and why it came into my possession. As I reached the door of the apartment, however, it seemed incumbent upon me to say something, which would answer as an apology for my visit.

"I fear, Madame Helma," I said, "that I have intruded upon you needlessly—I knew Hugh Musgrove very slightly, but from an incident in his life I imagined that he was a friend of yours rather than an acquaintance. I was with him when he died, and I thought that you might care to hear more of his end. I must ask your pardon for my error."

Madame Helma was being helped into her mantle by her Austrian husband. We all three bowed somewhat stiffly—I fear I had made them a little late for their dinner. The large presence of Madame Helma had overpowered me and its spell was still upon me as I wandered down the ill-lit hallway and rang for the elevator. At least, in one thing, she was wise. Musgrove did not love her—in his eyes she stood for fame. And so it seemed his last thoughts were of her, the last face he looked upon was that of Madame Helma—and the face of Madame Helma was to him the sweetest face in all the world, because it was the face of fame and because her lips had never touched his.

I confess that I was glad to reach the sidewalk and breathe the fresh air again. I turned down Thirty-third Street, and before I had walked a block my feelings, which had been badly ruffled by Madame Helma and her miserable little husband, were pretty well under control. I did not know Hugh Musgrove, but I was really annoyed that any man should have died with the thought of that woman in his brain. As I turned into Broadway, I noticed the clock over the Dime Savings Bank. It was a quarter to seven. "Why not?" I mumbled, and jumped on a north-bound surface car.

I found The Barclay to be like most of the other modern apartment houses that lie north of Forty-second Street and west of Fifth Avenue. On the office floor there was the usual luxurious display of varicolored marble, frescoes, brass railings and large mirrors, but as the elevator shot upward, the colored marble and frescoes gave way to burlap, and at the tenth floor, on which Miss Deane Kimball had her apartment, the walls could boast of but the cheapest kind of wall-paper. As I entered the sitting-room Miss Kimball rose from the



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"I should say I did know Hugh Musgrove."—Page 76.

table at which she had been eating her dinner. The meal seemed to have been a somewhat frugal one and was served on a napkin-covered tin tray. Miss Kimball nodded to me cheerfully, removed a large cup of coffee from the tray and covered the remnants of her dinner with her napkin.

"You must excuse the condition of the room," she said, "but I have been lying about all day and the girl has had no time to fix it up." She spoke in the low-pitched, drawling voice of the Virginia bred.

Under the circumstances, it seemed obligatory upon me to cast one glance about before I could protest that the condition of the room was all that it should be. I found the walls were decorated with many photographs of Miss Kimball, and, I believe, Miss Kimball only, although the costumes in which she had posed were many and varied. There was a tiny desk, a few lounging chairs, and a cozy-corner strewn with copies of the evening newspapers. In the general tidiness of her appearance Miss Kimball scarcely rose superior to that of her surroundings. She wore a black silk underskirt, a pink dressing-sack covered with much imitation lace, and her great mass of red hair was sadly dishevelled. She was one of the very few women I had ever seen whose physical attractions, judged from a purely material standpoint, admitted of no discussion. Her color was as clear, her eyes as bright, her figure as lithe, every move of her arms and body as supple as that of an athlete. Her dress may have been careless, but her condition was superb.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "I'll have to go to the theatre pretty soon." She walked over to the fireplace and looked at herself in the glass. She ran the white tapering fingers of both hands through the heavy mass of hair. "I'm a sight," she said, but as she said it, I looked into the mirror and saw her smiling at her own beauty.

She returned to the table, and still standing, raised with both hands the heavy china cup of coffee to her lips and sipped at it slowly. Her manner seemed to me to be more casual than familiar. It was as if I had known her always and had dropped in to discuss our party of the night previous. If she had ever understood that I had called on her with a definite purpose in view, such an idea was apparently wholly foreign to her now. But the time was short, and so I came to the point at once.

"Miss Kimball," I said, "did you ever know Hugh Musgrove?" She turned her big smiling eyes on me over the rim of the cup, and took a particularly long sip of coffee.

"I certainly did," she said. "I should say I did know Hugh Musgrove. He was killed in that wreck the other day. I'd have gone to his funeral only I thought there would probably be a lot of newspaper boys there and they might feature me. I wasn't looking for that kind of ad. He'd have got all the advertising he wanted when my divorce comes up next month. Now he's gone, they probably won't mention his name at the trial at all. If I'd gone to the funeral that might all have come out, mightn't it? I sent him a pillow of roses without a card, or a motto, or anything on it. I heard the tributes were all right."

The door opened and a girl walked in. Her dark, glossy hair was heavily marcelled and she wore a black cloth coat and a closely fitting white flannel skirt. She stopped at the doorway while she stuck a hat-pin through the crown of a broad black hat. Miss Kimball introduced her as "My friend from the end of the hall—Miss Wilmot." The girl nodded to me, walked over to the window, and looked out on the brick court. She had heavy, handsome features and an olive complexion and her face seemed incapable of showing any emotion whatever.

"Hurry up, Deane," she said; "it's time to start for the theatre."

"The bubble's not here yet," answered Miss Kimball, sitting down at the table, "and I've only got to change my skirt. I'm not going out after the show. This gentleman knew Hugh."

"I did not know him very well, but I happened to be with him when he died," I said half apologetically, although an apology seemed rather superfluous.

Miss Wilmot continued to look out on the court and beat a slow tattoo on the window-pane. "He was a good boy," she said. "He liked Deane."

Miss Kimball intertwined her fingers behind her head and gazed up at the chandelier. "Yes, he liked me all right," she said reflectively. "You see, he used to come up here and sit of an afternoon when he was tired after the office. It was a sort of home to him. He could smoke a cigarette and play the piano if he wanted to. Why, I'd known Hugh Musgrove all my life. We

used to play together in Richmond when we were kids. He lived right around our corner. His folks were splendid people—no better in Richmond. We used to spin tops and jump rope together, and prisoners' base it was we used to play."

"That's why he didn't like getting mixed up in the divorce," Miss Wilmot interrupted. "Did you know that, Deane? Sure as you're born, that's what he told me."

"What?"

"Why, that no gentleman ought to ever be mixed up in a divorce suit with a girl he'd spun tops with. He said it was worse than cheating at cards."

Miss Kimball stretched her well-rounded arms in front of her on the table. "He did, eh? Now what do you think of that? He *was* a queer kid. He was sort of cheap, and yet, in his way, he was all right. He was a comfortable sort of person to have around."

The telephone bell rang and Miss Wilmot crossed the room and took off the receiver. "It's the electric, Deane," she said. "Hurry up; we're late now!"

Miss Kimball sat unmoved, her pink arms in front of her. Then she turned questioningly to me. "You didn't know him well, you said?"

I nodded.

"Well, now, I'll tell you. He was the kind of a man if you needed money and sent out a hurry call or a circular letter, you could always depend on him. Not much—but a five or ten—and the friends that could give up a yellow-back and not feel it would forget you. You know what I mean?"

Miss Kimball pulled herself together and glanced up at the scowling face of Miss Wilmot. "You want to go—don't you, May?" "Can't we drop you some place?" she added, turning to me.

"You're very good," I said; "but I'm not going far."

"No? Hughey was very fond of the bubble—anything with soft cushions and that came easy. He was a bit of a loafer, Hughey. Was there anything else you wanted to know about him?" Miss Kimball got up from the table and held out her hand. "Glad to have met you. Don't make yourself strange. I suppose you come to the theatre sometimes?"

"Yes, I shall come even more often

now," I said. I shook her slim, well-cared-for hand, bowed to Miss Wilmot, and took my leave.

As I again passed through the marble hallway of The Barclay I could not, even had I wished it, throw off completely the spell of the woman upstairs; the low purr of her voice, the wonderful animal beauty of her face and hair, and, above all, the indolent grace of her, were just as evident to me then as they were when I was in the same room with her. I saw her often afterward on the stage, which seemed, after all, to be the niche which nature had carved out for her. It was not easy to conceive, for instance, the dimpled arms pushing a perambulator or the high, silk-clad instep working the pedal of a sewing-machine. As a picture framed by a proscenium arch and lit by a row of footlights, Miss Deane Kimball was a superb, vital force, and if the last thoughts of the somewhat human Mr. Musgrove harked back to the days of her *régime* it is for each one to censure or praise as the case may be.

It was just eight o'clock the next night when I got off a Broadway car at Eighth Street and walked slowly west toward Sixth Avenue, looking up at the dingy doorways for the number of the house of Miss Agnes Beach. I found it at last—a fine example of the old New York home. Its faded brick front with brown-stone trimmings was flanked on one side by a cheap *table-d'hôte* restaurant and on the other by a delicatessen shop. With its polished windows and well-scrubbed steps, the old mansion seemed to hold a place of much dignity in that decayed and unkempt neighborhood. Isolated and forgotten, the very name of its street taken from it, the old place stood there protesting against the changes of the last fifty years and the squalor they had brought to its door. I climbed the steep, worn steps and pulled at the little bell, sunk deep in its round brass socket. An old man with white hair opened the door and stood bowing before me in the broad hallway. He wore a dressing-gown of quilted silk tied about his waist with a cord with tassels at the end of it. As I stepped into the hallway I looked beyond to a broad stairway and walls and curtains of faded red. It occurred to me, at the time, as the only background possible for the old man with the white hair and the quilted dressing-gown.

"You are the gentleman, I presume," he said, "who wrote my niece in regard to that terrible disaster."

"Your niece is Miss Agnes Beach, then?" I asked.

The old man bowed. "She and her father have their apartments on the floor above. If you will kindly follow me——" The old man started slowly up the stairway, leaning heavily on the balustrade. Apparently, then, I was expected, and perhaps, after all, I had done well to make this third visit. I could easily understand that the members of this household were not accustomed to receive unusual letters from unknown young men, and that the visit of a stranger was, without question, an event of some moment. A single hanging gas-burner lit us on our way up the long stairway. Our shoes sunk noiselessly into the deep faded carpet and the complete silence of the place oppressed me. For a moment I halted on the stairway, listening for the rumble of a cart, the jangle of a car-bell, or the cry of a newsboy from the world outside, but through the heavy walls of the old house no sound reached me. Surely, then, I had found isolation itself and the most cruel loneliness of all—the loneliness of a great city.

The old man knocked gently at the door at the head of the landing, and his brother, in appearance and the courtesy of his manner, his very counterpart, bowed me graciously into the sitting-room. There was but little light—only a lamp on the centre-table, but as I entered I saw a girl rise from the shadow of a far corner and come to greet me. She was dressed in deep mourning, and even in the dim light I could see her drawn face and the heavy shadows under her eyes. When she reached the centre table she stopped and held out a white hand toward me. In the soft glow of the lamp I saw again the face of the girl with the violin. There was the same childish beauty, the same sincerity and sweetness, but added to all this there was a pathos, an unconscious plea for human pity.

"You were with Hugh when he died?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "I was with him until the very end."

Through her clouded eyes she looked up at me as if, indeed, mine had been a great privilege.

"He—he didn't suffer much?" she whispered.

"No," I said. "I thought you would want to know that the end came very quickly and very peacefully." The dull-yellow glare from the lamp suddenly seemed to flare up before me and I saw a young man sitting with his back resting against a tree on a hillside. The whole place was bathed in yellow sunlight and the air was full of the smell of springtime, but through it all I saw the face of the young man, ashen and twisted. I felt the girl's hand loosen in my own, and so I grasped it tightly, and the contact of it brought me back to the lamp at my side and the girl in black and the old man standing silently at the door.

"You knew him before, then?" she asked.

"No," I said, "I never knew him before."

The girl looked up at me as if she could not quite understand how it was that everyone had not known Hugh Musgrove. "He was very good to know," she said. And then the very inadequacy of her words forced a smile to her pale lips. "And he was very fine," she added, "and true—and he was so very—so very good to dad and me."

"I wish I could have told you more," I said.

The girl nodded her head. "You told me what I wished most to know. I am so glad you came."

Her hand, nerveless and cold, dropped from my own and I bowed myself to the door. Her father closed the door softly behind us and led me down the broad stairway to his brother's apartment on the ground floor. With much courtesy my host asked me to be seated at a centre-table, about which three chairs had been placed. On the polished surface of the old mahogany there were three glasses, a decanter of port and some crackers in a silver cake-basket. The host poured out the wine and after raising our glasses we drank in silence. The father of Miss Beach leaned across the table and laid his hand gently on my arm.

"You must not be hurt if my daughter gave you but a scant welcome," he said. "Youth is always intolerant, you know, and she is very young. Her mother died when the girl was only a child, and this is her first



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You told me what I wished most to know."—Page 78.

tragedy. She cannot quite understand why it should have come to her." The old man hesitated for a moment and apparently unconsciously raised the glass to his lips.

"Perhaps you did not know," he went on, "that Hugh was engaged to my daughter—it was just about to be announced. If all went well they were to be married in the fall. He was her life—he and her music. They played together almost every night. I used to accompany her, but then Hugh came and she would allow only him to play for her, although I have been a music-teacher for many years, and he—well, he did not play very well. She was quite deaf to his mistakes—love, you know, they say, is blind, and I have thought it was often deaf, too. He really played, oh, so badly, but it was wonderful to see the lights in her eyes when she took the bow in her hand and waited for Hugh to play the first notes. And now she is so tired and frail and the color is gone—she is as white as us two old men." He stopped for a moment and with his elbow on the table rested his chin in the palm of his hand.

"But Hugh was of great help to her," he went on. "He knew many of the great musical people in town, and it was really through him that Agnes was to make her *début* with the Philharmonic."

"And now?" I asked.

The old man looked up in much surprise at my question. "Now?" he repeated. "She says she will never play again. She says that her love for her violin died with him. But she is young, you know, and I think that in time she may find a certain consolation in her music. It was the same with me. I, too, put away my music, but the time came when our wants forced me to take it up again."

The old man raised his glass and looked down into the dark red-colored wine. "But I don't think the music was ever quite the same."

It seemed to me that Mr. Beach had said all that he had wished to say to me, and so I rose to go. It was at this moment that I remembered that the torn page from the supplement was still in my pocket.

"Do you think it would be possible," I asked, "to see your daughter again for a moment?"

"You will find that she is still in the sitting-room, I am sure," he said.

As I went up the stairway again, but this time alone, I took out the half-page of the newspaper and carefully tearing off the part containing the picture of Miss Beach, put the rest back in my pocket. I found her standing at the piano. As I entered she looked up at me, dry-eyed, and with almost a smile of welcome on her lips.

"I know you'll pardon me," I said, "but I had very nearly forgotten the real object of my visit. I wanted to give you this piece of paper. Just before his death I saw him take it from his pocket and look at it. It was the last face he ever saw—his last thoughts were of her."

The girl took the torn piece of paper from my hand, but she did not look at it. There was surely no doubt in her mind who was the original of the portrait.

I found the two old men waiting for me in the hallway downstairs. We saluted each other gravely and parted with proper ceremony. The door closed noiselessly behind me as I walked slowly down the steps and stopped irresolutely on the curbstone. Directly across the street there was a cheap French restaurant. Through the open window I saw two young men playing dominoes at a marble table and a waiter with a dirty apron leaning over the counter smiling at the woman cashier. Everything, after those two old men and the girl in black whom I had just left, seemed so soiled and unworthy. I took out of my pocket all there remained of the half-page of the supplement, tore it into small pieces, and threw it into the dirty street. So far as I was concerned, there was an end to it and I knew no more than I had two days before. Perhaps the young girl in the old house back of me was right, and there could only have been one thought in Musgrove's mind, and that was of her. But it may have been that he looked last at the portrait of Madame Helma, whose world-wide fame he envied so, or perhaps it was that of Miss Kimball, of the Cockatoo chorus, whose physical beauty he had evidently, too, admired very greatly. And as I started to retrace my steps along the dingy streets on my way back to the lights of Broadway, I wondered, too, whether he had thrown that paper away because he was ashamed to die with it, or was it out of thoughtfulness for the fair name of some woman.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

[JULY, 1861]

BY GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER

Of the Confederate Army

THE POINT OF VIEW*



THE *raison d'être* of the following pages is not at all to set forth the valor of Confederate arms nor the skill of Confederate generals. These are as they may be, and must here take their chances in an unpartisan narrative, written with an entirely different object. That object is the criticism of each campaign as one would criticise a game of chess, only to point out the good and bad plays on each side, and the moves which have influenced the result. It is far from being a grateful task, and the writer is, moreover, painfully conscious of his limitations in his effort to perform it adequately.

But it is of great importance that it should be attempted, even approximately, not only for the benefit of general history, but more particularly for that of military students and staff officers. These will find much of value and interest in the details, pointing out how or why the scale of battle was turned upon each occasion. It is only of recent years—since the publication by the War Department of the full Official Reports of both armies, in 135 large volumes—that it has become possible to write this story, even approximately. History meanwhile has been following the incomplete reports of the earlier days which, sometimes, as at Seven Pines (or Fair Oaks) have deliberately concealed the facts, and has always felt the need of the personal accounts covering the incidents of every march, skirmish and battle.

Only among these can be traced the beginnings, often obscure and accidental, of the most important events; and these must ever form an inexhaustible mine for the study by the staff officer of the practical working and details in every department of an army.

As to the causes of the war, it will of course be understood that every former Confederate repudiates all accusations of trea-

son or rebellion in the war, and even of fighting to preserve the institution of slavery. The effort of the enemy to destroy it without compensation was practical robbery, which, of course, we resisted. The unanimity, and the desperation of our resistance—even to the refusal of Lincoln's suggested compensation at Fortress Monroe, after the destruction had already occurred—clearly shows our struggle to have been for that right of self-government which the Englishman has claimed, and fought for, as for nothing else, since the days of King John.

It has taken many years for these truths to gain acceptance against the prejudices left by the war, even though it has been notorious from the first that no legal accusation could be brought against anyone, even Mr. Davis. With the adoption of this view by leading English authorities, not to mention distinguished Northern and Republican authors, the South may be content to leave all such questions to the final verdict of history, admitting itself too close to the event to claim impartiality.

One thing remains to be said: The world has not stood still in the years since we took up arms for what we deemed our most invaluable right—that of self-government. We now enjoy the rare privilege of seeing what we fought for in the retrospect. It no longer seems desirable. It would now prove but a curse. We have good cause to thank God for our escape from it, not alone for our sake, but for that of the whole country and even of the world.

Had our cause succeeded divergent interests must soon have further separated the States into groups, and this continent would have been given over to divided nationalities, each weak and unable to command foreign credit. Since the days of Greece, confederacies have only held together against foreign enemies, and in times of peace have soon disintegrated. It is surely not necessary to contrast what would have been our prospects as citizens of such states, with our condition now as citizens of the

*This "Point of View" will form the general introduction to "Military Memoirs of a Confederate: A Critical Narrative," by General Alexander.

strongest, richest, and—strange for us to say who once called ourselves “conquered” and our cause “lost”—the freest nation on earth.

The statistics of our commerce, our manufactures and our internal improvements are an object lesson of the truth of old Æsop’s fable, pointing out the increased strength of the separate sticks when bound together into a faggot. That the whole civilized world shares with us in the far-reaching blessings and benefits of our

civilization, wealth and political power is manifest in our building the Panama Canal, and again, in the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan, negotiated through the influence of our President. These are but the first fruits of what the future will develop, for our Union is not built to perish. Its bonds were not formed by peaceable agreements in conventions, but were forged in the white heat of battles, in a war fought out to the bitter end and are for eternity.

THE BATTLE

I ARRIVED in Richmond, Saturday night, June 1, reported for duty Monday morning, and received my commission as Captain of Engineers. Engineer officers were in demand, but Prest. Davis remembered my appearing with Major Myer before the Military Committee of the Senate, in connection with the system of signals, and I was first ordered to start in Richmond a little factory of signal apparatus, such as torches, poles and flags. I was told that I would soon be sent to install the system in some one of the small armies being collected at several points.

I was quickly ready, and anxious for orders which for some cause were delayed, but at last they came, and on July 2nd I arrived at Manassas, reported to Beauregard, was assigned to duty upon his staff, and ordered to install the system of signals for use in the coming battle. It was certain that a battle must be fought soon.

Federal armies were being collected in West Virginia under McClellan; on the upper Potomac threatening Winchester, under Patterson; at Alexandria under McDowell; and, at Fortress Monroe, under Butler. These armies were mostly raw troops, but among them were the 75,000 three months men, first called out in April, and they were now fairly well disciplined. Their terms of service would begin to expire soon after the middle of July, and it was sure that some use would be made of these troops before they were disbanded. For we were then less a military nation than ever before or since, and neither side recognized its own unpreparedness.

By June 24th McDowell had submitted a plan of aggressive operation, and July 8th had been named as the date of the proposed movement. General Scott had urged

longer delay, and that the three months men should be allowed to go, and their places supplied with the three years men now being enlisted. Political necessities, however, overruled his objections. Fortunately for the Confederates, with all their resources the Federal forces were not able to move before the 16th, and, when they did move, they consumed four days more, from the 17th to the 20th, inclusive, in about twenty miles of marching, and in preliminaries. Battle was only delivered on July 21st, and the crisis of this battle occurred about 3:30 P. M.

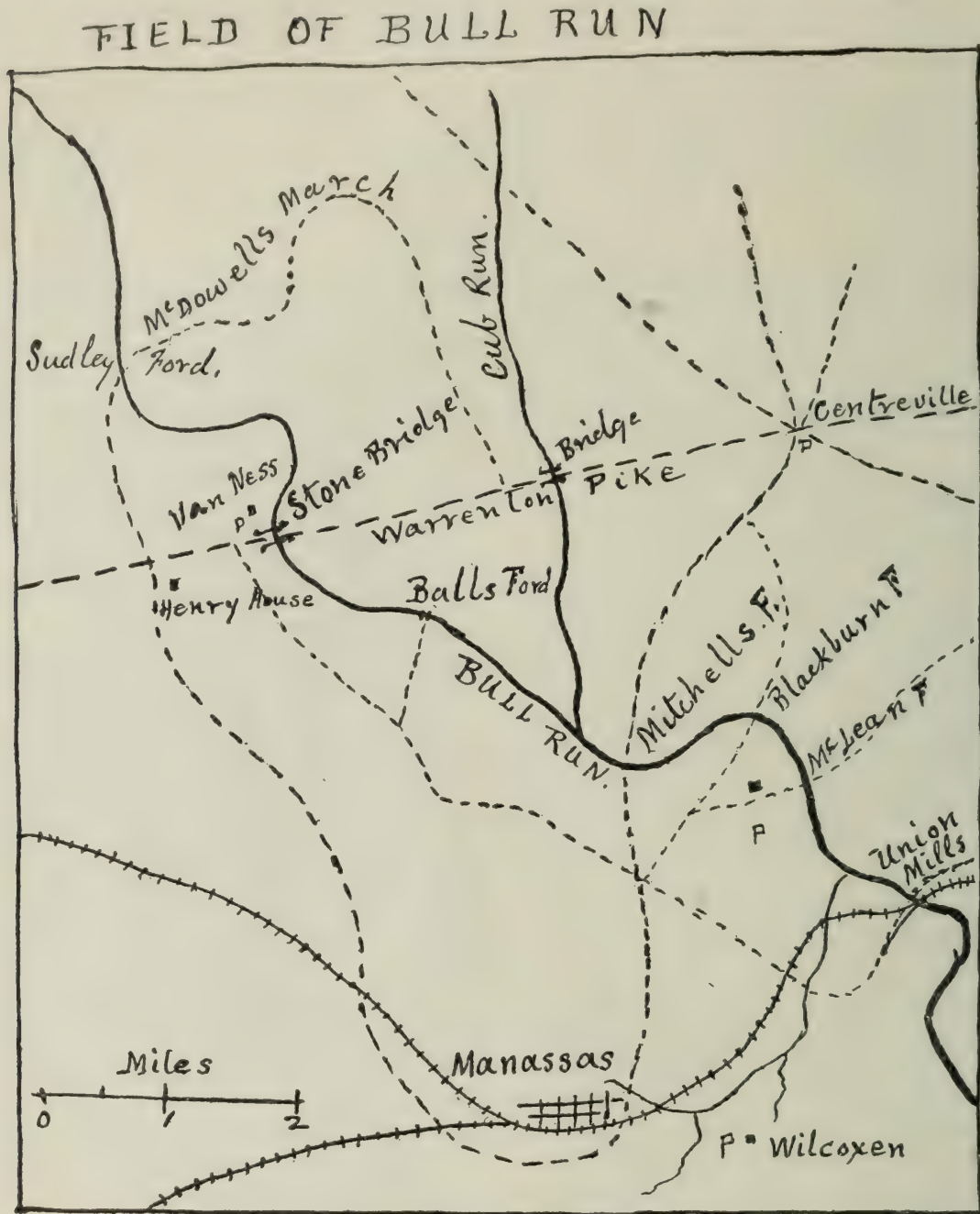
We shall see that, not only every day of that delay, but even every hour of it, was essential to the Confederate victory which resulted.

So on my arrival at Manassas, July 2nd, there was really more time to install the signals than I expected, for “rumors of the foe’s advance,” now swelled upon almost every breeze. I had brought with me from Richmond all necessary equipment and I had only to select men and train them. I soon made acquaintances and got the names of some intelligent privates, who might later be promoted. I had these detailed, and put upon a course of instruction and practice. Meanwhile, I procured a horse, and between times began an exploration of the country to find what facilities it offered for lines of signals.

The topography was far from favorable. Our line of battle had been chosen behind the stream of Bull Run, about three miles north of Manassas, and the course of the stream was generally wooded and bordered with small fields and pastures, giving few open stretches. I was not sanguine of rendering any valuable service, but, fortunately, had time to examine the country, and, as will be seen, the line was found which disclosed the enemy’s attack in time to defeat it.

About a mile east of Manassas on the farm of a Mr. Wilcoxon, I found a high, rocky point having a good outlook over a valley to the north and west. I made this point a central station, and, by a little clear-

opposite our right centre, and a fourth near our Headquarters at Centreville. This was the utmost the topography permitted, and the men were encamped at the stations and set to practising by day and night.



Sketch map of the battlefield by the author.

ing here and there, I got two straight six-mile ranges. One was northwest to a bluff over Bull Run valley on our extreme left, near the house of Van Ness, just above the Stone Bridge by which the Warrenton Turnpike crossed Bull Run. The other was North, to Centreville, about three miles beyond the Run, opposite our centre. A third station was found near the house of McLean,

Where the opponents have each two armies in the field, each party has the opportunity to combine his whole force upon his adversary.

This was now the situation in Northern Virginia. McDowell, at Alexandria with 35,000 men, and Patterson near Harper's Ferry, about fifty miles away, with 15,000, were opposed by Beauregard at Manassas

with 22,000 and Johnston at Winchester with 11,000.

No effort was made by the Federal commander-in-chief to unite Patterson's force with McDowell's, but McDowell was assured that Patterson should threaten Johnston, and keep him in the Valley, so that McDowell would have Beauregard only to deal with. The Confederate armies, unfortunately, had no commander-in-chief.

In theory the power resides with the President, but his action is apt to be slow and comparatively inefficient. In the approaching battle this was well illustrated. Although the enemy was so slow as to allow amazing time, and the battle was saved, it was, as it were, "by the skin of our teeth" and without any of the fruits of victory.

Beauregard had proposed to the President, on June 12th, to take the aggressive and unite the two armies in an attack upon Alexandria. It was disapproved, but Beauregard did not let the matter drop.

On July 13th he sent Col. Chestnut, a staff officer, to Richmond to urge the concentration of the two armies and a prompt offensive movement. A formal hearing was had by the President, with Cooper and Lee, but the proposition was rejected, on the very reasonable ground that the enemy was, as yet, practically within his fortified lines where he could not be attacked, and where he could bring up, at his leisure, Patterson and other reinforcements. The only effective way to combine the two armies was to make it a surprise to the enemy when away from his fortifications.

About noon, July 16th, McDowell put his army in motion. There were ten brigades in four divisions, comprising about 30,000 men with 49 guns. He did not bring his whole force, but left in reserve, in the works behind him, Runyon's Division of over 5,000 men. This large division would have been of greater value on the field and he should have had at least 100 guns, for artillery is the best arm against raw troops. The four divisions moved by different roads converging towards our advanced positions about Fairfax. They made on the first day only short marches of six or eight miles, going into camp far outside of our picket lines, so as not to divulge the movement. This was so well managed that, although rumors reached the Confederates, yet nothing was known until next morning. Then

our advanced posts were driven in and a few of our pickets were captured. At this moment Johnston's army should have been ready to march to Beauregard over roads previously selected and reconnoitred. The men should even have been kept for days encamped where they could quickly stretch out on the proper roads. For many contingencies beset all marches, and preparation saves hours big with fate.

The whole day of the 17th was lost to the Confederates by the news having to go to the Prest. Beauregard, sometime during the day, telegraphed him as follows:

"MANASSAS, July 17th, 1861.

"The enemy has assailed my outposts in heavy force, I have fallen back on the line of Bull Run, and will make a stand at Mitchell's Ford. If his force is overwhelming, I shall retire to the Rappahannock railroad bridge, saving my command for defence there, and for future operations. Please inform Johnston of this, *via* Staunton, and also Holmes. Send forward any reinforcements at the earliest possible moment, and by every possible means.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD."

Apparently, after some deliberation, the Executive acted, for about 1 A. M. on July 18th, Johnston in Winchester received a telegram. It is worthy of study, as a model *not* to be followed in such cases. It was as follows:

"RICHMOND, July 17th, 1861.

"General Beauregard is attacked. To strike the enemy a decisive blow all of your effective force will be needed. If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick and baggage to Culpepper Court House either by railroad or by Warrenton. In all the arrangements exercise your discretion.

"S. COOPER, Adj. and Ins.-Gen."

When Johnston came to make his report of the battle of Bull Run he wrote as follows of this message. "About one o'clock in the morning of July 18th I received from the Government a telegraphic dispatch informing me that the Northern army was advancing upon Manassas, then held by Gen. Beauregard, and directing me, if practicable, to go to that officer's assistance, after sending my sick to Culpepper Court House. In the exercise of discretion conferred by

the terms of the order, I at once determined to march to join Gen. Beauregard."

President Davis took great offense at this language and ordered the word "after" before the words "sending your sick" to be erased from the report in the records. He resented also Beauregard's speaking of this order in his report as only permissive, and not mandatory. And, even in his book, written after the war, he claims that the order was a "positive" one and considers it "strange that anyone has construed it otherwise."

And now, at sunrise on the 17th, McDowell is in front of our pickets at Fairfax, and within ten miles of our line of battle and he is to have us at the mercy of his superior force until the afternoon of the 21st—say four days and a half. If the Shades of Departed Warriors watched the contest, the odds among them against us at this stage must have been high, for their force, our position and our organization were all inferior. Our line of battle was nearly seven miles long, and communications in rear of it were poor and crooked. Our six brigades were all independent of each other, no divisions having been formed, and there were, besides, several unbrigaded regiments and batteries, making a command too complex to be efficiently handled, especially with an inexperienced staff. Apart from their superior numbers, the effective division organization of the Federals, and, especially, their batteries of regular artillery with each division, would seem enough to insure Federal victory even for a front attack by brute force. This might have been made, even on the afternoon of the 17th, by a bold pursuit of our advanced guard, which comprised but one brigade.

For the slowness of the Federal advance that day (it holds the record for slowness) McDowell was personally responsible. He had issued to his troops a good order of march, in which he called attention to the strength of each column, and its ability to cope with all it was likely to meet, even without the help of the other column. But he had spoiled the moral effect of his own language and practically demoralized his brigade commanders by one unwise caution.

It "would not be pardonable in any commander to come upon a battery or breastwork without a knowledge of its position." That caution meant more to McDowell's

officers than appears on its face. For the newspaper reporters of those days, with the appetite for sensations which still distinguishes the craft, had made a great bugbear of "Masked Batteries." The term originated at the attack upon Fort Sumter, where a certain battery was constructed, masked by a house which was destroyed just before opening fire. After that masked batteries figured on every field and in every event. When Butler was repulsed at Big Bethel it was a masked battery which did it. When Schenck's railroad reconnoissance from Alexandria on June 17, accidentally ran into Gregg's reconnoissance from Manassas at Vienna, and was fired into by Kemper's six-pounders, the mysterious masked battery got the credit. Soon, to read the newspapers, one might believe the woods were infested with such batteries, not to mention "Louisiana Tigers" and "Black Horse cavalry," two other scare-crow names which had caught the reporters' fancies, and been made to do enormous duty.

Now, the threat conveyed in McDowell's order implied the real existence of formidable dangers, and is doubtless responsible for the excessive caution which consumed the day in making an advance scarcely over five miles. Beauregard's advanced guard had not sought to delay the Federals, but had fallen back beyond Centreville, where it bivouaced; and, early next morning, it crossed Bull Run and took position in the Confederate line of battle.

Beauregard had concentrated the bulk of his force between Union Mill's ford, on the right, and Mitchell's ford on the left, in which space—about three miles—he had, in order from the right, Ewell's, D. R. Jones's, Longstreet's, and Bonham's brigades, with only Early in reserve, some 250 yards behind Longstreet. Cocke's brigade held Ball's Ford, and Evans with the 4th So. Ca. and Wheat's La. Battalion held the Stone Bridge, two and three miles to the left.

On the morning of the 18th, the slow advance of the Federals was resumed, and about noon Tyler's division occupied the hills overlooking the valley of Bull Run, opposite Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords. McDowell was not with his advanced forces. He had ridden far to the left to reconnoitre, with a view to turning our right flank; a duty he might have more wisely confided to his staff. During his absence a small affair

occurred at Blackburn's ford terminating favorably for the Confederates.

Tyler's instructions were to reconnoitre our position and to threaten our left so as to draw attention to that quarter, but not to bring on a general engagement. These instructions were our salvation, for our army was weak and badly posted and could not have withstood a vigorous attack by the force in front of us. Both of our flanks were in the air and Bull Run could be crossed by infantry in many places. Our centre was a large salient whose lines the enemy could enfilade. The ground on their side was commanding and afforded close approach under excellent cover. On our side it was low and gently rising to the rear, giving no cover whatever, except of the woods. Our whole force present on the field was about 21,000, of whom about 5,000 (Evans's and Cocke's commands) were too far to the left to be available. McDowell's force available was about 37,000.*

Tyler, about noon brought up some guns and began firing at the few points in our territory where he could discern signs of our presence. After some firing on his part without reply, and a brief engagement from which the Federals withdrew, caused by his attempt to push forward one of his brigades through the woods in his front, there began a sharp artillery duel lasting about forty-five minutes. Though our men soon realized that they were overmatched, the enemy fortunately was the first to cease firing; so that the invaluable moral effect of victory remained with us both in this and in the infantry engagement. In the whole affair the Confederates had 68 and the Federals 83 killed, wounded and missing.

On the night of the 18th, McDowell found himself compelled to make a change in the plan of attack which had been decided upon in Washington before starting. That had contemplated turning of our right flank. But his reconnoissance in that direction had found the country so wooded and broken, and with so few good roads, as to be very unfavorable for operations. His next thought was of direct attack upon our front. That was, beyond question, his best opportunity.

We had, practically, no intrenchment, and there were gaps, sometimes wide ones, between our brigades. Holmes's brigade of two regiments (the 2nd Tenn. and 9th Ark.)

coming from Acquia Creek did not arrive until late on the 19th. The confusion caused in our ranks by Tyler's demonstration, for it can scarcely be called an attack, indicates that a serious effort with the whole force at hand would have succeeded.

McDowell had disapproved of Tyler's affair, upon his return from his reconnoissance, and seems to have misunderstood the facts. In his official report he writes that this affair had shown us to be too strong to be attacked at Blackburn's Ford. He also states that the Stone Bridge was mined and defended by a battery and a heavy abattis, and that his only alternative was to seek a route to turn our left flank. No one of these statements was correct. At Stone Bridge there was neither abattis, nor earthwork, nor mine. There were only two 6 Pr. guns with the 4th So. Ca. regiment and Wheat's La. Battalion—say, 1400 men. There were no other supports within a mile.

The movement decided upon, however, promised excellent results if it could be carried out before Beauregard was heavily reinforced. It was decided to turn the Confederate left by crossing Bull Run above the Stone Bridge. This involved further loss of time in reconnoissance, but confidence was felt that Patterson would keep Johnston in the Valley, so the engineers were ordered to find the desired roads. It was not dreamed that Johnston's forces were crossing the Blue Ridge as the sun was setting that afternoon.

McDowell proposed to make his reconnoissance by main force, driving in our pickets and developing our exact position and strength, but he weakly allowed himself to be persuaded, instead, into a reconnoissance by stealth, which is less to be depended upon.

It is worthy of note that upon three occasions in this advance McDowell was persuaded by his leading subordinates to modify orders which he had issued, and these modifications lost him the battle. The first occasion was on the 17th, when his army only marched some five or six miles, as already noted. McDowell wished to have the march prolonged to twelve miles, but yielded to persuasion to go into bivouac when half the distance was covered. That practically lost the entire day.

The second occasion was the reconnoissance by stealth to which he now consented. It occupied a day and a half. It went miles

* O. R., 2, 309.

astray, as may now be seen, in finding the shortest route. It was noon on the 20th when the engineers made their report of having found a concealed road crossing Bull Run at Sudley Ford, and the march was decided upon. From their present camps the average distances to be covered by the turning brigades were between nine and ten miles. McDowell proposed that they should make four miles that afternoon, leaving only six for the next morning. For the third time his officers proposed and McDowell consented to a change. It would be more convenient, they urged, to remain in their camps that afternoon and night, and to march a couple of hours earlier in the morning, say at 2:30 A. M. Orders were issued accordingly, for the 21st. When they came to be executed, the routes of various commands were found to interfere, and although there was a bright moon, and the country was open and roads good, the head of the column was about four hours in covering the first four miles. This involved a further loss of about two hours.

It is now time to revert to the Confederate lines and note what had happened on the 19th and 20th. An attack in force by the Federals had been expected each morning, and its non-occurrence gratefully appreciated. It may be supposed that our time would have been busily used to intrench, erect batteries, and provide abatis and obstructions, but almost nothing of the sort was done. It required a year's experience to educate our army to the value of such work, although the enemy meanwhile not only set us many examples, but had given us some severe object lessons. On the 19th Holmes's brigade had arrived from Acquia Creek. It took position behind Ewell on our right flank. Jackson's brigade also arrived and was placed in reserve behind Mitchell's Ford. On the 20th, Johnston arrived in person, also the 7th and 8th Geo. of Bartow's brigade, the 4th Ala. and the 2nd Miss. of Bee's. These troops were placed in reserve behind Blackburn's Ford. As already told, these were the only troops of Johnston's army to arrive in time for the beginning of the battle, though another brigade under Kirby Smith arrived in time to turn the wavering scale about 3 P. M. on the 21st.

It is strange that all this could go on in such close proximity to the Federal army without discovery through some negro or

deserter. It is still stranger that McDowell seems to have had no scouts out, upon either flank, who might easily have learned it. Only one intimation reached him of what was going on, and that he refused to credit. Gen. Tyler was an experienced railroad manager, and from the hills north of Bull Run, on the 19th, he had listened to the exhaust of many engines bringing heavy loads into Manassas from the direction of the Valley. He correctly guessed that they were bringing Johnston's army, and reported the facts and his conclusions to McDowell, not only on the 19th, but again on the 20th. The suggestions were received very coolly, and no steps were taken to find out.

From Centreville the Warrenton pike runs straight southwest for many miles. At about two miles it crosses Cub Run, a tributary of Bull Run, on a high wooden bridge. At four miles it crosses Bull Run on the Stone Bridge. A little beyond Cub Run a farm road to the right, by a circuitous route of six miles, leads to Sudley Springs ford of Bull Run, which is but two miles above the Stone Bridge in an air line. From Sudley, on the south side of Bull Run, a road to the southeast crosses the Warrenton pike a mile beyond the Stone Bridge and leads on to Manassas. McDowell's plan was as follows: Tyler with three brigades was to take position opposite the Stone Bridge, make demonstrations and be prepared to cross. McDowell in person would conduct the five brigades of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions by the circuitous road, cross Bull Run at Sudley Ford and attack the position at Stone Bridge in the rear. As soon as it was carried Tyler's three brigades would cross, and the whole eight brigades, united behind our left flank, could easily sweep down our entire line.

There was, however, one bad feature. The circuitous route, by which the five brigades would march, would take them dangerously far from his other forces, should Beauregard take the offensive and attack his left at the moment when this turning column was entangled in the circuitous road. The fear of such an attack induced McDowell, while actually on the march, to halt his rear brigade, Howard's, and leave it behind, until the four other brigades had crossed Bull Run and were in action on the south side. That brigade was thus out of use for four critical hours, and, when it rejoined,

the battle had been lost. Its only service was in covering the retreat.

Meanwhile, by a coincidence, Beauregard had planned to make the very attack which McDowell had feared, and at the very time when he was stretched out on the circuitous road. As Johnston was Beauregard's senior he was now in command of the joint forces, but as Beauregard was more familiar with the situation, it was left to him to decide upon the order of battle. By uniting the two armies, the Confederates had prepared a surprise for the Federals, but, to reap the full benefit, it should be sprung upon them before they became aware of their danger. Beauregard's order of battle proposed to cross Bull Run with our three right brigades, envelop the enemy's exposed left flank, and drive it towards Centreville. As soon as this battle was joined it would be taken up to the left, by adjoining brigades, in succession. We now had eight brigades concentrated on a front of about three miles, and, opposed to them, McDowell had left but three brigades. We could never hope for a more favorable opportunity to quickly crush these three brigades, and be prepared to meet in detail those which McDowell would have to bring back from his right. Unfortunately, however, we failed to improve the opportunity, and it vanished. The history of our failure is as follows:

Had Beauregard been in command, the so-called "orders" issued would have been immediate, and have been put into process of execution at dawn. But, presumably by Johnston's wish, they were merely instructions to each brigade to "place itself in position of attack upon the enemy," and await orders. The "orders to attack would be given by the Commander-in-Chief." These instructions were sent out at 5 A. M. and were differently understood by the officers addressed. Ewell, with Holmes, did not advance across Bull Run, but simply held himself in readiness on the south side. Jones and Longstreet crossed their brigades and took position on the north bank. Bonham's brigade did not move.

Johnston had expected the arrival during the night of his troops still in the rear. When he found that they had not arrived he determined not to attack, but to await developments. He consented, however, to a demonstration by Beauregard's right, and

orders were sent Ewell and Jones to advance. The order to Ewell was lost. It never reached him and was never found or accounted for afterward. Jones crossed and waited for two hours before the situation was developed. It was then thought too late and he was withdrawn.

About 6 A. M. Tyler's division appeared before our force under Evans at Stone Bridge, and presently opened a slow fire with a 30 Pr. Parrott rifle.

The movement of Tyler towards Stone Bridge early in the morning had been discovered by Longstreet's scouts. He writes of it in his book (page 45): "Their report was sent promptly to headquarters, and, after a short delay, the brigade (Longstreet's) was ordered back to its position behind the Run."

About 8 A. M. Johnston and Beauregard, accompanied by staffs and couriers, rode to the vicinity of Mitchell's Ford, where they left their party under cover, and took position on an open hill, some 200 yards to the left of the road. On the Federal side of the Run, the three brigades, left to amuse our line while the flanking column made its march around us, had taken position on the hills about a half mile north of the creek, started to protect itself with abattis, and opened fire with a few guns upon all movements which they could discover on our side. To this fire we made no reply and kept our positions concealed, but we did nothing to strengthen them.

As he rode out in the morning, Beauregard directed me to go with a courier to the Wilcoxon Signal Station and remain in general observation of the field, sending messages of all I could discover. I went reluctantly, as the opportunity seemed very slight of rendering any service. There were but two signal stations on our line of battle, one in rear of McLean's Ford, and one near Van Pelt's house, on a bluff a few hundred yards to the left and rear of the Stone Bridge. Beyond the latter station the broad level valley of Bull Run for some miles with its fields and pastures, as seen through the glass, was foreshortened into a narrow band of green.

While watching the flag of this station with a good glass, when I had been there about a half hour, the sun being low in the east behind me, my eye was caught by a glitter in this narrow band of green. I recognized it at once as the reflection of the

morning sun from a brass field-piece. Closer scrutiny soon revealed the glittering of bayonets and musket barrels.

It was about 8:45 A. M., and I had discovered McDowell's turning column, the head of which, at this hour, was just arriving at Sudley, eight miles away.

I appreciated how much it might mean, and thought it best to give Evans immediate notice, even before sending word to Beauregard. So I signalled Evans quickly, "Look out for your left, you are turned." Evans afterwards told me that a picket, which he had had at Sudley, being driven in by the enemy's advance guard, had sent a courier, and the two couriers, one with my signal message and one with the report of the picket, reached him together. The simultaneous reports from different sources impressed him, and he acted at once and with sound judgment. He left four companies of his command to watch the bridge and the enemy in his front, Tyler and his three brigades. With the remainder of his forces (six companies of the 4th So. Ca., and Wheat's La. Battn.) he marched to oppose and delay the turning column, at the same time notifying Cocke, next on his right, of his movement. But he sent no word to Beauregard, whom he supposed that I would notify.

Having sent Evans notice of his danger, I next wrote to Beauregard, as follows:

"I see a body of troops crossing Bull Run about two miles above the Stone Bridge. The head of the column is in the woods on this side. The rear of the column is in the woods on the other side. About a half mile of its length is visible in the open ground between. I can see both infantry and artillery."

In his report of the battle, Beauregard does not mention this note, but says, generally, that Capt. Alexander gave him "seasonable and material assistance early in the day with his system of signals."

Johnston in his report says: "About 8 o'clock Gen. Beauregard and I placed ourselves on a commanding hill in rear of Gen. Bonham's left. Near nine o'clock, the signal officer, Capt. Alexander, reported that a large body of troops was crossing the valley of Bull Run some two miles above the bridge. Gen. Bee, who had been placed near Col. Cocke's position, Col. Hampton with his legion, and Col. Jackson, from a point near Gen. Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank."

Bee's force comprised the 4th Ala. and 2nd Miss., with the 7th and 8th Geo. under Bartow. The Hampton Legion was one regiment, and Jackson had five regiments, the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33rd Va. So, ten regiments, with an average distance of about three miles to go, were now *en route* to reinforce Evans with his two half-regiments.

And now, for an hour and a half, nothing took place but the enemy's desultory artillery firing across Bull Run. McDowell's turning column was arriving at Sudley, crossing the creek and having a half hour to rest, drink, and fill their canteens. Evans was getting into a position on the road from Sudley to Manassas, about a mile in front of McDowell, and three-quarters of a mile north of the Warrenton turnpike. Bee and Bartow were marching to join Evans. Hampton's Legion was following, and behind it Jackson's brigade was also coming. In order towards the right were Cocke, Bonham, Longstreet and Early south of the Run. Jones north of it, and Ewell, with Holmes, south of it at Union Mill's Ford on the extreme right.

Meanwhile, from my signal station, I had watched McDowell's column arrive at Sudley, and about 10 A. M. reported the rear of it—except Howard, left halted, as already told, some four miles behind. Soon after that picket firing was heard and presently an occasional gun. About 10:30, as the sun grew hotter, an immense column of dust began to develop, apparently about ten miles to the northwest. I afterward acquired more experience with army dusts than I then possessed, but never during the war did I see a dust cloud tower higher or rise more densely than this. It proved, finally, to be the wagon trains of Johnston's forces on their march down from the Valley. But, as Patterson's army might be expected to follow Johnston, this portentous dust seemed at first an important phenomenon. So I determined to be my own messenger to tell of it, and perhaps to point it out to the generals as it had now risen to a high altitude.

This I was able to do, and Johnston refers to it as follows: "The signal officer soon called our attention to a heavy cloud of dust to the northwest and about ten miles off, such as the march of an army would raise. This excited apprehensions of General Patterson's approach."

Meanwhile, quite a fire of both musketry and artillery was beginning to develop on

the left, where McDowell's advance had now come in collision with Evans's little force.

As a bystander I soon appreciated that Johnston believed the battle was to be fought upon the left and wished to go there, but Beauregard was reluctant to give up the proposed attack on Centreville by his right.

Evans, with his eleven companies and two guns, maintained a good fight. He was fighting for time, and he managed to delay the Federal advance for about an hour. The fighting was not bad for beginners. Wheat's Tigers (the 1st La. Battn.) lost thirty-eight in killed and wounded, and Evans's six companies of the 4th So. Ca. Regt. doubtless lost at least fifty-two, though the exact figures in the reports are consolidated with other companies. It was doubtless influenced by the *morale* gained on the 18th. The Federal tactics were poor and timid. The engagement was begun by a single regiment, and this was reinforced by others successively, but there was lack of concert and combined power. New troops going into action are very prone to "fire and fall back"—to touch and let go—as one handles a piece of hot iron when uncertain how hot it may prove to be. There were cases of this among the volunteer regiments upon both sides.

When Jackson, at Chancellorsville, turned Hooker's flank, he formed his force into a double line of battle, with an interval of about 200 yards between the lines, before he made his attack. When made it was irresistible and produced an immediate panic. Had he begun it by piecemeal it would have proved a failure. Had McDowell first advanced even two brigades, formed in a double line, Evans's force could scarcely have detained them ten minutes.

As it was, he was able to hold on until he was reinforced by Bee and Bartow with their four regiments. But, soon after these had prolonged Evans's line of battle, facing the troops advancing from Sudley, their right was taken in flank and rear by Sherman's and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division, which had found fords and crossed Bull Run about half-way between the Stone Bridge and Sudley, which McDowell's reconnaissance on the 19th had missed. The roar of the young battle now swelled in volume. There came crashes of musketry which told that whole brigades were coming in, and the fire of the guns increased.

Of course, the Confederate line could not

be held long against the odds now opposed to it, but the fight which it made has seldom been excelled by such raw troops. Jackson's brigade, later that day, by steadfast fighting, conferred the immortal name of Stonewall upon its commander. The killed and wounded in its five regiments were 561, an average of 112 each. The killed and wounded in Bee's and Bartow's four regiments were 658, an average of 164 each. The 8th Georgia, Bartow's own regiment, lost 200, and the 4th Alabama 197. Equally to their credit is the fact that though forced back a half mile they were not demoralized, but on meeting the reinforcements many were rallied and reformed, and fought throughout the day. It was in this later fighting that both Bee and Bartow were killed. The victory could never have been won without them.*

We must now return to the hill near Mitchell's Ford occupied by the two generals. When the sudden increase of fire broke out, which marked the arrival on the field of Bee and Bartow, Johnston seemed so restless that Beauregard was moved to dispatch a staff officer, Major Stevens, with a half dozen couriers under orders to ride rapidly, learn the situation, and send back a messenger every ten minutes. Not a word of information had yet come from the left, except what I had seen from the signal station. About 11:30 A. M., Stevens having gone less than a half hour, there came a further access of fire both of musketry and artillery. It was doubtless due to the attack of Sherman and Keyes upon the flank of Bee and Bartow. No one who heard it could doubt its import. No messages from the left were needed now. All paused for a moment and listened. Then Johnston said "The battle is there! I am going." Walking rapidly to his horse he mounted and set off at a gallop, followed by his own staff, as fast as they could get their horses.

Beauregard only paused to give a few brief orders. Holmes's and Early's brigades and two regiments of Bonham's with Walk-

* In this connection mention should be made of Major Robert Wheat, of the La. Battn. known as "The Tigers." As a boy, Wheat had run away from home in Baltimore and served gallantly in the Mexican War, and, after that, in desperate fighting with Walker in Nicaragua. In his report Evans writes that he was much indebted to Major Wheat "for his great experience and his excellent advice." He doubtless advised Evans in his movement to the left. Early in the action he fell, shot through the lungs. He survived and in June, 1862, again led his battalion in the bloody charge at Gaines's Mill. Just before starting, to a friend who gave a greeting, he said: "Something tells Bob that this is his last." He had advanced but a short distance when he fell, only living to exclaim, "Bury me on the field, boys!"

er's and Kemper's batteries, were to march to the firing. Jones's brigade was to be recalled to our side of Bull Run. I was ordered to return to my signal station, which I did reluctantly. From it I watched the progress of the battle for hours, but could only distinguish a single event to be reported. This was the arrival at Sudley Ford, between one and two o'clock, of another Federal brigade. This, I afterward learned, was Howard's brigade, now tardily brought forward.

I was able to follow the progress of the conflict by the rising clouds of smoke and the gradual approach of the musketry for an hour or two, after which, for a long time, there was little change, and the battle seemed to stand still. When Evans and Bee were broken by Sherman's attack upon the flank, their retreat was specially pressed by the Federal artillery. Before reaching the Warrenton Pike they were met by the Hampton Legion, and Hampton made an earnest effort to rally the retreating force upon his command. The ground, however, was too exposed to be held long, and soon our whole line was falling back across the pike under the enemy's fire. Here, however, it found its tenacity rewarded. A fresh brigade was drawn up in line on the elevated ground, since known as the Henry House Hill, and its commander, till then unknown, was henceforth to be called Stonewall. Bee rode up and said to him, "General, they are driving us." "Then, sir," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet."

The hill was really a ridge, with a plateau-like top, some 200 yards or more across. The inner edge of such a ridge is a fairly good position for a defensive line of battle. It affords some cover both from view and from fire. If the enemy bring their artillery to the front edge of it, they are within musket range, and are also near enough to be charged. There was a good fringe of young pines, masking the inner edge of the hill. Jackson, while marching to the firing, had recognized this comparatively good position and occupied it. Bee galloped among his retreating men and called out to them: "See Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians."*

* It is a coincidence that the same comparison was made the same afternoon by General Johnston. I was acting as his guide late in the evening, and, in speaking of the fighting, he instanced the 4th Va. regiment of Jackson's brigade, under Col. Jas. F. Preston, and said, so impressively that I have never forgotten it: "Preston's regiment stood there like a stone wall."

It was at this moment, when Jackson's 3,000 men and Hampton's 600 were the only organized troops opposing the Federal advance, and Bee, Bartow and Evans were attempting to rally their broken forces, that Johnston and Beauregard reached the field. A heavy Federal fire was being poured after the fugitives. The two Generals had picked up and brought with them two batteries, Pendleton's and Alburtis's of four guns each. Their first efforts were to rally the stragglers and, by example, to encourage the whole line. Both were veterans at such work. Johnston took the colors of the 4th Ala. and established it in the line of battle. His ordnance officer, Col. Thomas, was placed in command of a battalion formed of fragments of all commands. Thomas was killed while leading them through the day. Beauregard had his horse killed under him. When the line of battle seemed well established, it was agreed that its immediate conduct should be left to Beauregard, and that Johnston should take his position at the Lewis house, a short distance in rear, whence he could control the movements of all forces, and direct the reinforcements as they approached the field.

Two incomplete regiments of Cocke's brigade, the 8th Virginia, of seven companies, and the 49th of three companies, were brought from Ball's Ford. Ewell's brigade was sent for from Union Mills. Orders to hasten were sent the two regiments under Kershaw, and Early's and Holmes's brigades, already on the march. Longstreet, at his own request by courier, was authorized to cross Bull Run and make demonstrations against the enemy in his front and Jones was authorized to join him.

Beside these there was also on the way Kirby Smith's brigade, which, as before told, had arrived at Manassas during the morning, and was at once started to the field.

Beauregard's task, therefore, was to hold his line of battle until some of these six bodies of reinforcements could reach him. It was his last chance. And to do it he had about 3,000 fresh infantry, and about as much more which had been engaged and driven back, and he had about sixteen guns, mostly six-pounders. His great advantage was that he had a fairly good position and was on the defensive.

It was McDowell's task, and it was his last remaining, of all the chances on his side

at the beginning, to crush Beauregard's line before reinforcements could reach it. He had eight brigades, about 20,000 men and twenty-four guns, mostly twelve-pounders and rifles. But he set about the work with only four brigades. Howard's brigade, as has already been told, had been left miles behind, when he felt uneasy about the long flank march. He sent for it about this time but it arrived too late.

Burnside's brigade he had weakly permitted Burnside to beg off for a rest, and to replenish ammunition. It was lying in the woods, in rear of where it was first engaged in the morning, and from Burnside's report, it laid there nearly five hours, and was not again engaged.

The third brigade missing from the fighting line was Keyes's. It had followed Sherman closely in its arrival on the field, and had borne some part in driving back the Confederate line. Then it had borne to its left, and gotten into the valley of Bull Run. There was no Confederate infantry there, but it took shelter in the valley from a few guns which looked after our flank and rear in that direction. Here it was out of touch with everything. McDowell did not even know where it was. Had it advanced upon the Confederate guns, or had it communicated with Schenck's brigade on the north side of Bull Run, and the two moved on Cocker's brigade at Ball's Ford—had it, in short, tried *anything*, it might have accomplished important results. The fourth brigade missing was Schenck's, which never crossed Bull Run. Schenck still believed that the bridge was mined, but he had ventured to cross axemen, one at a time, and had them cutting out the forest trees which had been felled across the Warrenton Pike in the low ground beyond the bridge. The axemen got their task completed just in time for Keyes's brigade to retreat by that route.

The absence of these four brigades, and the losses suffered by the other four, probably reduced McDowell's fighting line to about 9,000 men, and Beauregard's advantage in the defensive equalized the remaining differences. For McDowell made the further mistake of continuing to fight in front instead of hunting for a Confederate flank.

So now, for over two hours, these lines of battle fired away at each other, across the front ridge of the plateau, neither one's fire being very murderous, as each fired mostly

at random at the other's smoke. That, indeed, is the case in nearly all battles since long range guns have come into use. It is rare that hostile lines get so near together, and are so exposed to each other's view, that men can select their targets. When this does occur some decisive result is apt to be reached quickly. Fighting rarely consists now in marching directly upon one's enemy and shooting him down at close range. The idea is now a different one. It rather consists in making it rain projectiles all over the enemy's position. As far as possible, while so engaged, one seeks cover from the enemy's fire in return. But the party taking the offensive must necessarily make some advances. The best advance is around the enemy's flanks, where one meets less fire and becomes opposed by smaller numbers.

But here, McDowell, encouraged by his early success, endeavored to push straight forward. All along Young's Branch at the foot of the rolling slopes, was more or less cover in which his troops could form. They could then advance, sheltered from view until their heads would begin to show, over the front edge of the plateau, to the Confederate line along its rear edge. Then they would receive an accelerated and more accurate fire. They would return a volley or two and then run back down the hill until they found cover again. Some commands would try it over and over again, a number of times, but none ever made a lodgment.

If McDowell had had some of his absent brigades at hand, he would doubtless have sent a single column to do the work in a single charge. But his successive attacks in partial force were only consuming time, while the Confederate reinforcements were already beginning to arrive on the field. And, as they came, Johnston with good judgment, hurried them to the left and extended the Confederate flank.

At length, as his infantry could not make a lodgment, McDowell determined to try it with a dozen guns, manned by Griffin's and Rickett's splendid companies of regulars. A gentle swale in the face of the ascending slope left the Henry house on a sort of knoll between the swale and the Sudley-Manassas road. Griffin's and Rickett's batteries were ordered to advance to the Henry house, and two or three regiments were directed forward to their support. This was about 3 P. M.

The Henry house was a two-story frame,

of about two rooms on each floor, in open grass land, with a small flower garden and a few small trees by it. Heretofore it had not been in the line of fire, but there had been enough near to drive off all occupants except Mrs. Henry herself, who, old and bed-ridden, had to be left. The house now became suddenly the focus of a heavy fire. Mrs. Henry was killed in her bed, struck by a cannon shot and several musket balls. The enemy was within canister range of our lines and the battle waxed hot. A regiment of Zouaves, following in support of the Federal batteries, were charged by a company of cavalry under Col. Stuart. The Zouaves took cover in a body of woods, and the cavalry lost nine men and eighteen horses in a very few minutes. Other Federal regiments sent in support entered the woods, to the right and rear of the batteries, and found them being occupied from the other direction by the Confederate reinforcements which Johnston was now directing to our left flank.

Meanwhile, Griffin and Ricketts had fired but a short while when the 33rd Va., under Col. A. C. Cummings, from Jackson's left, leaving the shelter of the ridge and thickets, and, partly obscured from view by a fence, marched boldly out towards them. Col. Cummings moved of his own accord and without orders, tempted by the enemy's near approach. The day had been very dusty, and all uniforms, blue and gray, were now of the same dusty color. All over the field, and on both sides, cases of confusion had occurred, but the most important of all took place now. Griffin saw the regiment coming, and prepared to give them a blizzard of canister. But the Federal chief of artillery, Major Barry, stopped him, saying that it was a Federal regiment coming to his support. One can scarcely imagine an intelligent officer becoming so confused as to points of the compass, but it is often seen upon battle-fields. A few zig-zag changes of direction upon unfamiliar ground will upset the "orientation" of many men. Maj. Barry had been fighting that regiment in Jackson's line for some hours, yet he let it march up to a fence within seventy yards and deliver a volley. That volley was the end of the two batteries. About forty men and perhaps seventy-five horses were killed or disabled by it. Ricketts was badly wounded and captured, and his first lieutenant,

Ramsay, was killed. Griffin managed to drag off three of his guns, but the other nine were left isolated between the two armies, surrounded by the dead and wounded men and horses.

McDowell, however, did not tamely abandon his guns. The 33rd Virginia soon found itself too far from home to maintain its position, and it had to leave its captures and fall back. Then there were two or three efforts on each side to hold them before the final one, about 4 P. M. Then Beauregard advanced his whole line of battle. The Hampton Legion and the 18th Va. finally swept over the captured guns, and Ferguson and Chisolm, of Beauregard's staff, turned some of them upon the Federal forces now dissolving into rout.

Within the last half hour, Kirby Smith's brigade had reached the field, closely followed by Early's brigade, and with them came Beckham's battery. As Kirby Smith led in his troops, extending our line on the left, he was severely wounded and had to turn over the command to Elzey. Early took Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery and advanced across the Warrenton Turnpike, where the ground is rolling and open. Beckham came into action in a position taking the Federal forces in flank. Having lost Griffin and Ricketts from their right flank, there was little artillery available to fight Beckham, and meanwhile, Beauregard, in the front was now taking the aggressive. The Federal soldiers appreciated that the long and crooked road by which they had advanced would be peculiarly exposed in retreat, and, great numbers dissolved ranks and started back to Centreville by the route they had come. Only Keyes's brigade, and some of those nearest the left, took the Warrenton Pike and crossed on the Stone Bridge. Early's brigade and the cavalry followed the fugitives who went by Sudley. The infantry could do but little in this pursuit, and the cavalry by night-fall had loaded themselves with as many prisoners as they could care for, so most of these commands halted at Sudley and bivouaced for that night.

We may now return briefly to my signal station, whence at 1:15 P. M. I sent my last message, reporting what I now know to have been Howard's brigade, arriving at Sudley Ford, and two dust columns, both made by Johnston's wagons coming from

the Valley. My message was dated 1:15 P. M., and was as follows:

"Large reinforcements are pushing towards the enemy, crossing Bull Run far above Stone Bridge.

"The column of dust, which has come down from toward the mountains, is going straight toward Manassas Station. It now appears about three miles from the Junction. Another column is visible in the far distance toward Paris. Six pieces in battery at Butler House, Centreville Road."

After 2 o'clock the roar of the battle began to increase again, and about 3, a new battery opened fire from a point farther to my left than any previous firing. It was plainly engaged in enfilading one of the opposing lines, and I watched anxiously to see which. Presently one of its shells burst high in the air over the Federal position. I was satisfied that I could be of no further service at the Signal Station and I rode for the field. Had I not seen the direction in which that new battery was firing I would soon have believed our army to have been already defeated from the swarms of stragglers met upon my road. A few had flesh wounds, and all had stories of disaster which had left few survivors of their commands. President Davis had arrived at Manassas from Richmond, early in the afternoon, and even then stragglers from the field had met the train at the Junction, a half mile from the station, with such alarming stories that the conductor feared to carry the train further. After persuasion, however, he sent the President and an aide up to the station on a locomotive.

At the station horses and a guide were procured and Mr. Davis rode to the field. He soon encountered the procession of stragglers and heard their stories. He was so impressed by their numbers that he said to an officer riding with him: "Fields are not won where men desert their colors as ours are doing."

Quite near the field, the road crossed a small stream. Here the surgeons had established field hospitals, and about these and under shade of the trees, the crowd of wounded, attendants and stragglers was quite extensive. As he had ridden along the road, the President had frequently called upon men to turn back to the field, and some had done so. Here he seemed to fear that the whole army was in retreat. As he

rode his horse into the stream he drew his rein, and, with a pale, stern face, and in a loud, ringing voice he shouted, "*I am President Davis! Follow me back to the field!*" Not far off, Stonewall Jackson, who had been shot through the hand, but had disregarded it until victory was assured, was now having his hand dressed by Surgeon Hunter McGuire. Jackson did not catch the President's words and McGuire repeated them to him. Jackson quickly shouted: "We have whipped them! They ran like sheep! Give me 5,000 fresh men and I will be in Washington City to-morrow morning." In that sentence, as we shall see, appears almost the only evidence of appreciation, among our leaders on that field, of the great opportunity now before them.

The enemy were routed. Jackson saw their demoralization, and felt that, if rapidly followed up, it would spread and might involve the Capitol itself. And every soldier should have seen in it at least a good chance to cut off and capture many thousands of fugitives retreating by long and roundabout roads.

There was little effort, worthy of the name, even to do this. Our small bodies of cavalry did their best and captured about as many prisoners as they could handle. In all 871 unwounded were taken. But to fully improve such an opportunity not a moment should have been lost. At the occurrence of the panic, all the troops best situated to cut the line of retreat should have been put in motion. Not only staff officers but generals themselves should have followed up to inspire and urge pursuit. The motto of our army here would seem to have been, "Build a bridge of gold for a flying enemy."

Jackson's offer to take Washington City the next morning with 5,000 men, had been made to the President as he arrived upon the field, probably about 5 o'clock. It was not sunset until 7:15 and there was a nearly full moon. But the President himself and both generals spent these precious hours in riding over the field where the conflict had taken place. Doubtless it was an interesting study, the dead and badly wounded of both sides being mostly where they had fallen, but it was not war to pause at that moment to consider it. One of the generals, Beauregard, for instance, should have crossed Bull Run at Ball's Ford or Stone Bridge with all the troops in that vicinity,

and should have pushed the pursuit all night. Johnston should have galloped rapidly back to Mitchell's Ford and have marched thence on Centreville, with Bonham, Longstreet and Jones, who had not been engaged. No hard fighting would have been needed. A threat upon either flank would doubtless have been sufficient; and, when once a retreat from Centreville was started, even blank volleys fired behind it, would have soon converted it into a panic.

It would be vain to speculate how far the pursuit might have been pushed or what it might have accomplished had all the available force been energetically used. We were deficient in organization, discipline and transportation, but these deficiencies are no sufficient excuse for not attempting

the game of war. In that game, to use the slang of more modern days, it was now "up to the Confederates" to pursue their routed enemy to the very utmost. His line of retreat was circuitous and offered us rare opportunity to cut it at Cub Run by a short advance from Stone Bridge; or at Centreville, by an advance of three miles from Mitchell's Ford. Johnston and Beauregard both sent orders to different commands to make such advances, *but neither went in person to supervise and urge forward the execution of the orders, though time was of the very essence.* Both generals and the President spent the valuable hours of daylight still left in riding over the battle-field; as Napoleon lost his opportunity to crush Wellington at Quatre Bras by wasting hours in riding over the field of Ligny.

TO SLEEP

By Olive Tilford Dargan

O, GENTLE lover of a world day-worn,
 Taking the weary light to thy dusk arms,
 Stealing where pale forms lie, sun-hurt and torn,
 Waiting the balm of thy oblivious charms,
 Make me thy captive ere I guess pursuit,
 And cast me deep within some dreamless close,
 Where hopes stir not, and white, wronged lips are mute,
 And Pain's hot wings fold down o'er hushèd woes;
 And if ere morn thou choos'st to set me free,
 Let it not be, sweet jailer, through the door
 That timeward opes, but to eternity
 Set thou the soul that needs thee nevermore;
 So I from Sleep to Death may softly wend
 As one would pass from gentle friend to friend.

CLAGETT

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK B. MASTERS



CHRYSOLITE lies deep in the hollow of the mountain's palm, with the turbulent flood of the Boiling Water racing down its line of life, Short Devlin's Palace of Fortune standing indifferently upon the plain of Mars or the mount of Mercury, as its habitués happened to be gamesome or sentimental, and the mine-scarred spurs of Chrysolite Peak posturing as the upcurved fingers. East and west through the hollowed palm runs the steel-threaded strand of the D. & U. P., emerging from the gateway of the upper canyon at the Chinese placers, and shuttling back to invisibility through the gloomy portal of Black Rock Canyon on the thumb side of the hollowed palm.

In Clagett's time, besides the necessary shaft-houses, crushers, and other mining utilities, there were two or three miners' boarding-houses, many bar-rooms, a scattering of slab-built "stores" and shacks, a three-stalled round-house to shelter the helping engines kept to double-head on eastbound trains to the summit of Shunt Pass, and the red-painted, bungalow-roofed station, Clagett's office by day and his sleeping-room at night.

Men lived in Chrysolite because the industrial gods so decreed; and of women there was a painful dearth. For this cause Kate Shannon, who would have been accounted passing fair in less primitive surroundings, figured as Clagett's divinity.

Kate presided over the lunch counter in the station waiting-room; and thereby hangs a tale of corporation soulfulness. Nine months before Clagett took the Chrysolite agency, Patrick Shannon, section foreman, was killed by a passing train while track walking in Black Rock Canyon, leaving to the tender mercies of Chrysolite—and the railway company—a girl of eighteen and a cub of a boy one year Kate's junior.

Chrysolite buried the section boss with A. O. H. honors, made up a purse for the orphans—which the cub, Mickey, promptly

returned to the donors by way of the many bars and gambling-tables of the camp—and retired from the field charitable. But the railway company did better. Chrysolite was a watering station and a relay for extra freight crews and helping engines. The lunch counter was established, and Pat Shannon's daughter placed in charge. Her earnings paid for her room in Mother Sheedy's cabin, and kept the cub scantily in spending money; the last-named use of them being a secret which Clagett had discovered in the third week of his worship of St. Catherine of the Coffee Cups.

After the discovery, Clagett lived for a purpose: to win promotion to one of the growing agricultural stations on the Western Division; to marry Kate Shannon, and to carry her far from the womanless desolation of the mining-camps.

It was a swelling ambition, and the marrying part of it made him turn pale and grow short breathed when he dwelt upon the daringness of it. Who was he, the fag end of a Pike County swamp-hunter's family of fourteen, to mate with a black-eyed, fit, vigorous, lithe-limbed and gloriously beautiful young woman whose lightest word robbed him of speech, and whose laughing banter sent little shivers of shamed desire thrilling up and down his spine?

At such question crises, Clagett would rise from his pen-scratchings over the "freight forwarded" book and go to summarize himself in the cracked mirror hanging above the wash-hand stand in the corner of his office bedroom. Commonplace inconsequence was the accent of the picture flung back by the cracked looking-glass. Once—it was when he had applied for his job at the Castle Cliff headquarters—he had chanced to overhear Superintendent Upham's comment upon himself, briefed to the chief clerk in an epitomizing sentence: "He's only a two-by-four man, Cranston—a sage-brush operator—and he'll never amount to much; but you may send him to Chrysolite, if you like."

Under the spur of that comment Clagett had done his small best, doing it still more faithfully after the birth of the great love. There were never any auditor's corrections to come in the train mail for Chrysolite station, no shuffling of cash balances, no bungling of train orders. Clagett was slow, but he was terribly sure. Yet he knew in his heart of hearts that he should never rise to the great opportunity; possibly not to the final unnerving opportunity which must come, or be made, when he should have a home in the agricultural paradise to offer Kate Shannon.

He was not left to imagine what she would say; his fellow employees were too thoughtful for that. Magoon, the big Irish driver of the 1106, devilling him in the presence of the round-house contingent, prefigured her answer in words, as thus: "'Me to marry that thin-legged, yellow-eyed scrap of a lightnin'-jerker?'" says Katie. 'For what did God give me eyes and common sinse, then? Sure, I could have the biggest and brainiest of thim f'r the crookin' of me little finger,' says she."

Clagett had wanly joined in the laugh on himself, as the price one pays for comradeship with one's kind. Yet the gibe was corrosive. Magoon's prophetic paraphrase was not at all what a tender-hearted Irish St. Catherine would say; but it might well be what she would think.

It was on a bitter winter evening, in the year of many wreckings on the D. & U. P., that this same Michael Magoon, being bulletined to go out as second engine on Number Three, dropped into the office to ask weather questions of the man at the wires. With a cold snow-cloud settling low upon Chrysolite Peak, and the tense humming of a mountain storm in the upper air, the laborious climb of Number Three to the tunnel summit promised to be wasteful of fuel and abrasive of the nerve of man.

"What do they be saying up along, Danny?" he queried, lounging comradely across the flat counter rail.

"A heap more snow on the pass, and the coldest night of the year," replied Clagett, turning from the clicking sounder.

"And how will it be down below?"

"Everything is late, east and west; and three of the wires are down between Broken Arrow and Castle Cliff. Dawson's working over the commercial wire, now. The

weather office says it will go to twenty below at the summit."

Magoon shivered in all the great bulk of him.

"'Tis enticin' f'r a man to go out and pound the ballast on a tin-wheeler!" he grumbled. And then, more personally: "'Tis these nights I'd invy you your job, Danny, me son: nothin' to do but go and hang your elbows on the lunch counter and work your jaw at the purty girl behind it."

Clagett always suffered a dull resentment in this field of familiarities, but it was inarticulate. Magoon went on, undisturbed by the lack of response.

"Speakin' of Katie—'tis some man's job to break the back o' that brother of hers. Mother Sheedy tells me he's wheedled Katie into sellin' the bit of a cabin that ould Pat built; and by the same token, Short Devlin had the money in two runs o' the car-rds. He's a bad lot, that Mickey b'y."

Clagett nodded assent; how bad a lot he knew to his cost, since young Shannon, trading upon the round-house talk of the station agent's love stroke, made the office his unofficial loafing place, and had borrowed from Clagett when other streams ran dry.

"He'll be doin' time before he's a man grown," volunteered Magoon.

Clagett got up to shut the ticket case and to close the door of the iron safe beneath it. Because Mickey Shannon's latest baseness was dividing attention with the duty of the moment, he did not throw the safe combination off as was his custom on leaving the office to go to his meals. On this night of nights there was the more reason, too, since the Ophir Company had just paid a considerable freight bill, and paid it in money. But Clagett was thinking of Kate, and of her cruel loss of the bit of patrimonial real estate; so he merely shot the bolts and turned the combination dial a few numbers past the opening index.

Magoon was gone to overlook his engine for the hard night's run when Clagett snapped the spring latch of his office door and breasted the rising storm around to the lunch-counter entrance. He was shivering with the chill of the zero temperature when he perched himself upon his own particular high stool opposite the fragrant coffee urn; but the sight of Kate frying his customary two eggs over the tiny gasoline

blaze on the serving-shelf warmed him like a breath of bud-bursting spring.

Unhappily, the waiting-room was quite thickly peopled with passengers for the belated Number Three, and there were other expectant ones lining up their stools on Clagett's side of the board. Hence there was small chance for a word with Kate about the wayward Mickey until he had drained his second cup of coffee, and not then until he had waited longer than he should. At the crisis, however, he made the chance, the ice of speechlessness being broken by the sight of the trouble-depths in the velvety black eyes.

"I reckon I wouldn't worry, if I was you, Kittie," he whispered hoarsely across the counter. "It'll all come out straight, some day."

"It's not the money, Dan; I care little for that," she rejoined, matching his low whisper of confidence. "It's Mickey, himself. I'm that worried I can't sleep for thinking what will become of him. O Danny, dear, can't you do something for him? He thinks a deal of you."

Clagett felt hero-yeast working in his blood; a new implantation that swelled his heart to bursting and choked him far beyond the power of articulate expression. She had looked at him with tears in the melting eyes; had called him "Danny, dear," with an appeal for help. At such moments clods turn to serviceable stones; paste becomes diamond of the purest water.

"I—I'd go to jail for him this minute, Kittie, if that would take the hurt out of your heart," he stammered; and just then someone opened the door. On the incoming blast was borne the shout of the belated

train's whistle, and he had to vanish. There were a dozen things to be done in the next ten minutes, and he had killed time recklessly in trying for that ameliorating word with Kate.

When he turned the angle of the building to run back to his office, Magoon was bringing the 1106 up the house track, to get in ahead of Three on the main line. As the engine shrilled around the snow-covered rails of the curve, the great white beam of her head-light swept down the station platform, half blinding Clagett as he faced it. In the brief instant of illumination he saw young Shannon with his hand on the latch of the office door. It made no impression upon the realizing part of him at the moment. Number Three was thundering up through the lower yard, and his ticket window was not yet open. There was no room for other thoughts.

In the rush of the next few minutes Clagett would have been insensible to the trump of the archangel sounding the summons for the last great day. In some hurried fashion the waiting passengers

were served, the clearance order was taken, the baggage was checked, and the express packages were made ready.

When he ran out to put the baggage aboard, Magoon was already coupled in ahead of the train engine, and Halsey, the conductor, was calling the coffee drinkers from the lunch counter. Clagett wrought furiously for sixty straining seconds, and with the tumbling of the last trunk into the baggage-car the two engines coughed sharply in unison, the snow screamed under the wheels, and the train moved out.



Kate Shannon.

Clagett drew a long breath of relief when the red tail-lights on the rear sleeper stared back at him through the blinding snow wrack, and went around to his office to take up the haste-disordered threads of routine. A man in a hooded and enveloping overcoat was waiting to be let in, and Clagett gasped

of the service is stretched to its utmost to include him, even tentatively.

For Clagett the company's money was as alien as if it would immediately turn into so much waste paper in his own, or other unauthorized pockets. Yet when French strode ahead of him into the little dingy,



"'Tis enticin' f'r a man to go out and pound the ballast."—Page 96.

when he recognized French, the travelling auditor.

It is an unsolved riddle why the railway rank and file, or at least the honest moiety of it, should tremble in the presence of the company's thief-taker; but the fact remains. The visitations of the travelling auditor are always so unexpected, his movements are so carefully unpredicted, and his authority, from the very nature of his office, is so tyrannically absolute, that the brotherhood bond

stuffy office, and said, curtly, "I'll take your keys, Clagett," the heat from the glowing cannon stove became suddenly overpowering, and no thief caught red-handed could have advertised his perturbation more patently.

French made nothing of the agent's palpable nervousness. He knew Clagett—or thought he did—and was well hardened to the disintegrating effect of a sudden "check" upon men of the Clagett stature. Pulling



He saw young Shannon with his hand on the latch of the office door.—Page 97.

off his overcoat and finding his checking schedules, he fell to work, quite ignoring the agent, who sat on the edge of his cot bed, nursing his knee and sweating in sympathy with the glowing stove, though for his apprehension there was, so far as he was aware, no foundation in the bookkeeping facts.

Automatically the auditor counted the cash in the money drawer and made a note of the amount. Then he knelt before the safe, twirled the combination dial quickly back and forth to the sequence of figures on a slip of paper taken from his pocketbook, and swung the door. Clagett heard him turn the key in the lock of the inner cash-box, heard the squeak of unoiled hinges. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the death sentence.

"You seem to be short five hundred and forty dollars, Clagett. Where is the money?"

Clagett heard, and he did not hear. Swift-ness of thought, the ability to connect a chain of incidents into a summarizing whole, was commonly beyond him. But now the chain linked itself: the lately paid freight bill of the Ophir Company, totalling the exact sum of the shortage; his leaving of the safe on the latch when he went to supper; young Shannon's familiarity with the office belongings; the vanishing glimpse of Mickey standing before the door when Magoon's headlight had pricked him out. In the supper interval the safe had been robbed, and by Mickey. And Mickey was Kate's brother. Clagett answered evasively.

"The Ophir people paid in that money this afternoon, and I put it in the safe. It ought to be there, now," he said.

"But it isn't. What have you done with that money, Clagett?" The auditor's tone was sternly accusative now.

"I—I haven't got it, and I haven't done anything with it," stammered Clagett. Beating through the back part of his brain was the thought that somehow, in some way, he must stand between Kate and this last miserable ditch of dishonor.

French rose and sat down in the pivot-chair at the telegraph table. He did not like to admit that his estimate of Clagett was wrong. Like Upham, the superintendent, he had been calling him a small man, a man over whose head the ceiling of limitations hung low; but he had set him down as narrowly honest and loyal to his salt.

On the other hand, French knew of the agent's late dip into the pool of sentiment. It was his business to know all the little ins-and-outs in the lives of the company's fiduciary servants. And with a woman in the field, all things were possible.

"Tell me about it, Dan," he urged. "You can't afford to be foolish or stubborn. You are a bonded man, and this thing will chase you to your grave."

Clagett had been dumbly realizing this, and the thought was lighting a slow fire of madness. He knew the grim, mechanical relentlessness of the bonding companies; how the break in his record would lie in wait

for him always and everywhere. He could never explain, not even to Kate. But for her sake the thief should go free.

"I don't allow to be stubborn, Mr. French," he answered, at length. "But what's the use? You say the money's gone, and I reckon it is—and I can't make it good."

The auditor tried once more.

"Think well of it, Dan," he said, with the official harshness conspicuously lacking. "It means more than a simple discharge. I shall have to turn you over to the authorities, and if we don't prosecute you, the bond company will. And you'll get the limit in the courts."

The slowly rising tide of realization was at its flood. Clagett's homely face was a mask of pain, and his ungainly figure seemed to shrink and contort itself into stricken shapelessness. It is only in books that heroism is the hero's birthright. Clagett was a mere man, and he was acquiring his at the cannon's mouth. Yet the sluggish blood of his swamp-hunting forbears was true.

"I reckon I'll have to take my medicine," he said, when all was done.

French turned reluctantly to the telegraph key, flicked the switch, and called up the despatcher, who is the superintendent's deputy out of office hours. Clagett heard the doomful words snicking through the sounder:

"To G. U., Gen. Supt., Castle Cliff:

"Clagett, agent Chrysolite, checks five hundred forty short. Send relief agent by first train.
FRENCH."

It was the D. & U. P. practice for the checking auditor to take charge of the delinquent's office in such cases, handling the station as agent and operator until a relief man could be sent in. There was no routine work to be done, and Clagett sat dismally silent on the edge of his bed while the auditor went on with his leisurely check of the office. Meanwhile, the storm sang shrilly in the telegraph wires bracketed across the roof of the building and the chattering sounder kept up a steady stream of complainings.

Dulled now to all other impressions, Clagett's brain was mechanically following the etchings of the picture of storm and stress on the line bitten in by the acid snippings of the sounder. Things were beginning to go badly on the Mountain Division. Engines

were steaming scantily in the intense cold, and sidings were filling hourly with stalled trains. Dawson was doing his utmost to keep the passenger trains moving, and there was one freight, a "time" fruit train scheduled at passenger speed, struggling eastward somewhere in Black Rock Canyon, two hours late, and last heard from at Broken Arrow, the lower canyon portal.

In the opposite direction the Fast Mail, west-bound, the train which was the pride of the service, was also late; and Clagett could figure it thundering down the curves and tangents of the upper canyon under the hand of Bart Bloodgood: Bloodgood had a record to maintain, and Clagett could see him goading the big eight-wheeler, and in fancy hear him cursing the time-killing weather and swearing he would make his schedule if hell should freeze over. Bloodgood had been a jack-freighter in the mountains before the coming of the D. & U. P., and his profanity was scenic.

It was a word about this train from Dawson, the despatcher, to Chrysolite, that sent French quickly to the telegraph key. Clagett heard the familiar formula: "Flag and hold Train Six, Foster, conductor, Bloodgood, engineer, for orders at Chrysolite," and understood it perfectly. The lost fruit train, struggling somewhere in the lower canyon, was giving Dawson still more trouble; and with three of the wires down, Chrysolite was the last telegraph station at which the Mail could be caught and held.

It might have been fifteen minutes later when Clagett, still listening to the chatter of the sounder, saw Kate's face framed in the little opening of the ticket window. French was checking the "freight received" at the telegraph desk, and Clagett went quickly to the window; partly because nothing less than shackles would have held him, and partly to keep the auditor from seeing her eagerly questioning eyes.

"Is it trouble you're having, Danny?" she whispered, with a look toward the auditor.

Clagett nodded. "I'm checked up short. I reckon I'll have to go to jail."

She caught her lower lip between her teeth and forebore to cry out.

"And how much is it, Danny, dear?"

"It's a heap of money; five hundred and forty dollars." He said little because he was afraid of saying too much.



"You seem to be short five hundred and forty dollars, Clagett."—Page 99.

"Where did you have it, then?" she asked.

"In the safe. It was bills—in a roll——"

Just then the auditor rose and came toward the window. The girl saw him coming, and whispered quickly: "Get out and come over to speak with me—I *must* see you." And with a finger on her lip she turned away.

Clagett went back to his seat on the cot, trying to devise an excuse for so much prison-leave as would enable him to go to Kate. The auditor was in the pivot-chair again and was lighting a cigar, when Clagett said: "I reckon I've got to see Miss Shannon a minute. Will you trust me to go 'round to the waiting-room?"

Whether French would have taken chances on him may never be known. Treading instantly upon the heels of the asking came the mellow roar of Bloodgood's whistle, sounded as the Fast Mail shot out of the upper canyon portal. By sheer force of habit, Clagett's eyes sought the cords which controlled the semaphore on the roof of the station.

"*Your signal!*" he yelled. "*You haven't dropped the board for him!*"

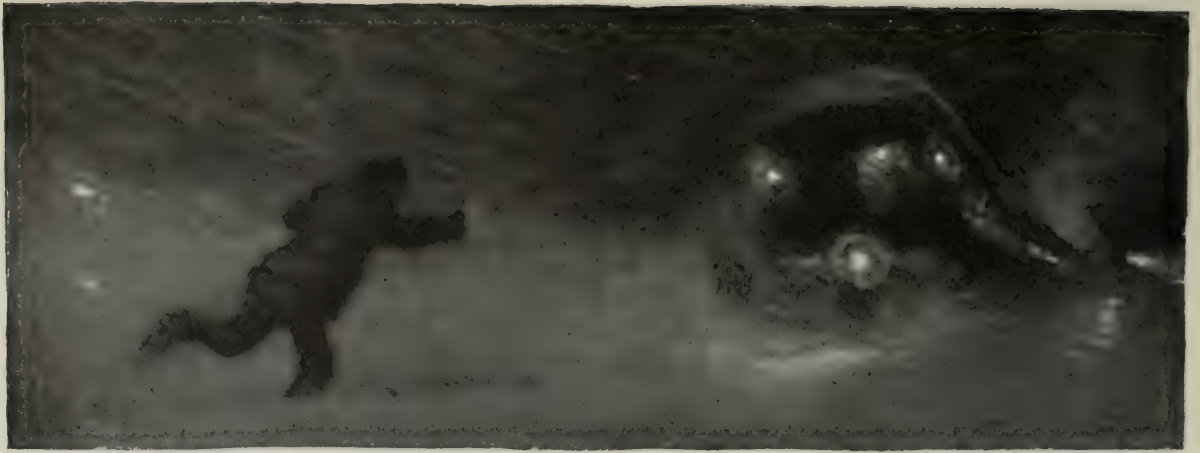
French sprang up, overturning his chair,

and hastily released the cord. The mechanism overhead grated harshly, and for twenty nerve-racking seconds the two men waited, listening for the short double-blast of the whistle which would be Bloodgood's reply that the signal, "Stop for orders," was seen and heeded. Chrysolite was not a regular stop for the Mail, and missing the signal it would go on to an inevitable collision with the lost fruit train.

While he listened Clagett reached mechanically for the red lantern always kept in readiness. And when it became evident that Bloodgood was going to run by, he snatched the lantern and dashed out into the night.

One glance at the roof signal showed him that it was snow-clogged and frozen; that it still turned its white eye up the line—and, with a sobbing imprecation on his lips, he turned and ran like a madman to gain the main-track side of the building before the train should pass.

He was too late: when he turned the corner the engine was already beyond the platform end, and Bloodgood had released the brakes. Clagett dropped his lantern and flung himself in sheer desperation at the platform of the last car as it whisked by, missed



Chase the receding tail-lights of the Mail.

it, thrashed his way out of the opposite snow-drift into which the effort had hurled him, and did the most elemental thing that offered, which was to chase the receding tail-lights of the Mail down the track, afoot.

So running, with the sense of proportion and all other sober reasoning faculties blotted out, he came presently to the stub track where the section men had left their hand-car at quitting time. Without taking thought sufficiently to run ahead and set the switch, he kicked the wooden trig-block from beneath the car wheel, climbed on, and threw his weight fiercely upon the driving-lever.

The car took the down-grade with a shrill squeal of the flanges against the frosty rail, bounded into the air when it came to the locked safety switch, alighted, by one chance in a thousand, fairly upon the steel of the main line, and shot away toward the lower canyon portal with Clagett rising and falling on the driving-lever as if it were his puny pushings and pullings, and not the wind and the steeply descending grade, which were giving the flying car its rapidly increasing momentum.

For thirty-six miles down the Black Rock gorge, measuring from the joint plunge of the river and the railway through the Chrysolite portal, the descending grade keeps even pace with the arrow-like rush of the Boiling Water. And throughout that distance there are no "let-ups," few tangents, and a breathtaking succession of loopings and reversed curves. The lightest of push-cars, set free at Chrysolite station, would find its way by gravity to the Broken Arrow outlet of the gorge, if, by some unheard-of miracle, it should keep the rails on its projectile flight from start to finish.

Clagett's vehicle was heavier than a push-car, and the storm-wind roaring mightily down the Chrysolite funnel gave him his impetus. When the hand-car dashed between the portal cliffs it was bettering thirty miles to the hour, and the castaway, no longer able to keep up with the quickened jig of the driving-handles, was fain to let go and crouch and cling as he could, unnerved by the frightful speed, benumbed by the biting blast, and sickened like a landsman in a gale by the pitching and plunging of the car around the curves.

For what seemed like a long-drawn lifetime of nauseous agony the pitching and plunging endured and grew momentarily worse. The brake mechanism was clogged with ice, and, anyway, Clagett could not reach it under the stabbing driving-handles. The wheel flanges shrieked on the curve rails, and the cliffs flung back the yelling echoes to mingle like the cries of a lost soul with the sullen thunder of the river. Black darkness thickened upon the rushing blast, and the intense cold seemed to grip the marrow of his bones. It was a weary distance to death's door, and he thought he should be glad when the crash of the car into the canyon wall or over the river's brink should bring kindly oblivion.

Superintendent Upham's private car was coupled to the Mail that night, and Brice, the general manager, was the superintendent's guest. Bloodgood, daring but careful, was easing the six-car train swiftly down the grade on the air-brake, and the index finger of the speed recorder in the private car pointed steadily at the maximum canyon schedule of forty miles an hour.

Upham, better known to the rank and file by his courtesy title of "Little Millions," was anxious, as an operating official must needs be in times of storm and stress. When the swaying of the private car permitted it, he tramped up and down the saloon compartment, chewing his cigar and stopping now and then to scowl out at the backward rushing side-walls of granite illuminated by the window glare.

"I'd like mighty well to know where Dawson caught and held Number 207"—the lost fruit train—he said for the twentieth time. "It would be a terrible night for a smash in this hell-rift of a canyon."

The general manager smiled sympathetically. "You mustn't let the details get too large a grip on you, Gebby," he commented. "Let's go out on the platform and have a breath of fresh air. Your porter keeps it stifling hot in here."

A moment later they were standing under the "umbrella roof" of the deep observation platform, watching the silvery lines of the steel reel backward under the dim red glow of the tail-lights. Suddenly Upham started and gripped Brice's arm.

"What is that following us?" he demanded, shouting to make himself heard above the echoing roar of the canyon walls.

"I don't see anything," said the general manager.

"There it is again!" exclaimed the superintendent excitedly. "Don't you see it?"

It was in plain view now, when the dodging curves did not hide it—a shapeless thing, flying low upon the rails, with a swiftly beckoning finger gesturing rhythmically up and down as it came. Just then the train

plunged through a short tunnel and the beaten-down smoke whirl hid all. When it blew free, the watchers on the rear platform saw that the mysterious pursuer was a hand-car, gravity driven; that it had overtaken them; and that a hatless, half-frozen man was trying helplessly to climb to the platform of the private car. They drew him up quickly, and without a word he jumped for the signal cord, missed it feebly, and fell in a heap at Upham's feet.

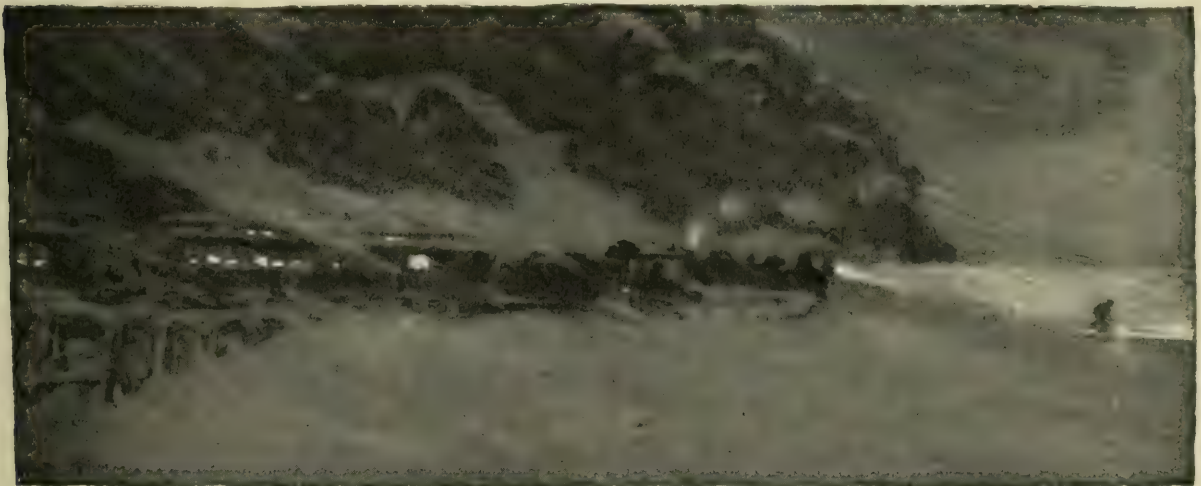
"Stop her!" he gurgled. "She run past me—the fruit train——" and the broken explanation tailed off into a dog-like yelp.

Bart Bloodgood, regaining his lost time by priceless seconds, gritted his teeth and swore strange oaths when the air whistle screeched the stop signal over his head. But he said other and more intelligible things when, at the stand-still instant of driver-locking, the head-light of the opposing fruit train swung into a view a short quarter of a mile down the canyon.

"Leg it, Johnny Shovel!" he yelled to his fireman; and while the boy raced down the track with his flagging lantern, Bloodgood set the canyon echoes a-bellow with short, sharp whistle-blasts, and began to back his train.

It was a bad break for the Fast Mail. With no available siding for either train nearer than Chrysolite, there was nothing for it but a slow retreat up the canyon. Upham authorized the retreat, and the fruit train was signalled to come on with due care.

On the way up, Brice and Upham thawed Clagett out and had his story—or so much of it as related to his miraculous rescue of the Mail. He took no credit for the happy



The boy raced down the track with his flagging lantern.



"Next you'll be saying that I took it, Danny Clagett!"—Page 105.

outcome, but that was set down to his modesty. Speaking of the incredible daring of it to the general manager, out of Clagett's hearing, Upham confessed that he had been mistaken in his estimate of Clagett's calibre.

"I've been calling him a two-by-four man, but I guess I'll have to take that back," said the superintendent. "I hear he wants a station in the fruit valleys; wants to marry Pat Shannon's daughter and settle down. After this night's work, I think he may have his wantings."

It was past ten o'clock, and the wind had lulled to a frosty half-gale, when the Mail backed up to the station at Chrysolite, and Upham gave orders to have his car detached and left behind for the better expediting of the delayed train.

Clagett had swung down at the earliest slackening of the speed, and was presenting himself to a harassed travelling auditor when the superintendent and the general manager came in, stamping the snow from their feet.

"I reckon you thought I'd skipped out, Mr. French, but I hadn't," he said, surren-

dering in due form. "I'm ready to go to jail now for that shortage."

"What's that?" queried Upham sharply.

French, upon whom the onus of having let the Mail get by was resting with discomforting pressure, explained as he could.

"It was only an oversight, as it turns out, Mr. Upham. I came in on Three and checked Clagett up. He seemed to be five hundred and forty dollars short, and I so reported him; but a few minutes ago Miss Shannon came over and found the money in an envelope in the safe. From what she said I understood that she remembered seeing Clagett put it away."

Clagett's plain-song face was working curiously, and he heard only vaguely the superintendent's promise to transfer him to the coveted paradise on the Western Division. But he found words a few minutes later, when he was perched upon his stool in front of the lunch counter, with Kate drawing him a cup of piping hot coffee for his further comforting.

"What was it Mr. French was giving me

a minute ago about your finding that money in the safe, Kittie?" he demanded.

"How should I know what Mr. French would be saying?" she answered lightly.

"If you found that money in the safe, you put it there yourself," he said definitively, between swallows of the life-giving coffee.

"Did I, indeed!" this with a charming little toss of the beautiful head. "Next you'll be saying that I took it, Danny Claggett!"

Claggett's eyes laid hold upon her pleadingly. "Tell me," he urged. "You didn't see me put that money away; you didn't know I had it till I told you at the ticket window, just before the Mail came."

She was smiling through tears when she gave him his answer.

"'Tis a foolish boy you are, Danny. Mickey went east on Three, and—and I'll

never see him any more. At the last minute he gave me a roll of bills—'twas what was left of the house money, he said; and, Danny, dear, I'll always want to believe that, you'll remember. Would I be keeping the money when it would be you instead of Mickey that would have to go to jail?"

Claggett's coffee choked him for a minute. Then he reached awkwardly across and prisoned both of her hands under one of his.

"I'm going to see Father Flaherty in the morning," he announced. "Mr. Upham has given me the agency at Anita, and we'll go down to God's country and raise little red apples. I ain't much for a man, Kittie; but what there is of me——"

"Hush!" she said, and the black eyes were shining. "Didn't you save the Mail and everybody on it? O Danny, dear, I'm *that* proud of you!"

THE WHITE LIGHTS

(BROADWAY, 1906) *

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

WHEN in from Delos came the gold
That held the dream of Pericles,
When first Athenian ears were told
The tumult of Euripides,
When men met Aristophanes,
Who fledged them with immortal quills—
Here, where the time knew none of these,
There were some islands and some hills.

When Rome went ravening to see
The sons of mothers end their days,
When Flaccus bade Leuconoë
To banish her Chaldean ways,
When first the pearled, alembic phrase
Of Maro into music ran,
Here there was neither blame nor praise
For Rome or for the Mantuan.

When Avon, like a faery floor,
Lay freighted, for the eyes of One,
With galleons laden long before
By moonlit wharves in Avalon—
Here, where the white lights have begun
To seethe a way for something fair,
No prophet knew, from what was done,
That there was triumph in the air.

THE
GOLDEN
GOLDEN
GOLDEN



Drawn by Florence Storer.

"Oh, nothing is ever true!" she cried.—Page 113.

THE BOY JAKE

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE STORER

I'M sure, miss, I don't know as I'm right in letting you have it," Mrs. Foxon worried, beating her keys uncertainly on a crumpled palm. "He never would have left his things out like that if he hadn't expected a young lady friend from his own home to take it. But you come so highly recommended, and you like it so much——"

"Indeed I do!" Miss Mariner laid down her bag and took off her hat as though to guard against any change of mind on the other's part. "You may be perfectly at ease about his books and possessions—I am a thoroughly scrupulous person." A smile brought a vivid sweetness to her thin, dark face. "And think how much more he will enjoy Europe if he is not paying rent here," she added.

"Quite true, miss. He was very pleased when his lady friend wrote she'd take it, and off he flew by the next steamer. And then, the very hour I got word that she'd changed her mind, in comes you, looking for a place; it does seem sort of meant to be."

Miss Mariner, deep in a leather chair, was looking contentedly about the cool, darkened, restful room, full of masculine ease as represented by a few big, satisfactory pieces of furniture and a blessed lack of small stuffinesses. There was not even a portière in the arch that led to the bedroom; and the white tiling in the bathroom beyond showed the only gleam of reflection from the oppressive brightness of the day without.

"Put the responsibility on me," she suggested. "And don't worry him with letters—his best friend could not take better care of things than I shall. I think you said you would furnish breakfasts?"

Settling the practical details steadied Mrs. Foxon's resolution. Miss Mariner, left presently in full possession, still sat with her thin hands drooping over the arm of her chair and her head tilted back on its small brown throat. There was grace in her long, relaxed slimness, though the attitude sug-

gested a rather weary maturity. Two years before, when she broke her engagement, Miss Mariner had quietly put away the bright badge of youth, which is called expectancy. She had learned to live a calmly satisfactory life without it; the pursuit of a degree, which had brought her to New York for some special study, was one of her deliberate substitutes; but whereas she had looked much less than her twenty-seven years then, she now appeared rather more than twenty-nine.

Of the things about her she liked best a huge, solid, masculine desk, table-topped, free of frivolous pigeon-holes and partitions, suggesting in every line a splendid, sane capaciousness. A scholarly desire to pull up to it with her knees in its dark cavern, her papers strewn its top, and her pen dipping in its massive inkstand, drew her to the revolving chair that fronted it. The big drawers at the sides were empty, but when she opened the shallow drawer in the centre she paused with a startled laugh. Within lay a sheet of paper on which was pasted a blue print of a young man, a delightfully boyish person of twenty-one or two in white ducks, a tennis racket in his hand, his face framed in erect, tight curls of an amusingly childish order and lit by a smile of beaming good-nature. He was an enchanting symbol of youth to her grave twenty-nine years. But what had startled her was the inscription written beneath:

"Hello, Edith! Glad to see you. Make yourself at home. JAKE."

Edith was her own name, and for a moment she had forgotten the "young lady friend from home" who was to have taken the rooms. Then she remembered, and put it back with a laugh. Obviously, the other was an Edith, too; probably an Edith young enough to look on the owner of the rooms as an individual rather than an enchanting symbol. How stupid of her not to have come!

"I am very grateful for your welcome, Jake, even if I am not the right Edith," she said, loath to shut the drawer. "You are a

nice boy," she added, passing her fingers over the picture with a maternal touch. She was sorry for that other Edith, who had missed such a pleasant moment.

The boy haunted her oddly as she examined his possessions. She found his books recklessly mixed, advanced science elbowing a little black and gilt set of "Rollo," modern literature sandwiched by obsolete histories and biographies with such inscriptions as "To Isabel, Xmas, 1861," on their yellowing fly-leaves; here and there a volume in French or German. She shook her head reprovingly at the boy as she took down a fairly new copy of "Lettres de Femmes."

"O Jake, why must a curly infant like you read that!" she murmured. "If you were my son——" She opened it to see if the leaves were cut, then stooped for a piece of paper that had fluttered out. Across it sprawled the same handwriting that had greeted her under the picture.

"Put it back, my dear Edith," she read. "This is not a proper book for a young lady. You will find Miss Austen over by the east window."

"Your absent chaperon, JAKE."

Miss Mariner laughed, silently but with sudden warm intensity.

"Jake, you are a darling," she said; and presently, as a grave afterthought, she added, "How your mother must have adored you!"

That idea clung to her all through the day, with a sense of surprised discovery. She had always felt, and with longing, the desirableness of children, but never before this intense consciousness of what a son might mean in one's life. She took the picture out again presently and fastened it up over the fireplace. Later, when she went out, she seemed to pass an unusual proportion of young fellows in the streets: self-conscious or swaggering youths with the curve of childhood still amusingly evident in their cheeks and mannish indifference held precariously like a loose lid over boiling young spirits. Some of them were impossibly horrid, she told herself, but it did not seem to matter; she loved them all in her sudden passionate appreciation of their sonship. And after all, it was not one of the unusual blessings, a gift that only the especially elect could ask, this desirable thing that was making the pursuit of a degree appear all at once such a cold, dead business. So many women had sons!

Jake was smiling at her when she went back. "Have you had a good day?" she asked. Her smile began in appreciation of her own silliness, but it ended in pure mother feeling for Jake; he was so enchantingly young!

The habit of expectancy was so thoroughly broken in Miss Mariner that she did not look for further messages; and so it was all the more delicious when he bobbed out at her again that night. She was putting away her clothes, and the bottom drawer of the chiffonier stuck with an obstinacy few tempers could have withstood. She tried patience, intelligence, diplomacy; then she set her lips and gave an outraged jerk. Out it came, and from the bottom a scrawled bit of paper confronted her like a grin. She bent over and read:

"Swear at it, Edy. Nothing less will fetch it. J."

"Oh, poor Jake!" she cried. "All this wasted on an old maid Edith who wishes she were your mother!" The thought of the romance that might have grown up for the right Edith made her feel like a malicious interloper. That Edith would, of course, leave her own demure messages when she flitted—it would all have been very pretty.

"But he is too young yet, any way," she consoled herself. She left the slip of paper in the drawer for the pleasure of seeing it again when she should pack up.

For the eight weeks of her stay alone in the hot city, working six and seven hours a day, Miss Mariner went wrapped about in a mellow garment of romance beside which the obvious velvet and plumes of younger dreamers seemed to her tawdry imitations. She was not a lover, but the mother of a son. He walked down the street with her, tall and protective, this sunny Jake—she could feel the swing of his shoulder at her ear; his hearty bigness opposite her made her solitary meals times of quiet delight. She kept him scrupulously out of the library, but the moment her work was done she flew home to him. She knew now why people clung to life so passionately: it was that they might have sons. When toward the end a foreign letter came addressed to that other Edith, she gave it to Mrs. Foxon to forward with a keen sense of injury. What did the chit care about a son's letters! He would be only another man to her.



She fastened it up over the fireplace.—Page 108.

And the pride of motherhood beset her. One day she sought a penknife for his desk, looking critically at the assortment offered.

"These are too small and feminine—I want one for my great boy," she told the clerk, and went away with it, horribly ashamed, yet rejoicing. When she reached home she leaned her elbows on the mantelpiece and stared long and gravely at the boyish figure in the blue print.

"One has to have something, Jake," she said. "Sons ought to be a natural compensation provided for those who have no lovers."

Tired with the day's work, she dropped into a leather chair with a battered copy of "Shirley," opening it in the middle with a half-realized need of its emotional intensity. A pleasantness that was like a fragrance pervaded the dim, quiet room as she went through the familiar scenes wherein love is

made so real, so faulty, and yet so radiantly desirable. That loveliest scene of all, where Moore gives in to his feeling for Caroline, shook for a moment even her resolute unexpectancy; a poignant "*Why not?*" went through her like a whisper from the dead. She turned the page blindly. Then she plunged her face down on the leaves of the book with a cry of laughter, for across the end of the chapter was written in the familiar hand:

"O Edith, isn't it heavenly?"

"Jake, Jake! You blessed son of woman!" For all her laughter, there were tears in her eyes. She had to dry them hastily as she threw down the book to answer a ring at her bell.

Her little entry was dark, and the man standing outside could evidently see only an outline, for he put out two welcoming hands with a joyous:

"Hello, Edith!" It was so like the boy in the picture that she was bewildered for a moment, confused between the dream and the reality.

"O Jake!" she cried. The sound of her own voice, warm and thrilled, brought her sharply to her senses. She shrank back, drawing away her hands with a stammer of dismayed apology. Yet even in her confusion she had time to be acutely disappointed that it was not Jake, but a man well into the thirties, that followed her into the room. He looked equally startled when he found himself confronting a dark, graceful woman with slim hands nervously clasped and a faint flush showing through the tired sweetness of her face.

"But—I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I thought—I expected to find —"

"Oh, yes; but she didn't come. I am here instead," Miss Mariner explained absently, for a clearer look at his face had given her a joyous hope. It was a lined face, not at all boyish, but some quality of pleasantness in the gray eyes under the square forehead, the slightly cleft chin, the crisp little curls that no brushing could subdue, brought her to an impulsive recognition. "You must be Jake's brother!"

His sudden laugh made the likeness unmistakable. "Then you know—Jake?"

"Know Jake?" She was so glad to see him that she turned the leather chair toward him and sat down opposite it with an ex-

pectancy not to be withstood. "Oh, what does it matter? I know him, in one sense, better than anyone does—though he never saw me." She smiled, quite indifferent whether he understood or not. "You must tell me things—nobody has a better right to know than I. Will you?" She was talking with a soft animation most unlike her usual cool self, and Jake's brother was evidently wise enough to know that he was being treated as an exception. He met her simply, and if there was a lurking smile about his mouth, his eyes were respectfully grave.

"I will tell you anything you want."

She did not care what he might be thinking; it was as near as she would ever come to Jake, and she must get what she could.

"Is he in love with that other Edith?"

"Oh, dear, no!" It came with startled promptness. She looked her relief.

"You are sure?"

"Oh, quite. She is going to be married, I believe. He did adore her once—but it was years ago."

"I'm glad. He is altogether too young," she said positively. "Don't you think so?" she added, arrested by some passing expression on his face.

"Well, it steadies a boy, doesn't it?" he asked gravely.

"Jake doesn't need to be steadied," she protested. "He is too sweet and honest and warm-hearted ever to be horrid—and too kind. He would remember the other side—the people it would hurt. Is his—is your mother living?"

"No. She died about six years ago." By his tone she knew that it had been a felt loss, and she answered sympathetically:

"Oh, that is hard!" Yet in her heart she was glad. It gave her so much more right to the boy. "He is coming back next week and I am going Saturday, so I shall never see him," she went on, and her dark eyes, widening at the thought, seemed to expect him to realize all that meant. "Usually it is better not to see people when you've got a beautiful idea of them that you want to keep. But, somehow, I shouldn't be afraid with Jake; I know he is just the enchanting boy I picture him—I would trust him absolutely." Jake's brother was looking at her hesitatingly, even uncomfortably, as he rose to his feet.

"Oh, you are not going!" she exclaimed. "I do want to ask you more—never mind if



She plunged her face down on the leaves of the book.—Page 110.

you don't understand. I'm just a stray old maid—I don't matter. See, I'll make you some tea—there is everything here in this little cupboard, and I've never used it." She brought out kettle, alcohol, and tea-things from a cellarette and set about tea-making with bright eagerness. "I'm sure he put them there for that other Edith; he probably keeps whiskey and soda there for himself," she explained. "I haven't felt like tea—and of course I have no cream or lemons. Do you mind?" She would not notice that he still stood, watching her with a troubled frown. "You have not told me

anything about Jake yet," she insisted. "I have done all the talking, so far. Please!" And she laid her hand urgently on the arm of the chair beside her. He came and leaned over its back; the lurking amusement had entirely left his face.

"I can tell you one thing," he said; "Jake won't want you to go away Saturday, if you will stay longer. Even if he came back—earlier than he had expected, he won't want you to go, if you care to stay. He can put up anywhere. Please stay and—and let him know you. He would——"

A warm, amused "*Oh!*" interrupted him.



FLORENCE STORER.

She shrank back, drawing away her hands with a stammer of dismayed apology.—Page 110.

She was fishing a strip of paper from the teapot. "Here he is again—the dear!" she murmured, and read half under her breath:

"Make me a cup of tea the day I get home, Edith. For I sha'n't turn you out. I can put up anywhere. Please stay on and let me know you again.

"Your old adorer, JAKE."

Something in the form of the words made her glance up suddenly at the man beside

her. He had flushed and his eyes met hers uncomfortably.

"I had forgotten those fool messages," he broke out.

"Oh, you're not Jake!" It was almost a wail.

"I am so sorry! I didn't mean to—of course, you found that old picture. I wish I weren't," he added helplessly. She turned away, and to his obvious horror her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, nothing is ever true!" she cried, her knuckles driven against her lips. He waited in silent distress. "Of course, you don't understand," she added tremulously, a few moments later. "Only, it is as if I had had a son, and then lost him. I hadn't realized—until I found him—just how much one does need a son—that's all."

"I know. It's a discovery we all come to. I do understand." His voice was quick with something more personal than sym-

pathy. Then, as the little kettle boiled over he turned down the flame. "Now, may I have my tea?" he added cheerfully.

Miss Mariner neglected to go out for her dinner that night. All the evening she lay back with her long grace in the deep leather chair, her slim hands drooping over the sides, her dark eyes veiled and very grave. She seemed to have forgotten that the boy Jake was dead, for when at last she rose she turned to the faded blueprint and kissed him good-night.

THE AMERICAN AND THE BRITISH CITY— A COMPARISON

By Frederic C. Howe



As a people we have ever been sensitive to foreign critics. We resented the satire of Dickens and Harriet Martineau prior to the Civil War, as well as the subsequent scoldings of E. L. Godkin and the *Evening Post*. We have never taken kindly to the idea that we were not the greatest people on the earth. We resented the suggestion that the Federal Constitution was not the most sublime political achievement of history, an achievement only short of the tables of stone handed down from Mount Sinai to the people of Israel.

More recently a reaction has come over us. There is a note of depression, of pessimism, in our talk. The condition of our cities, the corruption of our States, the decadence of Congress, the ascendancy of privileged interests in the Senate, has destroyed our complacency. From a condition of childish belief in the talisman of democracy we have passed in a few years' time to a state of mind bordering upon despondency before the colossal task which confronts us. A very large number of people see only failure in our institutions. They are oppressed by the apparent impotence of popular government to find a way out.

Rightly seen, however, the disclosures of

the past few years are an evidence of our intolerance. The spirit of revolt that is now on is a tribute to the vitality of democracy. And if the truth were fully known of other countries, we would see that America, almost alone among the nations of the earth, is courageous enough and rebellious enough to insist upon knowing the whole truth about herself. And the one thing that the disclosures have shown is that democracy in America is at war with a class that is seeking to control the agencies of government for the sake of its privileges. But this is no new thing. It is as old as the world. What is true of America is much more true of Great Britain, only the mother country is so prostrate before the privileged classes in control of Parliament, the Church, and the avenues of advancement, that no one ventures to remonstrate. Privilege and caste are so inwoven with everything that men most want in England that the voice of criticism has no sting. It does not ring with "Shame" and "Treason." It is always respectful, always obeisant. England does not know the invigorating power of a democracy that is free in its spirit and instinct with a sense of equality. And the privileged classes have enjoyed such unchallenged dominion for so many centuries that their ascendancy seems sanctioned by the

divinity that doth hedge a king. In consequence, all classes accept as natural that which America protests against as corrupt. Democracy, therefore, in America is hopeful—at least it is rebellious. In Great Britain it has not yet found its voice.

And one of the most hopeful things about America is a willingness to be taught. We are ready to believe that Great Britain and Germany have achieved some things where we have failed. This is especially true in city administration.

This makes the present an opportune time to appraise our municipal institutions. This is our first task. For all agree that the cities must be reformed before much can be hoped for from the commonwealths. The cities contain an increasing percentage of the population. They have become the controlling factors in our political life. They are coming to dominate the State and the nation. It is true here corruption seems at its worst. But it is also true that it is in the cities that reform is making its most aggressive stand.

For years the English city has been held up to us as a model. It is certainly the chief contribution of the United Kingdom to democracy. Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, are heralded as the model cities of the world. It is worth our while to know if this is true and why it is true. From their experiences we should be able to extract some plan of relief.

Before examining the contribution of the English city to our own problems, let us take stock of our limitations, of the burdens under which we labor. And, first of all, it is necessary to remember that away from the seaboard our cities are new things. They are business centres, industrial accidents. Their location has been determined by natural or transportation advantages. Their bigness is a matter of comparatively few years. In consequence of this newness, our officials are swamped with the most elemental municipal needs. Their energy is devoted to the opening up and the paving of streets; to the building of sewers and the development of means for relieving the city of its refuse. The imperative necessities of a water-supply, of purification plants, of means for the disposal of garbage and other health demands have pretty fully engaged our attention. School-houses had to be built. And they had to be adequate for a

rapidly growing population and satisfy a people who were rather intolerant of basements or attics, or bad sanitary conditions. There were parks to be purchased and laid out, constant additions and annexations of new territory to be made. These exacting demands have crowded out those phases of municipal life that are spectacular, that delight the eye. It is the beauty and cleanliness of the Continental city quite as much as its efficiency that makes the casual American traveller dissatisfied with his own.

Further than this, our cities are untrained to political organization. We have no traditions of what a city should be. There is not that love and veneration which long years of associated life give to the European citizen. In consequence, we have no municipal experience, no social sense, to fall back upon. Our people have not yet learned how to work together. Added to this is a large foreign population which, in the larger cities, frequently exceeds the native born. They come from all quarters of the earth, and are unused to the Anglo-Saxon conception of things. They have to be assimilated, and worked into our institutions. From this burden the British city is free. Its population is homogeneous. It is attached to the soil and has been for generations.

These are some of the limitations under which the American city labors. Then, too, our cities have franchises to grant. In Great Britain they are bestowed by Parliament. The cities have no power of control or regulation. This removes the chief source of corruption from the town hall. It lodges it at Westminster. There is not that temptation for dishonest men to enter the council that there is in America. There is, however, every temptation for promoters and big business men to enter Parliament. And such men make use of their position to grant franchises to themselves and their friends. We would not tolerate the sort of class legislation that passes without protest in England. For the railway and mine owners, franchise barons and landlords, apparently see no harm in relieving themselves from taxation, in protecting their interests from regulation and in securing to themselves monopolies that only escape being "graft" by the eminently respectable standing of those who participate in the transaction.

In consequence of the removal of these tempting privileges from the council chamber to Parliament, the English city has no such burden as the American municipality bears. It has little control over taxation, no control over franchises, and does most of its work by direct labor. There are no franchise hunters, and comparatively few contractors about the town hall whose interest warrants their participation in local politics. All these limitations must be borne in mind in any comparison of the British city with our own.

The advantages of the English city are largely psychical; those of the American city are physical. England excels in her political institutions and the *personnel* of her officials. America excels in her economic foundations and the absence of a powerful class interest entrenched behind age-long tradition and respectability and strengthened by great wealth. The town councils of England are filled with men of high character, imbued with a serious sense of responsibility. Her best citizens are willing to devote their lives to unremunerated service for the city. The town council commands not the leisure class so much as the successful business man. He is proud to serve his city, and his constituents are willing to keep him in office as long as he will stay. His returns are not of a pecuniary sort. For none of the elective officials in Great Britain are salaried. His returns are rather those of service, of honor and respect, from a people which has a sort of veneration for officialdom. All of the traditions of English life are those of service to the state in some form or other. Even the scientist, the *littérateur*, the poet, the prelate, and the scholar are constituent parts of the state. For they are frequently knighted. And the struggling shopkeeper of an industrial town enjoys some of this reflected distinction when elected to the town council.

The mayor, or the lord mayor, as he is called in some cities, is the community's most distinguished citizen. He is a kind of municipal king whose robes of ermine and emblems, whose dinners and official functions, make him the titular dignitary of a little republic which proudly retains all of the traditions of the days when the towns were governed by the trade guilds with their mediæval class distinctions. The mayoralty reflects in a small way the atti-

tude of the country toward the King, and the English business man looks upon its acquisition as the highest evidence of an honorable career he can secure. For this distinction he is willing to pay handsomely. Not in political assessments or campaign contributions, but in maintaining the dignity of the office, which in the larger cities involves an outlay of many thousands of dollars a year.

And the election machinery of the English city is admirably designed to get this type of man into office. The method of nomination to the council is simple in the extreme. It is not necessary to obtain permission from the ward boss, who has his headquarters over a saloon, or to be a contributor to the campaign fund of the party. It is not necessary to have views on questions of imperial moment. The English city tries, not always successfully it is true, but it tries to keep partisan questions in the background. The test is rather the standing of a man with his neighbors, any ten of whom can put him in nomination by signing a petition.

The election is as simple as the nomination, and is equally well designed to bring out the best men in the city. The local election is not lost in some national contest over protection or free trade; over home rule or some colonial policy. The councilmanic nominee is not placed at the tail of a ticket containing half a hundred offices to be filled. When the Englishman goes to the polls on November 1st, he goes to a city election. On that day he votes for one official only, the councilman from his ward. Even the mayor is chosen by the council, and not by the people directly. In consequence, the voter is able to keep his eye fixed upon the city. He is not confused by national, state, and local issues, by party platforms and personal interests. He does not face a blanket ballot containing a hundred names or more, all to be voted for in a few minutes' time. It is easy to imagine the change which would come over our elections if the voter had but one, or at most two, officials to vote for when he went to the polls.

Further than this, the English councilman need not live in the ward which he represents. And as a matter of practice, a considerable percentage of them do not. A councilman defeated in one district may stand for election elsewhere, just as can a

candidate for Parliament. This is a great advantage. It enables a man of pronounced opinions to choose his constituency. An instance of this kind may be cited from Glasgow. One of the labor members, Scott Gibson, who found himself in opposition to the Lord Mayor on many questions, resigned his seat in the midst of his term and entered the race in the Lord Mayor's ward when the latter's term expired. The issues were clearly made, and the contest was a spirited one. To the amazement of all, the Lord Mayor was defeated by the labor candidate. And this was in a conservative part of the city.

In the nomination and election of councilmen, in the subordination of the party to the city, in the adjustment of the machinery to simple democracy, responsive and responsible to the people, there is much that could be learned by us with profit. Then, too, the English city is free from corruption. The town councils are uniformly honest. The cities have lured into the service a class of self-sacrificing men.

Some years ago a number of English cities were exercised over suggestions of corruption. The charges would not seem very serious to us, and as a matter of fact they turned out to be the reverse of serious in England. But the London *Times* had published a series of articles against municipal ownership, in which the statement was made that trading had led to the decay of official integrity. This aroused many cities to a "purity" campaign. Manchester, Leeds, Blackpool, and others conducted investigations. In one city a councilman was asked to resign because he possessed stock in a private corporation which had business dealings with the city amounting to \$25. In Blackpool three members of the council were found to be directors in companies which had sold the municipality goods amounting to \$155. A number of instances were discovered of members who had supplied the city under tender as subcontractors. Manchester took the matter more seriously than any of the cities. One of the leading members of the council was a partner in a firm of electrical engineers. His firm had sold goods to contractors who had dealt with the city. All the supplies were let to the lowest bidder, and the city presumably lost nothing in the transaction, but the feeling was so strong that the alderman resigned.

This indicates the intolerance of English opinion to any interest in the council adverse to the city. It is about as far as corruption goes in city affairs. Each city has two elective auditors who annually go over the books. And it is highly entertaining to read their criticisms of official misconduct. In one of the reports complaint is made that members of the council, when on a tour of investigation of other cities, lived too well at the hotels; that they were not content with medium-priced champagne, as to which there would have been no complaint; but that the committee always consumed the better brands. This, and much of the same sort of criticism, was the burden of complaint. But official entertainment is part of the show. And while the expenditure for such purposes is rather generous, it is but part of the spectacular in English life. Rarely does it become a matter of personal profit.

And the English city does the things it undertakes amazingly well. This is true of all of its undertakings, of its police, health, sanitary, lighting, and similar activities. It seems to conduct its purely business enterprises more efficiently, more cheaply, in fact, than do the private companies. The street railways have been all but universally municipalized in Great Britain. In the larger cities the percentage of operating expenses to gross receipts ranges from fifty to seventy per cent. The cities have reduced the rates of fare from thirty to fifty per cent. below the average fares charged by the private companies which previously occupied the field. In Glasgow thirty per cent. of the passengers are now carried for one cent fare. On the London County Council lines the one cent fares form thirty-six per cent. of the total. The average fare paid per passenger, irrespective of distance, is 1.85 cents in Glasgow, 2.44 cents in Manchester, and 2.25 cents in Liverpool. In Sheffield there are no fares in excess of two cents. And on these fares the cities earn large sums. In 1905 the net receipts in Manchester exceeded a million dollars. In Glasgow they amounted to \$1,853,000 and in Liverpool to \$925,000. These were the earnings in excess of operating expenses. In Liverpool it is claimed that the reduction of fares has resulted in an annual saving to passengers of \$1,600,000 and in London to \$500,000. The city of Glasgow claims an annual saving to the people in fares and profits of \$2,500,000.

All over England the municipal street-car service is highly satisfactory. The cars are run on frequent schedules, operation is free from accident, the cars are cleaned and disinfected, and you get a seat for a fare. The type of car is the double-decker pattern. Certainly the service is greatly superior to that which preceded it, for the comfort and convenience of the people is safeguarded at every turn.

The water-supply is almost universally under the control of the city. The electricity supply is widely owned. The tramways and electricity undertakings have been taken over during the last ten years. In the United Kingdom there are 260 public gas undertakings whose average charge per thousand cubic feet is sixty-five cents. This is against an average of seventy-one cents per thousand cubic feet charged by the 459 private companies. And even with this difference, the municipal gas undertakings make immense profits. In 1903 the net receipts of the Glasgow gas plant were \$718,000; of Manchester, \$746,000; of Birmingham, \$841,000; while the charges to consumers in these cities are very much below the average. They range from forty-two to fifty-eight cents per thousand cubic feet.

The British city has outdistanced the world in its business undertakings. It has made municipal trading pay, and pay big. Through ownership it has taken the big privileged interests, that form the chief burden on reform in America, out of politics. The cities are now able to look after the people better; to give them cheap transportation, cheap light, fuel, and water; to encourage industry and promote comfort in countless ways. There is no conflict of interest in the community. There is no class, no interest, no large number of persons who are alien to the city's well-being. With the same policy in view, the city is ridding itself of the private contractor. It has gone in for direct labor and the doing of its construction work through its own employees. The contractor is being abolished. His profits now remain in the city treasury or go into better work or into living wages to the employees. It is this sort of thrift that has brought to the English city the approval of its business men. Big business does not enter city politics because there are no prizes for it to gain in the political arena. And along these lines there is much for us to learn, more than can be

indicated in an article of this length. The English police force is also a superb body of men. It is dignified and thinks well of itself. This is because the public think well of its servants. Health administration is also scrupulously careful, as is the cleaning and the lighting of the streets; the looking after sewage disposal and the prevention of infectious diseases.

The English city, too, is free from the spoils system. Jobs are filled for efficiency and not for pull, and the employee is retained during good behavior. This is a real democracy of merit. An alderman would think of demanding a city contract for himself as soon as he would the creation of an unnecessary job for a friend or relative. Public opinion, too, would tolerate the one about as quickly as it would the other. Not that the English city has any civil service laws. It doesn't need them. Public opinion regulates the service just as it does official conduct in other regards. This is the only kind of a merit system that protects the public from a bureaucratic administration.

It is along these lines that the English city is supreme. It has a fine sense of itself. It has an intolerant conscience. It commands the service of a high grade of citizenship. It has never known the ward-heeler, and is exacting in its demands on its councilmen. And the people delight in the city's successes. They are proud of a fine tramway balance sheet. They applaud an efficient manager. They are glad when the city makes a profit. Not for the sake of the profit alone, but because of the success of it all. The people care for the city and talk city in a way that we do not and cannot comprehend.

This is one of the things we lack, this sense of a city. We have not yet aroused an organized public opinion that is jealous of the city's well-being. We expect inefficiency as a matter of course, and shrug our shoulders when an official goes wrong. And we do not expect the police and health departments, the civil service laws, or the purely personal side of our political life to be above reproach. It is in its thrifty, commercial side that the English city excels. This is largely due to the fact that only tax or ratepayers vote. The council represents property, not persons. This gives a rather sordid, ungenerous tone to all discussion. For the taxes are assessed against the rental

value rather than upon the capitalized value of the property itself. And the taxes are paid by the tenant and not by the owner. In consequence, the English councilman is always in terror of the taxpayer. And the people get a taxpayer's administration, and an administration that is very timorous of anything which increases the rates.

This has a bad as well as a good side. Most critics see only the good side. But as a matter of fact, it is probable that this making of government a commercial thing, this making the payment of rent or the ownership of property a prerequisite to the suffrage, this throwing the taxes upon the tenant rather than the property is one of the worst things in English political life. I appreciate that it satisfies that class of American critics who feel that we have extended the suffrage too far. But in the long run the evil effects are greater than the good ones. With us, democracy is more generous, more hospitable to new ideas, more ready to be liberal with its parks, its schools, its libraries, its poor. For these are costly luxuries. Then, too, they are not needed by the well-to-do. This in part explains the fact that the American school system is far in advance of that of England. For our school administration, as a rule, is good. In some cities it is brilliant. Its very general goodness certainly relieves the wholesale condemnation of our cities. And in many cities we collect almost as much for school purposes from direct taxes as we do for municipal administration.

The same is true of our libraries. They are the best in the world. Aside from private endowments, our cities generously maintain these popular universities, with branches and distributing agencies which bring an opportunity of culture and refinement to all classes. The English city is far behind us in this respect. We have also been more generous in our parks. We have been lavish, and, in most instances, wise in the beautification of our cities. We have likewise gone in for playgrounds and are now going in for public baths, wash houses, kindergartens, and enterprises of a similar sort for the relief of the very poor. There is a big generosity about our democracy that is not found in England. Our politics are not so cheese-paring. We are even willing to be wasteful in order to get the things we want. Then, too, we have a more humane

spirit in our attitude toward the dependent and criminal classes. The English penal code is barbarous. It does not temper the wind to the shorn lamp, but enforces the rigor of the law against those who do not catch on. Such institutions as the juvenile court, children's farm schools, humane reformatories have not yet found a place in English administration. For English poor administration still confounds poverty with crime. In America we are coming to discriminate and to appreciate that the poor of our cities are not wholly responsible for their poverty, and that vice and crime are more often the result of industrial environment than of vicious character.

There is an open-mindedness about the best American cities that is not found in England. We are ready to take up new ideas, to experiment with ourselves, for we have no age-long traditions that restrain and chain us to the past. Chicago willingly expended millions for children's parks, playgrounds and gymnasiums. Boston did the same thing. The city of Cleveland has bought a 1500-acre farm upon which it is endeavoring to reclaim its workhouse prisoners and bring back the poor and destitute flotsam of the city to a proper adjustment with life. New York, commercialized to the core, has spent millions on playgrounds and recreation piers.

All this is part of a generous democratic sense that England lacks. It is a sense which a city that measures its life from the rate-payer's standpoint never can have. For the American ideal, in so far as it has ideals, is to make the city helpful. The English ideal is to make its helpfulness pay its way by some means, or at least to be very careful of the tax rate. The one is democracy, the other is democracy subject to the curb of the tax-paying class. And it is a far easier task for America to improve the *personnel* of the official class than it is for England to break away from this rate-payer's conception of government, which, in many instances, seems very sordid and mean.

The same thing is true in the growing demand for municipal beauty in America. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and notably Cleveland are going in for the things that make the German city so attractive. Our cities are embodying their ideals in fine monuments, just as the people of the middle ages embodied their religious

aspirations in splendid gothic cathedrals. We are showing a willingness to pay for fine architecture, for beauty in the concrete. The English city, on the other hand, is the ugliest city in Europe. There are a few exceptions—such as Edinburgh and Dublin—but they are not in England. Within the past few years, the London County Council has done some big things, and gives promise of making London a more beautiful city. But it is the most democratic body in Great Britain and London cared little for beauty until it became democratic. As a rule, the cities of Great Britain have been very indifferent to adornment. They reflect the fear of the rate-payer. The city is unwilling to commemorate itself in a beautiful way. It is tyrannized over by the tax-payers. It dares not incur expenditure for the superfluous luxuries of city life. The American city, however, gives promise of being beautified in the next generation far beyond present indications. It is along these lines that our cities will first attain municipal consciousness. This is partly due to the fact that there is no strong commercial class among us ready to resist such a movement. But the main reason—a reason usually ignored by critics—is the aspiration of democracy for a big communal life. In addition to this, our streets are broader and finer, our business architecture more promising, in spite of the sky-scraper. The time is not far distant when our cities will study beauty just as do the German cities, which compete in attractiveness for the travellers of Europe.

These are some of the things usually overlooked in the comparison of our cities with those of England. They are some of our advantages. And, however gloomy the outlook may appear to be, the American city can correct its evils much more easily than the English city can change the physical limitations and age-long traditions that cramp and confine it in a physical way. For the English city can only cure its economic diseases through the most radical departure in its land system and the method of assessing local revenues.

It is not possible to make a comparison of the taxing machinery of the two countries. But, remote as the question of taxation may seem to an understanding of municipal conditions, it lies at the root of the ideals and character of the English city. A comparison of London and New York will indicate

this fact. The land of Great Britain has not been valued for the purposes of taxation since the year 1692. Two centuries ago her great cities had not yet appeared. London was little more than a village in comparison with its present proportions. Thousands of acres of land, now occupied by stately structures, were then farming land. They are still assessed as farming land. In two centuries the valuation of the land underlying the metropolis has not been increased for purposes of taxation. The local taxes paid by the London land-owners directly are about the same to-day that they were in the seventeenth century. The city of New York, on the other hand, revalues its land every year. In 1904 the naked land was appraised at \$3,697,686,935. On this valuation taxes in excess of \$50,000,000 were collected for city purposes. This is probably fifty times the amount collected from the land of London, whose population is twice that of New York and whose site values are probably not far from six billion dollars. The explanation of such an anomaly? Those who own the land in Great Britain also control Parliament. They form the House of Lords. They pass all laws relating to taxation. Through this control they legislate into their own pockets an enormous sum, which, if land were taxed as is done in New York, would amount in London alone to a hundred million dollars a year. This is one hundred times the amount now collected from the land-owners. When we find such a control of legislation by a class in America, we call it "graft." It is against such misuse of government that President Roosevelt, Senator La Follette, Governor Pingree and Senator Colby directed their energies in their struggle for equitable taxation. But England accepts this condition without protest, or at most complains of it as class legislation. But this is not all. Local taxes are collected from the tenants directly. They are paid on the rental value. The landlords pay practically nothing. Thus the poor of London are made poorer by a hundred million dollars a year than they would be if taxed as is the city of New York. This explains in part the unparalleled poverty, misery, and degradation of the English city.

I am not unmindful of American conditions, of the corruption and incompetence of our councils, of the dirty streets and de-

moralized police and health forces. These have become the commonplaces of criticism. But these are errors we are more or less rapidly correcting. We are learning how to make use of our tools; how to get the right sort of men in politics and keep the wrong sort of business out. The next ten years is bound to see a great advance in city conditions. But despite our apparent failures, the great advantage which the American city enjoys is a physical one. It lies in our better tax machinery, in our economic environment. We can appreciate the condition New York would be in were all of the land of the city owned by a half dozen great estates, which estates were in control of the Legislature at Albany, who made use of that control to free the land which they own from taxation, and compel the other class to pay all the revenue of the metropolis. For that is the condition of the English city.

It is impossible to set forth in an article of this length the attitude of Great Britain toward its aristocracy and the land which it owns. There are some Englishmen who appreciate this condition, but not many. For land as land is sacrosanct in Great Britain. It enjoys a distinction not unlike that of the Federal Constitution in America. It is too sacred to be touched except by the permission of those who own it. Land is really the controlling factor in England's political, social, and industrial life. The Mother Country is afflicted with a land worship, which centuries of feudal ownership has cast about it. This sacredness affects the English city in countless ways. The towns have no general power of eminent domain or compulsory purchase. The city can only acquire land for public purposes by agreement with the landlord or by special act. And the landlords will not sell to the people. They lease and only lease when the price has reached a point where the people must have the land at any cost. The owners can hold on to the land indefinitely because the land, as land, pays no taxes. It may be a vacant lot in the heart of London. If it has no improvements upon it, it pays no taxes. It may be a thousand-acre tract about the city badly needed for homes. It still pays no taxes. It may be used as grazing land. It is taxed on its annual rental as grazing land, although it may be worth tens of thousands of dollars an acre. But even this tax is not paid by the owner. It is paid by the tenant.

It is this fact that explains the slums of the English city. The city cannot grow until the lord of the manor lets go of his untaxed land. And he waits until he gets the last penny out of it. Herein lies the explanation of the irregular architecture of the English city, the fearful tenements and the acres of unimproved land. For so long as it is vacant it pays no taxes at all. If it is badly improved, it pays but little.

In America, land is taxed, or supposed to be taxed, at its capital value. City taxes are so high that the owner must improve the land or sell. He cannot leave a shack where an office building should be erected. In consequence, our cities are constantly being rebuilt; the two-story building gives way to a six-story. As the town grows, this gives place to a skyscraper. Not so in England; for the shack pays taxes only on its rental as a shack. In consequence, the land-owner is under no stimulus to sell. He need not worry about his rentals, for the growth of the city is enough in itself to compensate him for any loss in this regard. All of the corruption of our councils, all of the losses to the public service corporations, all of the millions which go to excessive street railway fares, gas and telephone and electricity charges are insignificant in comparison with the cost of the dead hand of feudalism which casts a blight on the English city and throws all of the burdens of taxation upon the tenant and the poor.

But this is but the more manifest of the evils of the English system of land tenure and taxation. For it is the attitude toward the land that explains the tenement and the slum, that crushes out light, air and sunlight, that breeds disease and renders municipal architecture and beauty impossible.

From such an affliction we are largely free. There is some sanctity of respectability about the abuses of privilege in America. But it is not age-long. There is no tradition of feudalism, no respect bordering on veneration for a class that strangles the free expression of the people. True, our cities are more or less prostrate before the big business interests desiring franchises and privileges in the streets. But we are awakening to these conditions and have no hesitancy about their destruction. They enjoy no sanctity such as attaches to the privileged classes in England. And all over America the forces of reform are coming to appreciate that good government is only possible

when privilege is exiled from its counsels. We are coming to realize that the inefficiency and corruption of municipal administration is economic no less than personal, and that both must be corrected together. In this larger prospective the American city is much more hopeful than the British city. It will be a far easier task to lure good men into our councils than it is for Great Britain to overcome the mediæval burdens which cramp, cabin and confine her cities through centuries of class control of Parliament. Long before another generation passes, the American city will have called to its aid the

type of men who have given the English city its present proud distinction. But back of all this, our superior physical endowment, our comparative freedom from a land monopoly in control of legislation, our open-minded democracy, assures us a city far more beautiful, vastly more helpful, and infinitely more generous in its ideals than the English city now is. It is this freedom from feudal abuses and the tyranny of worn-out ideas of an earlier civilization that gives promise that the American city of the next generation will not be the worst, but rather the best governed city in the world.

THE ISLANDS OF DELIGHT

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

. . . "And among the hills are some whose summits project upward through the clouds, like islands in the sea—here dwell the Dreamers—and they are called the Islands of Delight."
—From "*Dream Stories*."

HIGH and hidden on the hill-tops, in the sunshine and the moonshine,
Through the long, warm days of summer and her silent, starry night,
Far above the busy valley, where the men of earth are working,
In the cloudy ocean floating, lie the Islands of Delight.

Oh! the wonder of the silence, when the Rose of Dawn is budding
On the garden-bank of shadows, silence perfect and serene,
As if God had laid his finger on his lips, as in a token,
Lest the people of his islands should be wakened from their dream.

When the sun's bright, golden censer through the azure vault is swinging,
You can hear the island people chant the anthem of the day;
And the surface bubbles, bursting on the cloud-sea's swaying surface,
Free the tiny earth-sounds rising from the world below, away.

In the evening, shadows purple, like the grapes of cool September,
Wrap the islands in their mantle, as the warmth of daylight flies,
While the flower of day is fading and the cloud-sea's swaying surface
Twins the blue, green, crimson splendor of the opalescent skies.

When the House of Night, with windows shuttered fast by bars of darkness,
Holds the ocean and its islands in the fastnesses of gloom,
Comes the moon's bright, silver sickle, harvesting the fields of heaven,
Reaping sheaves of stars for weaving in the pattern of her loom.

By the favor of the highest, in the faith that is the truest,
Through the gold-souled lotus's symbol and the blood-red poppy's sign,
You may know the island people, you may learn to greet and speed them
To the company of dreamers, in communion divine.

THE POINT OF VIEW

FOR the last few years the magazine-reading public has been reading (or skipping, as the case may be) the story of the financial sorrows of the college professor. Sometimes it is told with great detail, accompanied by extracts from the professor's account-book, showing with painful convincingness how a meagre allowance for the various necessities of life leaves nothing over for a rainy day. All this is perfectly true, and there isn't any manner of doubt that, as a rule, he is inadequately compensated. That is a proposition which may stand. I who

The Complaint of
the Professor

write know how true it is and I do not speak as an outsider. But is not the public getting a little tired of the subject, and is it not time for the professor, having said his say, to wrap his scholastic robes about him and retire to his study? From this point of view it is a delightful surprise to come across one man who, in the pages of a magazine, tells us that he is and always has been contented with his lot and "has had a good time too." The important point is that his salary is small, for of course the testimony of the men who have won the prizes is not worth so much. Moreover, he has a wife and children with whom to share his earnings. Our friend insists that "the life has not been so meagre as the salary." He also says modestly that he doubts whether he would have had more financial success in any other profession. That, however, is not to the point, for if he has chosen the calling for which his tastes and talents fit him he ought not to do better in any other. The question is whether the proportion of men who succeed as professors is not as great as the proportion who succeed in other careers, bearing in mind that success means reputation and happiness for the man himself and great influence on others, in addition to money enough to make him and his family comfortable. Then, even for an obscure man, one who is not among the prize-winners, there are certain compensations which help to even things up. We must take into account the pleasure which he gets as he goes along, for college life is very agreeable to a person who has a taste for it.

There is abundant opportunity for enthusiasm, as well as for occasional discouragement, in the contact with his students; and we must remember that, overworked though he may be, he yet has more time to associate with his family than a business man would have; or, if he does not care for domestic life, there are always his colleagues. A college campus provides a genial soil for friendship. And running through all is the work in his own chosen field which to him can never be uninteresting or of little account.

As to the hardships incident to narrow means, probably the professor's wife has the worst of it—temperaments being equal—for she does not have all of his compensations. If she too has scholarly tastes she does not often have leisure to gratify them, even with the opportunities at her door, for in marrying him she accepted the onerous position of housekeeper to a poor man, with the added care of children, should she have any. If instead of being intellectual she has a taste for society and a love of luxury, then of course her economies come hard, while if she is simply a modest, domestic sort of person she must forever be considering ways and means without the occasional relaxation which other interests would give; and there are always the children growing up and wanting things which they cannot have. Yet there are ameliorations even in her lot, for she belongs to a guild; most of her associates are in the same boat and to be poor is not to be singular.

Hitherto one of the professor's most serious troubles has been that, no matter with what satisfaction he might live his life and do his work, he could not but look forward with apprehension to his old age and to the future of his family. Now that Mr. Carnegie, whether impelled by the reading of magazine articles or by the more intimate knowledge obtained during his term as a university trustee, has made a most generous arrangement to meet that difficulty, a certain number of professors may feel great lightening of mind and a corresponding revival of intellectual energy. They may now pursue their work, unburdened by dread of future poverty

for themselves and those who are dear to them. It seems to me that they should all (as most of them do) accept this assistance in as large a spirit as it is offered. The professor would not hesitate to accept retired pay from the university any more than the officer of the army or navy hesitates to accept it from the Government, and Mr. Carnegie simply comes to the assistance of the university; he has no knowledge of the individual professor. The only pity is that someone will not do the same thing for the State universities; for the State legislatures are niggardly, always with an eye to the chance of re-election and an ear open to the outcry that would be made if such a measure should pass. The rural constituents in particular are very critical in such matters. I remember one occasion when an old farmer, leaning on the fence which separated the university campus from the street, stood watching some students at a game of tennis. "And *this* is what *we* pay for!" he said indignantly as he straightened himself up and walked away. If Mr. Carnegie did but know it, the professor in a State university has a much harder time of it in various ways than his brother of the endowed institution. It may be the duty of the State to provide for him, but the State is not going to do it at present.

The professor has hardships aside from financial ones, some of which he rarely mentions in public, partly perhaps from motives of policy, partly because in the nature of things they cannot be mended. It wouldn't be prudent for him to say so, but he really doesn't get on very well with the board of trustees. The self-made, successful business man and the man who has deliberately chosen a profession in which he cannot hope to get rich do not have much in common, no matter how cordial may be their personal relations in individual instances. The self-made, successful business man is on the board of trustees because he is needed there, primarily on account of his financial skill and experience, and secondarily because of his benefactions, past and future, to the institution; and he has a great deal in his power, from withholding proper co-operation with a professor in his work to turning him out altogether. In the State universities the situation is not quite the same, since the places on the board of regents are filled by political appointment, and the regent may be a country lawyer or editor or even a

farmer. He is comparatively seldom a rich man, and for his part he thinks the professor has an easy job and a princely salary, although he respects his learning. The "regent" has far fewer compunctions than the "trustee" about turning a man out of his place, and frequently does it in a very bluff way, without regard to the conventional fiction of a voluntary resignation. On the whole, the professor is nowhere too securely seated in his chair. As our contented friend puts it, he is "a rolling stone—if not rolling *in esse*, at least rolling *in posse*," with "always that uncertainty incident to an office subject to the whim of a president or the decree of a board of trustees." But with all its uncertainties, its poverty, its discouragements, what a pleasant life it is!

IN one of his "Portfolio Papers," discussing "Book Illustrations," Philip Gilbert Hamerton tells of a young poet, equipped with "a certain modest degree of accomplishment as an artist," who tried an experiment and himself illustrated one of his own books of verse. His purpose was "to make the illustrations auxiliary but subordinate" to the text. The result was that "he set up a conflict between the two," the reviewers "invariably comparing the poet with the artist and generally sacrificing one to the other." This result, a matter of easy prediction, was inevitable except in some case where the pre-eminence of the writer-illustrator was recognized in the one rôle compared with the other. No one could think, to cite a familiar example, of "sacrificing" Thackeray as a novelist to Thackeray as an illustrator, however clever and interesting his drawings of his own characters may be conceded to be. The comparison in artistic power of Thackeray in the two rôles is recognized as too obviously one-sided. The natural impulse in one with a gift both for literature and for art would be, it would seem, to dissociate the two and not to allow the one to obtrude upon the other, following the example of Rossetti. The explanation of the author who illustrates, if he understands his own *métier*, must be that of Hamerton's young poet, that he best can produce the illustrations which shall be "auxiliary but subordinate."

This, undoubtedly an accepted canon of the place of illustration, is nevertheless more

The Increase
of Literalism

honored in the breach than in the observance—a concession to the spirit of literalism, well defined as “unimaginative exactness,” the very human wish to see suggested things graphically portrayed. So far as literature is concerned, this is not a new concession. Thackeray himself tells us how “Pendennis” made his *entrée* in literature by writing some lines for a picture prepared for a spring “annual,” an illustration accidentally bereft of the poem it was supposed to illustrate, its plate being too valuable to the publishers to be sacrificed. Current literature, however, overborne as it almost is by the development of the art of the illustrator, presents only one phase of the trend toward literalism, whose invasion is seen in many spheres; in the world of childhood, to start with, where the greatest delight of all is the faculty of “making believe.” Will not this faculty, one is tempted to question, come in time to suffer atrophy through the multiplicity and complexity of modern toys, with a mechanical perfection of varied accomplishment to lead the child to think that nothing is to be found in a toy which is not visible to the eye or audible to the ear? Then there is the world of the stage that for “grown-ups” touches so closely the child’s world of make-believe. The stage, conceived of at its best, is a realm where one is at the farthest remove from the conventional and the commonplace, where the accessories are strictly accessories. Yet, as is generally recognized, the stage has grown through perfection of mechanical devices for scenic effects, and through lavish expense on costumes and minor setting, to be often a mere imitation of the outside, an elaboration of the incidental and trivial. Granted that a great artist like Sir Henry Irving is at his best when the stage perfectly reproduces in appointment and costume the period of the play; granted that an elusory play like Mr. Beerbohm Tree’s “Colonel Newcome” would be impossible but for the quaint suggestiveness of the Thackeray spirit that visibly characterizes it; it still remains true that only art redeems this emphasis on accessories from that “rigidity of literalism” (Hamerton’s phrase again) with which it is the office of art to be in “open defiance.” In illustration of contrasted possibilities, it need only be recalled that the Greek tragedies were presented by actors who, because they wore masks and appeared on a stage far removed from the audience, were obliged to cultivate

artificial tones adapted to such obstructed and difficult utterance; and that Elizabethan drama flourished when the scenery was a modest apology for proper stage settings. Of these incongruities Sir Philip Sidney has left a humorous picture: “Now you shall see the ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in.” But it is by no means necessary to hark back to the days of Elizabeth for illustration of the independence of great art of stage conventions. It was in a New England city that Edwin Booth, the costumes of the company having failed to arrive, gave “Hamlet” in travel clothes (in the case of some members including the linen duster of the period) and achieved a remarkable triumph, measured by the standard of his acknowledged successes.

Perhaps the modern trend toward literalism finds no more characteristic embodiment than in the tendency to dramatize the popular novel—a gratification of the desire to see “acted out” the story that one has “only read.” Yet are there a few, living largely within themselves, to whom acting is itself an obstruction of the imagination. Of these Emerson was a notable example, as one striking incident testifies. To the late E. P. Whipple, who had been praising the elder Booth’s “imaginative grasp” of Shakespeare’s characters, Emerson said: “I see that you are one of the happy mortals who are capable of being carried away by an actor of Shakespeare. Now whenever I visit the theatre, to witness the performance of one of his dramas, I am carried away by the poet. I went last Tuesday to see Macready in ‘Hamlet.’ I got along very well until he came to the passage:

Thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit’st thus the glimpses of the moon,

and then actor, theatre, all vanished in view of that solving and dissolving imagination, which could reduce this big globe and all it inherits into mere ‘glimpses of the moon.’ The play went on, but absorbed in this one thought of the mighty master, I paid no heed to it.”

THE FIELD OF ART



Religious Procession in Brittany.

From the painting by Jules A. Breton (1869) in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

A PAINTER OF RURAL LIFE

IT is many years since certain peculiar stirrings in the art life of France began to make themselves felt. Impressionistes, Intransigeantes, Pointillistes, Pleinairistes are among the titles given to those employing methods which were the result of this new life breathed into the practice of painting. Few escaped the influence of either one or the other of these experimental theories; and perhaps among those whose work took them mainly out-of-doors this influence was particularly marked. Few escaped, I say, and the cumulative good that has accrued to painting pure and simple from these various movements has been great indeed. No one can deny this.

Still, there are some steady natures so intrinsically well-balanced that, in the midst of great fluctuations, innovations, transitions in the taste of their time—changes taking place even in the practice of the profession

they follow—they remain unmoved by movements which many regard as indications of life in the sphere of their special activity.

Jules Breton, whose death occurred last summer, was so responsive to the aspects of nature that he acquired early a very adequate instrument by which to interpret them, and he went on from one rural theme to another, investing each with a sentiment that was full of poetry and charm. His work seemed a natural unfolding of his nature, which was wholesome, simple and sincere, and it is a pleasure to make some record of a temperament so well-poised and so beautifully adjusted to its environment. In truth, Breton sought his environment—he was clear-sighted enough to know where he was most at home, while many more complex than he do not find their true *habitat* so readily.

I do not say that his color and touch were light and amusing—they seem rather stolid and heavy, fitting the theme.

We are hailing him for what he is, what he stands for—a wholesome personality producing wholesome art at a time when much else was put forth.

His picture in a *salon* of the seventies of a peasant girl outstretched on a bluff and looking seawards was certainly not a masterpiece of aerial tone, the only excuse in securing which the *raffiné* would find for indulging in so obvious and sentimental a theme; but it was a good, corporeal human being in a natural attitude and mood, presented feelingly by means of form and color and conceived in a spirit eminently true. Besides this, the canvas revealed an outlook on the world which was large, there was a sense of spaciousness, distance, which was satisfying; while in color it gave a convincing impression that it was painted with a faithful reference to nature, not perhaps with the new vision which since that time has been more widely developed; but the herbage, the water, the sky and the garments of the girl, one felt had all been recorded with sincerity of mind and competency of hand. With much that was artificial and even vulgar in the *salon* of that year, one returned to this work of Breton with something of the feeling and refreshment that he would have had in the scene itself. The painter who can do this does much for the emancipation of the human spirit. Moreover, Breton has preserved for us in an intelligent and artistic form many of the customs and religious practices in the life of rural France.

This would sound perhaps too pictorial and anecdotal if these were not conceived in a certain large way, replete with truthful effect of light on objects out of doors. In his "Blessing of the Wheat," the canvas fairly throbs with sunlight falling on canopy, the vestments of the priests, acolytes, and people, which testifies to a great fidelity of vision.

This, to be said of a work produced as early as 1857, goes to prove that Breton was well in advance of many *pleinairistes*. In addition to this he gave to his subjects a sentiment that lifted them well out of the category of the illustrative merely—they possessed the poetry of life.

It was this sweet feeling for nature that in Breton was specially appealing—there was no attempt to show dexterity; in fact, he was not dextrous in the way that the virtuoso of the present wields the brush. There were

no swift passages and clever summarizing with which the painter of to-day so often astonishes the beholder; but there was a loving care to secure the right tone and color and to place it unerringly where it belonged. The fields, the twilight, sunset, the activities or the cessation of activities of the day are among the things he loved to picture, and these he did with the feeling of a poet; for he loved the hours of the day and the labors or the relaxations incident to them which rural life furnished and with which he was in deep sympathy. It is these men who live the life and who are intellectually fitted to depict it truly, who quicken the mind and bring the breath of nature to spirits jaded by material things.

More skilful and more subtle painters enliven our sensibilities, but they do not touch the heart; and when we have said this we know that we come perilously close to the question: "What is the strict province of art?"

Jules Breton does not overstep the mark, however, for if he chooses to poetize he does it while still conforming to the conditions imposed by the painter's art. His compositions are built up with due respect to the structural laws which govern graphic portrayal—his groups possess mass and cohesiveness—the eye does not wander from one object to another, but takes in rather the whole pattern or design which has been conceived, primarily, as an artistic unity, and which incidentally may suggest a sentiment or a thought. It is not so much to tell the story as it is to convey an artistic impression that this painter has chosen one theme or another; and for this reason he cannot be accused of transgressing the limitations of his medium.

As may be noted in almost all painters who are competent craftsmen, he was mentally robust and his critical faculty was of a fine quality.

We have only to quote some of his reflections on the painter's art to be convinced of this. One cannot too warmly appreciate his comments on a number of contemporary painters, young and old; while his talks concerning art are full of wisdom. "A painter may be interesting provided he has studied Nature sufficiently to avoid copying her expressionless aspects, but he will touch the feelings only in so far as he can interpret her intensities.

"One might add to the definition of Plato that the Beautiful is the splendor of the true, but also its intensity, and it is for this reason that it is to be met with even where the vulgar see only ugliness. Oh, the insipid skill of a hand which is always infallible! Oh! the delightful unskilfulness of a hand trembling with emotion!"

"Nothing is more insipid than expressionless perfection. A touch of madness is better than death. To say of any work that it has beauties is to condemn it. This thought does not occur to one in contemplating a masterpiece."

These are some of Breton's sound utterances on art, and they may readily be taken as the natural expression of one who paints as he does. His definition of the temperament, talent, and production of his life-long friend Baudry is of a very high order of art criticism, broad in its sympathy and acute in its penetration. And not only of Baudry, but of less academic and more emancipated painters than he.

Of men as widely diverse as Fromentin, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Manet and Bastien-Lepage he makes frank and discriminating statements. It is superior talk on superior topics. Of Fromentin: "He made his début with some unpretentious little landscapes of his native place, which had attracted my attention in 1847. I was therefore greatly surprised when I saw his first pictures of Africa, two or three years later. A complete transformation had taken place in his style, which had become absolutely independent. Those strange canvases looked at a distance like marble plaques, so confused seemed the masses formed by the groups of Arabs and camels enveloped in the rosy gray shadows of the twilight.

"But the eye soon learned to separate

them, and the mystery, thus penetrated, gave rise to delightful emotions."

And again, "Bastien-Lepage will leave a lasting fame. This young artist, cut down in the flush of his promise, was a true investigator. How conscientious was his work!"



The Song of the Lark.

From the painting by Jules A. Breton (1884) in the possession of the Chicago Art Institute.

"He made his début with a masterpiece, the 'Portrait of My Grandfather.' Touching familiarity, simple and accurate drawing, admirable truth of tone, strong and fine harmony, just relation of the figure to the background—all are there."

This is not the merry persiflage of Degas, who promptly dubbed Bastien "Bougueureau of the modern movement," but the dignified comment of a student of nature. It is not the witty metaphor of a Whistler or of a Degas flicked off with a verbal touch analogous to the light stroke of the brush by which they would, respectively, define the

petal of a cherry blossom or the shoulder of a *danseuse*. It is this captivating play of mind that often imposes on the public; this amuses, but does not so often instruct—it is quite another story, and we are discussing quite another painter.

Let us turn for a glance at some of Breton's canvases. If Millet gave us the sentiment of toil and suggested the profundity of the human problem of wresting from the earth the means of existence, always through a large design and motive, Breton offered the poetry of labor in the fields, and village life, its duties and its ceremonies by an intelligently constructed composition, adequate in form and color.

In referring to some of Breton's works we will confine our illustrations to certain pictures of his which may be seen in our own museums.

That of "The Lark" was described in the September, 1906, number of this magazine, and is the property of The Art Institute of Chicago. "A Religious Procession in Brittany" is in the collection of the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York, and is a characteristic example in both subject and method.

All the varied phases of a simple-hearted community—the innocence of childhood, the dreams of adolescence, the vigor of maturity, the helplessness of age—have issued from the chaumières and farms of the countryside to take part in this reverential procession. These are given, in this pictured twilight hour, with a sense of tone that is full of the quietude of nature, and a feeling for design that is a witness to the high artistic instinct of the painter. The great sober mass of dark that forms the immediate foreground carrying its line into the portal of the church, then the curved sweep of the subdued white made by the *coiffes* of the women reaching from the left hand corner of the canvas to nearly the upper right hand portion of the composition, and broken on the lower right again by the white head-dress of the peasant women gives, in this happy distribution, a massive, sustaining foreground for the lighter elements of tree and sky which fill harmoniously the upper third of the canvas.

Against this tracery of trees the gray stone

of the church and the dull red of the banner, on which is wrought a crucifix, are agreeably relieved.

But it is the mass of *coiffes* softened by the evening light that makes one of the most striking incidents in this handsome design—they float away into the middle distance like whitecaps on a bay, each one possessing a character of its own, but in this throng retiring, in a perspective that suggests the multitude of the on-coming congregation. It is most successfully managed, and when one observes the countenances of the immediate figures the sentiment of the occasion is doubly emphasized—for the savor of home, the hamlet, all the interests of the simple rural life of Brittany is found in this portrayal of a custom dear to its people. The sky is of the sweetest tone of waning day, while the tempered light in which the scene takes place is so controlled that no essential definition of the incident is lost.

Breton, although he might be regarded as conservative in his methods when compared with the latest revelations of what may be termed *modern seeing*, has still given us in this presentation of out-of-doors certain touches that seem born of the moment—crisp, fresh, and placed unhesitatingly because needed—forerunners of a later practice by others that sometimes betrayed a consciousness in its achievement that looked not unlike ostentation. Nothing of this spirit can ever be attributed to the painter whose work we are describing. He was no virtuoso excepting in sense that he seemed equal to the task demanding skill; but he painted not for the mere parade of painting.

Apropos of this, we perhaps cannot do better than to close with this artist's words, for we have seen how truly he put into practice his own convictions on the subject: "Painters should not trouble themselves too much about execution. I mean by this that they should have in view the representation of a sincere observation of nature, and shun, as they would the plague, the coquetries of the brush. Those whose aim is to display upon canvas their skilfulness of touch can succeed in pleasing only fools."

FRANK FOWLER.



Drawn by Charles Wellington Furlong.

AN ARMED BROTHER OF THE SAHARA.

—"The White Fathers of North Africa," page 140.

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A G O T H

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



I HAD known him when he first came to town from the backwoods, a strapping, big, raw, long-haired, shaggy country boy, so green that it is a wonder the cows had not eaten him, and without a cent in his pocket. And now he was in the papers of two continents, spoken of by some with that respect which the possession of mysterious millions usually exacts, as "a power in the financial world"; assailed by others with bitterness as "a pirate" or "highwayman" who lived but to upset values, destroy markets, and batten on the fortunes of the investors he had wrecked. Whichever he was, he had become in the twenty years that had passed since I had last seen him one of the most interesting, if disreputable, figures in commercial life, and had thus verified a brazen prediction which he had made when he first appeared in our little boarding-house company with his red head, worn clothes, and patched shoes. Long-limbed, big-jointed, and bony, with his clothes too tight and too short where he had outgrown them, he became at first a sort of butt in the boarding-house. His cheek-bones were high, his mouth and nose big; his eyes, deep blue, had an expression of singular candor in them like that of a boy's, and when his bulldog chin was set you might as well have tried to move the bed of Ulysses. These were his weapons of offence and defence. He quickly put an end to any tendency to ridicule on the part of his fellow boarders; for he was as choleric as a poodle and as nervy as a game-cock and within a week he had "called down" the two best men in the

company. He was never cast down, never confounded, and he was, in a sort, liked by most of us, for he was polite when he was treated civilly and he was universally respectful to women.

He had one besetting sin. He was a born gambler, and when he came to grief I helped him out, and it was my loan—offered, not asked for—that pulled him out of a trouble more serious than I had dreamed of. He told me afterward that he would have killed himself if he had not been afraid of hell, and if he had not been unwilling to leave the girl he was in love with—two curiously different motives. And he showed me her picture, a photograph of an apple-cheeked country girl without a trace of distinction. He declared her to be the most beautiful creature in the world, and vowed that some day he would dress her in "black silk and diamonds."

It was this episode, perhaps, which made Dorman remember me now when, after twenty years, our eyes met in the Café La Belle, that gay rendezvous of the gay life of Nice. A movement in the brilliant *parterre* of hats before me opened a vista, and there, at the end of it, seated at table with several ladies, who, though for the most part, fashionably coifed and gorgeously dressed appeared rather out of place, was my old friend and former *protégé*. I knew him at once. After two seconds of puzzled reminiscence, due, he told me frankly, to his astonishment at seeing *me* in Nice, he knew me too, and without a word he pushed back his chair and came striding toward me with open mouth and outstretched hands, shouting his welcome. There was no doubt of his sin-

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cerity, and people turned and looked at him with his great bulk surmounted by his fine head with its tawny mane. He was evidently not unknown at least to the men; for a number of them spoke to their companions, who thereupon put up their lorgnons and gazed at him with renewed curiosity.

I was unfeignedly glad to see him. He was the first compatriot I had seen since my arrival the evening before on the *Sud Express*, except, indeed, one whom I could scarcely reckon as such, so completely was he disguised in foreign manners, imitations, and affectations. This young man was the son of a man of great wealth, known in the world for his money, who on his part was the son of a man of great ability, who had made the wealth. The grandfather had founded huge enterprises and amassed thereby a large fortune; the father carried on the enterprises and increased the fortune largely; and now the son, who had been pampered and spoiled from his golden cradle up, was spending the money by every method which occurred to the idle brain of a youth of some little intellect, extraordinary knowledge of gay life for a man of his years, and as much folly as could well be packed into one frame somewhat burdened by rather unusual good looks. I had known of the grandfather, old Sam Newman, when he was at the zenith of his power. It was he who had recognized the capabilities of my friend when he had left our little circle for the wider field of the commercial metropolis, and had utilized his forces there, giving him his start. I had known the father when he was considered the exponent of wealth and its capabilities, and I had casually met the young man, Sellaby Newman, when he was beginning to be known as a candidate for the honor of being esteemed the wildest example of a wild and dissipated set. Since then he had more than fulfilled his early promise, and had achieved what his own set of young fools were said to envy him: an almost international reputation for reckless debauchery. I might not have known him now had not his name been prominently before the public of late as the *quasi*-hero of a somewhat unsavory scandal connected with the name of a *danseuse* of much vaunted beauty and unusual recklessness. I had seen her a week before in Paris, carrying an audience by storm; and now when she came sailing into the *café* with all the gorgeousness of a bird of rarest plumage

and the beauty which was undeniably hers she attracted the attention of the entire company. At her side, handing her along with a certain insolence of air and a trick of the eyes and shoulders which he had caught in his wanderings, was the young spendthrift, Sellaby Newman, and I think I should have known him even had not his name been muttered from half a dozen tables near me. The tone was far from friendly and the term "*Américain*" was used a number of times as an epithet.

After he had taken his seat he glanced my way with an air of studied unconcern and his eyes, or rather the one which was not obscured by a monocle, fell into mine; but evidently my face recalled no recollection—at least none which he was willing to harbor. He half turned to his companion and muttered some observation at which her carmined lips barely parted.

It was at that minute that I first saw my old friend, Dorman, across the room, and he came striding between the tables toward me. I was, I confess, a trifle embarrassed at such a public declaration of my virtues as he gave; but he was as oblivious of everything else as though he had been in a desert.

Nothing would satisfy him but I must come to his table and dine with him. My declaration that I had ordered my dinner had no effect. I must dine again. "Come along. I will show you a real dinner. You don't know what a dinner is. This isn't the old boarding-house. Mme. Meunier has the best chef in Nice and he knows me well. Don't he, Joseph?" This to the sleek head-waiter who had followed him across the room, and now stood smiling obsequiously at his elbow.

So I was taken across and introduced to his wife, a plain but pleasant looking little woman with gentle eyes and as destitute of waist as the Continent of Africa; overloaded with diamonds worth a king's ransom, even when kings were rated high.

"Mary," he said, as he called my name, "this is my old friend, Tom, of whom you have heard me talk so often." Mary's kind eyes betrayed an expression of vague anxiety. She was "very pleased to meet" me; as were the others to whom I was presented in turn.

"Are you a broker?" she inquired, evidently trying to place me.

"A broker! No," burst in her husband; "this is the man who, when I was broke that



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

A good deal of his haughty assumption seemed to have fallen under our table.—Page 138.

time—that first time down in the country—gave me the money to square up and gave me that good advice about gambling that I've never forgotten." This to me, looking me full in the face, who had read, within two months, of one of the greatest gambling deals that Wall Street had known in years, put through by the sheer nerve of the man before me.

Mary, however, took it as he meant her to take it. Her eyes softened. "Oh, yes," she knew now, and was "mightily obliged" to me, she was sure. But for me William might never have gotten up. He had profited by my advice. He had often told her so. He laid all his good fortune to having followed it. William's blue eyes were on me blandly.

"No, not all, Mary," he said with sincerity. "I must give you credit for some." And again his eyes met mine with that candor which was like a boy's and which had cost so many men so much. The other ladies at the table were his sister-in-law and his "Cousin Jane," the last very like him, but with a certain refinement which the rest lacked, and with a twitch of humor about her wide, strong mouth which showed that William Dorman had not deceived her.

The dinner was all that he promised, and before we were through, Mme. M. came in in her quaint costume, tightly laced over her buxom figure, touched off with jewels, and beamed on us out of her handsome eyes which had once, so report said, ensnared one of the most celebrated men of France; and Dorman drank her health in "the best bottle of wine in Europe," as he declared.

As we dined he told me something of his history—of the struggle he had made, the difficulties he had encountered, and the reverses he had suffered; in all of which, he said, Mary had stood by him, like the trump she was. And as he talked and ate and drank—enormously—he recounted his experiences with the same zest with which he drained his champagne. He certainly was not modest. His boasting, however, was relieved by his grim humor. In the midst of his relation of some *coup* which had cost him or someone else a million or more, he would burst out into real laughter over the recollection of the ridiculous figure he used to cut in the boarding-house in his short breeches and his patched coat.

"By Jove, they were worth a good pile to me, too!" he declared. "I played them in New York against some of those slick fel-

lows till they were more threadbare than they ever were in the old boarding-house. I used to look dull and talk like a country-man until they tumbled to it and began to shy off when I put on my country-boy air."

He had been office boy, telegraph operator, bookkeeper, confidential clerk, general factotum: "pretty much everything, in fact," he said, "from head-man to little dog under the wagon."

"I didn't keep a place long," he laughed; "I was just learnin'. I learnt telegraphin' so 's I could send my own ciphers and take theirs; bookkeepin' so 's I could tell where I stood and how they stood; but I could carry a whole set of books in my head then. I took a private-secretaryship so as to get a good gauge of a man I wanted to gauge—and I got it." He chuckled at a reminiscence and then broke out: "I'll tell you about it. I had got in with the old man." He named the grandfather of the young spendthrift at the table across the room with the *danseuse*. "He liked me because I was smart and could look dull, and because I could do twice as much work as most men. He knew I was smart and he thought he could use me and fool me too—that was his way. Oh, he was a keen one! There was where I got my real start." He threw back his head and laughed. "You see I had learnt all his ciphers and I could read 'em almost at sight, and he didn't know that I could even telegraph. So that gave me considerable advantage. Then, when I threw up the secretaryship he wanted to know what I was going to do. Told him I'd let him know soon. I'd already done it. I staked every dollar on the ace—and won."

His wife turned and laid her hand on his arm. "Now, William, you are talking about those cards again."

"Oh, no! I'm not. I'm only talking about those I used to play." This seemed to satisfy her, for she turned to me with a pleasant smile. "You know he used to play cards right smart; but——"

"But now I've seen the error of my ways," he said quickly with a candid look at me, and then added, "The man that would deceive as good a woman as that ought to be damned—I'll be d——d if he oughtn't!"

Without giving me time to reflect on this bit of casuistry he swept on, giving me a glimpse of his career and methods which was certainly startling and at times astound-



He was at least a full-blooded man.—Page 138.

ing. He had often been hard pushed, sometimes to the very wall, at times much worse than insolvent. "But I always knew I'd win out," he declared vehemently. "You see, I always paid in the end, with interest; so that at last I could always get staked. I was often destroyed, but never cast down, and they never knew it. And that little woman there—" he looked at his wife, with a nod and smile of real affection, and she blushed like a delighted girl—"she stood by me like a brick. When I was up, she wore *my* diamonds, and when I was down, she gave me *hers*."

"And why not?" she said simply.

Her husband smiled and went on: "Till at last we began to be really somebody. By the time they had had me stretched out and nailed to the floor with a stake through my body some five or six dozen times, they began to find I was really alive, and then they began to come around. Oh, I know 'em, the snivelling hounds! they fawn on you when you are up and fall on you and try to tear you to pieces when you are down. But no one ever heard me whine when I was hit or knew me to hector when I was up. It is when I am down that I bluster. *You* know that," he said, with a glint

of a smile in his blue eyes; "and I have bluffed many a one.

"But my biggest bluff was my wheat deal. I'll tell you about it. I was young then, but it made me old. And it came mighty near settling my hash." He cast his eye just half-way toward his wife, and I asked him how it was. "You mean you went broke?"

"Oh, no!" he laughed; "I *was* broke, but that wa'n't anything. I was generally broke those days. But by pawning everything we had and brazening it out, and knowing where every bushel of wheat was on the earth—every bushel, mind you—and just how long it would take to get it to market, I pulled it off. But, by Heaven! it made me old. Any fool can make a corner, but it takes a strong head to get out of it yourself."

"Well, you had good luck. Very few men have tried that and come out safe."

"She saved me." He nodded over toward his wife. "And it cost me a cool million dollars, too."

"How was that?"

"Why, the gang who had been trying for weeks to skin me waked up one day to find that judgment-day had come. I had closed out every bushel and had gone home to go to sleep, which I needed mightily, when they began to roll in. She, there, had known something big was up by the way I acted: figgerin' and cussin' and fumin' and drinkin' coffee and not sleepin' a wink sometimes all night, and she hadn't liked it any too much while it was goin' on. But when I came home and told her it was all right and I had got out safe, she said: 'Thank God! Well now, William, I don't want you to do that sort of thing any more, no, not for three millions.'—I had told her I had made three millions.—But she thought three millions was a good, comfortable sum, too. Her father had made three hundred and fifty dollars once on his wheat crop, and whenever I made anything on wheat, which I had done several times, a few hundred thousand or so, she had always brought up those three hundred and fifty, and I never could make her feel that mine was so much more till I put on a few hundreds and sixty or seventy odd besides. She understood it all right, but she couldn't feel it. In fact, she hasn't much confidence in any arithmetic that she can't do on her fingers; but, by Jove! she can do the addition with those fingers—they just fly.

"Well, as I say, I hadn't more than got home when they began to come in, pleadin' the baby-act, with white faces and shakin' chins, to tell me they was busted—the whole d——d gang—cleaned up, as though I didn't know it. They had looked into the pit of hell expecting to see me sizzling there and found out 'twas themselves. I knew 'em, and knew what every one of 'em was worth, an' what they were, too, down in the bottom of their souls. Some of 'em were good fellows, too; but they didn't know how to play the game. Others knew how to play it, but got caught and come to tell me so, like men—not to whine. Well, I never had it in me to be hard on a man when he was down. I never hit a man real hard but once—I mean since I was a boy, when I had to fight pretty hard now and then—that was when a fellow, one day, knocked another one down and then began to kick him. Well, I reached over, and got a grab of his neck, and when I let him go, he kind of flopped down by the other in a lump—he didn't know whether he had a rib left stickin' to his backbone or not. So now, when they came rollin' in that away" (he always said "that away"), "I began to size 'em up and ask 'em how much they were worth. Well, so much. And how much 'd it take 'em to begin on again; would so much do it? 'Yes, indeed.' 'Well, I'll leave you that and I'll take the rest,' I'd say; and you ought to have seen 'em pearten up. It really was a big thing for 'em; for it saved 'em from liquidatin'. I got so in the way of doing it that when two or three of 'em come in who I knew had been layin' for me, I took the high horse and let 'em off easy in the same way. One of 'em broke down and blubbered—said I was a white man after all, and he'd never say another word against me 's long as he lived. I came near tellin' him what a white-livered hound I knew he was, but I was feelin' kind o' good, and it was only when they'd all gone that I began to think, maybe, I'd been a blazed-faced fool to let 'em off that away. However, I was feelin' pretty virtuous and was thinkin' what a good, kind sort of fellow I was, when the door opened and in walked Mary. As soon as she come in, I knew there was something up, by the way she began. She just plumped herself right in front of me and opened up:

"'Why, Will-iam!' When she calls me 'Will-iam!' I have to look out. But she generally calls me 'Popper' or 'Popsy' or



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I don't play with children," he said scornfully.—Page 139.



"Mais, il est un Goth!"—Page 139.

'Deary' or 'Billy.' But 'William' means business, and 'Will-iam!' means hell to pay. This time she says, 'Why, Will-iam, I am surprised! Is it possible!' Well, I was so stuck on myself that for a minute when she said she'd been listening and was

surprised, I thought she must be put out at my bein' so generous. But 'twarn't but a minute; for in a minute, she was just goin' it: head up, cheeks flamin', eyes blazin', body straight and stiff as a poplar and words a-comin' about five hundred to the minute.

'Why, William,' she says, 'you've been gamblin'—gamblin'! and you told me, and I was foolish enough to believe you 't you'd been buyin' wheat.' Well, for a while I thought I'd brazen it out, but no good. 'What if they were tryin' to do you? What if they were in a clique to rob you? Is that any reason why you should rob them? I know you are smarter than they. I knew you were smarter than anybody else when I married you, but I also thought you were honester, too! Because a thief is layin' for *you* to rob you, is that any reason why you should lay for him and rob *him*? You know what that makes you? I am ashamed to hear you use such a—a—dishonest argument.'

"Well, sir, I tried to recoup by pretending to be mad, but it didn't work,—no sir, she had the call on that, and she played it well, I tell you. 'I am an honest woman,' she says, 'and my father was an honest man and—' 'Oh, yes!' I says, 'I know, and he made three hundred and fifty dollars on his wheat-crop one year!' I says, 'and here I've made three millions on wheat and you are abusing me like a pickpocket.' 'Yes,' she says, cutting in and getting sort of high and mighty, 'and that's what you are—by your own confession—a *pickpocket*—justified to yourself because you've picked the pockets of other pickpockets. No use of your sneerin' at my father!' she says, 'he was an honest man and he wouldn't have made a dollar dishonestly, not for three millions, and I thought when I married you that I was marrying an honest man.'

"'Well, so I am,' I says. 'I thought so till to-night,' she says. 'But now—' I waited for her to finish; but she just steadied herself and looked at me straight and clear; 'I am an honest woman; I have tried to live so and I mean to die so, and as God is in Heaven, I will take my children and go back home and live down there with them.'

"'Now, look ahere, Mary; be reasonable,' I says, for I saw she meant it. When she gets that way she always says '*my* children,' she don't allow me a hair of 'em. 'I will,' she says, 'as God is my Maker, I don't mean them to be brought up by a gambler.' 'Mary,' I says— 'And I will take them away and try to bring them up honest, at least—however poor they may be, unless you'll pay every one of those men who came here to-night what you've won from 'em and give me your word of honor that you won't ever again as long as you live gamble in wheat.'

"'How long will you give me?' I says.

"'Just till I can get this ring off my hand,' she says. And by ——! you know, she began to tug at my wedding-ring.

"'I promise,' I says, and I said it d——d quick, too, for I saw my finish right there.

"'Your word of honor as a gentleman?' she says, looking right through me.

"'Yes, my word of honor as a gentleman, I'll never gamble in wheat again,' and I've kept it, too, for I never gave my word of honor to anyone and broke it. I was glad to get off so easy, too; for the cold sweat was breakin' out on me when I saw her tuggin' at that ring. I was glad she was fat that night."

The dinner was about over, and I must say it had been one of the best I ever ate. He showed a surprising knowledge not only of the cookery, but of the cooks themselves. At one time, he had every high official in the café at the back of his chair, and was telling them just how he wanted a certain dish cooked.

He suddenly branched off.

"Have you ever seen Nice?"

I said I had seen something of it when I spent a winter there.

"Oh! I don't mean that," he said, with a touch of his old arrogance. "You saw only the streets and the cafés where boys go——"

"Well, not altogether," I interrupted; but he swept on.

"I mean the real Nice, the Nice of men and—of fools," he added. "You come with me, and I'll show you."

"My dear," he said, turning to his wife, "my old friend wants me to show him a little of Nice, so I am going out with him for a little while. Don't be disturbed about me if I should be out late."

"Well, I'll try not; but don't be out too late, dear," she said, with a look of idolatry at him and of some misgiving at me.

It was just then that young Newman, in pearl shirt-studs, monocle and frizzled mustache, passed us with his beautiful companion, all glittering in pearls and diamonds. As I stood face to face with him, I bowed and he barely lowered his eyelids; but he bowed to my friend, and I thought half-paused to bow to his wife. But if he had this idea, he thought better of it; for my friend looked him straight in the eye, with a sudden contraction of his own that made him look dangerous. His return to New-

man's "*Bon soir, m'sieur*," was a grunt that sounded as though it might burst into a roar. The other passed on and a good deal of his haughty assumption seemed to have fallen under our table.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Dorman.

"Oh! just a damned little fool who ought to be in an idiot asylum," said her husband easily.

A half hour later, having dropped his wife and cousin at their hotel, his carriage stopped at a fine establishment in the Place de Messina, and a minute later we climbed the great marble stairway, and, having left our coats in the hands of an attendant whom my friend called by his name, "Emil," he ushered me into the great apartments of the club, a miracle of gilding and marble and frescoes, resembling an old Venetian palace.

His entrance created what might without exaggeration be called a sensation. Perhaps two hundred or more men and nearly as many women were present, seated or standing about the tables where the regular game was going on. At the mention of my friend's name, however, there was a stir all through the room, and nearly every eye was turned on him, while a good many of the *habitués* greeted him, and gathered around him. He was evidently a man of consequence among them, and to my surprise he spoke French, if not well, at least with great fluency, never hesitating a moment or staggering at any rule of grammar. Even the stony faces of the *croupiers* changed and took on something of a human expression as he greeted them in hearty, if execrable French: "Eh! bien—braves garçons; comment va 'ça c'longtemps? Très bien? Ah! bien."

Then in English to me, over his shoulder, "I'll show these Frenchmen a thing or two in a few minutes. You watch. I'll rattle 'em, till they look like old Step. Hopkins's signature to the Declaration of Independence." And without further ado, he made his way to the big baccarat table, and after a few minutes, took the banker's seat. He pulled out a wad of thousand-franc notes, which showed that his promise to Mary had been given a liberal construction and that he had come prepared for a big game. The stolid face of the *croupier* opposite actually looked interested.

From the start, the luck was against him, but the loser only grew the cheerier, and began to jolly his opponents to raise the

bets. They soon became so large and his losses were so constant, that many who had at first held back, began to edge into the game, betting on one side or the other, and soon the other tables were deserted.

I confess, that as he sat there with his solid bulk, his ruddy face and his cheerful air, his hat on the back of his round head, a big black cigar in his mouth, I could not but feel that he was at least a full-blooded man; and as the thousands passed from his hands, I was aghast. His credit, however, seemed better than his luck; for, as often as he nodded to the money-changer in his cage for more cash, the checks were furnished—so far as I could see without the least reckoning, though of course, a strict account was kept. He seemed to be making everyone rich, when luck, with its usual inconsistency, shifted. A few of the most noted high-players in France had come into the game. Bets that would have staggered Mary's confidence were being made on the turn of a card, and soon my friend was recouping himself from the most redoubted gamblers in Nice. As he had borne himself gallantly in his reverses, so now he began actually to be modest. He became more polite than I had ever seen him, his serene blue eyes softened and his manner grew almost polished. One of his opponents, a well-known plunger, Baron —, after a persistent run of bad luck, pushed back his chair and bowed to him grandly; my friend scribbled something on a card, and with a bow which I would not have given him credit for, handed it to the banker at his back. Five minutes later, the baron, with a nod and smile to him, resumed his seat and the deal began again, to end in the same way. Dorman had scribbled him a friendly note, asking permission to act as his banker for two hundred thousand francs.

It was just then that young Newman entered the apartment, and with a word to his gay companion, came up to the table. I saw my friend's face change, and following his glance, knew the cause. The young man made his way to the table, with a slow, affected saunter, and insinuated his approach through the crowd, his monocle in his eye, a set simper on his dissipated face, exchanging bows with his acquaintances, who stared at him with half-amusement. As he approached the table, he made some observation over his shoulder to his companion,

which caused a titter among those nearest him. I did not hear, or at least, I did not understand, but William's face hardened just a trifle, and when Newman spoke to him, he barely nodded. It seemed that he had said that if she would wait he would keep his word and show her that the great banker was not so terrible after all, and all that was needed was a man to stand up to him to back him down.

In a moment he took a seat at the table, yielded him by an unlucky player, and asked for checks. My friend glanced at him.

"I don't play with boys."

The other flushed.

"I am not a boy—I will show you as I have shown some others," he added in French.

"Oh, well, of course," said my friend, and in a few moments they were really the only two playing in the room; the rest were mere spectators. It was a duel indeed. Newman was a high player, but fortune, like his companion, smiled on him only to betray him. At first the luck was with him, and there were many titters at Dorman's expense, as the pile of checks grew larger and larger before the younger man. But suddenly the wind of fortune veered. My friend's perfect coolness exasperated the other, and he soon began to plunge. Dorman, with inscrutable eyes, dealt the cards like clockwork, and the broad, sword-like paddles lifted the winnings and deftly distributed them about the table, sweeping the major part into the pile in the middle, till the banker's net winnings were up in the hundreds of thousands. Suddenly the younger man threw his head back and said, "Banco." A gasp ran around the table and every other player drew his money back across the line. It meant that Newman would play for the entire stake on the table. Dorman glanced at him with a curious light in his eyes, and then as Newman met his gaze he dealt the cards. Newman hesitated, and Dorman's lips opened. "Withdraw." Newman's reply was to examine his cards, and just as Dorman offered him a third card lay a trey and a five on the table. Dorman, of course, had to keep the card himself. He exposed his hand and had a nine. The last card was an ace. Newman almost reeled in his seat. His hand shook as he took the glass of *fine champagne* which he had asked for. Stimulated by the *cognac*, he called for another

bank. After a moment of reflection, my friend took him up and again won—the biggest stake ever played in the club. By this time everyone was crowded around, some on chairs, peering over the shoulders of those in front, the *danseuse* paling, even through her delicate rouge, and standing frigidly at Newman's back. Newman, by this time perfectly wild, insisted upon again doubling the bet. My friend looked at him with a warning light in his blue eyes, and I wondered what he would do. Then he shook his head, put a fresh cigar in his mouth, and rose slowly from his chair. The younger man turned as white as death, and began to bluster. My friend watched him with amusement, while the *croupier*, at a nod, filled his silk hat with the checks. Then deliberately taking a handful of long checks from the piled-up hat and with a nod of thanks chucking them over to the *croupier* opposite him, he picked up his hat carefully and pushed back his arm-chair, suddenly turned, and leaning over the end of the table, threw the whole hatful into the younger man's lap.

"I don't play with children," he said scornfully, "or if I do, I do not take their fathers' money."

He turned off unconcernedly and slowly made his way through the crowd. As I followed through the throng of excited, gesticulating, chattering, shouting Latins, in the wake of the broad-shouldered, slow-moving, full-blooded, masterful man who had so astonished them, and who now passed through them as serene and unconcerned as though he were alone in one of the forests of his native hills, all sorts of expressions came to my ears. He was "extraordinaire," "prodigieux," "épouvantable," etc. One of these struck me and stuck to me afterward. A smallish, dark man, with sharp black eyes and peaked nose, a curled and tightly waxed mustache over thin, bloodless lips, piped in a shrill, fife-like voice, "Mais, il est un Goth!" And he was right. On the instant stood revealed, as though he had blown down the ages, a pure Goth, unchanged in any essential since his fathers had left their forests and through all obstacles, even through ranks of Roman legionaries, sword in hand had hewn their way straight to the goal of their desire. He was a Goth in all his appetites and habits, a Goth unchanged, unfettered. True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing noth-

ing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart, a Goth.

As he tramped heavily down the broad marble steps with the attendants bowing before him, I said, "Well?"

He took it as a question.

"D——d slow after the Stock Exchange! Then, after a moment's reflection: "That fool! no, not fool—he doesn't rise to the dignity of a fool—the d——d jackass! He is a disgrace to his family and his country. He an American! He ain't even a foreigner. He's a counterfeit—an empty-headed sham, expatriated jackass! If he had dared to speak to my wife with that—that woman on

his arm I'd have broke his neck, and he knew it. It's that sort of Americans that make me sick!"

He spat out his disgust.

Next morning Newman sent a friend to see him. I happened to call at the same time, and heard the challenge given. Dorman's reply was: "I neither play with children nor fight them. Tell him for me that it will be time enough for me to think about killing him when he pays me what he owes me."

As the second left the room, he repeated the phrase I had caught the night before: "Mais, il est un Goth!"

THE WHITE FATHERS OF NORTH AFRICA

By Charles Wellington Furlong

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



LATE one afternoon, hot and dusty, I followed a rough and indefinite trail on my way through central Barbary. Early in the day I had met a caravan, passing by the great lurching, soft-footed *jemal* (camels) and their swarthy Arab drivers. Then a Jew merchant, in black fez and *haik*, astride an overburdened ass trotted by. Some hours after, rounding a rise of ground, I overtook a lone figure, and as I turned in my saddle to reply to his kindly word, he acknowledged my salute by lightly touching the cord of camel's hair which bound his turban.

The late sun glow threw into strong relief his long white robe of Arab pattern and turned to a brilliant orange his swarthy face, which, notwithstanding exposure to deserts and storms, heats and rains, leaving it tanned and seamed, bore indisputably the hall-mark of a man to the manor born. "Bon voyage," he replied in his native tongue. "Deux kilomètres et vous arriverez à Sabra." As I pushed on toward my destination I turned again. His picturesque figure stood out against red rocks and green halfa grass, over which his long shadow shed its violet shape. On his breast a black rosary scintillated and the silver-mounted

crucifix glistened in the light. His garb was the simple dress of his order, the cross the symbol of his faith, for the stranger was a Père Blanc, a member of the band of French missionaries of Our Lady of the African Mission, more commonly known as the "White Fathers of North Africa."

From time to time I had run across these white-robed, bearded priests in the crowded *souks* of North African towns and isolated mountain villages. As I rode along under the hot African sun, my thoughts drifted back to the time when once in far-away Paris I had stood long before Bonnat's masterful painting in the Luxembourg, of Cardinal Charles Martel Lavigerie, the founder of the order in which are men through whose veins flowed the best blood of France. His name is as closely identified with the history of Algeria and Tunis as it is with that of the order he founded. Since 1892 his body has lain beneath the stones of the cathedral he erected, St. Louis of Carthage, near Tunis, but his spirit is abroad among the plains and the hills.

At forty-two Lavigerie gave up the important bishopric of Nancy and the honors it forecast to become archbishop of the obscure see of Algiers. As the steamer bore him toward the African coast in the spring



Cardinal Charles Martel Lavigerie, founder of the order of the White Fathers.

of 1867 and the loom of the land grew clear and distinct, no fertile hillsides and valleys such as I was passing through met his eyes. All was barren and parched; instead of olean-der-fringed *wadees* (river-beds) and a coun-tryside bursting with color, a cholera and famine-stricken land stared him in the face.

Thousands of starving Arabs roamed its withered surface or begged in vain for help at the gates of the fever-stricken cities, in most cases to wander away again and die. Besides orphanages which he at once estab-lished, means were found for nursing many

aged through the scourge, and the close of the famine left dependent upon him sev-eral thousand Arab orphans.

The year after his arrival at Algiers Lavigerie organized the White Fathers.* Through almost superhuman efforts they educated and trained these children in in-dustrial pursuits, particularly in farm work,

* A number of years later, through Lavigerie, a military corps, called the Armed Brethren of the Sahara, was orga-nized. Its purpose was to assist in the papal crusade against slavery by protecting its missions and missionaries, but chiefly to extend French influence. Lavigerie also formed an inde-pendent order of women, called Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions, known as the White Sisters, for work among Arab women and girls.

for Lavigerie realized that agriculture was the foundation of Algerian and Tunisian colonial life. Furthermore, these young Arabs were to serve as a nucleus for Christian villages, and large tracts of barren land which Lavigerie purchased soon blossomed into fruitful vineyards, olive groves, and fields of golden grain. In time, intermarriages took place, and under the supervision of the White Fathers small town colonies sprang up. Strange as it may seem, the French colonial government not only failed to realize the value of the work and to co-operate in it, but at times spared no effort to block its way and to force Lavigerie to abandon it altogether.

This radicalism and opposition were undoubtedly due in no small part to the influence of the criminal element among the colonists, which France had seen fit to shovel intermittently out of her back door since 1848. Here, perhaps, more than in any other crisis, Lavigerie's intelligence and indomitable courage showed his worth. After a hard fight, despite intrigue and jealousy, Lavigerie broke down certain official opposition and eventually succeeded in shifting the support of the orphanages and villages upon the state.

While the evangelization of Mohammedans and pagans was one part of Lavigerie's general plan, to teach knowledge and love of France was another. There is no doubt that the half thousand White Fathers were as patriotic as they were spiritual and formed part of an elaborate scheme to extend French influence from the Mediterranean to the Congo. However, despite their importance in weaving the cordon of French influence about the Sahara and Soudan, it is as opponents of the African slave trade that they will blaze their mark on the mile-posts of its history.

Lavigerie's methods were those of a man as broad-minded as he was charitable and far-seeing, for he knew that no more destructive shaft could be hurled against the barrier of Mohammedanism than the abolition of slavery, upon which its whole social structure is built.

Several years before he took up his anti-slavery crusade as Archbishop of Algiers, which included the mission of the West Sahara, the exportation of slaves to the United States had ceased to exist and the coast trade of the low rakish slave dhows had

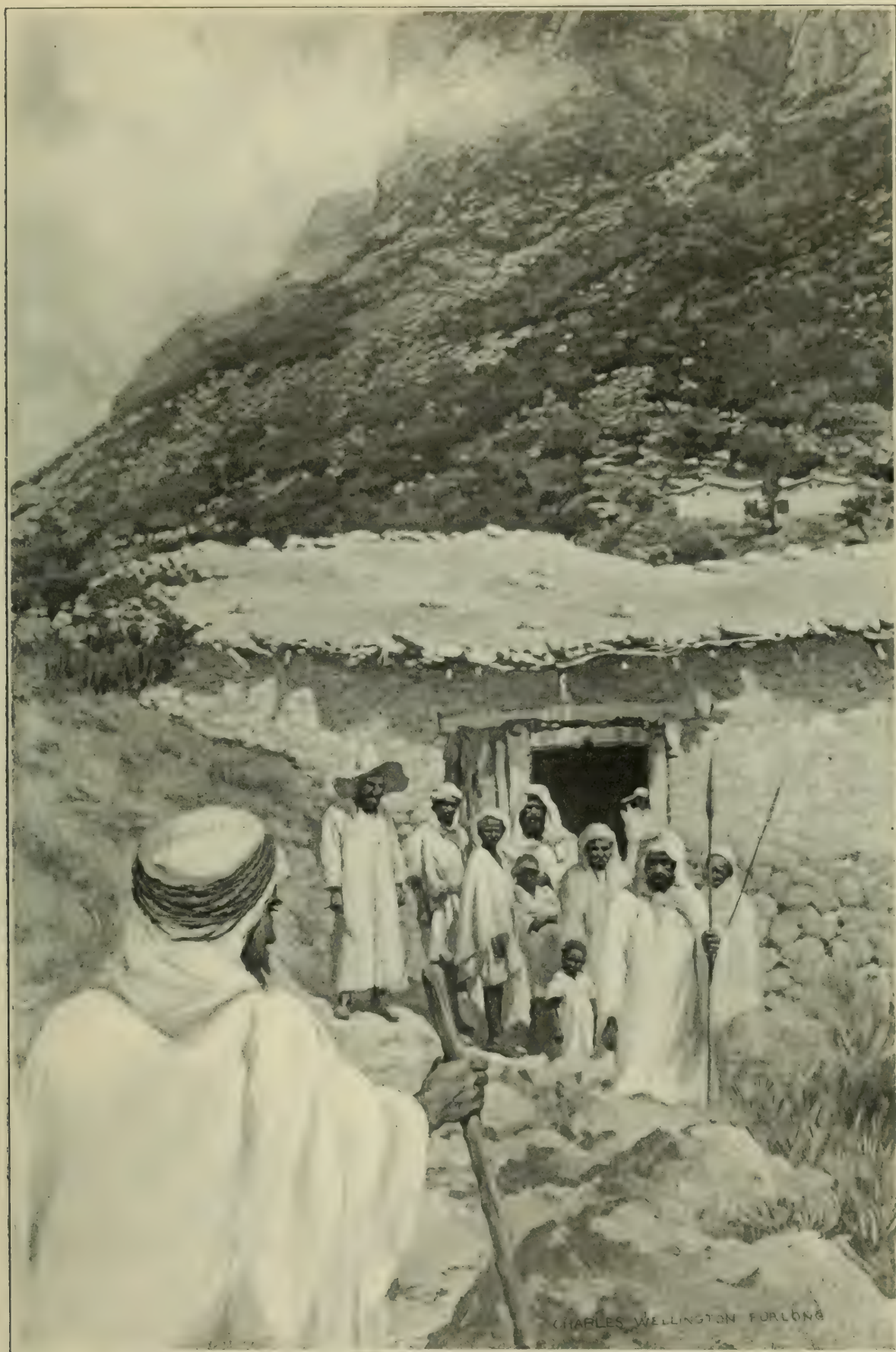
been so broken up by the watchfulness of Britain's cruisers that slavery by sea had been reduced to a minimum. But inland it had assumed proportions of greater magnitude and of more revolting character under the Arabs and negro chiefs who were associated with them, at least over half a million being sacrificed yearly to the Molech, slavery. To-day recent investigations in Portuguese West Africa have shown that these atrocities have in no wise diminished under certain European control.

Slavery in French Barbary no longer existed, so Lavigerie extended his campaign to the south. Finding it impossible to reach Central Africa by the dangerous caravan routes across the Sahara, the White Fathers at last had recourse to the trails which strike inland from the east and west coasts, and established themselves not only in isolated tracts of the Sahara, but upon far-away table-lands in Central Africa, south even of Nyanza and Tanganyika.

"Indorsed for martyrdom," wrote Lavigerie on papers authorizing a young missionary to say mass in the interior. "It is for this that I have come," was his reply. With such imperturbable faith many of these white burnoused men disappeared from the eyes of the world and were lost in the oblivion of Central Africa, to work among a black people who alone were accustomed to the suffocating heat, chilly nights, and pestilential vapors. Fifteen missionaries met the indorsement; fatigue and hardship have claimed some sixty more.

It is not easy for one unfamiliar with French colonial Africa to appreciate the difficulty under which the White Fathers have labored. To overcome the fanatical prejudice of the Moslem on the one hand, and the bitter opposition of the Algerian press and certain state officialdom on the other, required not only a broad and lasting charity, but great caution, firmness, and tact.

Methods used for reaching the natives make still more unique the distinctive character of the order. They have not only adopted the dress of the Arabs, but in many instances eat the same kind of food and so far as possible in language and customs adapt their manner of living to that of the Moslems about them. They incorporate Mohammedan forms with their religious teaching, refrain from coercion, and through example show the natives that they may



Drawn by C. W. Furlong.

A missionary visiting the wild Berbers in the mountains of Kabylia.

glean a comfortable living at the very doors of their tents and houses. To receive bread for a stone by one who had power created a new sensation in the Arab mind, nor were they slow to appreciate certain reforms. The laborer was worthy of his hire, so voluntary labor for the day's wage in place of the curse and the lash were introduced, education encouraged, industrial arts developed, and higher forms of social morality inculcated. Lavigerie was known among his followers as Grandfather Bishop, and among the

save for a short cue to serve as a handle by which at the last day they may be hauled up to Allah and the Fields of the Blessed.

These villages were ensconced well up on the mountain sides, whose lower slopes and valleys the inhabitants till with their crude wooden ploughs. Some Kabyles are shepherds, with homes among the clouds just below the snow-capped peaks of the greater Atlas, and are as untamed as the wild mountain goats among whom they dwell.

It is to these wild hill-folk in particular



Within the low, white walls of Maison-Carrée.

Arabs with whom he came in touch as the Christian *marabout* (holy man). Even the Algerian Government once publicly did him full justice, at least in recognition of his agricultural labors, by bestowing upon him the title, "Head Farmer of Algeria." He was as proud of these as of his ecclesiastical title, Primate of Africa.

Part of my journey lay through the Berber hill country, and sometimes, as I suddenly rounded a bend or entered a valley, I stumbled upon a little village of their small stone houses or hive-shaped huts. From the doorways wild-eyed Kabyle children peered, while the parents sold me fodder, goat's milk, and fruit. The men's heads were closely cropped

that the White Fathers have turned their attention, for Lavigerie believed it was through them the conversion of Arab Africa to France and the Church could be brought about. Nor was it strange; of ancient Berber origin, these swarthy but white-raced people would assimilate well with the French colonists; furthermore, despite the distaste of the Moslem for Rome's ritualism and state, the Kabyles were more amenable to its doctrines. They are, for the most part, peaceable and industrious when not interfered with, if we except certain of their tribes, more particularly the Riffs of Morocco, to any of whom one can offer no greater insult than to say, "Your father died in his bed."



Père Michel paused . . . and gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix.—Page 146.

The Kabyles have never fully accepted the Moslem yoke of their Arab conquerors. Besides, centuries ago the people of these mountain ranges had once been Christian, and the influence of the Roman crops out now and again, as in their use, for instance, of the Roman mile as a measure of distance and their retention of a municipal form of government patterned after that of the Romans.

My route from the south did not leave the Kabyle country until it almost emptied into Algiers itself, in whose vicinity the first important headquarters of the Pères Blancs were established.

One morning in midsummer, shortly after my arrival in that city, I drove out some eleven kilomètres from Algiers proper. Ahead of me a prison, originally a Turkish fort, crowned the top of a distant hill. At one time this building was used by the White Fathers as a novitiate, and is known as Maison-Carrée, or Square House, which is also the name of the little village which has sprung up about it. The Pères Blancs now occupy a tract of land adjoining the village. Here the novices study, going afterward to the headquarters of the White Fathers at St. Louis of Carthage to complete their training.

Leaving the outskirts, the carriage soon whirled from the dusty road and entered a shaded avenue of eucalyptus-trees which the

French have introduced throughout malarial districts. On either side were well-tilled, prosperous fields and vines.

The green shades with their purple clusters of fruit were broken here and there by the white-garbed missionaries, and one of them directed a group of young Arabs at farm work in an open field. The buildings of the White Fathers, the Monastery of St. Joseph, came into view and soon, within its low, white walls, I was greeted by one of the missionaries, Père Michel, who came down a gravel path to meet me. As we strolled through the garden of the monastery surrounded by its cloistered buildings, I remarked that on my approach I noticed some large black letters of a firm's name which defaced one of the picturesque outer walls.

"The vines have been sold, monsieur," said Père Michel, with a touch of sadness, "but we still have charge of them that the wine may bear our mark." We wandered among many rare African plants until we reached a summer-house thatched after the manner of the native huts of the interior. In its shadow we seated ourselves at a heavy wooden table, upon which an earthen *carafe* of wine from the vines of Muscat had been placed for our refreshment. About us lazy insects droned and the monotonous sizzling of cicadas and an occasional locust broke the

stillness of the heat. Across from me sat the kindly, unassuming missionary. Such men as he had traversed the Sahel and the Sahara and entered the miasmatic and fever-laden swamps of the interior.

With difficulty my host was led to speak

trade. On several occasions the missionaries had dressed their wounds or sores. In return the Touaregs invited them to their homes in the desert, and later gave them assurances of their protection and a safe conduct south, which they accepted."

"With Touaregs, Père Michel?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Touaregs from the west of Igidi, I believe, monsieur." I knew the reputation these robbers of caravans bore from Lake Tchad to the Mediterranean, a reputation for all that is fierce, treacherous, and cruel. I had run across them in the *suks* of desert towns down in Tripoli where they came to buy camels and dates. Tall, sinewy, cat-like fellows with a cloth—blue, black, or white—covering the lower half of the face to lessen evaporation, and long, cross-hilted knives in scabbards attached by leather bracelets to their wrists.

"But it was suicide, Père Michel, to have placed their lives in the hands of Touaregs from the Igidi Desert."

"Ah, monsieur, the Arabs among whom they dwelt tried to dissuade them, but the possibility of reaching their long-desired goal, Timbuctu, now seemed assured. So Monseigneur Lavigerie authorized their departure, and a little caravan of three missionaries and an escort of five Touaregs with camels and baggage began its toilsome journey over the great burning wastes toward Timbuctu. From the time when they passed beyond the sand-hills their whereabouts and happenings were shrouded in the greatest mystery, and they disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. No communication from them of any kind ever reached their friends here at Maison-Carrée or elsewhere.

"Many months afterward vague rumors of their murder drifted across the desert and were given credence among the tribes of the northern Sahara. Then there came up from the south a party of ostrich hunters. Not a great distance from the very gates of Timbuctu itself, as they had scoured the sandy



A young missionary stood at one of the presses.—Page 147.

of their work and achievements. "It was in the Algerian outposts at Biskra and several other towns skirting the Sahara," he said, "that we first obtained a footing, although our missionaries have since penetrated the dark interior with its brutal barbarism."

"But the expedition to Timbuctu?" I queried. Père Michel paused a moment and his eyes gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix which he held in his hand. "Ah, the expedition to Timbuctu, monsieur, it is a sad story.

"It was the desire of our order to establish a station in the southwest Soudan, and so Pères Paulmier, Menoret, and Bouchaud started on their mission. They spoke Arabic well, for they had been living with the tribes in the Algerian Sahara, acquainting themselves with the language and customs of many of the desert tribes.

"South lay the great territory controlled by the Touaregs. Père Paulmier and his associates occasionally came in touch with some of these nomads who strayed north with the caravans or entered the towns to

wastes for quarry, they suddenly came upon the headless bodies of the three missionaries. Thus were the rumors confirmed. But, monsieur," and he smiled quietly, "we are now established in Timbuctu."

"Mais allons," said Père Michel, rising, "I must show you our printing establishment. Close in the wake of our schools and pharmacies, which always precede preaching, have followed the printing-presses, so that we are able to present to the natives the written word in Arabic or their local dialect," and he led the way through the garden across a hot space of sunlight to a large basement room.

At first I could distinguish only indistinct forms in the semi-darkness of its cool interior, entering so suddenly from the outer glare, but soon my eyes adjusted themselves. Along one side of the room some novices were engaged sorting type, and the rhythmic sound of a number of hand presses gave a tone of industry to the whole setting. The hot wind

through the doorway caused a leaf of manuscript to flutter to the floor. A missionary bent over and placed it on the table at which he was seated amid a confusion of manuscript, binding material, and a pile of completed books. One of these, in its orange-red binding, lies beside me as I write. "Souvenir de L'imprimerie des Pères Blancs, P. Michel, Maison-Carrée, le août 18, 1904," is the inscription it bears on its fly-leaf.

But the most lasting impression which I carried away with me stood out, simple and unassuming, in contrast with those of previous weeks of rough travelling. A young missionary stood at one of the presses. His

form seemed to unify itself with its surroundings. The sharpness and edges of things were softened in the luminous shadow. The dark mass of his figure and the press silhouetted against the brilliant glare of an arched window. An open door shed a cross-light down the back of his white tunic and rays from the window diffused themselves in a bright halo about his slightly bent head. A sad and sweet thoughtfulness seemed to emanate from him, as method-

ically he fed the blanks to the roll click of the press. Perhaps he was contemplating the contents of the little breviary of "Truths" which he was printing or looking forward to the time when he should carry the word to the peoples beyond the sands.

The desert and the region of parched halfa grass had faded away south. Faint, vapid airs, hot and odor-laden, drifted over the Bay of Tunis as the train skirted its northern shores. Tunis herself fringed the inland edge

and the placid water miraged in replica her white opalescent walls and tiled minarets.

The train soon rounded a spur which terminates a range of hills overlooking the Mediterranean, immortalized as the site where mighty Carthage rose from the sea, flourished and sank again. I alighted at the little wayside station of Mäalaka. Above me, capping the summit like a white turban, was the famous Seminary of St. Louis of Carthage and its cathedral. I reached the grateful shade of its garden walls, pulled a rope which dangled through a hole, and was ushered into a reception-room in the Séminaire. Here, with no little expectation,



A White Father.



Arab boys under the care of the White Fathers at El Goléa in the Sahara.

I awaited the chaplain of St. Louis, that indefatigable explorer and archæologist, Rev. Père Delattre. For more than a quarter of a century he has been engaged in bringing to light the remains of ancient Carthage, which lay beneath the smooth-combed surface of grass and desert sand. As the name of Cardinal Lavigerie will always be inseparably associated with the history of Algeria and Tunis, so will that of Père Delattre be linked with the history of St. Louis of Carthage.

A door in a dark corner opened and shut quietly. Through it, in the softened light, I caught a glimpse of the interior of the cathedral, with its vista of Byzantine columns and ornate Moorish tracery and arches. A figure moved quickly toward me and I arose to meet Père Delattre.

"Your journey has been long, monsieur?" he asked, offering me a seat.

"From the Sahel and the south," I replied, and the conversation shortly drifted to my purpose in coming to Carthage and my desire to see the results of the work which had been carried on there, both by Lavigerie and himself. But I was

interested as much in the man with whom I was talking as in what he was saying. He left me for a moment in search of some books in another part of the room.

Of average height, the quick movements of his well-knit figure bespoke a man of nervous temperament, but of untiring energy and endurance. Though a little gray sprinkled his hair and beard and he had undoubtedly seen half a century, much of which had been spent in the enervating Tunisian climate, time had touched him lightly.

"Voilà, monsieur! These books describe the results of our excavations here at Carthage. These," he said, graciously handing me several paper-bound volumes, "I am pleased to present to you." I observed him more carefully as he went on to explain their contents. The severe line of his straight-cropped mustache bristled from under his finely cut aquiline nose, hiding the more delicate mouth line. The African sun glare had made deep furrows across his forehead, and one of these, because of its prominence and shape, attracted my attention. His ruddy, sunburned face and the red fez he wore served but to



A White Father travelling.



A Saharan mission station of the White Fathers at El Goléa.

intensify the blueness of his keen, expressive eyes, as they looked out from heavy, overhanging brows.

To all questions regarding results and methods of the archæological work he spared no pains to enlighten me. But concerning his part in the work and certain inquiries about the White Fathers he became not only modest but reticent, and refused to tell me anything personal, even his age. "For," he replied, "it is not necessary, monsieur. All that you need to know about me is in the *dictionnaire*."

The most interesting room in the Grande Séminaire was the Musée Lavigerie. In it was a most remarkable collection of relics illustrative of the Punic, Roman, Christian, and Crusade periods of Carthage. Passing through the Hall of the Crusades, we ascended the stairs leading to the upper cloisters of the Séminaire.

"Are all the young men trained here to become White Fathers, Frenchmen, Père Delattre?"

"Not at all, monsieur," he replied, throw-

ing back his burnous. "The Pères Blancs are essentially composed of Frenchmen, but there are representatives among us from Italy, Great Britain, and even your own country, and we have some Arabs in our number. In all of our seminaries, as was the case in the College of St. Charles in Tunis,* Arab and French youths work side by side. It is but one of the means by which we may aid France in bringing about complete assimilation, for she has by no means enough men to people these colonies, and we must turn to making Frenchmen of the few million Arabized Berbers of Kabylia."

The great, cool reach of the Mediterranean stretched away in one direction; in the other, the landscape moved and wriggled through the rising heat waves. Near a headland we could see the beautiful suburb of Sidi bou Said, also the Bey's palace.

Père Delattre pointed to a distant group of Arab habitations. "The story of how

*Several years ago the College of St. Charles was ceded to the Tunisian government and became a lay institution.



The famous seminary of St. Louis

we were first led to dig in ancient Carthage is a simple one, monsieur. Once, while on my way to visit a sick Arab in that village yonder, two Arab shepherd boys importuned me to buy some rusty coins. Refusing, I was about to go along, when a piece of marble slab lying by the path, caught my eye. From its mutilated inscription it bore every evidence of being a fragment of an ancient Christian funereal tablet. I took the fragment and gave the boys a few *sous* to bring other pieces to the Séminaire, believing the spot to be the site of an ancient Christian cemetery. The Arabs brought me many fragments in their *baracans* (garments), and as the custodians of St. Louis, we soon began excavating. Such was the beginning of this valuable collection.

"On this spur where we now stand, known as the Byrsa," he continued, "the Phœnicians, twenty-eight centuries ago, erected their first fortress about which sprang up their mighty city. Here, too, nearly thirteen centuries after Christ the courageous but enfeebled Louis IX of France, during a crusade against Tunis, spread his camp over the fallen stones of

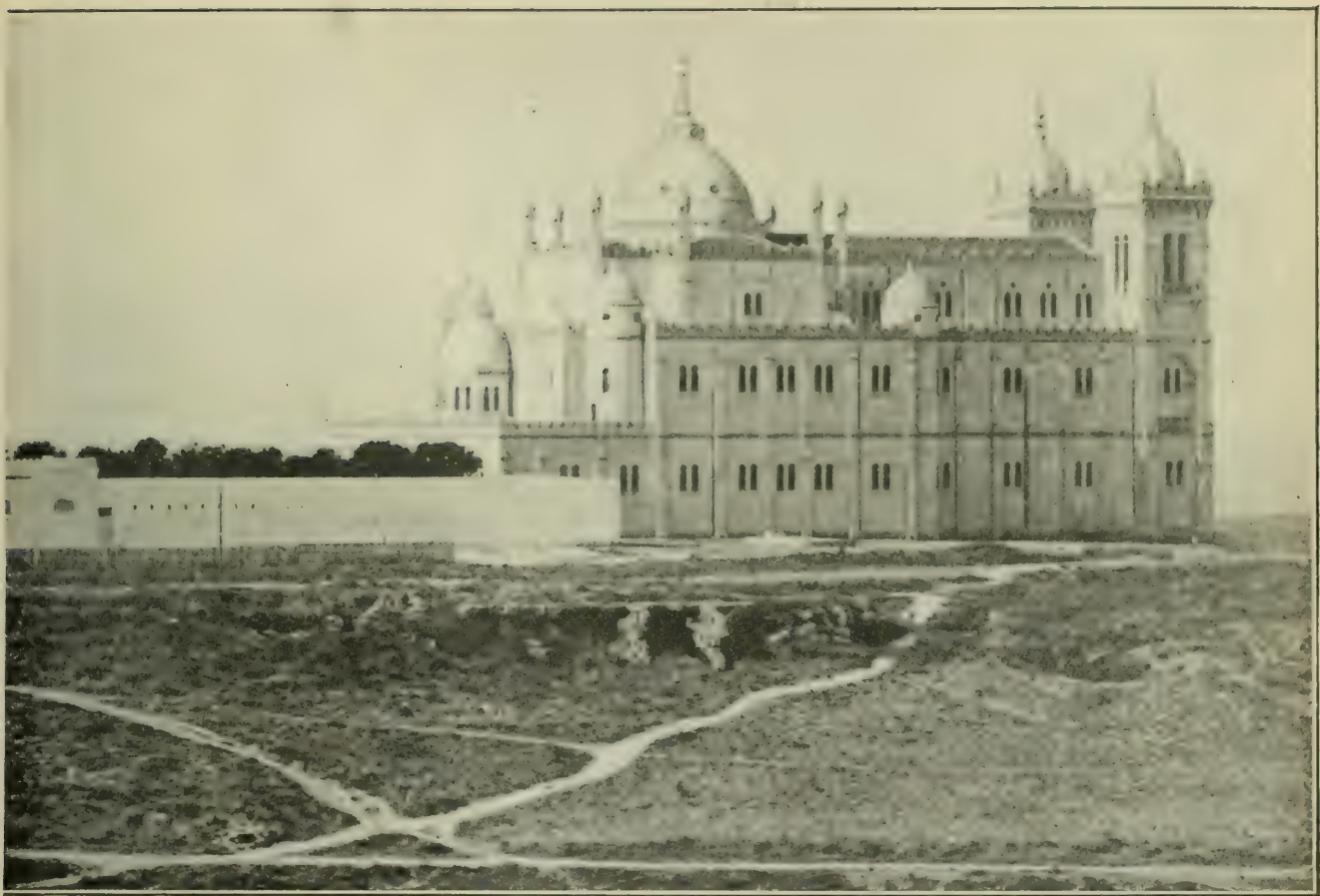
Carthage."* We now descended to the garden, and shortly emerged from under some low tamarisks. In an open space was a beautiful chapel, a memorial erected by Louis Philippe to his illustrious ancestor St. Louis.

"To this little edifice," said Père Delattre, "are attached the history and sentiment of the place, for it occupies the very spot where St. Louis lay down for the last time his knightly arms." At the advent to Carthage of the White Fathers, this beautiful structure was considered unworthy of such an illustrious man, so the cathedral was subsequently built. To me this small but dignified chapel is a more worthy memorial to the simple crusader king than its rather overelaborate neighbor.

Late in the afternoon I left the White Father. As I was about to go I requested the privilege of making a sketch of him. Again what I took to be the self-abnegation of the man showed itself.

"Ah, monsieur, it is not necessary."

* Sixty-five years ago the site of Carthage was ceded in perpetuity by the regency of Tunis to Charles X of France. Tunisia to-day, though nominally under a bey, is no less a French colony than Algeria.



of Carthage and its cathedral.

"But I have come a long way, Père Delattre," I urged. His mouth seemed to harden to the line of his straight-cropped mustache and a deep flush overspread his face.

"This is my figure, my beard," he said. "No, monsieur, I object," and extending his hand he bade me farewell.

"*Au revoir*, monsieur."

"*Au revoir*," I replied. He moved quickly up the garden, the great bell of the cathedral tongued out the vespers and, passing down one of the paths which covered the steep hillside like the web of a meadow spider, I left St. Louis.

Great works, enterprises, and institutions depending on the efforts of one man are often buried with him, but to-day the White Fathers and their work are stronger, better organized, and better equipped than ever before. Incredible as it may seem, it is from France herself, as much as she is indebted to the order, that the worst is to be feared.

Ten years before Lavigerie's death, which occurred in 1892, his fearlessness and reasoning averted, in Algeria, the execution of decrees for the expulsion of the religious

communities, especially the teaching orders, which had been enforced in France.

To-day the recent energy displayed by the French Government in regard to the separation law has again caused the political thunder clouds of radicalism to float across the Mediterranean and hang threateningly over Algeria and Tunis. Whether a second "Christian Marabout" will arise and ward off the storm or the requiem of Cardinal Charles Martel Lavigerie will be that of his order remains to be seen. Whatever happens the self-sacrificing spirit of the White Fathers will be written large in the history of French colonial Africa.

In a corner of my room the late afternoon sunlight of our Indian summer falls across an earthen lamp of Punic workmanship; St. Louis on the heights of Carthage, low-lying Maison-Carée, the scorched Atlas, the arid plateaus of the Sahel and the reeking, hot sands of the Sahara pass before me. I see a white burnoused figure going his quiet way, his face bronzed as those of the Arabs among whom he labors and his crucifix reflecting the hot rays of a brilliant African sun.



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"No—I shall have to ask you to take my word for it."—Page 163.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK I—(Continued)

IV



JOHN AMHERST was no one-sided idealist. He felt keenly the growing complexity of the relation between employer and worker, the seeming hopelessness of permanently harmonizing their claims, the recurring necessity of fresh compromises and adjustments. He hated rant, demagoguery, the rash formulating of emotional theories; and his contempt for bad logic and subjective judgments led him to regard with distrust the immediate panaceas offered for the cure of economic evils. But his heart ached for the bitter throes with which the human machine moves on. He felt the menace of industrial conditions when viewed collectively, their poignancy when studied in the individual lives of the toilers among whom his lot was cast; and clearly as he saw the need of a philosophic survey of the question, he was sure that only through sympathy with its personal, human side could a solution be reached. The disappearance of the old familiar contact between master and man seemed to him one of the great wrongs of the new industrial situation. That the breach must be further widened by the ultimate substitution of the stock-company for the individual employer, was obvious to any student of economic tendencies, and presented to Amherst's mind one of the most painful problems in the scheme of social readjustment. But it was characteristic of him to dwell rather on the removal of immediate difficulties than in the contemplation of those to come, and while the individual employer was still to be reckoned with, the essential thing was to bring him closer to his workers. Till he entered personally into their hardships and aspirations—till he learned what they wanted and why they wanted it—Amherst believed that no mere law-making, however enlightened, could suffice to create a wholesome relation between the two.

This feeling was uppermost as he sat with Mrs. Westmore in the carriage which was carrying them to the mills. He had meant to take the trolley back to Westmore, but at a murmured word from Mr. Tredegar, Bessy had offered him a seat at her side, leaving the others to follow in a second carriage. This culmination of his hopes—the unlooked-for chance of a half-hour alone with her before reaching the mills—left Amherst oppressed with the swiftness of the precious minutes. He had so much to say—so much to prepare her for—yet how begin, while he was in utter ignorance of her character and her point of view, and while her lovely nearness left him so little chance of perceiving anything except itself?

But he was not often the victim of his sensations, and presently there emerged, out of the very consciousness of her grace and her completeness, an acuter sense of the conditions which, in a measure, had gone to produce them. Her dress could not have hung in such subtle folds, her white chin have nestled in such rich depths of fur, the pearls in her ears have given back the light from such unblemished curves, if thin shoulders in shapeless gingham had not bent, day in, day out, above the bobbins and carders, and weary ears throbbed even at night with the relentless tumult of the looms. Amherst, however, felt no sensational resentment at the contrast. He had lived too much with ugliness and want not to believe in human nature's abiding need of their opposite. He was glad there was room for such beauty in the world, and sure that its purpose was an ameliorating one, if only it could be used as a beautiful spirit would use it.

The carriage had turned into one of the nondescript thoroughfares, half incipient street, half decaying lane, which dismally linked the mill-village to Hanaford. Bessy looked out on the ruts, the hoardings, the starved trees dangling their palsied leaves in

the radiant October light; then she sighed and said: "What a good day for a gallop!"

Amherst felt a momentary chill, but the naturalness of the exclamation disarmed him, and the words called up thrilling memories of his own college days, when he had ridden his grandfather's horses in the famous hunting valley not a hundred miles from Hanaford.

Bessy met his smile with a glow of understanding. "You like riding too, I am sure?"

"I used to; but I haven't been in the saddle for years. Factory managers don't keep hunters," he said laughing.

Her embarrassed murmur showed that she took this as an apologetic allusion to his reduced condition, and in his haste to correct this impression he added: "If I regretted anything in my other life, it would certainly be a gallop on a day like this; but I chose my trade deliberately, and I've never been sorry for my choice."

He had hardly spoken when he felt the inappropriateness of this personal avowal; but her prompt response showed him, a moment later, that it was, after all, the straightest way to his end.

"You find the work interesting? I'm sure it must be. You'll think me very ignorant—my husband and I came here so seldom . . . I feel as if I ought to know so much more about it," she explained.

At last the note for which he waited had been struck. "Won't you try to—now you're here? There's so much worth knowing," he broke out impetuously.

Mrs. Westmore coloured, but rather with surprise than displeasure. "I'm very stupid—I have no head for business—but I will try to," she said gently.

"It's not business that I mean; it's the personal relation—just the thing the business point of view leaves out. Financially, I don't suppose your mills could be better run; but there are over seven hundred women working in them, and there's so much to be done, just for them and their children."

He caught a faint hint of withdrawal in her tone. "I have always understood that Mr. Truscomb did everything——"

Amherst flushed; but he was beyond caring for the personal rebuff. "Do you leave it to your little girl's nurses to do everything for her?" he asked.

Now indeed her surprise seemed about to verge on annoyance: he saw the prelimi-

nary ruffling of the woman who is put to the trouble of defending her dignity. "Really, I don't see—" she began with distant politeness; then her face changed and melted, and again her blood spoke for her before her lips.

"I am glad you told me that, Mr. Amherst. Of course I want to do whatever I can. I should like you to point out everything——"

Amherst's resolve had been taken while she spoke. He *would* point out everything, would stretch this matchless opportunity to its limit. All thoughts of personal prudence were flung to the winds—her blush and tone had routed the waiting policy. He would declare war on Truscomb at once, and take the chance of immediate dismissal. At least, before he went he would have brought this exquisite creature face to face with the wrongs from which her luxuries were drawn, and set in motion the regenerating impulses of indignation and pity. He did not stop to weigh the permanent advantage of this course. His only feeling was that the chance would never again be given him—that if he let her go away, back to her usual life, with her eyes unopened and her heart untouched, there would be no hope of her ever returning. It was better that he should leave for good, and that she should come back, as come back she must, more and more often, if once she could be made to feel the crying need of her presence.

But where was he to begin? How give her even a glimpse of the packed and intricate situation?

"Mrs. Westmore," he said hastily, "there's no time to say much now, but before we get to the mills I want to ask you a favour. If, as you go through them, you see anything that seems to need explaining, will you let me come and tell you about it tonight? I say tonight," he added, meeting her look of enquiry, "because later—tomorrow even—I might not have the chance. There are some things—a good many—in the management of the mills that Mr. Truscomb doesn't see as I do. I don't allude to business questions: wages and dividends and so on—those are out of my province. I speak merely in the line of my own work—my care of the hands, and what I believe they need and don't get under the present system. Naturally, if Mr. Truscomb were well, I shouldn't have had this chance of putting

the case to you; but since it's come my way, I must seize it and take the consequences."

Even as he spoke, by a swift reaction of thought, those consequences rose before him in all their seriousness. It was not only, or chiefly, that he feared to lose his place; though he knew his mother had not spoken lightly in instancing the case of the foreman whom Truscomb, to gratify a personal spite, had for months kept out of a job in his trade. And there were special reasons why Amherst should heed her warning. In adopting a manual trade, instead of one of the gentlemanly professions which the men of her family had always followed, he had not only disappointed her hopes, and to a great extent thrown away the benefits of the education she had pinched herself to give him, but had disturbed all the established habits of her life by removing her from her normal surroundings to the depressing exile of a factory-settlement. However much he inwardly blamed himself for exacting this sacrifice, it had been made with such cheerfulness of spirit that the consciousness of it never clouded his daily life with his mother; but her self-effacement made him the more alive to his own obligations, and having placed her in a difficult situation he had always been careful not to increase its difficulties by any imprudence in his conduct toward his employers. Yet, grave as these considerations were, they were really less potent than his personal desire to remain at Westmore. Lightly as he had just resolved to risk the chance of dismissal, all his future was bound up in the hope of retaining his place. His heart was in the work at Westmore, and the fear of not being able to get other employment was a small factor in his intense desire to keep his post. What he really wanted was to speak out, and yet escape the consequences: by some miraculous reversal of probability to retain his position and yet effect Truscomb's removal. The idea was so fantastic that he felt it merely as a quickening of all his activities, a tremendous pressure of will along undetermined lines. He had no wish to take the Superintendent's place; but his dream was to see Truscomb superseded by a man of the new school, in sympathy with the awakening social movement—a man sufficiently practical to "run" the mills successfully, yet imaginative enough to regard that task as the least of his duties.

He saw the promise of such a man in Louis Duplain, the overseer who boarded with Mrs. Amherst: a young fellow of Alsatian extraction, a mill-hand from childhood, who had worked at his trade in Europe as well as in America, and who united with greater manual efficiency, and a greater nearness to the workman's standpoint, all Amherst's enthusiasm for the experiments in social betterment that were being made in some of the English and continental factories. His strongest wish was to see such a man as Duplain in control at Westmore before he himself turned to the larger work which he had begun to see before him as the sequel to his factory-training.

All these thoughts swept through him in the instant's pause before Mrs. Westmore, responding to his last appeal, said with a graceful eagerness: "Yes, you must come tonight. I want to hear all you can tell me—and if there is anything wrong you must show me how I can make it better."

"Yes, I'll show her, and Truscomb shan't turn me out for it," was the vow he passionately registered as the carriage drew up at the office-door of the main building.

How this impossible result was to be achieved he had no farther time to consider, for in another moment the rest of the party had entered the factory with them, and speech was swallowed up in the vast roar of the machinery.

Amherst's zeal for his cause was always quickened by the sight of the mills in action. He loved the work itself as much as he hated the conditions under which it was performed; and he longed to see on the operatives' faces something of the ardour that lit up his own when he entered the work-rooms. It was this irresistible passion for machinery that at school had turned him from his books, at college had drawn him to the courses least in the line of his destined profession; and it always mastered him afresh when he was face to face with the monstrous energies of the mills. It was not only the sense of power that thrilled him—he felt a beauty in the ordered activity of the whole intricate organism, in the rhythm of dancing bobbins and revolving carders, the swift continuous outpour of doublers and ribbon-laps, the steady ripple of the long ply-frames, the terrible voracious play of the gnashing looms—all these varying subordinate motions, gathered up

into the throb of the great engines which fed the giant's arteries, and which were in turn ruled by the invisible action of quick thought and obedient hands, always produced in Amherst a responsive rush of life.

He knew this sensation was too specialized to affect his companions; but he expected Mrs. Westmore to be all the more alive to the other side—the dark side of monotonous human toil, of the perpetual banquet of flesh and blood and brain served up to the monster whose jaws the insatiable looms so grimly typified. Truscomb, as he had told her, was a good manager from the profit-taking standpoint. Since it was profitable to keep the machinery in order, he maintained throughout the factory a high standard of mechanical supervision, except where one or two favoured overseers—for Truscomb was given to favouritism—shirked the duties of their departments. But it was of the essence of Truscomb's policy—and not the least of the qualities which made him a “paying” manager—that he saved money scrupulously where its outlay would not have resulted in larger earnings. To keep the floors continually scrubbed, the cotton-dust swept up, the rooms freshly whitewashed and well-ventilated, far from adding the smallest fraction to the quarterly dividends, would have deducted from them the slight cost of this additional labour; and Truscomb therefore economized on scrubbers, sweepers and window-washers, and on all expenses connected with improved ventilation and other hygienic precautions. Though the whole factory was over-crowded, the newest buildings were more carefully planned, and had the usual sanitary improvements; but the old mills had been left in their original state, and even those most recently built were fast lapsing into disrepair and squalor. It was no wonder, therefore, that workers imprisoned within such walls should reflect their long hours of brain-deadening toil in dull eyes and anæmic skins, and in the dreary lassitude with which they bent to their tasks.

Surely, Amherst argued, Mrs. Westmore must feel this; must feel it all the more keenly, coming from an atmosphere so different, from a life where, as he instinctively divined, all was in harmony with her own graceful person. But a deep disappointment awaited him. He was still under the spell of their last moments in the carriage, when her face

and voice had promised so much, when she had seemed so deeply, if vaguely, stirred by his words of passionate appeal. But as they passed from one resounding room to the other—from the dull throb of the carding-room, the groan of the ply-frames, the long steady pound of the slashers, back to the angry shriek of the fierce unappeasable looms—the light faded from her eyes and she looked merely bewildered and stunned.

Amherst, hardened to the merciless din of the factory, could not measure its effect on nerves accustomed to the subdued sounds and spacious stillnesses which are the last refinement of luxury. Habit had made him unconscious of that malicious multiplication and subdivision of noise that kept every point of consciousness vibrating to a different note, so that while one set of nerves was torn as with pincers by the dominant scream of the looms, others were thrilled with a separate pain by the accompaniment of drumming, hissing, grating and crashing that shook the great buildings with a relentless torment of sound. Amherst felt this tumult only as a part of the atmosphere of the mills; and to ears trained like his own he could make his voice heard without difficulty. But his attempts at speech were unintelligible to Mrs. Westmore and her companions, and after vainly trying to communicate with him by signs they hurried on as if to escape as quickly as possible from the pursuing whirlwind.

Amherst could not allow for the depressing effect of this enforced silence. He did not realize that if Bessy could have questioned him the currents of sympathy might have remained open between them, whereas, compelled to walk in silence through interminable ranks of meaningless machines, to which the human workers seemed mere automatic appendages, she lost all perception of what the scene signified. He had forgotten, too, that the swift apprehension of suffering in others is as much the result of training as the immediate perception of beauty. Both perceptions may be inborn, but if they are not they can be developed only through the slow discipline of experience.

“That girl in the hospital would have seen it all,” he reflected, as the vision of Miss Brent's small resolute profile rose before him; but the next moment he caught the light on Mrs. Westmore's hair, as she

bent perfunctorily above a carder, and the paler image was submerged like a late moon in the sunrise.

Meanwhile Mrs. Ansell, seeing that the detailed inspection of the buildings was as trying to Mr. Langhope's lameness as to his daughter's nerves, had proposed to turn back with him and drive to Mrs. Amherst's house, where he might leave her to call on her old friend while the others were completing their rounds. It was one of Mrs. Ansell's gifts to detect the first symptoms of *ennui* in her companions, and produce a remedy as patly as old ladies whisk out a peppermint or a cough-lozenge; and Mr. Langhope's look of relief showed the timeliness of her suggestion.

Amherst was too preoccupied to wonder how his mother would take this unexpected visit; but he welcomed Mr. Langhope's departure, hoping that the withdrawal of his ironic smile would leave his daughter open to gentler influences. Mr. Tredegar, meanwhile, was projecting his dry glance over the scene, trying to converse by signs with the overseers of the different rooms, and pausing now and then to contemplate, not so much the workers themselves as the special tasks which engaged them.

How these stolid spectators of the party's progress took Mrs. Westmore's appearance among them, even Amherst, for all his sympathy with their views, could not detect. They knew that she was the "boss," that a disproportionate measure of the result of their toil would in future pass through her white hands, spread carpets for her steps, and hang a setting of beauty about her lovely eyes; but the knowledge seemed to produce no special interest in her personality. A change of employer was not likely to make any change in their lot: they knew their welfare would probably continue to depend on Truscomb's favour. The men hardly raised their heads as Mrs. Westmore passed; the women stared, but with curiosity rather than interest; and Amherst could not tell whether their sullenness reacted on Mrs. Westmore, or whether they were unconsciously chilled by her apparent indifference. The result was the same: the distance between them seemed to increase instead of diminishing; and he smiled ironically to think of the form his appeal had taken—"If you see anything that seems to need explaining." Why, she saw nothing—nothing but the greasy floor

under her feet, the cotton-dust in her eyes, the dizzy incomprehensible whirring of innumerable belts and wheels. Once out of it all, she would make haste to forget the dreary scene without pausing to ask for any explanation of its dreariness.

In the intensity of his disappointment he sought a pretext to abridge the tour of the buildings, that he might remove his eyes from the face he had so vainly watched for any sign of awakening. And then, just as he despaired of it, the change came.

They had entered the principal loom-room, and were half-way down its long central passage, when Mr. Tredegar, who led the procession, paused suddenly before one of the looms.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to a ragged strip of black cloth tied conspicuously to the frame of the loom.

The overseer of the room, a florid young man with dissipated eyes, who, at Amherst's signal, had attached himself to the party, stopped short and turned a furious glance on the surrounding operatives.

"What in hell . . . ? It's the first I seen of it," he exclaimed, making an ineffectual attempt to snatch the mourning emblem from its place.

At the same instant the midday whistle boomed through the building, and at the signal the machinery stopped, and a merciful silence fell upon the mills. The more distant workers at once left their posts to catch up the hats and coats heaped untidily in the corners; but those nearer at hand, attracted by the commotion around the loom, stood spell-bound, fixing the group of visitors with a stare of dull curiosity.

Amherst had reddened to the roots of his hair. He knew in a flash what the token signified, and the sight stirred the chords of pity in his breast; but it also jarred on his strong sense of discipline, and he turned sternly toward the operatives.

"What does this mean?"

There was a momentary silence; then one of the hands, a thin bent man with mystic eyes, raised his head and spoke.

"We done that for Dillon," he said.

Amherst's frown swept the press of faces. "But Dillon was not killed," he exclaimed, while the overseer, drawing out his pen-knife, ripped off the cloth and tossed it contemptuously into a heap of cotton-refuse at his feet.

"Might better ha' been." came from an-

other hand; and a deep "That's so" of corroboration ran through the knot of workers.

Amherst felt a touch on his arm, and met Mrs. Westmore's eyes. "What has happened? What do they mean?" she asked in a startled voice.

"There was an accident here two days ago: a man got caught in the loom behind him, and his right hand was badly crushed."

"Oh——" she cried, her face paling with the shock of the words.

Mr. Tredegar intervened with his dry note of command. "How serious is the accident? How did it happen?" he enquired.

"Through the man's own carelessness—ask the Superintendent," the overseer interposed before Amherst could answer.

A deep murmur of dissent ran through the crowd, but Amherst, without noticing the overseer's reply, said to Mr. Tredegar: "He's at the Hope Hospital. He will lose his hand, and probably the whole arm."

He had not meant to add this last phrase. However strongly his sympathies were aroused, it was against his rule, at such a time, to say anything which might inflame the quick passions of the workers: he had intended to make light of the accident, and dismiss the operatives with a sharp word of reproof. But Mrs. Westmore's face was close to his: he saw the pity in her eyes, and feared, if he checked its expression, that he might never again have the chance of calling it forth.

"His right arm? How terrible! But then he will never be able to work again!" she exclaimed, in all the horror of a first confrontation with the inexorable fate of the poor.

Her eyes turned from Amherst and rested on the wan faces pressing about her. There were many women's faces among them—the faces of fagged middle-age, and of sallow sedentary girlhood. For the first time Mrs. Westmore seemed to feel the bond of blood between herself and these dim creatures of the underworld: as Amherst watched her the lovely miracle was wrought. Her pallour gave way to a quick rush of colour, her eyes widened like a startled child's, and two tears rose and rolled slowly down her face.

"Oh, why wasn't I told? Is he married? Has he children? What does it matter whose fault it was?" she cried, her questions pouring out incoherently on a great wave of anger and compassion.

"It warn't his fault. . . . The looms

are too close. . . . It'll happen again. . . . He's got three kids at home," broke from the operatives; and suddenly a voice exclaimed "Here's his wife now," and the crowd divided to make way for Mrs. Dillon, who, passing through the farther end of the room, had been waylaid and dragged toward the group.

She shrank away, wincing back from the murderous machine, which she beheld for the first time since her husband's accident; then she recognized Amherst, guessed the identity of the lady at his side, and flushed up to her haggard forehead. Mrs. Dillon had been good-looking in her earlier youth, and sufficient prettiness lingered in her hollow-cheeked face to show how much more had been sacrificed to sickness and unwholesome toil.

"Oh, ma'am, ma'am, it warn't Jim's fault—there ain't a steadier man living. The looms is too crowded," she sobbed out.

Some of the other women began to cry: a wave of sympathy ran through the circle, and Mrs. Westmore moved forward with an answering exclamation. "You poor creature. . . . You poor creature. . . ." She opened her arms to Mrs. Dillon, and the scrubber's sobs were buried in the laces on her employer's breast.

"I will go to the hospital—I will come and see you—I will see that everything is done," Bessy reiterated. "But why are you here? How is it that you have had to leave your children?" She freed herself to turn a reproachful glance on Amherst. "You don't mean to tell me that, at such a time, you keep the poor woman at work?"

"Mrs. Dillon has not been working here lately," Amherst answered. "The Superintendent took her back today at her own request, that she might earn something while her husband was in the hospital."

Mrs. Westmore's eyes shone with indignation. "Earn something? But surely——"

She met a silencing look from Mr. Tredegar, who had stepped between Mrs. Dillon and herself.

"My dear child, no one doubts—none of these good people doubt—that you will look into the case, and do all you can to alleviate it; but let me suggest that this is hardly the place——"

She turned from him with an appealing glance at Amherst.

"I think," the latter said, as their eyes met,

"that you had better let me dismiss the hands now: they have only an hour at midday."

She signed an agitated assent, and he turned to the operatives and said quietly: "You have heard Mrs. Westmore's promise; now take yourselves off, and give her a clear way to the stairs."

They dropped back at his bidding, and Mr. Tredegar drew Bessy's arm through his; but as he began to move away she turned and laid her hand on Mrs. Dillon's shoulder.

"You must not stay here—you must go back to the children. I will make it right with Mr. Truscomb," she said in a reassuring whisper; then, through her tears, she smiled a farewell at the lingering knot of operatives, and followed her companions to the door.

In silence they descended the many stairs and crossed the shabby unfenced grass-plot between the mills and the Superintendent's office. It was not till they reached the carriage that Mrs. Westmore spoke.

"But Maria is waiting for us—we must call for her!" she said, rousing herself; and as Amherst opened the carriage-door she added: "You will show us the way? You will drive with us?"

During the short drive from the factory to Mrs. Amherst's cottage, Bessy relapsed into silence, as if re-absorbed in the distress of the scene she had just witnessed; and Amherst found himself automatically answering Mr. Tredegar's questions while his own mind had no room for anything but the sense of her tremulous lips and of her eyes still enlarged by tears. He had been too much engrossed in the momentous issues of her visit to the mills to remember that she had promised to call at his mother's for Mrs. Ansell; but now that they were on their way thither he found himself wishing that the visit might have been avoided. He was too proud of his mother to feel any doubt of the impression she would produce; but what would Mrs. Westmore think of their way of living, of the cheap jauntiness of the cottage, and the smell of dinner penetrating all its thin partitions? Duplain, too, would be coming in for dinner; and Amherst, in spite of his liking for the young overseer, became conscious of a rather overbearing freedom in his manner, the kind of misplaced ease which the new-made American affects as the readiest sign of equality. All these trifles, usually non-existent or supremely indifferent to Amherst, now assumed a sudden im-

portance, behind which he detected the uneasy desire that Mrs. Westmore should not regard him as less of her own class than his connections and his bringing-up entitled him to be thought. In a flash he saw what he had forfeited by his choice of a calling—equal contact with the little circle of people who gave life its crowning grace and facility; and the next moment he was blushing at this complete reversal of his standards, and wondering, almost contemptuously, what could be the inner nature of the woman whose mere presence could produce such a change.

But there was no struggling against her influence; and as, the night before, he had looked at Westmore with the nurse's eyes, so he now found himself seeing his house as it must appear to Mrs. Westmore. He noticed the shabby yellow paint of the palings, the neglected garden of their neighbour, the week's wash flaunting itself indecently through the denuded shrubs about the kitchen porch; and as he admitted his companions to the narrow passage they were assailed by the expected whiff of "boiled dinner," with which the steam of wash-tubs was familiarly mingled.

Duplain was in the passage; he had just come out of the kitchen, and the fact that he had been washing his hands in the sink was made evident by his rolled-back shirt-sleeves, and by the shiny redness of the knuckles he was running through his stiff black hair.

"Hallo, John," he said, in his aggressive voice, which rose abruptly at sight of Amherst's companions; and at the same moment the frowsy maid-of-all-work, crimson from stooping over the kitchen stove, thrust her head out to call after him: "See here, Mr. Duplain, don't you leave your cravat laying round here in my dough."

V



RS. WESTMORE stayed just long enough not to break in too abruptly on the flow of her friend's reminiscences, and to impress herself on Mrs. Amherst's delighted eyes as an embodiment of tactfulness and grace—looking sympathetically about the little room, which, with its books, its casts, its photographs of memorable pictures, seemed, after all, a not incongruous setting to her

charms; so that when she rose to go, saying, as her hand met Amherst's, "Tonight, then, you must tell me all about those poor Dillons," he had the absurd sense of having penetrated so far into her intimacy that a new Westmore must inevitably result from their next meeting.

"Say, John—the boss is a looker," Duplain commented across the dinner-table, with the slangy grossness he sometimes affected; but Amherst left it to his mother to look a quiet rebuke, feeling himself too high above such contacts to resent them.

He had to rouse himself with an effort to take in the overseer's next observation. "There was another lady at the office this morning," Duplain went on, while the two men lit their cigars in the porch. "Asking after you—tried to get me to show her over the mills when I said you were busy."

"Asking after me? What did she look like?"

"Well, her face was kinder white and small, with an awful lot of black hair fitting close to it. Said she came from Hope Hospital."

Amherst looked up. "Did you show her over?" he asked with sudden interest.

Duplain laughed slangily. "What? Me? And have Truscomb get on to it and turn me down? How do I know she wasn't a yellow reporter?"

Amherst uttered an impatient exclamation. "I wish to heaven a yellow reporter *would* go through these mills, and show them up in head-lines a yard high!"

He regretted not having seen the nurse again: he felt sure she would have been interested in the working of the mills, and quick to notice the signs of discouragement and ill-health in the workers' faces; but a moment later the thought of her was dispelled by the vivid anticipation of his visit to Mrs. Westmore. The afternoon hours dragged slowly by in the office, where he was bound to his desk by Truscomb's continued absence; but at length the evening whistle blew, the clerks in the outer room caught their hats from the rack, Duplain presented himself with the day's report, and the two men were free to walk home to supper.

An hour later Amherst was mounting Mrs. Westmore's steps; and his hand was on the bell when the door opened and Dr. Disbrow emerged. The physician drew back, as if surprised and slightly discon-

certed; but his smile promptly effaced all signs of vexation, and he held his hand out good-humouredly.

"A fine evening, Mr. Amherst. I'm glad to say I have been able to bring Mrs. Westmore an excellent report of both patients—Mr. Truscomb, I mean, and poor Dillon. This mild weather is all in their favour, and I hope my brother-in-law will be about in a day or two." He passed on to his carriage with a nod.

Amherst was once more shown into the library where he had found Mrs. Westmore that morning; but on this occasion it was Mr. Tredegar who rose to meet him, and curtly waved him to a seat at a respectful distance from his own. Amherst at once felt a change of atmosphere, and it was easy to guess that the lowering of temperature was due to Dr. Disbrow's recent visit. The thought roused the young man's combative instincts, and caused him to say, as Mr. Tredegar continued to survey him in silence from the depths of a capacious easy-chair—"I understood from Mrs. Westmore that she wished to see me this evening."

It was the wrong note, and he knew it as soon as he had spoken; but he had been unable to conceal his sense of the vague current of opposition in the air.

"Quite so: I believe she asked you to come," Mr. Tredegar assented, laying his hands together vertically, and surveying Amherst above the acute angle formed by his parched finger-tips. As he leaned back, small, dry, dictatorial, in the careless finish of his evening dress and pearl-studded shirt-front, his appearance put the finishing touch to Amherst's irritation. He felt the incongruousness of his rough clothes in this atmosphere of after-dinner ease, the mud on his walking-boots, the clinging cotton-dust which seemed to have entered into the very pores of the skin; and again his annoyance escaped in his voice.

"Perhaps I have come too early—" he began; but Mr. Tredegar interposed with glacial amenity: "No, I believe you are exactly on time; but Mrs. Westmore is unexpectedly detained. The fact is, Mr. and Mrs. Halford Gaines are dining with her, and she has therefore delegated to me the duty of hearing what you have to say."

Amherst hesitated. His first impulse was to exclaim: "There is no duty about it!" but a moment's thought showed the

folly of thus throwing up the game. Since Disbrow had told him that Truscomb would be about again in a day or two, it might well be that this was his last chance of reaching Mrs. Westmore's ear; and he was bound to put his case while he could, irrespective of personal feeling. But his disappointment was nevertheless too keen to be denied, and after a moment he said: "Could I not speak with Mrs. Westmore later?"

Mr. Tredegar's cool survey deepened to a frown. The young man's importunity was really out of proportion to what he signified. "Mrs. Westmore has asked me to replace her," he said, putting his previous statement more concisely.

"Then I am not to see her at all?" Amherst exclaimed; and the lawyer replied indifferently: "I am afraid not, as she leaves tomorrow."

Mr. Tredegar was in his element when refusing a favour. Not that he was by nature an unkind man; he was, indeed, capable of acts of a cold beneficence; but to deny what it was in his power to accord was the readiest way of proclaiming his authority, that power of loosing and binding which made him regard himself as almost consecrated to his office.

Having sacrificed to this principle, he felt free to add, as a gratuitous concession to politeness: "You are perhaps not aware that I am Mrs. Westmore's lawyer, and one of the executors under her husband's will."

He dropped this negligently, as though conscious of the absurdity of presenting his credentials to a subordinate; but his manner no longer incensed Amherst: it merely strengthened his resolve to sink all sense of affront in the supreme effort of obtaining a hearing.

"With that stuffed canary to advise her," he reflected, "there's no hope for her unless I can assert myself now"; and the unconscious wording of his thought expressed his inward sense that Bessy Westmore stood in greater need of help than her work-people.

Nevertheless he hesitated, hardly knowing how to begin. To Mr. Tredegar he was no more than an underling, without authority to speak in his superior's absence; and the lack of an official warrant, which he could have disregarded in appealing to Mrs. Westmore, made it hard for him to find a good opening in addressing her representative. He saw, too, from Mr. Tredegar's

protracted silence, that the latter counted on the effect of this embarrassment, and was determined not to minimize it by giving him a lead; and this perception had the effect of increasing his caution.

At length he looked up and met the lawyer's eye. "Mrs. Westmore," he began, "asked me to let her know something about the condition of the people at the mills——"

Mr. Tredegar raised his hand. "Excuse me," he said, "I understood from Mrs. Westmore that it was you who asked her permission to call this evening and set forth certain grievances on the part of the operatives."

Amherst reddened. "I did ask her—yes. But I don't in any sense represent the operatives. I simply wanted to say a word in their behalf."

Mr. Tredegar folded his hands again, and crossed one lean little leg over the other, bringing into his line of vision the glossy tip of a patent-leather pump, which he studied for a moment in silence.

"Does Mr. Truscomb know of your intention?" he then enquired.

"No, sir," Amherst answered energetically, glad that he had forced the lawyer out of his passive tactics. "I am here on my own responsibility—and in direct opposition to my own interests," he continued with a slight smile. "I know that my proceeding is quite out of order, and that I have, personally, everything to lose by it, and in a larger way probably very little to gain; but I thought Mrs. Westmore's attention ought to be called to certain conditions at the mills, and no one else seemed likely to speak of them."

"May I ask why you assume that Mr. Truscomb will not do so when he has the opportunity?"

Amherst could not repress a smile. "Because it is owing to Mr. Truscomb that they exist."

"The real object of your visit then," said Mr. Tredegar, speaking with deliberation, "is—er—an underhand attack on your Superintendent's methods?"

Amherst's face darkened, but he kept his temper. "I see nothing especially underhand in my course——"

"Except," the other interposed ironically, "that you have waited to speak till Mr. Truscomb was not in a position to defend himself."

"I never had the opportunity before. It was at Mrs. Westmore's own suggestion that I took her over the mills, and feeling as

I do on the subject I should have thought it cowardly to shirk the chance of pointing out to her the conditions there."

Mr. Tredegar mused, his eyes still bent on his gently-oscillating foot. Whenever a sufficient pressure from without parted the thick fog of self-complacency in which he moved, he had a shrewd enough outlook on men and motives; and it may be that the vigorous ring of Amherst's answer had effected this momentary clearing of the air.

At any rate, his next words were spoken in a more accessible tone. "To what conditions do you refer?" he asked.

"To the conditions under which the mill-hands work and live—to the whole management of the mills, in fact, in relation to the people employed."

"That is a large question. Pardon my possible ignorance——" Mr. Tredegar paused to make sure that his hearer took in the full irony of this—"but surely in this state there are liability and inspection laws for the protection of the operatives?"

"There are such laws, yes—but most of them are either a dead letter, or else so easily evaded that no employer thinks of conforming to them."

"No employer? Then your specific charge against the Westmore mills is part of a general arraignment of all employers of labour?"

"By no means, sir. I only meant that, where the hands are well treated, it is due rather to the personal good-will of the employer than to any fear of the law."

"And in what respect do you think the Westmore hands unfairly treated?"

Amherst paused to measure his words. "The question, as you say, is a large one," he rejoined. "It has its roots in the way the business is organized—in the traditional attitude of the company toward the operatives. I hoped that Mrs. Westmore might return to the mills—might visit some of the people in their houses. Seeing their way of living, it might have occurred to her to ask a reason for it—and one enquiry would have led to another. She spoke this morning of going to the hospital to see Dillon."

"She did go to the hospital: I went with her. But as Dillon was sleeping, and as the matron told us he was much better—a piece of news which, I am happy to say, Dr. Disbrow has just confirmed—she did not go up to the ward."

Amherst was silent, and Mr. Tredegar

pursued: "I gather, from your bringing up Dillon's case, that for some reason you consider it typical of the defects you find in Mr. Truscomb's management. Suppose, therefore, we drop generalizations, and confine ourselves to the particular instance. What wrong, in your view, has been done the Dillons?"

He turned, as he spoke, to extract a cigar from the box at his elbow. "Let me offer you one, Mr. Amherst: we shall talk more comfortably," he suggested with distant affability; but Amherst, with a gesture of refusal, plunged into his exposition of the Dillon case. He tried to put the facts succinctly, presenting them in their bare ugliness, without emotional drapery; setting forth Dillon's good record for sobriety and skill, dwelling on the fact that his wife's ill-health was the result of perfectly remediable conditions in the work-rooms, and giving explicit reasons for the belief that the accident had been caused, not by Dillon's carelessness, but by the over-crowding of the loom-room. Mr. Tredegar listened attentively, though the cloud of cigar-smoke between himself and Amherst masked from the latter his possible changes of expression. When he removed his cigar, his face looked smaller than ever, as though desiccated by the fumes of the tobacco.

"Have you ever called Mr. Gaines's attention to these matters?"

"No: that would have been useless. He has always refused to discuss the condition of the mills with any one but the Superintendent."

"H'm—that would seem to prove that Mr. Gaines, who lives here, sees as much reason for trusting Truscomb's judgment as Mr. Westmore, who delegated his authority from a distance."

Amherst did not take this up, and after a pause Mr. Tredegar went on: "You know, of course, the answers I might make to such an indictment. As a lawyer, I might call your attention to the employé's waiver of risk, to the strong chances of contributory negligence, and so on; but happily in this case such arguments are superfluous. You are apparently not aware that Dillon's injury is much slighter than it ought to be to serve your purpose. Dr. Disbrow has just told us that he will probably get off with the loss of a finger; and I need hardly say that, whatever may have been Dillon's own share

in causing the accident—and as to this, as you admit, opinions differ—Mrs. Westmore will assume all the expenses of his nursing, besides making a liberal gift to his wife.” Mr. Tredegar laid down his cigar and drew forth a silver-mounted note-case. “Here, in fact,” he continued, “is a cheque which she asks you to transmit, and which, as I think you will agree, ought to silence, on your part as well as Mrs. Dillon’s, any criticism of Mrs. Westmore’s dealings with her operatives.”

The blood rose to Amherst’s forehead, and he just restrained himself from pushing back the cheque which Mr. Tredegar had laid on the table between them.

“There is no question of criticizing Mrs. Westmore’s dealings with her operatives—as far as I know, she has had none as yet,” he rejoined, unable to control his voice as completely as his hand. “And the proof of it is the impunity with which her agents deceive her—in this case, for instance, of Dillon’s injury. Dr. Disbrow, who is Mr. Truscomb’s brother-in-law, and apt to be influenced by his views, assures you that the man will get off with the loss of a finger; but some one equally competent to speak told me last night that he would lose not only his hand but his arm.”

Amherst’s voice had swelled to a deep note of anger, and with his tossed hair, and eyes darkening under furrowed brows, he presented an image of revolutionary violence which deepened the disdain on Mr. Tredegar’s lip.

“Some one equally competent to speak? Are you prepared to name this anonymous authority?”

Amherst hesitated. “No—I shall have to ask you to take my word for it,” he returned with a shade of embarrassment.

“Ah—” Mr. Tredegar murmured, giving to the expressive syllable its utmost measure of decent exultation.

Amherst quivered under the thin lash, and broke out: “It is all you have required of Dr. Disbrow—” but at this point Mr. Tredegar rose to his feet.

“My dear sir, your resorting to such arguments convinces me that nothing is to be gained by prolonging our talk. I will not even take up your insinuations against two of the most respected men in the community—such charges reflect only on those who make them.”

Amherst, whose flame of anger had sub-

sided with the sudden sense of its futility, received this rebuke in silence and the lawyer, reassured, continued with a touch of condescension: “My only specific charge from Mrs. Westmore was to hand you this cheque; but, in spite of what has passed, I take it upon myself to add, in her behalf, that your conduct of today will not be allowed to weigh against your record at the mills, and that the extraordinary charges you have seen fit to bring against your superiors will—if not repeated—simply be ignored.”

When, the next morning at about ten, Mrs. Eustace Ansell joined herself to the two gentlemen who still lingered over a desultory breakfast in Mrs. Westmore’s dining-room, she responded to their greeting with less than her usual animation.

It was one of Mrs. Ansell’s arts to bring to the breakfast-table just the right shade of sprightliness, a warmth subdued by discretion as the early sunlight is tempered by the lingering coolness of night. She was, in short, as fresh, as temperate, as the hour, yet without the concomitant chill which too often marks its human atmosphere: rather her soft effulgence dissipated the morning frosts, opening pinched spirits to a promise of midday warmth. But on this occasion a mist of uncertainty hung upon her smile, and veiled the glance which she turned on the contents of the heavy silver dishes successively presented to her notice. When, at the conclusion of this ceremony, the servants had withdrawn, she continued for a moment to stir her tea in silence, while her glance travelled meditatively from Mr. Tredegar, sunk in his morning mail, to Mr. Langhope, who leaned back resignedly in his chair, trying to extract what solace he might from the Hanaford Banner, till the midday post should revive him with a sight of the metropolitan press.

“I suppose you know,” she said suddenly, “that Bessy has telegraphed for Cicely, and made her arrangements to stay here another week.”

Mr. Langhope’s stick slipped to the floor with the sudden displacement of his whole lounging person, and Mr. Tredegar, removing his tortoise-shell reading-glasses, put them hastily into their case, as though to declare for instant departure.

“My dear Maria——” Mr. Langhope gasped, while she rose and restored his stick.

"She considers it, then, her duty to wait and see Truscomb?" the lawyer enquired; and Mrs. Ansell, regaining her seat, murmured discreetly: "She puts it so—yes."

"My dear Maria——" Mr. Langhope repeated helplessly, tossing aside his paper and drawing his chair up to the table.

"But it would be perfectly easy to return: it is quite unnecessary to wait here for his recovery," Mr. Tredegarpursued, as though setting forth a fact which had not hitherto presented itself to the more limited intelligence of his hearers.

Mr. Langhope emitted a short laugh, and Mrs. Ansell answered gently: "She says she detests the long journey."

Mr. Tredegar rose and gathered up his letters with a gesture of annoyance. "In that case—if I had been notified earlier of this decision, I might have caught the morning train," he interrupted himself, glancing resentfully at his watch.

"Oh, don't leave us, Tredegar," Mr. Langhope entreated. "We'll reason with her—we'll persuade her to go back by the three-forty."

Mrs. Ansell smiled. "She telegraphed at seven. Cicely and the governess are already on their way."

"At seven? But, my dear friend, why on earth didn't you tell us?"

"I didn't know till a few minutes ago. Bessy called me in as I was coming down to breakfast."

"Ah——" Mr. Langhope murmured, meeting her eyes for a fraction of a second. In the encounter, she appeared to communicate something more than she had spoken, for as he stooped to pick up his paper he said, more easily: "My dear Tredegar, if we're in a box there's no reason why we should force you into it too. Ring for Ropes, and we'll look up a train for you."

Mr. Tredegar appeared slightly ruffled at this prompt acquiescence in his threatened departure. "Of course, if I had been notified in advance, I might have arranged to postpone my engagements another day; but in any case, it is quite out of the question that I should return in a week—and quite unnecessary," he added, snapping his lips shut as though he were closing his last portmanteau.

"Oh, quite—quite," Mr. Langhope assented. "It isn't, in fact, in the least necessary for any of us either to stay on now or to

return. Truscomb could quite well come to Long Island when he recovers, and answer any questions we may have to put; but if Bessy has sent for the child, we must of course put off going for to-day—at least I must," he added sighing, "and, though I know it's out of the question to exact such a sacrifice from you, I have a faint hope that our delightful friend, with the altruistic spirit of her sex——"

"Oh, I shall enjoy it—my maid is unpacking already," Mrs. Ansell gaily affirmed; and Mr. Tredegar, shrugging his shoulders, said curtly: "In that case I will ring for the time-table."

When he had withdrawn to consult it in the seclusion of the library, and Mrs. Ansell, affecting a sudden desire for a second cup of tea, had reseated herself to await the replenishment of the kettle, Mr. Langhope exchanged his own chair for a place at her side.

"Now what on earth does this mean?" he asked, lighting a cigarette in response to her slight nod of consent.

Mrs. Ansell's gaze lost itself in the depths of the empty tea-pot.

"A number of things—or any one of them," she said at length, extending her arm toward the tea-caddy.

"For instance——?" he rejoined, following appreciatively the movements of her long slim hands.

She raised her head and met his eyes clearly. "For instance: it may mean—don't resent the suggestion—that you and Mr. Tredegar were not quite well-advised in persuading her not to see Mr. Amherst yesterday evening."

Mr. Langhope uttered an exclamation of surprise. "But, my dear Maria—in the name of reason. . . . Why, after the doctor's visit—after his coming here last night, at Truscomb's request, to put the actual facts before her—should she have gone over the whole business again with this interfering young fellow?—How, in fact, could she have done so," he added, after vainly waiting for her reply, "without putting a sort of slight on Truscomb, who is, after all, the only person entitled to speak with authority?"

Mrs. Ansell received his outburst in silence, and the butler, reappearing with the kettle and fresh toast, gave her the chance to prolong her pause for a full minute. When

the door had closed on him, she said: "Judged by reason, your arguments are unanswerable; but when it comes to a question of feeling——"

"Feeling? What kind of feeling? You don't mean to suggest anything so preposterous as that Bessy——?"

She made a gesture of smiling protest. "I confess it is to be regretted that his mother is a lady, and that he looks—you must have noticed it?—so amazingly like the portraits of the young Schiller. But I only meant that Bessy forms all her opinions emotionally; and that she must have been very strongly affected by the scene Mr. Tredegar described to us."

"Ah," Mr. Langhope interjected, replying first to her parenthesis, "how a woman of your good sense stumbled on that idea of hunting up the mother——!" but Mrs. Ansell answered, with a slight grimace: "My dear Henry, if you could see the house they live in you'd think I had been providentially guided there!" and, reverting to the main issue, he pursued fretfully: "But why, after hearing the true version of the facts, should Bessy still be influenced by that sensational scene? Even if it was not, as Tredegar suspects, cooked up expressly to take her in, she must see that the hospital doctor is, after all, as likely as any one to know how the accident really happened, and how seriously the fellow is hurt."

"There's the point. Why should Bessy believe Dr. Disbrow rather than Mr. Amherst?"

"For the best of reasons—because Disbrow has nothing to gain by distorting the facts, whereas this young Amherst, as Tredegar pointed out, has the very obvious desire to give Truscomb a bad name and shove himself into his place."

Mrs. Ansell contemplatively turned the rings upon her fingers. "From what I saw of Amherst I'm inclined to think that, if that is his object, he is too clever to have shown his hand so soon. But if you are right, was there not all the more reason for letting Bessy see him and find out as soon as possible what he was aiming at?"

"If one could have trusted her to find out—but you credit my poor child with more penetration than I've ever seen in her."

"Perhaps you've looked for it at the wrong time—and about the wrong things. Bessy has the penetration of the heart."

"The heart! You make mine jump when you use such expressions."

"Oh, I use this one in a general sense. But I want to help you to keep it from acquiring a more restricted significance."

"Restricted—to the young man himself?"

Mrs. Ansell's expressive hands seemed to commit the question to fate. "All I ask you to consider for the present is that Bessy is quite unoccupied and excessively bored."

"Bored? Why, she has everything on earth she can want!"

"The ideal state for producing boredom—the only atmosphere in which it really thrives. And besides—to be humanly inconsistent—there's just one thing she hasn't got."

"Well?" Mr. Langhope groaned, fortifying himself with a second cigarette.

"An occupation for that rudimentary little organ, the mention of which makes you jump."

"There you go again! Good heavens, Maria, do you want to encourage her to fall in love?"

"Not with a man, just at present, but with a hobby, an interest, by all means. If she doesn't, the man will take the place of the interest—there's a void to be filled, and human nature abhors a void."

Mr. Langhope shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "I don't follow you. She adored her husband."

His friend's fine smile was like a magnifying glass silently applied to the gross stupidity of his remark. "Oh, I don't say it was a great passion—but they got on perfectly," he corrected himself.

"So perfectly that you must expect her to want a little storm and stress for a change. The mere fact that you and Mr. Tredegar objected to her seeing Mr. Amherst last night has roused the spirit of opposition in her. A year ago she hadn't any spirit of opposition."

"There was nothing for her to oppose—poor Dick made her life so preposterously easy."

"My ingenuous friend! Do you still think that's any reason? The fact is, Bessy wasn't awake, she wasn't even born, then. . . . She is now, and you know the infant's first conscious joy is to smash things."

"It will be rather an expensive joy if the mills are the first thing she smashes."

"Oh I imagine the mills are pretty sub-

stantial. I should, I own," Mrs. Ansell smiled, "not object to seeing her try her teeth on them."

"Which, in terms of practical conduct, means——?"

"That I advise you not to disapprove of her staying on, or of her investigating the young man's charges. You must remember that another peculiarity of the infant mind is to tire soonest of the toy that no one tries to take away from it."

"*Que diable!* But suppose Truscomb turns rusty at this very unusual form of procedure? Perhaps you don't realize how

completely he represents the prosperity of the mills."

"All the more reason," Mrs. Ansell persisted, rising at the sound of Mr. Tredegar's approach. "For don't you perceive, my poor distracted friend, that if Truscomb turns rusty, as he undoubtedly will, the inevitable result will be his manager's dismissal—and that thereafter there will presumably be peace in Warsaw?"

"Ah, you divinely wicked woman!" cried Mr. Langhope, snatching at an appreciative pressure of her hand as the lawyer reappeared in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPER

By George Cabot Lodge

I

TO-DAY the Lord sleeps in the House of Life.
 Round him the dark is dumb, deserted, deep;
 And all the haste we make, the feast we keep,
 The law we serve with cross and cord and knife,
 The gods we supplicate, the tears we weep,
 The crowns we win as victors in the strife,
 The forms and fears with which our days are rife,
 Like vague, fantastic dreams perturb his sleep.
 He sleeps and dreams to-day and yesterday . . .
 When shall he wake?—and in his eyes the breath
 Of day-break burn with truth's eternal beams?
 When shall he wake? We ask in wild dismay!—
 Haste! lest he sleep, as now he sleeps and dreams,
 Dreamless to-morrow in the House of Death!

II

Yet, as the truth's new testament contrives,
 Daily within the meditative mind,
 Orbits of light where thought before was blind,
 And where was doubt supreme imperatives;
 So, in the high adventure of our lives,
 As we are real, receptive, unresigned,
 Seeking the Lord we shall not fail to find,
 Till strength by strength his regency revives!
 Then shall his will and work alone be done
 In all we do, his voice alone resound
 In all we say, and he alone confound—
 Imperishable when all else perisheth—
 With eyes of daring and dominion,
 The void, vast vision of the Sphinx of Death!

HIS OTHER ENGAGEMENT

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



AMONG the annals of the Petrine Club, which has for its motto the wise words of St. Peter, "I go a-fishing," there are several profitable tales. Next to the story of Beekman De Peyster's fatal success in transforming a fairly good wife into a ferocious angler, probably the most instructive is the singular adventure that befell Bolton Chichester in taking a brief vacation while he was engaged to be married. And having already told the former story as an example of the vicissitudes of "Fisherman's Luck," I now propose to narrate the latter as a striking illustration of what may happen to a man who takes "a day off."

Chichester is known among his intimate friends as "Chinchin." This nominal appendix was given to him not in allusion to his habits of speech, for he is rather a small talker, but with reference to the prominence of that feature of his countenance which is at once the organ of utterance, the instrument of mastication, the sign of firmness, and (at least in the Gibsonian period of facial architecture) the chief point of manly beauty.

Point is an absurd word to apply to Chichester's chin. It might better be called a surface, a region, a territory. Smooth, spacious, square, kept always in perfect order and carried with a what-do-I-care-for-that air, it gives him a most distinguished appearance, and makes you think, when you meet him, that you are in the presence of a favorite matinée actor, the hero of a modern short-story, or a man of remarkable decision of character.

The last, of course, is the correct interpretation of the sign. Bolton Chichester is the most decided man that I have ever known. He can make up his mind more quickly, on a greater variety of subjects, and adhere to each determination more firmly, than all the other members of the Petrine Club put together. For this reason we always anticipated for him a large suc-

cess in life, and some even predicted that he would become President of the United States—unless he made up his mind to do something else on the way to the White House. At all events, we felt sure, he would get what he wanted; and when he became decidedly attentive to Ethel Asham it was taken for granted that he would woo, win, and marry her in short order.

She was rather a difficult person, to be sure; the eldest daughter of that cryptic old millionaire, Watson Asham, who lived in New York and resided, for purposes of taxation, at West Smithfield; a graduate of Brainmore College; president of the Social Settlement of Higher Lighters; a frequent contributor in brief fiction to the *Contrary Magazine*; a beauty of the tea-after-tennis type; the best dancer in St. Swithin's Lenten Circle, and the most romantic creature that ever took up the cause of Progress with a large P. It would not be fair to call her strong-minded, because the adjective seems to imply some kind of a limitation in her strength. She was even stronger in her impulses than in her mind; original in every direction; in fact, originality was a kind of convention with her. It was wonderful how many things she accomplished; but then she never lost any time; she was precise, punctual, inevitable in her sweet, feminine, self-possessed way; and her varied and surprising modern programme went through on schedule time, while she cherished in her heart the dream of a romance in the style of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Naturally, such a many-sided young woman would be difficult to please; and a number of eligible young men had acquired personal knowledge of the fact. But the difficulty seemed to attract Chichester. He went at it in his bold, decided manner, with his chin forward; and he conquered. After the February campaign no one was surprised to hear, in March, that the engagement of Miss Ethel Asham to Mr. Bolton Chichester was announced, and that the wedding would occur in June.

The place was not specified. Conjectures were hazarded that it might be Dunfermline Abbey, the Castle of Chillon, Bridal Veil Falls in the Yosemite, the Natural Bridge in Virginia, or St. George's, Hanover Square. Little Pop Wilson, the well-known dialect novelist of the southeastern part of northern Kentucky, suggested that there was something to be said in favor of the Mammoth Cave—"always cool, you know. Artificial lights, pulpit rock, stalactites—all that sort of thing!" Even this was felt to be within the bounds of possibility. The one thing that was not open to doubt was that the wedding would certainly be celebrated in an original way and a romantic place, at precisely the appointed hour. If anyone had foretold that it would be broken off, and that the reason given would be "another engagement" on the part of Mr. Bolton Chichester, we should have laughed in the face of such a ridiculous prophet and advised him to take something to cool his brain.

Yet this is exactly what happened; and the secret of that other engagement is the subject of this brief, simple, but I hope not unmoral narrative.

Chichester had been with the Ashams at the residential farm-house in West Smithfield during the first fortnight of April, and had devoted the remainder of that showery month to his affairs in the city, diversified with a few afternoons of trout-fishing on Long Island: for like all the members of the Petrine Club he was a sincere angler. It was during this period that Ethel took up, in her daily correspondence with him, the question of the cruelty of angling. She was not yet quite clear in her mind upon the subject, but she wanted him to consider it seriously; and she quoted Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Aurora W. Chime's book, "The Inwardness of the Outward." Chichester promised to consider it.

The second week in May they spent together at a house-party near Portland, Maine; and he tried the landlocked salmon in Sebago Lake twice. Ethel continued the subject of the cruelty of angling, in conversation, and illuminated her increasing conviction with references to the Reverend Wilbur Short's "Tales of Strange Things in Woods and Waters," and "Songs of the Scaly," by Alonzo Sweetbread.

"You would not allow any difference of

thought or feeling to mar the perfect chord of our love, would you, dear Bolton?" she asked.

"Of course not," said Bolton.

"Then promise me faithfully that you will think about this pastime which gives so much anguish to the innocent fish—think about it very, very seriously."

"I do. I have to. It costs me five or six hundred a year."

"But you must think in a different way. Put yourself in the place of the fish."

"I did once. Fellow with a rod and line tried to land me in the tank at the gymnasium. Lots of fun. Never had a better fight."

"But suppose you had a hook in your mouth. How would you like that?"

"Better than the dentist's chair, I'm sure. I spent three afternoons there, last month."

"You're absurd," said Ethel, "you're perverse. Don't hold your chin up in that aggravating way. I don't believe—you—love——"

The rest of the conversation followed the usual course, which may be supplied from the pages of any of the fifteen-cent magazines, and ended with a promise on the part of Chichester that he would think again, and very, very seriously.

Meantime, you will understand, the preparations for the wedding had been going forward, in the regular way, modified, however, in one most important particular by Ethel Asham's passion for romantic originality. She insisted that the day and the place should be left entirely to her. She did not wish to have the ordinary, commonplace, fashionable wedding performance. She wanted something really and truly poetic and fitting, something to remember. She had a plan. The wedding should be in June? Yes. And she would be ready? Yes. And all the family, at least, should be there? Yes. But she asked that she might keep the secret of the precise time and the exact place as long as possible; it would make it all seem so much more spontaneous and natural.

The situation was a little peculiar, I grant you, and somewhat embarrassing to the rest of the family, including Chichester. But he took it like a man, and backed Ethel up with the utmost decision, just as if her idea was what he had always thought of and determined to do. What was his chin for, if

he could not give her a firm support in a thing like this? As a matter of fact he did not care in the least where the wedding might be. A man never does. It does not seem to be his business. Ethel's paternal parent, however, had some misgivings which must be satisfied.

"Is it a church?" he growled; "none of your dusty, shabby little Higher Light shrines, eh?"

"Yes, it's a church," said Ethel solemnly, "and a very old and beautiful church."

"And a Christian ceremony," he insisted; "parson, robes, prayer-book—regular thing—no side-show performance, eh?"

"Of course," said she, "what do you think? Do you suppose that just because I see things in an original way, I don't know what's proper? I like to hear the Swami Abikadanda talk; and I don't want a regular cut-and-dried wedding; but I'm not going to take any risks about a thing like that. The clergyman will be there, and you will give me away, and Gladys and Victoria will be the bridesmaids, and Arthur will be the best man, and Howard and Willis——"

"Well, well," grunted her father, with his chuckling laugh, "it's all right, I suppose, seeing that it's your wedding. Have it your own way while you can." For the old man had formed his idea of the significance of Chichester's chin.

So it was settled that the affair should remain unsettled for every one except Ethel; and the whole family was plunged into a cheerful state of evasion, prevarication, and downright falsification; and Chichester grinned and smoothed the left side of his chin with his forefinger and said, "What do I care for that? It's all right, I know," and everybody predicted that Ethel Asham was about to do something very original.

In the middle of June she marshalled her party for a little Canadian *giro*: There were her father and mother; and the inseparable twins, Gladys and Victoria, one of whom always laughed when the other was amused; and the three preternaturally important brothers, representing the triple-x output of Harvard, Yale and Columbia; and Aunt Euphemia van Benschoten, who had inherited the van Benschoten nose, a block on Fifth Avenue, and a pew in St. Mark's church (two of which possessions she was entitled to devise by will); and Miss Nancy Bangs, Ethel's most intimate friend; and

the Reverend Julian Cotton Jones, her favorite clergyman of the period; and—oh, yes! of course—there was Bolton Chichester.

It was quite a large party. They went first to Niagara, which Pop Wilson said was "premature, if not improper." Then they went down through the Thousand Islands, where Ethel pointed out the inhuman and cruel expression of the many fishermen, to which Chichester answered, "I don't know that it's cruel to catch pickerel, but it's certainly childish."

Then they descended the ridiculous rapids of Lachine, which splashed and murmured like a very mild surf at Shelter Island. They spent a couple of days in exploring the antiquities of Montreal, trying to find the romantic atmosphere of New France under the *ancien régime*. Then they went to Quebec, and found it.

Dear, delightful old Quebec, with her gray walls and shining tin roofs; her precipitous, headlong streets and sleepy squares and esplanades; her narrow alleys and peaceful convents; her harmless antique cannon on the parapets and her sweet-toned bells in the spires; her towering chateau on the heights and her long, low, queer-smelling warehouses in the lower town; her spick-and-span *calèches* and her dingy trolley-cars; her sprinkling of soldiers and sailors with Scotch accent and Irish brogue and Cockney twang on a background of *petite bourgeoisie* speaking the quaintest of French dialects; her memories of an adventurous, glittering past and her placid contentment with the tranquil grayness of the present; her glorious daylight outlook over the vale of the St. Charles, the level shore of Montmorenci, the green Isle d'Orleans dividing the shining reaches of the broad St. Lawrence, and the blue Laurentian Mountains rolling far to the eastward—and at night, the dark bulk of the Citadel outlined against the starry blue, the trampling of many feet up and down the wooden pavement of the terrace, the chattering and the laughter, the music of the military band, and far below, the huddled housetops, the silent wharves, the lights of the great warships swinging with the tide, the intermittent ferry-boats plying to and fro, the twinkling lamps of Levis rising along the dim southern shore and reflected in the lapsing, curling, seaward-sliding waves of the great river! What city of the New World keeps so much of the charm of the Old?

The camp which Samuel de Champlain made in the wilderness three hundred years ago, has become one of the last refuges of the romantic dream and the courtly illusion, still haunted by the shades of impecunious young noblemen with velvet cloaks and feathered hats and rapiers at their hips; of delicate, high-spirited beauties braving the snowy wildwood in their silks and laces; of missionary monks, tonsured and rope-girdled, pressing with lean faces and eager eyes to plant the banner of the Church upon the shores of the West and win the fiery crown of martyrdom. Other figures follow them—gold-seekers, fur-traders, empire-builders, admirals and generals of France and England, strugglers for dominion, soldiers of fortune, makers of cunning plots, and dreamers of great enterprises—and round them all flows the confused tide of war and love, of intrigue and daring, of religious devotion and imperial plot. The massive walls of the old city have been broken, the rude palaces have vanished in fire or sunken in decay, but the past is still indomitable on Cape Diamond, and the lovers of romance can lose themselves in pleasant reveries among the winding streets and on the lofty, sun-bathed ramparts of Quebec.

It was there, in a shady corner of the Grand Battery, that Ethel disclosed to her mother and Chichester and the Reverend Father Cotton Jones her plan for the wedding; since, indeed, it was hardly possible to keep it a secret any longer.

"The day after to-morrow, you know," said she, "we are going to take the Saguenay boat for Tadousac. Do you know that village curving along the cliff at the base of the Mamelous; and the half-circle of the bay opening out into the big St. Lawrence, full of sunshine and blue water; and the steep, shaggy mountains of the Saguenay in the background; and the tiny old mission chapel of the Jesuit Fathers where the same bell has been ringing for nearly three hundred years? I was there the summer after I graduated; and I've never forgotten it. It's a picture and a dream. That is where I want to have my wedding. I don't believe that anybody else would have thought of it. Perhaps it's more than a hundred years since the last Indian wedding was held in that little deserted chapel; but it's all right, kept in good order, just as a relic beside the big new church. I think"—turning to the

clergyman—"that it will be perfectly delightful and original to have you marry me there, at high noon, on the last day of June."

Well, of course, there was a good deal of astonishment and confusion and reluctance when this extraordinary plan came out. No one had imagined precisely this turn in Ethel's originality. Her mother was in a state of paralyzed dismay at an idea so wildly unconventional; the twins and her brothers and Miss Nancy Bangs bubbled over with practical difficulties and protests; Father Cotton Jones was doubtful and embarrassed. "Would it be possible—decorous—regular? The Roman Branch, you know, has not yet openly acknowledged the Anglican position in The Church. Might not objections arise—misunderstanding—refusal of permission to use the chapel? I should hesitate very much, you know!"

But Ethel carried things through with her usual sweet, sparkling high-handedness; and Chichester supported her with irresistible determination, as if he had decided on exactly this thing years ago.

"Certainly," he said, "Splendid idea—entirely novel—quite correct—nothing could be better. Telegraph for one wing of the Tadousac Hotel, with drawing-rooms and private dining-room. Send down plenty of flowers and cakes and wines and whatever we need from here by boat on the twenty-ninth. Get a letter of introduction from my friend Paradol, the Minister of Fisheries and Lighthouses, to the archbishop here—letter from him to the curé at Tadousac—keys of the chapel—permission to make drawings and photographs of the interior every morning of next week. I've been at Tadousac almost every summer for the last five or six years, on the way to my salmon-fishing at the Ste. Marjorie Club. It's all perfectly easy and it shall be done."

The difficulties seemed to vanish before his masterful air, and everybody fell into line with sudden enthusiasm. Ethel smiled discreetly and moved along her pathway of inflexible originality with gentle triumph. The voyage down the river was delightful. The arrangements at the big white wooden hotel on the curving bay were rather primitive but quite comfortable; and three of the five days which were to pass before the ringing of the antique wedding-bell slipped away as if by magic.

On the fourth day, June twenty-ninth,

Chichester having been assured by telegraph that all the things from Quebec had been safely shipped on the *Ste. Irenée*, was spending a morning hour with Ethel in the pavilion of the Government Fish Station at Anse à l'Eau, watching the great herd of captive salmon, circling round and round in restless imprisonment in their warm shallow pool. The splendid fish were growing a little dull and languid in their confined quarters, freshened only by the inflowing of a small brook, and exposed to the full glare of the sun. Many of them bore the scars of the nets in which they had been captured. Others had red wounds on the ends of their noses where they had butted against the rocks or the timbers of the dam. There were some hundreds of the fish, and every now and then a huge thirty-pounder would wallow on top of the water, or a small, lively one would spring high into the air and fall back with a sounding splash on his side. Here they must wait through the summer, the pool becoming daily hotter, more crowded, more uncomfortable, until the time came when the hatchery men would strip them of their spawn. To an angler the sight was somewhat disquieting, though he might admit the strength of the arguments for the artificial propagation of fish. But to Ethel it seemed a pretty spectacle and a striking contrast to the cruelty of angling.

"Look at them," she said, "how happy they are, and how safe! No fly-fishermen to stick a hook in their mouths and make them suffer. How can you bear to do it?"

"Well," said Chichester, "if it comes to suffering, I doubt whether the fish are conscious of any such thing as we mean by it. But even if they are, they suffer twice as much and a thousand times as long, shut up in this hot, nasty pool, as they would in being caught in proper style."

"But think of the hook!"

"Hurts about as much as a pin-prick."

"But think of the fearful struggle, and the long, gasping agony on the shore!"

"There's no fear in the struggle; it's just a trial of strength and skill, like a game of football. A fish isn't afraid of death, he doesn't know anything about it. And there is no gasping on the shore; but a quick rap on the head with a stick and it's all over."

"But why should he be killed at all?"

"Well," said he, smiling, "there are reasons of taste. You eat salmon, don't you?"

"Ye-e-es," she answered a little doubtfully—then with more assurance, "but remember what Wilbur Short says in that lovely chapter on 'Communion with the Catfish': I want them brought to the table in the simplest and most painless way."

"And that is angling with the fly," said he, still more decidedly. "The fly is not swallowed like a bait. It sticks in the skin of the lip where there is least feeling. There is no torture in the play of a salmon. It's just a fair fight with an unknown opponent. Compare it with the other ways of bringing a fish to the table. If he's caught in a net he hangs there for hours, slowly strangled. If he's speared, half the time the spear slips and he struggles off badly wounded; and if the spear goes through him, he is flung out on the bank to bleed to death. Even if he escapes, he is sure to come to a pitiful end some day—perish by starvation when he gets too old to catch his food—or be torn to pieces by a seal, an otter, or a fish-hawk. Fly-fishing really offers him——"

"Never mind that," said Ethel, "what does it offer you?"

"A gentleman's sport, I suppose," he answered rather slowly. "That is, a fair and exciting effort to get something that is made for human use, in a way that involves some hardship, a little risk, a good deal of skill and patience and perseverance, and plenty of out-of-door life. I guess it must be an inheritance of the old days when people lived by the chase; but, whatever it is, almost every real man feels a certain kind of gratification in being able to get game or fish by the exertion of his own pluck or skill. Some day perhaps this will all be changed, and we shall be contented to take our exercise in the form of massage or croquet, and our food in compressed tablets. But not yet!"

Ethel shook her head and smiled rather sadly. "Bolton," she said, "you discourage me. You argue in this way because you like fishing."

"I do," he answered, promptly. "And so far as I can see, that is the principal reason why your friends, Aurora W. Chime and the Reverend Wilbur Short, and the rest of them, condemn it. They object to the evident pleasure of the fishermen more than to the imaginary suffering of the fish."

"Bolton!" she exclaimed earnestly, "that is not a fair thing to say. They are truly

good and noble teachers. They live on a lofty plane and labor for the spreading of the Higher Light. You will know them when we are married. They will be far better company for you than the thoughtless fishermen in your clubs."

Bolton looked a little glum. But he behaved like a gentleman, and cheered up. "Well, well," he said, "of course—you know—your friends, my friends! I'll be glad to meet them, and hear what they have to say, and consider it all very, very seriously. I promised you that, dearest, you remember. But that reminds me—there are two of the men on the *Ste. Marjorie* now, at the clubhouse—Colonel Lang and the Doctor—old Harvey, you know—fine old chap. It's only twenty miles away. Couldn't we send word to them and ask them to come down for to-morrow? I'm so proud and happy about it all; I'd like to have them here, if you don't mind."

"Why, certainly," she answered, smiling with manifest pleasure, "that will be delightful. We'll send a messenger at once with a note to them. But stop a moment—I have a better plan than that! Why not drive over yourself, this afternoon, to invite them? You'll be glad to see them again; and if you stay here you'll only be in the way until to-morrow," laughed she. "Why not go over and spend the night at the clubhouse and come back early in the morning? That will be quite like the ancient days—the young adventurer hurrying out of the forest to meet his bride."

Bolton insisted that he couldn't think of it—didn't want to go—would much rather stay where he was. But Ethel was captivated with the novelty of the idea. She always liked her own plans. Besides, she really wished to have him out of the way for the rest of the day and the evening. There was a good deal to be done—letters to be written—a long, personal, uplifting talk with Nancy Bangs, and with Gladys, and with Victoria, and with each of her brothers separately—just half-an-hour of soul-counsel for each one: three hours altogether. She would see them in regular succession, beginning with the youngest brother, and winding up with Nancy. Then she was charmed with the picture of Bolton coming in, post haste, in the morning, as if he had just arrived from a journey across the great northern wilderness. So she carried her

point, and when he had agreed to it, he found that he rather liked the plan too. It gave him something to do, a chance to practise his habit of putting things through with determination.

He sent a messenger over to *Sacré Cœur* at once, to say that he was coming and that a canoe should meet him at the landing-place on the North-East Branch. He finished up all the arrangements that remained to be made at Tadousac for the smooth running of to-morrow's affair. He ordered a good horse and a "*quatre roue*" to be ready for him at five o'clock; and having parted with Ethel in the manner appropriate even for so brief a separation, he was away for the river in due season.

The long road, with its heavy stretches of sand, its incredibly steep clay hills, its ruts and bumpers over which the buckboard rocked like a boat in a choppy sea, and its succession of shadeless *habitant* houses and discouraged farms, had never seemed to him so monotonous. At eight o'clock, when it was growing dusk, and the moon rising, he reached the landing-place on the Branch, and found his canoe, with his two old canoemen, P'tit Louis, and Vieux Louis, waiting for him. With their warm, homely greeting his spirits began to revive; and the swift run through foaming rapids and eddying pools, along the four miles of the Branch, brought him into a state of mind that was thoroughly cheerful, not to say exhilarated. There was Brackett's Camp on the point above the Forks Pool; and there was the veteran painter-angler himself, with his white beard and his knickerbockers, standing on the shore to wave a salutation as the canoe shot by the point. There was the main river, rushing down with full waters from the northwest, and roaring past the island. There was the clubhouse among the white birches and the balsams on the opposite bank, with the two flags fluttering in the moonlight, and the lights twinkling from the long, low veranda. And there were half a dozen canoe-men with a lantern at the landing-steps, and old John the steward in his white apron rubbing his hands, and the Colonel and the Doctor blowing the conch and the fish-horn in merry welcome. It was all very jolly, and Chichester knew at once that he was at home.

Dinner at nine o'clock, before the big open hearth, with a friendly fire. Much



Chichester was spending a morning hour with Ethel.—Page 171.

chaffing and pleasant talk about the arrangements for to-morrow. A man to be sent off at daybreak to have two buckboards ready at the landing at seven for the drive to Tadousac. Then a reprehensible quantity of tobacco smoked in the book room, and the tale of the season's angling told from the beginning with many embellishments and divagations. There were stories of good luck and bad; vitupera-

tions of the lumbermen for leaving tree-tops and broken branches in the stream to get caught among the rocks and ruin the fishing; accounts of the immense number of salmon that had been seen leaping in the estuary, waiting to come up the river. The interest centred in the story of a huge fish that had taken up his transient abode in the pool called *La Fourche*. The Colonel had pricked and lost the monster two days



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

A notion to go down stream struck the salmon.—Page 177.

ago, and had seen him jump twice yesterday. The Colonel was greatly excited about it, and vowed it was the largest salmon seen in the river for ten years—"a whale, I tell you, a regular *marsovin*!" he cried, waving his hands in the air. The Doctor was provokingly sceptical about the size of the fish. But both agreed that there was one thing that must be done. Chichester must try a few casts in *La Fourche* early in the morning.

"Yes," said the Doctor, puffing slowly at his pipe, "plenty of time between daylight and breakfast—good hour for a shy, old fish—we give up our rights to you—the pool is yours—see what you can do with it—may be your last chance to try your luck—" for somehow a rumor in regard to Miss Asham's views on angling had leaked out, and Chichester's friends were inclined to make merry about it.

He rose to the fly decidedly. "I don't know about this being the last chance," said he, "but I'll take it, any way. John, give me a call at half-past three sharp, and tell the two Louis to be ready with the canoe and the rod and the big landing-net."

The little wreaths of gray mist were curling up from the river, and the fleecy western clouds were tinged with wild rose behind the wooded hills, as Chichester stepped out on the slippery rocks at the head of the pool, loosened his line, gave a couple of pulls to his reel to see that the click was all right, waved his slender rod in the air, and sent his fly out across the swift current. Once it swung around, dancing over the water, without result. The second cast carried it out a few feet further, and it curved through a wider arc, but still without result. The third cast sent it a little further still, past the edge of a big sunken rock in the current. There was a flash of silver in the amber water, a great splash on the surface, a broad tail waved in the air and vanished—an immense salmon had risen and missed the fly.

Chichester reeled in his line and sat down. His pulses were hammering, and his chin was set at the angle of solid determination. "The Colonel was right," he said, "that's an enormous fish, *and he's mine!*"

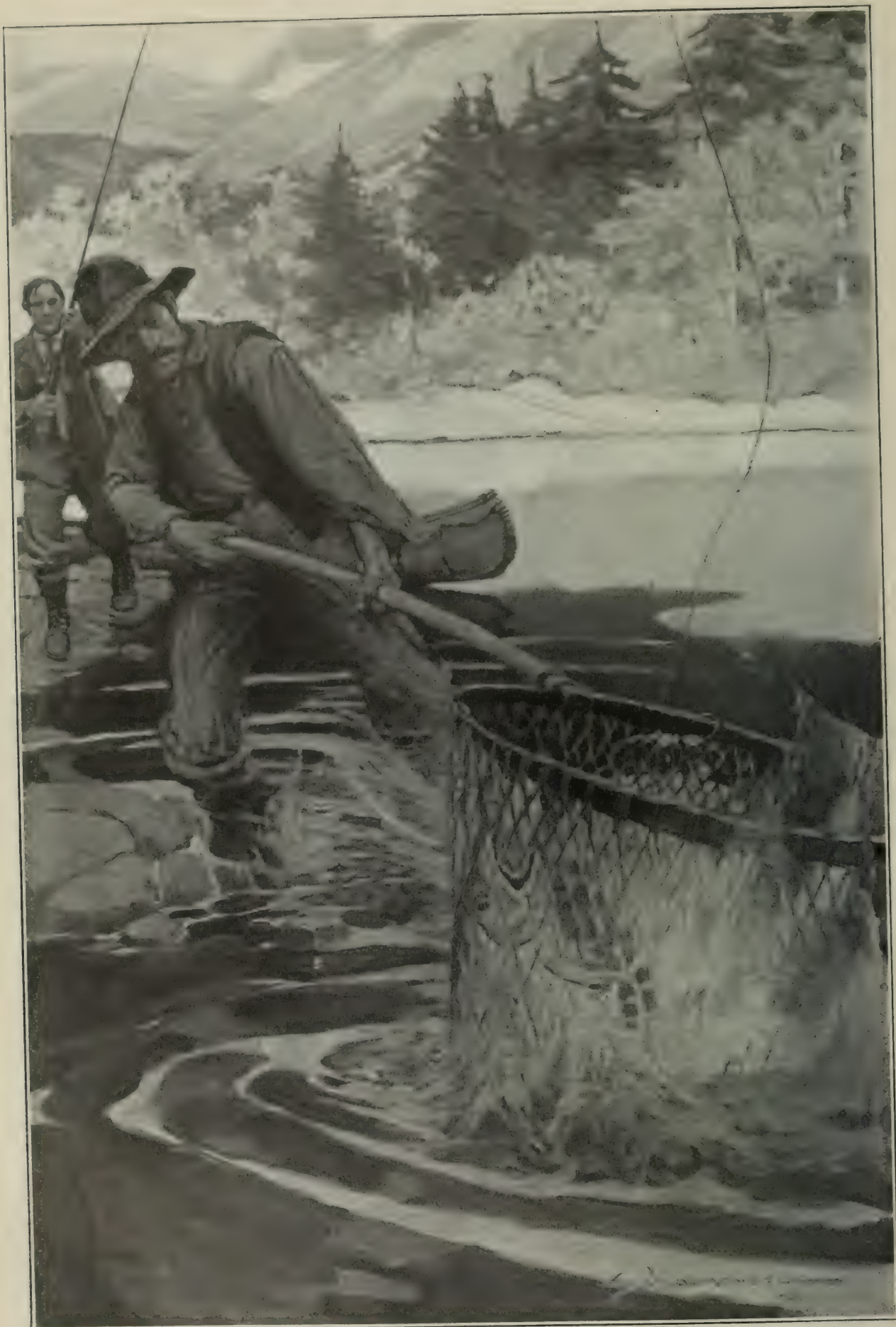
He waited the full five minutes, according to ancient rule, before making the next cast. There was a tiny wren singing among the Balm-o'-Gilead trees on the opposite shore, with a voice that rose silverly above the noise of the rapids. "Cheer up, cheer up," it

seemed to say, "what's the matter with you? Don't hurry, don't worry, try it again—again—again!"

But the next cast was made in vain. There was no response. Chichester changed his fly. The result was the same. He tried three different flies in succession without effect. Then he gave the top of the pool a rest, and fished down through the smooth water at the lower end, hooking and losing a small fish. Then he came back to the big salmon again, and fished a small Durham Ranger over him without success. A number four Critchley's Fancy produced no better result. A tiny double Silver Grey brought no response. Then he looked through his fly-box in despair, and picked out an old three-nought Prince of Orange—a huge, gaudy affair with battered feathers, which he had used two years before in flood-water on the Ristigouche. At least it would astonish the salmon, for it looked like a last season's picture-hat, very much the worse for wear. It lit on the ripples with a splash, and floated down stream in a dishevelled state till it reached the edge of the sunken rock. Bang! The salmon rose to that incredible fly with a rush, and went tearing across the pool.

The reel shrieked wildly as the line ran out. The rod quivered and bent almost double. Chichester had the butt pressed against his belt, the tip well up in the air, the reel-handle free from any possible touch of coat-flap or sleeve. To check that fierce rush by a hundredth part of a second meant the snapping of the delicate casting-line, or the smashing of the pliant rod-tip. He knew, as the salmon leaped clear of the water, once, twice, three times, that he was in for the fight of his life; and he dropped the point of the rod quickly at each leap to yield to the sudden strain.

The play, at first, was fast and furious. The salmon started up the stream, breasting the rapids at a lively rate, and taking out line as rapidly as the reel could run. Chichester followed along the open shore, holding his rod high with both hands, stumbling over the big rocks, wading knee-deep across a side-channel of the river, but keeping his feet somehow, until the fish paused in the lower part of the pool called *La Batture*. Here there was a chance to reel in line, and the men poled the canoe up from below, to be ready for the next turn in the contest.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

There was the gleam of an immense mass of silver in its meshes.—Page 178.

The salmon was now sulking at the bottom, with his head down, balanced against the current, and boring steadily. He kept this up for a quarter of an hour, then made a rush up the pool, and a sidelong skittering leap on the surface. Coming back with a sudden turn, he threw a somersault in the air, close to the opposite shore, sank to the bottom and began jigging. Jig, jig, jig, from side to side, with short, heavy jerks, he worked his way back and forth twice the length of the pool. Chichester knew it was dangerous. Any one of these sharp blows might snap the leader or the hook. But he couldn't stop it. There was nothing to do but wait, with tense nerves, until the salmon got through jigging.

The change came suddenly. A notion to go down stream struck the salmon like a flash of lightning; without a moment's warning he took the line over his shoulder and darted into the rapids. "*Il va descendre! Vite, vite! Le canot! Au large!*" shouted the two Louis; but Chichester had already stepped into his place in the middle of the canoe, and there were still forty yards of white line left on the reel, when the narrow boat dashed away in pursuit of the fish, impelled by flashing paddles and flinging the spray to right and left. There were many large rocks half hidden in the wild white water through which they were plunging, and with a long line there was danger that the fish would take a turn around one of them and break away. It was necessary to go faster than he went, in order to retrieve as much line as possible. But paddle as fast as they could the fish kept ahead. He was not towing the boat, of course; for only an ignoramus imagines that a salmon can "tow" a boat, when the casting-line that holds him is a single strand of gut that will break under a strain of ten pounds. He was running away, and the canoe was chasing him through the roaring torrent. But he held his lead, and there were still eighty or ninety yards of line out when he rushed down the last plunge into *La Fourche*.

The situation was this: The river here is shaped like a big Y. The salmon went down the inside edge of the left-hand fork. The canoe followed him down the outside edge of the same fork. When he came to the junction it was natural to suppose that he would follow the current down the main stem of the Y. But instead of that, when

the canoe dropped into the comparative stillness of the pool, the line was stretched, taut and quivering, across the foot of the left-hand fork and straight up into the current of the right-hand fork. "He's gone up the other branch," shouted Chichester, above the roar of the stream, "we must follow him! Push across the rapids! Push lively!" So the men seized their setting-poles and shoved as fast as they could across the foot of the rapids, while the rushing torrent threatened at every moment to come in over the side and swamp the canoe. There was a tugging and a trembling on the line, and it led, apparently, up the North-East Branch, past Brackett's Camp. But when the canoe reached the middle of the rapids the bowman uttered an exclamation, leaned over the bow, and pulled up the end of a tree-top, the butt of which was firmly wedged among the rocks. Around the slender branches, waving and quivering in the current with life-like motion, the line was looped. The lower part of it trailed away loosely down the stream into the pool.

Chichester took in the situation in a flash of grieved insight. "Well," he said, "that is positively the worst! Good-by, Mr. Salmon. Louis, pull out that-er, er—that branch!" and he began slowly to reel in the line. But old Louis, in the stern of the canoe, had taken hold of the slack and was pulling it in hand over hand. In a second he shouted: "*Arrêtez! Arrêtez! M'sieu, il n'est pas parti, il est là!*"

It was a most extraordinary affair. The spring of the flexible branch had been enough to keep the line from breaking. The salmon, resting in the comparatively still water of the pool, had remained at the end of the slack, and the hook, by some fortunate chance, held firm. It took but a moment to get the line taut and the point of the rod up again. And then the battle began anew. The salmon was refreshed by his half-hour between the halves of the game. No centre in a rush-line ever played harder or faster.

He exhausted the possibilities of attack and defence in *La Fourche*, and then started down the rapids again. In the little pot-hole in mid-river, called *Pool à Michel*, he halted; but it was only for a minute. Soon he was flying down the swift water, the canoe after him, toward the fierce, foaming channel which runs between the island and

the eastern bank opposite the club-house. Chichester could see the Colonel and the Doctor at the landing, waving and beckoning to him, as he darted along with the current. Intent upon carrying his fight through to a finish, he gave only a passing glance to what he thought was their friendly gesture of encouragement, took his right hand from the reel for a second to wave a greeting, and passed on, with determination written in every line of his chin, following the fish toward the sea.

Through the clear shallows of *La Pinette*, and the rapids below; through the curling depths of *Pool à Pierre*, and the rapids below; through the long, curving reach of *L'Hirondelle*, and the mad rapids below; so the battle went, and it was fight, fight, fight, and never the word "give up!" At last they came to the head of tide-water and the lake-like pool beside the old quay. Here the methods of the fish changed. There was no more leaping in the air; no more violent jigging; no more swift rushing up or down stream; but instead, there was just an obstinate adherence to the deepest water in the pool, a slow and steady circling round and round in some invisible eddy below the surface. From this he could only be moved by pressure. Now was the time to test the strength of the rod and line. The fish was lifted a few feet by main force, and the line reeled in while the rod was lowered again. Then there was another lift, and another reeling in; and so the process was repeated until he was brought close to the shore in comparatively shallow water. Even yet he did not turn over on his back, or show the white fin; but it was evident that he was through fighting.

Chichester and P'tit Louis stepped out on the shore, old Louis holding the canoe. P'tit Louis made his way carefully to a point of rock, with the wide-mouthed, long-handled net, and dipped it quietly down into the water, two or three feet deep. The fish was guided gently in toward the shore, and allowed to drop back with the smooth current until the net was around him. Then it was swiftly lifted; there was the gleam of an immense mass of silver in its meshes, an instant of furious struggle, the quick stroke of a short, heavy *baton*; and the great salmon was landed and despatched.

The hook was well set in the outside of his jaw, just underneath his chin; no wonder he

played so long, with his mouth shut! Bring the spring-balance and test his weight. Forty-eight pounds, full measure, the record salmon of the river—a deep thickset fish, whose gleaming silver sides and sharp teeth proved him fresh-run from the sea! It was a signal victory for an angler to land such a fish under such conditions, and Chichester felt that fortune had been with him.

He enjoyed a quarter of an hour of great satisfaction as the men poled the canoe up-river to the club-house. But there was a shadow of anxiety, of vague misgiving, that troubled him; and he urged the men to make haste. At the landing the Colonel and the Doctor were waiting, with strange, long, inscrutable faces.

"Did you get him?" they said.

"I did," he answered; "forty-eight pounds. Hold up that fish, Louis!"

"Magnificent," they cried, "a great fish! You've done it! But, man, do you know what time it is? Five minutes to ten o'clock!"

Nearly ten, and twenty miles of rough river and road to cover before high noon. Was it possible? In a second it flashed upon Chichester what he had done, what a fearful situation he must face. "Come on, you fellows," he cried, stepping back into the canoe. "Now, Louis, shove her as you never shoved before! Ten dollars apiece if you make the upper landing in half an hour."

The other canoe followed immediately. They found the two buckboards waiting, and scrambled in, explaining to the drivers the necessity for the utmost haste. Chichester's horse was a scrawny, speedy little beast, called *Le Coq Noir*, the champion trotter of the region. "*Hé, Coq!*" shouted the driver, flourishing his whip, at the top of the first long hill; and they started off at a break-neck pace. They passed through the village of *Sacré Cœur* a mile and a half ahead of the other wagon. But on the first steep *côte* beyond the village, the inevitable happened. The buckboard went slithering down the slippery slope of clay, struck a log bridge at the bottom with a resounding thump, and broke an axle clean across. The wheel flew off, and the buckboard came to the ground, and Chichester and the driver tumbled out. The Black Cock gave a couple of leaps and then stood still, looking back with an expression of absolute dismay.

There was nothing to do but wait for the

other buckboard, which arrived in ten or fifteen minutes. "Will you have the kindness to lend me your carriage?" said Chichester elaborately. "Oh, don't talk! Get out quick. You can walk!" They changed horses quickly, and Chichester took the reins and drove on. Quarter past eleven; half past; quarter to twelve—and three miles yet to go! It was barely possible to do it. And perhaps it would have been done, if at that moment the good little Black Cock had not stumbled on a loose stone, gone down almost to his knees, and recovered himself with a violent wrench—lame! Chichester was a fair runner and a good walker. But he knew that the steep sandy hills which lay between him and Tadousac could never be covered in fifteen minutes. He gave the reins to the driver, leaned back in the seat, and folded his arms.

At twenty-five minutes past twelve the buckboard passed slowly down the main street of Tadousac, bumped deliberately across the bridge, and drew up before the hotel. The little white chapel on the other side of the road was shut, deserted, sleeping in the sunlight. On the long hotel piazza were half a dozen groups of strangers, summer visitors, evidently in a state of suppressed curiosity and amusement. They fell silent as the disconsolate vehicle came to a halt, and Arthur Asham, the Harvard brother, in irreproachable morning costume and perfect form, moved forward to meet it.

"Well?" said Chichester, as he stepped out.

"Well!" answered the other; and they went a few paces together on the lawn, shaking hands politely and looking at each other with unspoken interrogations.

"I'm awfully sorry," Chichester said, "but it couldn't be helped. A chapter of accidents—I'll explain."

"My dear fellow," answered young Asham, "what good will that do? You needn't explain to me, and you can't explain to Ethel. She is in her most lofty and impossible mood. She'll never listen to you. I'm awfully sorry, too, but I fear it's all over. In fact, she has driven down to the wharf with the others to wait for the Quebec boat, which goes at one. I am staying to get the luggage together and bring it on to-morrow. She gave me this note for you. Will you read it?"

Asham politely turned away, and Chichester read:

MY DEAR MR. CHICHESTER:

Fortunate indeed is the disillusion which does not come too late. But the bridegroom who comes too late is known in time.

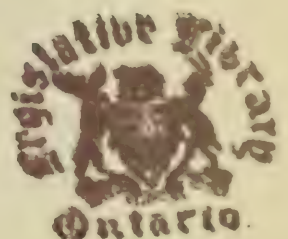
You may be sure that I have no resentment at what you have done; I have risen to those heights where anger is unknown. But I now see clearly what I have long felt dimly—that your soul does not keep time with the music to which my life is set. I do not know what *other engagement* kept you away. I do not ask to know. I know only that ours is at an end, and you are at liberty to return to your fishing. That you will succeed in it is the expectation of

Your well-wisher, E. ASHAM.

Chichester's chin dropped a little as he read. For the first time in his life he looked undecided. Then he folded the note carefully, put it in the breast pocket of his coat, and turned to his companion.

"You will be going up in to-morrow's boat, I suppose. Shall we go together?"

"My dear fellow," said Arthur Asham, "really, you know—I should be delighted. But do you think it would be quite the thing?"



THE MOVEMENT AGAINST PETERSBURG

BY GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER

Of the Confederate Army



GRANT'S movement against Petersburg, I think, more than any battle or other incident constituted what may be called the crisis of the war. Possibly the South never had any real chance of success from the first, and the actual crisis was passed when she fired the first gun. But, though the North was immensely her superior in all the resources of war, the South was able to win many hard-fought battles, and her armies to cherish the hope, as year after year elapsed, that the desperation of her resistance might exact such a price in blood and treasure as would exhaust the enthusiasm of her adversary. Certainly at no other period was there such depression among the people at home, in the army, in the field, or among the officials of the Government in Washington. The expenses of the war were nearly \$4,000,000 a day. Gold was at a high premium and advancing rapidly. It went from 168 in May to 285 in July.*

Enlisting had almost ceased, although stimulated by enormous bounties. A thousand dollars per man was the ordinary price and single regiments would sometimes take from their counties one thousand men, and draw a million dollars in bounties the day of their muster. There was growing bitterness in political circles in view of the approaching presidential election. The terrible lists of casualties in battle were daily bringing mourning and distress to every hamlet in the country.

*The following table shows the fluctuations for each month of 1864:

Month	Day	Highest	Day	Lowest
Jan.	19	150 $\frac{3}{4}$	6	151 $\frac{1}{2}$
Feb.	16	161	27	157 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mar.	26	160 $\frac{3}{4}$	1	150
April	26	186 $\frac{1}{4}$	4	166 $\frac{1}{4}$
May	27	190	10	168
June	30	250	8	193
July	11	285	1	222
Aug.	5	261 $\frac{3}{4}$	30	231 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept.	2	254 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	191
Oct.	31	227 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	189
Nov.	8	260	18	210
Dec.	7	243	18	212 $\frac{3}{4}$

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Swinton writes of this period as follows (p. 494):

"War is sustained quite as much by the moral energy of a people as by its material resources, and the former must be active to bring out and make available the latter. . . . For armies are things visible and formal, circumscribed by time and space, but the soul of war is a power unseen, bound up with the interests, convictions, passions of men. Now so gloomy was the outlook after the action on the Chickahominy, and to such a degree, by consequence, had the public mind become relaxed, that there was, at this time, great danger of a collapse of the war.*

"Had not success come elsewhere to brighten the horizon, it would have been difficult to have raised new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded was the Army of the Potomac no more."

It was under these circumstances that Grant made his first move after the week of indecision which followed the battle of Cold Harbor. The most natural movement, and the one which Lee expected, was that he would merely cross the Chickahominy and take position on the north bank of the James at Malvern Hill, adjoining Butler on the south bank at Bermuda Hundreds. This would unite the two armies at the nearest point to Richmond, and they would have the aid of the monitors on the river in a direct advance. But Grant determined to cross the James at Wilcox's Landing, ten miles below City Point, and entirely out of Lee's observation, and to move thence directly upon Petersburg with his whole army. He would thus pass in rear of Butler and attack the extreme right flank of the Con-

*Swinton adds a foot-note: "The archives of the State Department, when one day made public, will show how deeply the Government was affected by the want of military success and to what resolutions the Executive had in consequence come."

federate line, which, it was certain, would now be held by only a small force. It involved the performance of a feat in transportation which had never been equalled and might well be considered impossible without days of delay.

It was all accomplished, as will be seen, without mishap and in such an incredibly short time that Lee refused for three days to believe it. During these three days, June 15th, 16th and 17th, Grant's whole army was arriving at and attacking Petersburg, which was defended at first only by Beauregard with about 2,500 men. Lee, with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, for the same three days, lay idle in the woods on the north side, only replacing some of Beauregard's troops taken to Petersburg from in front of Butler.

But for this, Longstreet's corps might have manned the intrenchments of Petersburg when Grant's troops first appeared before them, and it is not too much to claim that his defeat would have been not less bloody and disastrous than was the one at Cold Harbor. For while the intrenchments at Cold Harbor were the poorest and slightest in which we ever fought, the Petersburg lines had been built a year before, and were of the best character, with some guns of position mounted and all the forest in front cleared away to give range to the artillery.

This, then, was really the nearest approach to "a crisis" which occurred during the war, as will more fully appear as we follow the details. Instead of "success elsewhere," Grant here escaped a second defeat more bloody and more overwhelming than any preceding. Thus the last, and perhaps the best chances of Confederate success were not lost in the repulse of Gettysburg, nor in any combat of arms. They were lost during three days of lying in camp, believing that Grant was hemmed in by the broad part of the James below City Point, and had nowhere to go but to come and attack us. The entire credit for the strategy belongs, I believe, to Grant, though possibly it may be shared by his chief of staff, Humphreys, whose modest narrative makes no reference to the subject.

On Saturday, June 11th, the Fifth Corps was moved down the Chickahominy, about ten miles, to the vicinity of Bottom's Bridge. The next night it crossed on two pontoon bridges and inclining to the right, it took position east of Riddle's shop, where it in-

trenched to cover the passage of the other corps. All of the other corps moved at the same time. The Second Corps crossed at the same bridge and marched to Wilcox's Landing on the James. The Sixth and Ninth Corps crossed the Chickahominy at Jones's Bridge and marched to the same place. The Eighteenth Corps, under Smith, was sent back to the White House, where it took transports for City Point, and was landed there the night of the 14th. Here it was joined by Kautz's cavalry, about 2,400 strong, and by Hink's colored division, 3,700, making in all about 16,000 men, who were ordered to march at dawn on the 15th for Petersburg, about eight miles, which they were to attack. Here we may leave them for a while.

Hancock's Second Corps reached Wilcox's Landing at 6 P. M. on Monday, the 13th, after an all-night march of about thirty miles. The Fifth Corps, under Warren, held its position, covering the passage of other corps until night of the 13th, when it followed Hancock and reached Wilcox's Landing the next noon. The cavalry and infantry had had some sharp skirmishing, and reported their casualties as three hundred killed and wounded. The Sixth and Ninth Corps, whose marches had been from five to ten miles longer than Hancock's, arrived in the afternoon of the 14th.

During the 14th the transports, which had brought the Eighteenth Corps around from the White House to City Point, were employed in ferrying Hancock across the James. By the morning of the 15th his whole corps was across, with most of its artillery, and at 10.30 A. M. it set out for Petersburg, following Smith, who had gone from City Point for the same destination about sunrise. Hancock had about twenty thousand men, and about sixteen miles to go. All the complicated movements involved in this manœuvre, and in the capture of Petersburg at which it was aimed, had been as usual well thought out, and covered in the orders and instructions to the different commanders, with a single exception.

This exception was very serious in its results, as it postponed the capture of Petersburg for over nine months. It had its rise in the division of command and responsibility between the co-operating armies. This, in its turn, had arisen from the political necessity of placing Butler in com-

mand of the Army of the James. Smith's corps was a part of that army, and Grant, feeling that secrecy was essential to success, visited Butler on the 14th, and at his quarters prepared the orders for Smith's advance and attack on Petersburg the next day. When he returned to the Army of the Potomac he failed to notify Meade of the hour of Smith's march and other details, and Meade, of course, did not inform Hancock. It resulted that Hancock was not ordered to march until 10.30 A. M., when he might just as easily have marched at sunrise, and he was directed by a route an hour or two longer than he might have used. Finally he came upon the field at Petersburg after dark, when he might have arrived in time to unite in Smith's assault.

Meanwhile the Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Corps, on the banks of the James, awaited the construction of the greatest bridge which the world has seen since the days of Xerxes. At the point selected the river was 2,100 feet wide, ninety feet deep, and had a rise and fall of tide of four feet, giving very strong currents. A draw was necessary for the passage of vessels. The approaches having been prepared on each side, construction was begun at 4 P. M. on the 14th by Major Duane, simultaneously at both ends. In eight hours the bridge was finished and the artillery and trains of the Ninth, Fifth, and Sixth Corps began to cross in the order named, that being the order in which the corps would follow. For forty-eight hours without cessation the column poured across, and at midnight on the 16th Grant's entire army was south of the James.

Let us now turn to Lee. On the morning of the 13th, finding the enemy gone, he at once put his army in motion, crossed the Chickahominy and that afternoon took position between White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill. Hoke's Division went on to Drury's Bluff. His cavalry came in contact with Wilson's cavalry, and also with Warren's infantry, which had intrenched itself on the Long Bridge road not far in front of his position. Some sharp skirmishing took place, as shown by Warren's report of 300 casualties. The presence of Warren was taken as assurance that Grant's army was about to advance on the north side of the James, and Warren's withdrawal at dark, discovered the next day, was supposed to mean only a drawing nearer to Butler's

position where the narrowness of the river would permit the easy establishment of pontoon bridges. On the 14th a staff officer of Beauregard's came over from Petersburg to lay before Lee the defenceless position of that city, and to beg for re-enforcements. Lee consented that Beauregard should take Hoke's division, which had already gone to Drury's Bluff, but would not consent to weaken Longstreet or Hill, who were near Riddle's Shop. Hoke was accordingly started for Petersburg early on the 15th with eighteen miles to go. His leading brigade, Hagood's, was picked up by railroad trains and reached Petersburg about sunset, the rest of the division arriving about 9 P. M. Until Hoke came the whole force at Petersburg consisted of Wise's brigade of infantry "not more than twelve hundred strong," two small regiments "of cavalry under Dearing." "Some light artillery with twenty-two pieces . . . besides a few men manning three or four heavy guns in position."*

Besides these there were some old men and boys, called local reserves, who on June 9th, under Col. F. H. Archer, a veteran of Mexico, and Gen. R. E. Colston, disabled at Chancellorsville, had acted with great gallantry in repelling a raid by Kautz's cavalry. The total gross of all arms is given as 2,738.

After Beauregard's staff officer had left him, Lee gave orders to our corps to march the next morning, the 15th, to Drury's Bluff. About sunrise we broke camp and took the road, but there was a demonstration of the enemy's cavalry about Malvern Hill and we were halted to learn what it meant. About midday the report came that the enemy had fallen back, but our march was not resumed, and we later returned to our bivouac.

On the 16th, the First Corps headquarters, with Pickett's and Field's divisions, were hurried across the pontoon bridge at Drury's Bluff and down to the Bermuda Hundreds lines, which had been held by Bushrod Johnson's division, but had been abandoned the night of the 15th, when Beauregard had withdrawn it for the defence of Petersburg. Kershaw's division followed us only as far as Drury's Bluff and was halted there. We reached the ground in time to drive off one of Butler's brigades which had come out to the railroad and begun to tear it up. We drove his brigade

* Roman's "Beauregard," ii, p. 229.

back very nearly into their original lines, and on the next afternoon, the 17th, a charge of Pickett's division entirely regained our lines which had been abandoned by Bushrod Johnson.

During these three days, the 15th, 16th, and 17th, Beauregard, while defending Petersburg with great skill and tenacity, had repeatedly reported to Lee the arrival of Grant's army at Petersburg, and begged for re-enforcements. Lee's replies were as follows:

June 16th, 10.30 A. M. "I do not know the position of Grant's army and cannot strip the north bank of troops."

June 17th, 12 M. "Until I can get more definite information of Grant's movements I do not think it prudent to draw more troops to this side of the river."

On this day, Grant's entire force being now on the field, his attacks were urged with increasing vigor, and at 6.40 P. M. Beauregard telegraphed Lee as follows:

"The increasing number of the enemy in my front, and inadequacy of my force to defend the already too much extended lines, will compel me to fall back within a shorter one, which I will attempt to-night. This I shall hold as long as practicable, but, without re-enforcements, I may have to evacuate the city very shortly. In that event I shall retire in the direction of Drury's Bluff, defending the crossing of Appomattox River and Swift Creek."

After the receipt of this despatch, Kershaw's division was ordered to proceed during the night to Bermuda Hundreds, and a little later the order was extended to continue the march to Petersburg. The fighting on Beauregard's lines lasted until nearly midnight. But when it was over, and the transfer of his troops to their new line was fairly under way, he began to take more radical measures to convince Lee of the situation. He sent three of his staff, one after the other, within two hours, with details about the prisoners captured from different corps of the Federal army, with the stories told by each of their marches since leaving Cold Harbor on the 12th. The first messenger was Beauregard's aide, Col. Chisolm, who interviewed Lee, lying on the ground in his tent near Drury's Bluff, between 1 and 2 A. M. on the 18th. Lee seemed very placid and heard many messages, but still said he thought Beauregard mistaken in

supposing that any large part of Grant's army had crossed the river. He said, also, that Kershaw's division was already under orders to Petersburg, and he promised to come over in the morning.

Chisolm was soon followed by Col. Alfred Roman, but he had to leave his messages, as Lee's staff would not disturb him again. About 3 A. M. Major Giles B. Cooke arrived and insisted upon an interview. He brought further statements by prisoners, which, laid before Lee, thoroughly satisfied him that Grant's army had now been across the James for over forty-eight hours. The following telegrams, which were immediately sent, will indicate his change of view.

June 18th, 3.30 A. M. "Superintendent R. & P. R. R. Can trains run to Petersburg? If so, send all cars available to Rice's Turnout. If they cannot run through, can any be sent from Petersburg to the point where the road is broken? It is important to get troops to Petersburg without delay."

"To General Early, Lynchburg.

"Grant is in front of Petersburg. Will be opposed there. Strike as quick as you can. If circumstances authorize, carry out the original plan or move upon Petersburg without delay."

At the same time orders were sent Anderson for Field's division and the corps headquarters and artillery to follow Kershaw's division into Petersburg. Kershaw arrived there about 7.30 A. M.; the rest of us about nine.

We must now return to Smith's column, which we saw start to Petersburg, about sixteen thousand strong, at daylight on the 15th, with about eight miles to go, 2,500 of the command being cavalry, 3,700 of them colored troops. Beauregard awaits them in the lines of Petersburg which encircle the city, about two miles out, from the river above to the river below, a development of about ten miles. The intrenchments had no abatis or obstructions in front and consisted only of a small outside ditch and a parapet, with platforms and embrasures for guns at suitable intervals. As Beauregard expected Hoke's division about dark, every moment of delay was valuable; to prolong it he used the old device of sending forward a regiment of cavalry and a battery. These delayed the approach for about three hours, at the expense of a gun captured. The march was then resumed, and about 9 A. M.

the head of the column came to the zone of felled forest in front of the intrenchments. Beauregard, fortunately, had a good supply of guns and ammunition which he used freely in preventing the enemy from establishing his batteries or moving his troops within sight, and it was 1.30 P. M. when the column was deployed. Smith had still to make his reconnoissance, and this occupied him until 5 P. M. But it had been efficiently made, for he learned that our infantry was stretched out in a very thin line, and it led him to decide that his charge should be made not with a column, but with clouds of skirmishers. Another hour was taken to form the troops, and at 6 P. M. all would have been ready, but it was now found that the chief of artillery had sent all the horses to water, and it required an hour to get them back. Tall oaks from little acorns grow! By such small and accidental happenings does fate decide battles! Petersburg was lost and won by that hour.

At 7 P. M. the guns returned and opened a severe fire, to which the Confederate guns did not reply, reserving their fire for the columns which they expected to see. These never appeared, but instead the cloud of skirmishers overran the works and captured the guns still loaded with double canister and defended by only a skirmish line of infantry. Hink's colored division, which made the charge, lost 507 killed and wounded from the fire of the skirmishers. It captured four guns and 250 prisoners. Lines of battle followed, and by 9 P. M. occupied about one and a half miles of intrenchment, from redan No. 7 to No. 11, inclusive (counting from the river below), getting possession of sixteen guns. Hancock's corps had arrived on the ground during the action, and when it was over, at Smith's request, it relieved his troops. Smith had been informed of the approach of re-enforcements to both sides, and he thought it wiser to hold what he had than to venture more and risk disaster. Kautz's cavalry had been kept beyond the intrenchments all day by Dearing's cavalry and a few guns, which fired from the redans in the vicinity of No. 28. About 6 P. M., hearing no sounds of battle from Smith, Kautz withdrew, with a loss of forty-three men, and went into bivouac.

After the fighting began, Beauregard had recognized that he would need every available man to defend the city, and he ordered

Johnson to leave only Gracie's brigade in his lines, and to come to Petersburg with the rest of his division. Johnson brought about 3,500 men, which with Hoke, gave Beauregard in the morning an effective force of about fourteen thousand infantry. During the night he built a temporary line, throwing out the captured portion, while his efficient chief engineer, Col. D. B. Harris, laid out and commenced a better located permanent line at an average distance of a half mile in the rear.

On the 16th Hancock was in command, and the Ninth Corps arrived on the field, giving him about 48,000 effectives. He devoted the day to attacks upon each flank of the broken line and succeeded in capturing one redan, No. 4, on Beauregard's left, and three, Nos. 12, 13, and 14, on his right.

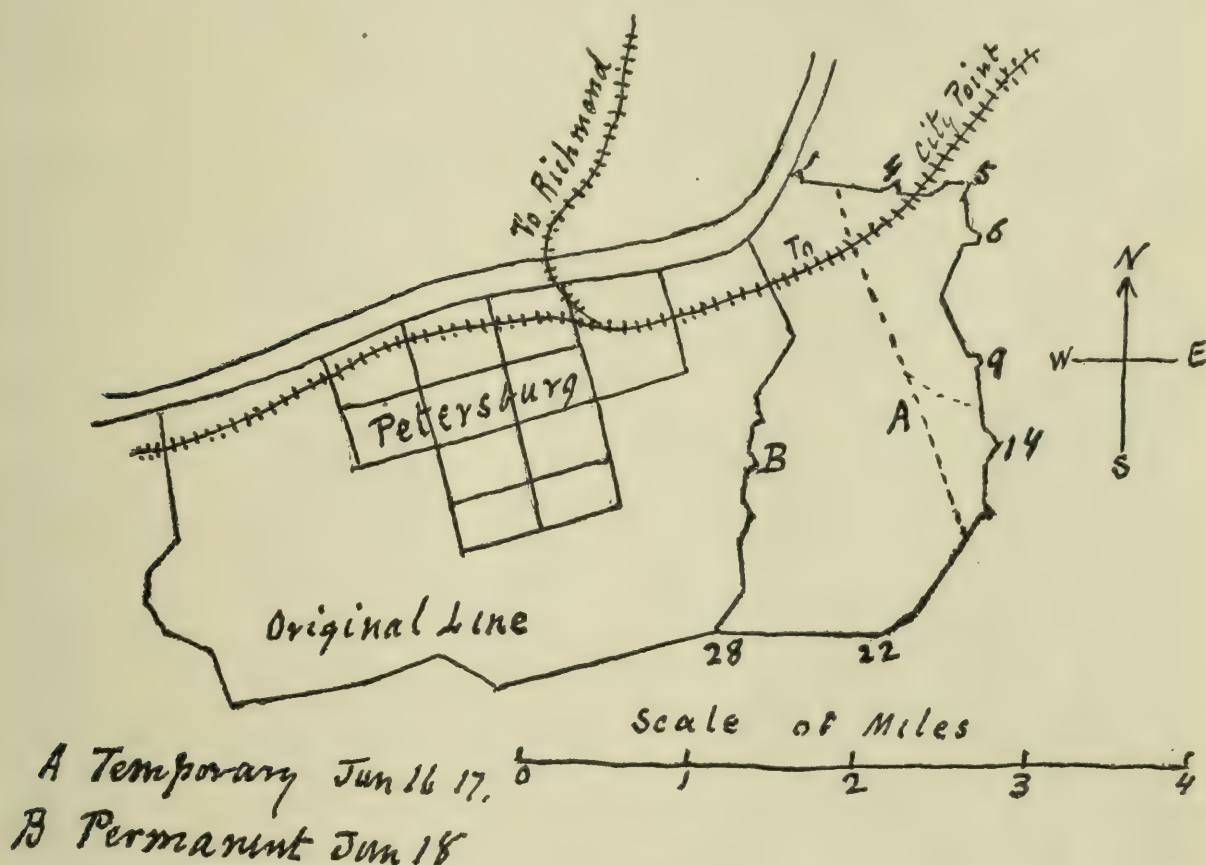
On the 17th the fighting began at 3 A. M., and was continued until 11 P. M. The attack at 3 A. M. was conducted by Potter's division of the Ninth Corps, and was a complete surprise. Extraordinary precautions had been adopted to make it so. No shot was fired. Canteens had been packed in knapsacks, and all orders were transmitted in whispers. The Confederates were so exhausted by their incessant fighting by day and working by night that they were sound asleep, with arms in their hands, and double canister in their guns. Only a single gunner was waked in time to pull a single lanyard before the enemy swept over and got possession of redan No. 16, with four guns and six hundred prisoners. Nowhere else during the long day were they able to make any headway.

The Fifth Corps had now arrived, and one division of the Sixth. About dark in the afternoon, redan No. 3 on the left had been taken and held temporarily by Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps. Gracie's brigade, which had just come in from Bermuda Hundreds, was put to charge them, and drove them out, capturing over one thousand prisoners. After the fighting ceased, Colonel Harris superintended the withdrawal of the troops from the temporary line to the new location which had been prepared in the last forty-eight hours.

At 4 A. M. on the 18th a general advance was made by the Second, Fifth, and Ninth Corps, the Sixth and Eighteenth supporting in reserve. The ground in front of the points which had been assaulted was thick-

ly strewn with the Federal dead, and the slight trenches, from which they had fought so long and desperately, were filled with the slain there had been no opportunity to bury or remove. A few deserters or prisoners were picked up, and from them Meade learned that Beauregard's whole force had been but two divisions and Wise's brigade, now reduced by heavy losses, but trying to occupy a hastily constructed line a half mile, more

our pickets and in efforts to arrange for simultaneous assaults by the different corps. Meade himself at last fixed upon twelve o'clock, and ordered each corps at that hour to assault with a strong column. By that time Kershaw's division had relieved Johnson's, taking its place in the trenches. Hoke, Wise, and none of the artillery could be relieved until after dark without unwise exposure of the troops. Field's division took



From a sketch by the author.

or less, in the rear. This information was conveyed to all the corps commanders, who were ordered to press forward vigorously and overwhelm our lines in their unfinished condition.

No army could ask a more favorable chance to destroy its antagonist than was here presented. Their whole army was at hand and the re-enforcement of Longstreet's corps even now coming to Beauregard was not over twelve thousand men and was still about three to five hours away. The little which was accomplished during the whole day is striking evidence of the condition to which the Federal army had now been reduced.

At first much time was lost in driving in

position in the trenches on Kershaw's left, but it did not become engaged.

Humphreys states that about midday the Second Corps made two assaults, "both repulsed with severe loss." Later Meade again ordered "assaults by all the corps with their whole force, and at all hazards, and as soon as possible. All the corps assaulted late in the afternoon, and at hours not widely apart. Birney with all his disposable force. Mott from the Hare house . . . supported by one of Gibbon's brigades, Barlow on Mott's left—but were repulsed with considerable loss. Burnside found the task of driving the enemy [it was but a picket force] out of the railroad cut a formidable one, and assaulting established

his corps within a hundred yards of the enemy's main line. . . . Warren's assault was well made, some of Griffin's men being killed within twenty feet of the enemy's works, but it was no more successful than the others. His losses were very severe. . . . On the right Martindale advanced and gained some rifle pits, but did not assault the main line."

On the Confederate side the day was not considered a day of battle, but only of demonstrations and reconnoissance. None of our re-enforcements were engaged, the only fighting done having been by Hoke's division and Wise's brigade, who, under Beauregard, had already borne the whole brunt of the four days and three nights. The official diary of Longstreet's corps says of the day:

"We arrive in Petersburg and Kershaw relieves Bushrod Johnson's division, Field taking position on Kershaw's right. A feeble attack is made in the afternoon on Elliott's brigade."

No official report is given of any brigade except Hagood's, which describes only skirmishing and one attempted charge on our extreme left, "which never got closer than 250 yards."

It was necessary to wait until night before Beauregard's artillery could receive its plaudit of "Well done! good and faithful servants," and be relieved by the fresh battalions of Longstreet's corps. Of all the moonlight nights I can remember, I recall that Saturday night as perhaps the most brilliant and beautiful. The weather was exceedingly dry, the air perfectly calm, with an exhilarating electrical quality in it. The dust rose with every movement and hung in the air. The whole landscape was bathed and saturated in silver, and sounds were unusually distinct and seemed to be alive and to travel everywhere. It was not a night for sleep in the trenches. There was a great deal to be done at all points to strengthen and improve them, and every man was personally interested in working at his immediate location.

In spite of all pains, the drawing out of old guns and approach of new was attended with sounds which wandered far and with luminous clouds of dust gradually rising in the air. Then the enemy would know we were moving and there would come crashes of musketry at random and volleys of artillery from their lines. Then our infantry

would imagine themselves attacked and would respond in like fashion, and the fire would run along the parapet to right and left, and gradually subside for a while, to break out presently somewhere else. I was accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Branch, chief of artillery of Beauregard's army, a very competent and gallant officer, unfortunately killed in 1869 by the falling of a bridge near Richmond.

Grant did not renew his assaults on the 19th, but expressed himself satisfied that all had been done which was possible, and he now directed that the troops should be put under cover and have some rest.

Humphreys writes: "The positions gained by the several corps close against the enemy were intrenched, and the two opposing lines in this part of the ground remained substantially the same in position to the close of the war."

In brief review, it must be said that Grant successfully deceived Lee as to his whereabouts for at least three days, and thus, at the most critical period of the war, saved himself from a second defeat, more bloody, more signal, and more undeniable than Cold Harbor. For, if Beauregard alone, with only fourteen thousand men, was able to stop Grant's whole army, even after being driven by surprise into temporary works, what would Lee and Beauregard together have done from the strong original lines of Petersburg? Grant personally was at that period not abstemious, and that his troops knew of it (perhaps sometimes exaggerating facts in speaking of it) was known even to the Confederates from the stories of prisoners captured at Cold Harbor. Such a defeat, in case of any disaster, with such rumors afloat, would have cast a baleful back-light over the campaign even to Spottsylvania and the Wilderness. He was now able to base a *quasi* claim to victory in establishing himself within the lines of Petersburg. But all the odium of repeated defeats would have been heaped upon his campaign had it terminated with a final and bloody repulse.

All this had been changed by his well-planned and successfully conducted strategy. The position which he had secured was full of great possibilities, as yet not fully comprehended. But already the character of the operations contemplated removed all risk of serious future catastrophe. However bold we might be, however desperately

we might fight, we were sure in the end to be worn out. It was only a question of a few months more or less. We were unable to see it at once. But there soon began to spring up a chain of permanent works, the first of which were built upon our original lines captured by the skirmishers the first afternoon, and these works, impregnable to assault, finally decided our fate, when on the next March 25th, we put them to the test.

Of this period following the battles of Cold Harbor and Petersburg, the future historian may find something to say. By all the rules of statecraft the time had now arrived to open negotiations for peace. There would no longer be any hope of final success, but there would still be much of blood, of treasure, and of political rights which might be saved or lost. The time never came again when as favorable terms could have been made as now. For it was the hour of the lowest tide in Federal hopes. It remains a fact, however, that for many months, even until the very capture of Richmond, both the Confederate army and the people would have been very loath to recognize that our cause was hopeless. Lee's influence, had he advised it, could have secured acquiescence in surrender, but nothing else would. His confidence in his army, doubtless, for some months delayed his realization of the approaching end. Even when he foresaw it, his duty to his Government as a soldier was paramount, and controlled his course to the very last.

And there is this to be said. In every war there are two issues contended for. First, is the political principle involved, which with us was the right of secession. The second is prestige or character as a people. Conceding our cause, did we defend it worthily, history and posterity being the judges?

We lost the first issue; and the more utterly it was lost the better it has proved to be—for ourselves even more than for our adversaries. Without detracting from their merit, but displaying and even enhancing it, we have gained the second by a courage and constancy which could only be fully developed and exhibited under the extreme tests endured, and by the high types of men who became our leaders. Is not that end worthy of the extreme price paid for it, even to the last drop of blood shed at Appomattox? I am sure that to the army, any end but the last ditch would have seemed

a breach of faith with the dead we had left upon every battle-field.

The Federal casualties for Petersburg and for the campaign are given as follows:

June 13th to 18th: Killed 1,298, wounded 7,474, missing 1,814; total, 10,586.

May 5th to June 18th: Killed 8,412, wounded 44,629, missing 9,609; total, 62,750.

No returns exist for Beauregard's losses, but they have been estimated at: killed 500, wounded 2,200, missing 2,000; total, 4,700. The losses among the general officers were severe on both sides, being of Confederates: killed 8, wounded 15, captured 2, total 25; and of Federals: killed 6, wounded 8, captured 2, total 16.

THE MINE

OUR first days in the Petersburg trenches were exceedingly busy ones. From June 19th to 24th a daily entry in my note-book was "severe sharpshooting and artillery practice without intermission day or night." Our whole time was spent in improving our lines and getting our batteries protected and with good communications. Never until in this campaign had the enemy used mortar fire in the field, but now Abbott's Reserve Artillery regiment of seventeen hundred men brought into use sixty mortars ranging from twenty-four-pounder Coehorns to ten-inch Seacoast, which caused us great annoyance, as we had to keep our trenches fully manned and had no protection against the dropping shells. Fortunately I had ordered some mortars constructed in Richmond about two weeks before, and they began to arrive on June 24th, and were at once brought into use. They were only twelve-pounders, but were light and convenient and at close ranges enabled us to hold our own with less loss than might have been expected. The cannoneers in the batteries and the infantry in the lines who were exposed to this mortar fire managed to build little bomb-proofs and a labyrinth of deep and narrow trenches in rear of the lines. Abbott's siege train also included six 100-pounder and forty 30-pounder rifles besides their regular field artillery. Many of the heavy calibres were mounted on the permanent forts erected in the outer line already referred to.

These constituted a sort of intrenched citadel, consisting of isolated forts connected

by infantry parapets with ditches and abatis and impregnable to any assault. Here a small fraction of the army could securely hold its line for days and continue to threaten Petersburg, leaving the rest free to extend lines on the south or to threaten Richmond on the north. Meanwhile, in front their offensive system of trenches and redans was pushed as close as possible to ours and we were constantly menaced with assault should we weaken our garrison.

One point in our front, called Elliott's Salient, was recognized as particularly weak. The edge of the deep valley of Poor Creek, approximately parallel to our general line of works, here approached within 133 yards of the salient, which was held by Pegram's battery, Elliott's brigade occupying the adjacent lines. Along the near edge of the valley the enemy built strong rifle pits, with elaborate head-logs and loopholes, from which a constant fire was kept up upon our works. In the valley behind was ample room for an unlimited force, which could be collected and massed without our knowledge and would have but 133 yards to advance under fire to reach our works. We soon managed to place obstructions in front of the parapet at this point and watched closely, confidently expecting that the enemy would here begin soon to make zigzag approaches as in a siege.

On June 22d Grant despatched Wilson's and Kautz's divisions of cavalry upon a raid against the Lynchburg and Danville railroads. On the same day the Second and Sixth Corps were stretched out to the left with the intent of reaching the Weldon Railroad, and perhaps even to the road to Lynchburg.

Lee, advised of this movement, sent A. P. Hill with Wilcox's and Mahone's divisions, supported by Johnson's, to meet it. With Wilcox's division he obstructed the advance of the Sixth Corps so effectively that it failed to reach even the Weldon road by at least a mile. With Mahone's and Johnson's divisions he passed through a gap carelessly left between the Second Corps, which was swinging around to its right, and the Sixth, which was advancing, and struck Barlow's division of the Second in the rear. Barlow's and Gibbon's divisions were both badly defeated, losing four guns (which were turned upon the fugitives), several colors, and about seventeen hundred prisoners.

Mott's division was also routed, but retreated so precipitately as to lose few prisoners. Hill returned at night to his intrenchments, and the next morning the Second Corps reoccupied the lines from which it had been driven and the Sixth Corps formed on its left obliquely toward the Weldon road.

Wilson and Kautz were followed in their raid by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry which, however, was unable to prevent the tearing up of the Lynchburg Railroad from near Petersburg to Burkeville, and of the Danville road from Burkeville south to the Staunton River. Here the bridge was defended by local militia who were intrenched with artillery. The river was unfordable, and Lee, attacking in the rear, the Federals decided to rejoin Grant at Petersburg by a circuit to the east.

Unfortunately for them, Hampton's and Fitz Lee's divisions had just returned from the pursuit of Sheridan's cavalry to Trevilian's Station, where they had had a drawn battle on June 11th and 12th. These divisions, aided by W. H. F. Lee's, which had continued in the pursuit, and by two brigades of infantry under Mahone, fell upon Wilson and Kautz on the 29th at Ream's Station and routed them with the loss of fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and captured, and all of their artillery (twelve guns) and their wagon train. They finally made their escape across the Blackwater, burning the bridge behind them and thus cutting off pursuit by Hampton and Lee. They reached the James at Light House Point on July 2d.

They had been absent ten days, had marched over three hundred miles, and torn up sixty miles of railroad. The tracks, however, were soon repaired and traffic restored by all the lines. By the Weldon road, however, it soon became necessary to halt the trains short of Petersburg, and to wagon by a roundabout road into the town.

Between July 6th and 9th Grant had found it necessary to send the three divisions of the Sixth Corps to Washington to oppose Early and Breckenridge. These, whom we saw sent by Lee from Cold Harbor to check Hunter's advance upon Lynchburg, had reached Lynchburg before him. Hunter feared either to attack or to retreat by the way he had come. After a pause of two days he started on June 19th through West Virginia, via the Great Kanawha, the Ohio River, and the Baltimore and Ohio

Railroad, to Harper's Ferry. This left the valley open. Early at once moved down it to demonstrate against Washington. The only force available to oppose him was Wallace's command from Baltimore, with Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, which was the first to arrive. Early had crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown and moved through the passes of South Mountain. On July 9th he attacked and defeated Wallace on the Monocacy, Ricketts being killed. The next day he moved upon Washington, Wallace being driven toward Baltimore.

Never before probably had Washington been as bare of troops as when Early arrived before it on the afternoon of July 11th. But there were regular garrisons of infantry and artillery at many of the permanent forts, District of Columbia Volunteers, regiments of Veteran Reserves, many miscellaneous detachments at the camp of instruction, and about two thousand organized employees of the quartermaster's department—in all, over twenty thousand men. These troops alone, without aid, could have defended the city indefinitely and forced Early to undertake a siege. That night there arrived the two remaining divisions of the Sixth Corps, and six thousand men of the Nineteenth Corps, under Emory, from New Orleans.

In the afternoon Early had reconnoitred, and, in consultation with his officers, had ordered an assault in the morning. It is scarcely credible that he would have made more than a demonstration, for any real attack would have been but a bloody farce. In the night he heard of the arrival of the troops and in the morning could see them. He did not attack, and that night he withdrew, marching to Leesburg, where he recrossed the Potomac. Grant had intended, on Early's repulse, not only to bring back the Sixth Corps to Petersburg, but also to bring down the Nineteenth. Had he now carried out those intentions it is likely that Lee would have brought down Early. It was Lee's policy, however, to fight for time and delay matters by division rather than to hasten them by concentration. So he left Early in the valley, where his presence would be a constant menace and would neutralize more troops than his equivalent elsewhere.

On June 30th I became convinced that the enemy were preparing to mine our position at the Elliott Salient. At that point in-

cessant fire was kept up by their sharpshooters, while a few hundred yards to the right and left the fire had been gradually allowed to diminish and men might show themselves without being fired at. That indicated that some operation was going on, and for several days I had expected to see zigzag approaches started on the surface of the ground. When several days had passed and nothing appeared, I became satisfied that their activity was underground. On my way home I was that day wounded by a sharpshooter and received a furlough of six weeks to visit my home in Georgia. On my way to the cars next day I was driven by Lee's headquarters, where I reported my belief about the mine. There happened to be present Mr. Lawley, the English correspondent of the *London Times*, who was much interested and asked how far it would be necessary to tunnel to get under our works. I answered about five hundred feet. He stated that the longest military tunnel or gallery which had ever been run was at the siege of Delhi, and that did not exceed four hundred feet. That it was found impossible to ventilate for any greater distance. I replied that in the Federal army were many Pennsylvania coal-miners, who could be relied on to ventilate mines any distance that might be necessary, and it would not do to rely upon military precedents. It proved that my suspicion was correct.

It was June 30th when I guessed it. The gallery had been commenced on June 27th. It was undertaken in opposition to the advice of all the military engineers at Federal headquarters by Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, a coal-miner, who saw the opportunity which the situation offered. A gallery was successfully extended 511 feet, with two branch galleries at the end, to the right and left, each thirty-seven feet long. These branch galleries were charged with gunpowder in eight parcels of one thousand pounds each, connected by open troughs of powder to be fired by safety fuses coming through the tamping and along the gallery.

His method of ventilation was very simple. When the tunnel had penetrated the hill far enough to need it, a close partition was built across it near the entrance with a close-fitting door. Through the partition on the side of this door was passed the open end of a long square box, or closed

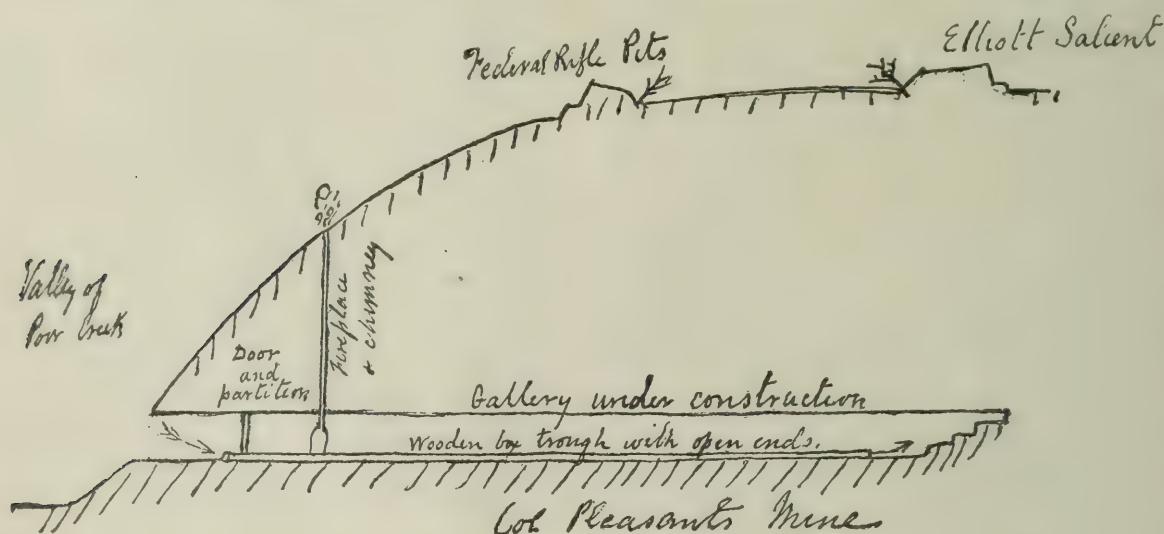
trough, which was built along on the floor of the tunnel, conveying the fresh outside air to the far end of the tunnel, where the men extending it were at work.

To create a draught through this air-box a fireplace was excavated in the side of the tunnel, within the partition, and a chimney was pierced through the hill above it. A small fire in this chimney-place, and the outside air would pass through the air-box to the far end of the tunnel, whence it would return and escape up the chimney, taking with it the foul air of the tunnel. This tunnel was finished July 17th, the galleries on the 23d, and the mine was charged and tamped on the 28th.

Lee, on receipt of my message on July

known as Colquitt's and Gracie's Salients. Countermines were also begun; at Colquitt's on the 10th and at Gracie's on the 19th. All four of our mines were constantly pushed until the 30th, when the explosion occurred, the total length of our galleries being then about 375 feet. Of the two galleries on each side of the mine, one, which was unoccupied, was destroyed by the explosion. In the other the miners were at work, but, though much shaken up, the galleries were not crushed and the miners climbed out and escaped.

Meanwhile, in spite of predictions of failure, the mine had been constructed, and though we were known to suspect it, and our countermining operations could be



From a sketch by the author.

1st, ordered our engineers to start countermines at the Elliott Salient. Two shafts were sunk about ten feet and listening galleries were run out from each. Unfortunately the shafts were located on the right and left flanks of the battery, and the enemy's gallery passed at a depth of twenty feet under the apex, and was so silently built that our miners never knew of their proximity. Had they detected it they would have hastened to explode what is called a *camonflet*, an undercharged or "smothered mine," which does not disturb the surface, but caves in adjacent galleries.

By July 10th our miners had done enough work, had it been done at the apex of the salient, to have heard the enemy, who would have been directly beneath them. Work was not only kept up, however, on the flanks, but at two other positions farther to the left,

heard, it was now determined to delay the explosion until preparations could be made to have it followed by a grand charge, supported by the concentration of a great force, both of infantry and artillery. That it might be the more effective Grant determined to combine strategy with main force, and first endeavor to draw a large part of our infantry to the north side of the James. At suitable points he had already built signal towers overlooking our lines and some of our most important roads, and now the artillery officers were directed to prepare specially to concentrate fire upon every gun in our lines which could be used for the defence of Elliott's Salient. In obedience to these instructions, Humphreys reports, "heavy guns and mortars, eighty-one in all, and about the same number of field guns," were prepared with abundant ammunition.

At Deep Bottom, Butler maintained two pontoon bridges across the James, with part of the Tenth Corps on the north side, under cover of his gunboats and ironclads. Of course we had to maintain a moderate force in observation, which, under Gen. Conner, was located near Bailey's Creek. Grant could cross both the Appomattox and the James and go from his lines around Petersburg to Deep Bottom by a march of twelve miles, all of it entirely concealed from our view. Lee could only send troops to meet him by a march of twenty miles.

On the afternoon of July 26th Hancock with about twenty thousand infantry and Sheridan with two divisions, about six thousand cavalry, were started to Deep Bottom. It was expected that this force, aided by the Tenth Corps, would surprise the Confederate brigade (Conner's) and would then make a dash toward Richmond. Sheridan was directed also to endeavor to cut the railroads north of Richmond. During the night this force crossed the river, and at dawn on the 27th moved upon our lines and captured four 20-pounder Parrotts in an advanced position.

It happened that Lee had noted the activity of the enemy in that quarter. Wilcox's division was already at Drury's Bluff, and on the 24th it and Kershaw's division were sent to re-enforce Conner. This force made such a show that Hancock, finding it there before him, did not deem it wise to assault their line. On their left Kershaw even advanced against Sheridan's cavalry and forced it to retreat. It took a position behind a ridge, where it dismounted a considerable force armed with the Spencer magazine carbines. Kershaw unwisely attempted a charge and was quickly repulsed, losing 250 prisoners and two colors.

On hearing of Hancock's crossing on the morning of the 27th, and that prisoners had been captured from the Second, Tenth, and Eighteenth Corps, Lee immediately sent over W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry and Heth's infantry of Hill's corps. Later in the day he arranged to have Field's division of infantry withdrawn from his trenches at dark, to follow during the night, and Fitz Lee's cavalry the next morning. President Davis was also advised, and on the 29th the Local Defence troops in Richmond were called out to the defence of the Richmond lines. These troops were never called out

except in the gravest emergencies, which indicates the importance Lee attached to the demonstration.

But it was only a demonstration designed to be abandoned if it failed to make a surprise of our lines at Deep Bottom on the 27th. As this became apparent on the 28th, orders were issued from Deep Bottom to prepare the mine for explosion on the morning of the 30th. Orders were also given for the Second Corps, with a division of the Eighteenth Corps and one of the Tenth, to return and take part in the assault. Sheridan's cavalry was also to return, and passing in rear of the army to take position on its left to threaten our extreme right and prevent our re-enforcing the vicinity of the mine. The explosion might have been arranged for the afternoon of the 29th, but the morning of the 30th was chosen as it permitted the placing of more heavy guns and mortars for the bombardment, which would follow the explosion, as well as preliminary arrangements, such as massing the troops, removing parapets and abatis to make passages for the assaulting columns, and the posting of pioneers to remove our abatis and open passages for artillery through our lines. Depots of intrenching tools, with sandbags, gabions, fascines, etc., were established, that lodgments might be more quickly made, though the pioneers of all regiments were already well supplied with tools. Engineer officers were designated to accompany all columns, and even pontoon trains were at hand to bridge the Appomattox in pursuit of fugitives. Finally, Meade personally impressed on every corps commander the importance of celerity of movement. Briefly, no possible precaution was omitted to be carefully ordered, and the success of the Deep Bottom expedition, in drawing Lee's forces to that locality, had exceeded all expectations.

On the morning of the 30th Lee had left to hold the ten miles of lines about Petersburg but three divisions, Hoke's, Johnson's, and Mahone's, about eighteen thousand men, most of the rest of his army being twenty miles away. Hoke and Johnson held from the Appomattox on the left to a little beyond the mine. Mahone held all beyond, one brigade being four miles to the right. The Second, Fifth, Ninth Corps, and parts of the Tenth and Eighteenth, with two divisions of Sheridan's cavalry, sixteen di-

visions in all, nearly sixty thousand men, were concentrated to follow up the surprise to be given by the explosion under Johnson's division. That it should be the more complete, for two days no heavy guns or mortars had been fired, that the Confederates might believe that the Federals were preparing to retreat.

Everything now seemed to be working exactly as Grant would have it, and it is difficult to entirely explain how the attack came to fail so utterly. Doubtless several causes co-operated, which will be presently referred to, but among them was doubtless the same cause which, on May 12th, nullified the Federal surprise at the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. Too many troops had been brought together and they were in each other's way. On a smaller scale, in the assault on Fort Sanders at Knoxville, three Confederate brigades got mingled in the assault, which at once lost its vigor, though it did not retreat until after receiving severe punishment. The brigadier in command on this occasion ascribed his failure to the presence of the two other brigades, who should have been upon his flanks.

The assault was to be led by Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps, a selection made by lot, and a very unfortunate one, as Ledlie and Ferrero, who commanded the colored division, which was to follow Ledlie, both took shelter in a bomb-proof, where they remained during the entire action. The mine was ordered to be fired at 3.30 A. M., but the fuses had been spliced, and when fired failed at the splice. After an hour an officer and sergeant entered the tunnel and relighted the fuse. The explosion occurred at 4.40. As the sun rose about 4.50 the delay had been advantageous, as it gave daylight for the movements of the troops and for the artillery fire.

The explosion made a crater 150 feet long, ninety-seven feet wide, and thirty feet deep, the contents being hurled so high in the air that the foremost ranks of the assaulting columns, 150 yards away, shrank back in disorder in fear of the falling earth. The bulk of the earth, however, fell immediately around the crater, mingled with the *débris* of two guns, twenty-two cannoneers, and perhaps 250 infantry (nine companies of the Nineteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina, which had been carried up in the air). Quite a number of those who fell safely

were dug out and rescued alive by the assaulting column. Some, not yet aroused, were lost, covered up in the bomb-proofs of the adjacent trenches by the falling earth. This formed a high embankment, as it were, all around the crater, with one enormous clod, the size of a small cabin, perched about the middle of the inside rim, which remained a landmark for months. A high interior line, called a trench cavalier, had been built across the gorge of the salient enclosing a triangular space, and the left centre of this space about coincided with the centre of the explosion. The parapets were partially destroyed and largely buried by the falling earth.

Into this crater the leading division literally swarmed until it was packed about as full as it could hold, and what could not get in there crowded into the adjacent trenches, which the falling earth had caused to be vacated for a short distance on each flank. But, considering the surprise, the novelty of the occasion, and the terrific cannonade by 150 guns and mortars which was opened immediately, the coolness and self-possession of the entire brigade was remarkable, and to it is to be attributed the success of the defence. This was conducted principally by Colonel McMaster of the Seventeenth South Carolina, General Elliot having been soon severely wounded. The effect of the artillery cannonade was more moral than physical, for the smoke so obscured the view that the fire was largely at random, at least for one or two hours during which it was in fullest force. The effort was at once made to collect a small force in the trenches upon each flank, and one in an intrenchment occupying a slight depression which ran parallel to our line of battle some 250 yards in rear of it, the effort being to confine the enemy to the crater and the lines immediately adjoining. The multiplicity of the deep and narrow trenches, and the bomb-proofs in the rear of our lines, doubtless contributed to our success in doing this on the flanks, but there was also decided lack of vigor and enterprise on the part of the enemy, which permitted us to form barricades which were successfully defended to the last.

Meanwhile the re-enforcements to the storming column, instead of spreading to the flanks, massed outside of our lines in rear of the storming column, which had

made no farther advance, but had filled the crater and all the captured lines. Several efforts were made to advance from time to time, but the first were feeble, and could be checked by the remnants of the brigade under McMaster, until two regiments of Wise's brigade and two of Ransom's were brought up from the left. With their aid the situation was made safe and held until about 10 A. M., when Mahone arrived at the head of three brigades of his corps drawn from the lines on our right. A regiment of Hoke's from the left also came up later.

In the meantime a few of our guns had found themselves able to fire with great effect upon the enemy massed in front of our lines. The left gun in the next salient to the right, occupied by Davidson's battery, was in an embrasure which flanked the Pegram Salient, but was not open to any gun on the enemy's line. This gun did fearful execution, being scarcely four hundred yards distant. It was fired by Maj. Gibbes commanding the battalion, for perhaps forty rounds, until he was dangerously wounded, after which it was served by Col. Huger and members of my staff, and later by some of Wise's brigade of infantry. A tremendous fire was turned upon it, but it was well protected and could never be kept silent when the enemy showed himself.

Five hundred yards to the left was a four-gun battery under Capt. Wright of Coit's battalion in a depression behind our line and masked from the enemy by some trees. But it had a flanking fire on the left of Pegram's Salient and across all the approaches and a number of infantry of Wise's brigade could also add their fire. Wright's fire was rapid, incessant, and accurate, causing great loss. The Federal artillery made vain efforts to locate him with their mortar shells, which tore up the ground all around but could never hit him or silence him.

Besides these a half dozen or more of Coehorn mortars under Col. J. C. Haskell from two or three different ravines in the rear threw shell aimed at the crater. And finally six hundred yards directly in rear of the mine was the sunken Jerusalem Plank Road, in which I had placed Haskell's battalion of sixteen guns about the 20th of June, and he had been kept there ever since without showing a gun or throwing up any earth which would disclose his position. He had suffered some loss from random sharpshoot-

ers' bullets coming over the parapets at the salient five hundred yards in front, but it was borne rather than disclose the location.

This morning, on one occasion, a charge was attempted by the colored division, part of which was brought out of the crater and started toward the plank road. Then Haskell's guns showed themselves and opened fire. The charge was quickly driven back with severe loss among its white officers. A single private, with his musket at a support arms, made the charge alone, running all the way to the guns and jumping into the sunken road between them, where he was felled with a rammer staff. Meanwhile our guns across the Appomattox on the Federal right and from our left near the river had kept up a reply to the Federal cannonade to prevent their concentration opposite the mine. Lee and Beauregard had early come to the field, which they surveyed from the windows of the Gee house, where Johnson made headquarters, on the Jerusalem Plank Road near Haskell's guns. Hill had gone to bring up his troops.

On the arrival of Mahone he at once prepared to attack, and had formed Weiseger's brigade, when a renewed attempt to advance was made from the enemy's lines on our left of the crater. He at once met this by a counter-charge of Weiseger's with a portion of Elliott's which drove the enemy back and which caused the retreat from the rear of their lines of many who had been sheltered within them. These suffered severely by our fire from the flanks as they crossed the open space behind, under fire from the guns upon both flanks and infantry as well.

This retreat under such severe fire was seen in the Federal lines just in time to put a stop to an attack upon our right flank about to be made by Ayres's division of Warren's corps, which had been ordered to capture the "one-gun battery" on our right, as they called the one at which Gibbes had been wounded.*

There was very little infantry supporting this gun, or able to reach it, without exposure. Ayres's attack would probably have been successful. He was about to go forward when Meade directed all offensive operations to cease. Wright's brigade arriving about half-past eleven, Mahone

*Humphreys calls this a two-gun battery. There were two embrasures and two guns, but only one used. The other did not bear where desired.

made a second attack, which was repulsed principally by the Federal artillery bearing upon the ground.

Between 1 and 2 P. M. Sanders's brigade having arrived, and also the Sixty-first North Carolina from Hoke, a combined movement upon both flanks of the crater was organized. Mahone attacked on the left, with Sanders's brigade, the Sixty-first North Carolina and the Seventeenth South Carolina. Johnson attacked on the right with the Twenty-third South Carolina and the remaining five companies of the Twenty-second, all that could be promptly collected on that flank.

This attack was easily successful. Mahone has stated that the number of prisoners taken in the crater was 1,101, including two brigade commanders, Bartlett and Marshall.

The tabular statement of the medical department gives the Federal casualties of the day as killed 419, wounded 1,679, missing 1,910; total 4,008. Elliott's brigade reported the loss by the explosion as

	Killed	Wounded	Total
In 18th S. C., 4 companies	43	43	86
In 22d S. C., 5 companies	170
In Pegram's Battery out of 30 present	22
Total			278

Including these, Johnson reports the casualties in his division (Elliott, Wise, Ransom, Gracie) as follows:

Killed, 265; wounded, 415; missing, 315. Total, 938.

There are no returns for Mahone's and Hoke's divisions. Hoke's division was composed of Corse's, Clingman's, Fulton's, Hagood's, and Colquitt's brigades, and Mahone's had only three brigades on the field, Weiseger's, Wright's, and Sanders's. Of these eight brigades only Weiseger's had serious losses, but there are no reports except for Colquitt's, who, like the rest of Hoke's division, held a portion of the line not attacked. His casualties were four killed and twenty-seven wounded. The total Confederate loss is given in the tabular statement of the medical department as four hundred killed, six hundred wounded, and two hundred missing, which is perhaps between two hundred and three hundred too small.

The military court censured Generals Burnside, Ledlie, Ferrero, Wilcox, and Colonel Bliss, commanding a brigade. They also expressed their opinion "that explicit orders should have been given assigning one officer to the command of all the troops intended to engage in the assault when the commanding general was not present in person to witness the operations."

There is nothing in the reports to explain this. Grant sent a despatch to Halleck at 10 A. M., saying that he "was just from the front," and about that time Humphreys reports that Meade with Grant's concurrence ordered the cessation of all offensive movements.

THE END

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

We toiled while daylight swept from east to west,
We sowed in spring, nor stayed that we might reap;
Our children garner. As for us, we rest.
We toil no more, praise God, no more we weep.

Pray for us gently, kinsfolk, as we go.
Pity us not, nor judge us scornfully.
We wrung from earth our substance—do ye so.
Dying, we left earth richer—so shall ye!

THE LADY ROWENA

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL



YOU are unreasonable—I may say exceedingly unreasonable,” remarked Rowena, frowning with displeasure and feigning to stare at the tennis players.

These were so far distant across the stretch of greensward that even their cries of score came to us but faintly. Besides, we had not the slightest interest in the game. So I knew that, no matter how far fixed Rowena’s gaze, she was in reality regarding me and not the netted turf.

“What did you fancy I came for?” I asked. “It wasn’t the easiest thing in the world to get away for the week, this week especially. But when Mrs. Stacey wrote that you had ventured the opinion I might be induced to come, I jumped at the conclusion——”

“Aunt Margaret had no warrant for any such high-handed proceeding,” she interrupted.

I endeavored to be calmly convincing. “I naturally jumped at the conclusion that you had something to say to me at last,” I finished. While I spoke ten-year-old Harold came into view down the lane. We marked him stop and hold converse at the gatekeeper’s lodge, his tiny fox terrier yelping at his feet.

“There are never any conclusions at house-parties,” remarked Rowena. “There may be beginnings, but that is all. And jumping at conclusions is a form of gymnastics which may develop mental muscle, but of what avail can it possibly be?”

“Truly of what avail?” I echoed gloomily.

“It is a practice fit for children only”—my preceptress seemed to be fairly launched. “Harold, for instance——”

“Harold might jump at the conclusion that you and I were enjoying a pleasant conversation. He might, and probably he has.”

Rowena colored with displeasure. “Harold is an absurd child. He has arrived at the novel-reading stage. For the last month he has been gorging himself with ‘Ivanhoe.’”

“Lucky Harold!” I exclaimed. “I remember my first taste of romance. The flavor departs in time. However, let me crave leave to humbly address the *Lady Rowena*.”

“Don’t be silly,” she snapped. “Harold has other ideas equally foolish. He has named all of you. The gatekeeper, to whom he is gesticulating at this very moment, is Gurth, the swineherd. Harold’s own spaniel is Fangs. Percy Winslow is Wamba.”

“Well cast, Harold,” I murmured. “Go on, please.”

“Rawlins Richardson is the Templar”—I mentally rated Harold as keen beyond his years—“Horace Trevano, the Black Sluggard.” She laughed silently. “And the cook, Dick, the cook, for whom Harold cherishes a really tender regard—she is Rebecca.”

I paused ere I joined in her merriment. There was yet a pertinent inquiry concerning the matter in hand.

“Your cast of characters lacks one necessary principal,” I announced. “To whom will your impresario intrust the rôle of Wilfred?” The hint of warmth upon her cheek enlightened me beyond peradventure. “Then, if the Lady Rowena pleases——” I went on.

“We have chattered about a stupid child’s game long enough,” remarked her ladyship, rising abruptly. “I am going over to the tennis court.”

“Desdichado!” I cried triumphantly as I followed her. “Harold flatters me more than some other persons I wot right well of. And I shall do my utmost to merit his esteem.”

Was it a sneer that I marked upon Rowena’s face? Let us call it—for want of a better term—a sniff. At least it was betwixt and between.

This was of a Saturday. Sunday morning after a late breakfast I thoughtfully watched Rawlins Richardson and Rowena drive off in the runabout to attend service at the village chapel four miles distant. The house was very dull. There had been much and late bridge the night before and, besides the servants, Harold and I alone seemed to

be left with a yearning for activity. I encountered him in the hall, evidently bound outdoors by way of the pantry. He would steal a glimpse of Rebecca then, I fancied. But I stopped him, Fangs—*pro tempore*—at his heels.

"I'm dreadfully put out for something to do," I began, having learned long before from certain small nieces and nephews that it is well for an oldster, if he would establish diplomatic relations with childhood, to throw himself at once upon the latter's mercy. There is a deal of latent chivalry in ten and twelve, to all of which, however, there lies but one route. I had plotted well. Harold eyed me suspiciously, then frankly. "It is stupid of a Sunday," he agreed.

"Besides," I continued, "the Lady Rowena has gone off driving with the Templar, which is not at all according to the book. I suppose you were even now upon your way to inform Rebecca."

Harold's eyes blazed. "She's been and told!" he cried. "She's the only one that could, for I haven't told anyone else. I call that downright mean."

"I give you my word of honor that Rebecca hasn't had a word with me," I protested.

"Oh, bother Rebecca! I mean Rowena. She got me to talk about it. I wouldn't for a while, but she kept on worrying me to tell her who was Wilfred. It's only a little while ago that she was playing book with me herself. I'll never tell a girl anything again."

"Harold," I said feelingly, "if you stick to that vow during your natural life you will be a man apart, but a happy man."

"You'll probably guy me about it, like all of 'em do when they find out," said the boy defiantly. "But I don't care. Anyway it was Rowena herself that suggested you for Wilfred. I had you picked for De Bracy."

"You flatter me," I rejoined. "And don't think I intend to make sport of your interesting experiment in types. What I'm going to do is to help you see that this modern edition of 'Ivanhoe' is developed according to tradition. Between us, my boy, we must see that hereafter the Templar confines his attention entirely to the fair Rebecca. And Rowena——" I paused, for the youngster was looking at me more keenly than I had bargained for. When understanding comes to a child it does not approach stealthily, but with a sudden rush.

"Cousin Rowena?" asked the boy expectantly.

I felt my composure shaken. "In the book, you know, Harold, at the end, the Disinherited Knight lands the Lady Rowena," I finished, lamely enough.

"You mean you're mashed on her?"

I gasped at the direct attack, but rallied. "To put it bluntly, young sir, that's about it," I answered. "You've guessed it."

"Humph!" remarked Harold. "It wasn't exactly guessing. Anyway, *she's* known it for some time."

Now I should have a real ally, I knew. I grasped his hand while the ridiculously small terrier spun around us in frantic circles, anxious to be off. "Let's go out to the stables," I suggested. "I haven't looked at the horses yet. We can talk over things better out of doors. And, unless you object, let's not tell Rebecca about the Templar, at least not yet."

"Say," said the boy as we went upon the veranda into the Sunday country stillness, "I believe you used to play at make-believe yourself before you grew up."

"I did," I confided. "And I like playing just as much as I ever did, only this game isn't entirely make believe, you know."

Little recked Rowena of our league and pact, else she would not have smiled with such deliberate unconcern at Harold and me as she and the Templar wheeled into the driveway with a flourish. All through luncheon they prated laughingly of the village choir and the village parson's hedge Latin, trotted out, they inferred, for their especial delectation. As for myself, I fancied I recalled that the Templar's freshman attack upon Livy and the satires of Horace had been anything but a gallantly conducted siege, but I said naught. It would not have been magnanimous, I argued, in the light of events for the happening of which Harold and I had arranged.

Upon the following morning the leaven began to work. To me, at ease in a striped hammock, enjoying an after-breakfast cigarette, came the Templar, possessor of a mystified frown. He proffered me a bit of brown wrapping paper, bearing sundry scrawls in ink, and, I regretted to observe, many finger smudges.

"What do you think of this, Dick?" he asked. "I found it upon my dressing-table."

Outward appearance and mode of ex-



We marked him stop and hold converse at the gate-keeper's lodge.—Page 195.

pression had been left entirely to Harold's discretion, I furnishing only the general trend of communication, and I saw that my ally had not failed in his part. I read:

FALSE TEMPELER:

Forgoe your mash upon the nobel ward of Cedric the Saxun upon paine of inst. deth by the nobel falshion of Wilfred, the Disinherted. Rebecca noes all.

LOCKSLEY,

Chief of the merrie Foresturs.

His mark.

"Somebody is getting funny," said the Templar. "What I want to know is, is it that kid, Harold, or some of the servants?"

"It seems to be a well-meaning note," I remarked, turning it in my hands and remarking that, after all, brown wrapping paper passed fairly well for twelfth-century parchment. "The question is, have you done anything to deserve it?"

"I showed it to Rowena," said the Tem-



"I believe you used to play at make-believe yourself."—Page 196.

plar. "She laughed in a queer sort of way and then said she thought I owed her aunt an explanation."

"H'm," I mused. "Evidently you *are* deeply involved."

My words seemed to nettle him. "Don't be an ass, Dick," he cried. "What is it all about, and who the deuce is Rebecca?"

"Ah, that is just it. Who is Rebecca?"

It was 'Rebecca' that Rowena probably thought needed explaining."

He turned to go. "I don't mind practical jokes if they aren't too deep to understand," he complained.

"Did you ever read a book called 'Ivanhoe'?" I asked. I was reasonably sure he hadn't.

"It's one of those old ones, isn't it?" in-

quired the Templar. "I'm a bit foggy on the old ones."

"Better borrow Rowena's copy," I called after him.

But when Rowena approached me a half-hour later, bearing a ragged square of the now familiar brown-paper parchment, she was masking her merriment tolerably well. In fact, her eyes blazed as she sat her down upon the veranda railing and regarded me with an incriminating stare.

"Well!" she said, indicating that I should take my cue.

"I am fairly well," I answered. "I did have a bit of a headache, but the Templar

has been with me. The Templar is especially amusing this morning."

"Look here, Dick——"

"But 'Dick' isn't my programme name," I protested. "I am Wilfred, and if you could only see with the clear eyes of a child you would observe that I am sworded and bucklered, with an uprooted tree upon my shield."

"The clear eyes of a child, indeed!" retorted the Lady Rowena. "The tricks of two children, you mean. I am ashamed of you. It isn't pretty to teach ten-year-old cousins to be disrespectfully forward."

"If you would let me examine the exhibit in the case," I suggested. She handed



me the paper square, which was, save in the substance of its tottering letters, a replica of the one the Templar had shaken in my countenance. Harold's pseudo-parchment read:

THE LUVELY LADY ROWENA:

Know fare one that the Tempeler is a deseaver. But ther is one that is stuck on you for yureself aloan. His falshion is sharp for the trayterous. Wouldest noe his nobel rank and titel? He is the Disinherted Night. Expect anuther wurd soon.

LOCKSLEY (delivured by Allen-a-Dail).

His mark.

"Now, honestly, aren't you ashamed?" she demanded.

"Really, my lady," I observed, handing back the letter. "We live in parlous romantic times. One is but a weakling when surrounded by Robin Hood and his merry men."

I should have said more, mayhap, but with a stamp of the foot—a most becoming demonstration—Rowena was gone. I heard her laughing with the Templar a moment later. There was a little alloy in their merriment, however. The Templar's sound—palpably put on. Rowena's voice—I gloated as I detected it—was also delicately flavored with a sense of injury. "Bless you, Harold!" I said as I clambered out of the hammock and went within to the billiard-table.

The week sped on. Surely genuine knight never had trustier or more industrious squire than I. From the frequent appearances of brown wrapping paper throughout the house I could have imagined that the child sat up o' nights to complete his correspondence. I have reason to know that even Bridget received a terrifying communication signed "Friar Tuck," and it needed some irrational pacifying ere the good cook, alias Rebecca, could be convinced that the sprawling characters did not contain an evil portent from a priest in the village, whom Rebecca indeed had never seen, but whose name she vowed might be Tuck for all she knew. It was Harold who brought me the news, and it was I who calmed Rebecca's soul and secured a promise from her that the matter should go no further. Mrs. Stacey was a long-suffering soul—according to Rowena—but even she, I was sure, would not tolerate my playing games which might uncog the smoothly running wheels of her below-stairs machinery.

It was Thursday, I think, when I was aroused from slumber by the sound of a trumpet, undisguisedly tin, wound without my chamber window. I had slept late that

morning, and I was not yet fairly awake when I poked my head through the open casement, which looked out upon a choice corner of Mrs. Stacey's garden. Lo! it was Harold, and I was not too heavy lidded to mark that he had been performing upon an instrument which he loved to fancy Locksley's hunting-horn. Plainly he was in romantic mood. The sight of flowers and green grass, with the soft odors of a late summer morn, swayed me weakly toward his bent. "Did I hear the three mots, good Locksley?" I called.

The boy danced in glee. "You didst," he cried in reply, and waved another fragment of brown paper at me. "May I come up? This is from—you know." He jerked his elbow toward the south, where, by leaning out at a perilous angle, I could glimpse the jutting gable which marked the Lady Rowena's oriel window. With my nod he was off like a shot and soon I heard the clatter of his feet—Harold was not the sort to steal upon the fallow deer without warning—in the passage, and I made him welcome.

"I thought you never would get awake," he said, perching upon my steamer trunk and watching me haul out my shaving tackle. "She's given in. They all do after a while. And she's begun to play the game with us."

I took the brown-paper message. "You mean, good forester?"

"Cousin Rowena," he explained with a grin. "Maybe the Templar won't be sore. She gave me this after breakfast when you didn't show up."

Of a truth if the Lady Rowena *had* begun to play the game with us, then—— I was afraid the expectant youngster might hear the pound of my heart as I read the printed letters. Rowena had made them remarkably like the sprawling handiwork of her youthful cousin. I read:

To the good knight, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe:

This is to saye thatte the ward of Cedrick hath word for thy ear alone. But I maye notte tell itt thee by speaking, so this day I have writ a letter which thou mayest find by the key which I doe sende herewith by the merrie woodranger, Locksley, whom I trust well in alle thinges.

THE LADYE ROWENA.

"Give me the rest of it," I demanded of Harold. Rowena's parchment evidently had given out, for the key was indited upon a sheet of her own monogrammed paper. I studied it:

Walk south from the barbican until the stile that



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Back of it all I was in earnest."—Page 204.

leads to the mead through which the brooke runneth. Fare forward in a straight line until the blasted butternut tree. Put thy back to itte and walk fifty paces due weste. Here there shouldst be a blighted wild rose bush. Digge beneath the routes of itte and read what thou findest.

Alas, Rowena! Even in the twelfth century, then, the dames ran to postscripts.

Thou muste come alone and unattended even by the merrie woodranger, Locksley.—R.

I whistled, while Harold wagged his head in appreciation.

"It's great, isn't it?" he said. "Rowena always could play better than any of us when she felt like it."

"I misdoubt me, good Locksley," I mused. "The letter may be a trap. You see, the key indicates that I am to go alone and unattended. The Templar may be concealed behind that butternut-tree, for all we know, waiting to spit me with his lance."

Harold leaped off the steamer trunk and strutted up and down, motioning as if he were drawing back the notched end of a good gray goose shaft. "Be of cheer, Sir Wilfred," he chirped. "I shall give thee my trusty hunting-horn. Blow but the three familiar mots an thou art endangered, and Locksley and his trusty band shall be thy succor."

Wotting that this was no time for laughter, I received the battered tin trumpet impressively, and with a mystic signal, which the boy tried to make meaningful and not to be confounded with the coarseness of a wink, my ally disappeared.

At the hour of four, according to instructions, I might have been noticed making my way from the house, the fateful key clutched in one hand and Locksley's horn in the other. The barbican was the garden wall, I decided. So far, so good. And, truly, there was the meadow with a swinging gate which served well enough for a stile. There, too, was the butternut-tree—I suppose Rowena had put in the "blasted" for effect. I placed my back against it, and calculating my points of the compass with the utmost nicety, strode forward to complete my two hundred and fifty paces.

It was somewhat marshy, that meadow. And Mrs. Stacey's husbandmen had been making hay, for there was a half-completed rick a stone's throw from the hedge by which the more plebeian portions of the Stacey estate were screened from house and lawn. Thirty, forty—fifty. Ah! there was a sorry-

looking wild-rose bush, and down upon my knees I went, scraping away the earth from its roots. Faintly floating through the high thorn barrier there came to me an occasional call from the tennis court. I smelled the fragrance of the half-dismantled hay-rick and the afternoon was very warm. I dug industriously.

"Oh-oo-ee-oooo! EEH!" I jumped to my feet with a malediction half uttered. For surely that was Rowena's scream and, doubtless, the Templar— Around the corner of the rick she came, her face scarlet and arms flying at sixes and sevens, as is ever the case when a woman runs. But there was no laughter in her eyes as they met mine—regarding my earth-stained knees, my fingers grasping a dented tin trumpet and the key of her own manufacture.

"Run, Dick! He's almost caught me," she cried. "Some careless stableman has let King Dodo loose in the meadow."

I understood. There was the rick at hand, and a few yards away was the thick-set hedge, impervious even to Harold's wriggles. I had heard of King Dodo, Mrs. Stacey's blue-ribbon Holstein. One dart to the rick's edge, and I saw him caracoling deliberately toward us, anger unmistakable in his bulging hide.

But there are things to remember even in the face of great danger. So I confronted Rowena. "Where is the Templar?" I demanded.

"Don't be asking silly questions, Dick," she pleaded. Rowena in really abject terror was a new and undeniably delicious tableau. "Did you think I'd have asked *him* to come? I wanted to laugh at you all by myself."

Once, just once, but with excellent articulation, King Dodo beyond bellowed.

"Come here," I commanded. She came, and I felt her all of a tremble as I tossed her upon the hay. With a bound I followed, gaining a coign of vantage by means of the cleated pole that the Stacey haymakers had left, to be an unforeseen succor in time of need. Enter King Dodo.

He saw us, for Rowena's cry at his appearance sent his rolling eyes upward. He pawed several times, finishing my well-begun work of uprooting the rose-bush, and then after one or two circuits of the rick, began eating at the hay as if he would chew his way to where we were instantly. "But



"Well, she's landed," said I.—Page 204.

he'll get indigestion long before he eats as far as our toes," I said by way of comfort. We sat that way for many minutes. The sun flamed his way toward a comfortable drowse in a remarkably pretty crimson blanket, the crickets chirped practice crescendos—and King Dodo ate, with now and then a glance askance and above.

"This might be the pavilion at Ashby," I remarked after a long silence—she was sulking abominably, I thought. "And

see, Front de Bœuf holds the lists against all comers."

"For the last week, Dick, I think your jokes have been rather tiresome," said the Lady Rowena. "Besides this hay is nasty and scratchy, I am being sunburned terribly, and we've both got to dress for dinner."

"Ha!" cried I. "I have it! Good Locksley did say that three mots upon his stout hunting-horn would do the trick." I raised the tin trumpet to my lips—somehow I had

kept hold of it—and blew three cracked, heart-rending shrieks.

There was a rustling in the hedge beyond. A smartly propelled, if blunt, arrow struck the black and white flank of King Dodo, and with a shrill cry of "A Locksley to the rescue," the radiant front of Harold, upborne amid the twigs, confronted us.

"Harold, get right down!" called Rowena in anguish. "If auntie sees you with another jacket ruined."

"Thanks, good Locksley," I called. "Make thee for the castle—and tell the stablemen to bring a stout pitchfork," I added. With a shout of delight the youngster was off upon his errand. I looked at Rowena, but she did not look at me. Then I gazed away toward the sunset. But when I looked at her again I seemed to mark a difference. I could be sworn her anger had been banished, leaving behind only wearisomeness, memory of a justifiable vexation, and a proneness to tears. Upon the hay, well etched against a mass of brown clover-heads, lay the Lady Rowena's hand. There was danger, perhaps, but we had already weathered one peril.

"Rowena," said I. "I'm sorry. But it hasn't been all in fun, you know. Back of it all I was in earnest."

I breathed a prayer that the stablemen and Harold might be long in finding the pitchfork. For she whispered, "Really and truly in earnest, Dick?"

"Really and truly. And how was I to steel myself against the sight of you and the Templar if I didn't make believe?"

"The Templar is tiresome."

Of course I should not have done it. But leaning forward to put my arm about her, I slipped. The loosened grass sagged, and then with a peppery cloud of hayseed and a stifled cry from Rowena, we slid to the ground under King Dodo's very nose. High went the black and white head; for a moment the keen horns shook menacingly, and then, with a snort, a very much terrified blue-ribbon bull wheeled and fled across the meadow, followed by the shouts of Harold and the stablemen, who had appeared upon the horizon.

"Goodness!" was all that Rowena was capable of saying. As for me, I spoke not, but looked at the uprooted rose-bush and would have bent me again to hunt upon the ground.

"Don't, Dick," she begged.

"But why?" I asked. "I want to find it, you know. The key says——"

"Bother the key—and *don't*—Harold is coming," cried she. "There really wasn't anything beneath the bush. I meant to hide behind the rick and when you hadn't found anything and were very much disappointed, I was going to slip out—and then maybe I might have been kind to you."

Harold had been too long my confidential ally for me to let appearances assume a false value. So I eyed him with fortitude as he reached us, flushed and grasping a bow and quiver. There was realization in the child's stare and truly I did not think of deceiving him.

"Good Locksley——" I said.

"Huh! you didn't need us, anyway," he broke in. "King Dodo is an awful coward. He'd have run if you'd thrown a handful of hay at him. I was hid in the hedge waiting for you to blow the horn."

"At the end of the book, you know, Harold," I began again.

"Yes, I know," said the boy. "You said that at the end of the book Wilfred lands the Lady Rowena."

"Well, she's landed," said I. "Ask her yourself."

"Are you, Cousin Rowena?"

She was braver than she had been when King Dodo charged. "I think I am, Harold," she murmured, bending to kiss the child, who struggled free.

"Huh!" he remarked. "That's the trouble with grown-up folks. They play the game too fast. There was a whole lot to happen before the end of the book."

"It's a matter we sha'n't care to tell about just yet, good Locksley," I suggested while we moved slowly toward the butternut-tree. "We shall pin our faith to your fine sense of honor. And, above all, don't tell Rebecca."

"Aw, what's the use of playing pretend any longer?" asked Harold. "There ain't any Rebecca—there's only Bridget—*now*."

As we strode onward a change seemed to have come over the face of things. There was no stile; moated castle had shrunk to a mere country house; belted knight and faithful squire had been transformed into plain gentleman of the town and a ten-year-old boy, the pet of a pastry-cook. A transformation, indeed! I was not sure whether I was resigned to it all.

But then—there was Rowena.



One of the big fellows.

HUNTING THE GREAT ALASKAN BEAR

By Andrew J. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WHAT percentage of people, even of those who feel an interest in wild animal life, really know that the largest flesh-eating animals in the world are found in America?

People generally believe, and have believed for ages, that the African lion is the king of beasts. But he is not nearly as large or as powerful an animal as the large brown bear of Subarctic America. The bears are not as ferocious or combative as the lions, nor are they nearly as vicious as they are given credit for being; but the largest of them are much larger and more powerful than any of the lions. It is safe to say that the largest of the brown bears of the North would weigh three times as much as the largest specimen of lion, and is beyond all question greatly superior in strength.

Comparing these two powerful animals in action, if brought together in combat, the bear would at first appear very clumsy. It would not be capable of the quick rush or of the catlike spring of the lion. It would not attack, but would remain entirely on the defensive, meeting its adversary with blows of such rapidity and terrific force as at once to illustrate its superiority not only in strength, but in action. I do not believe that there is an animal in the world that can act more quickly or effectively or can aim its blows with greater certainty than the bear.

The large brown bears of the Alaska Peninsula, south of Behring Sea, are among the largest bears of the world, and it is evident that there is no part of the world outside of America in which such large flesh-eating animals are found. The bears are flesh-eaters, or carnivorous, yet there are

none of them that depend upon flesh for food, and with most of them flesh comprises but a very small percentage of their food.

The large brown bears of the North and those of the Alaska Peninsula, to which I shall make special reference, usually travel to the sea when first leaving hibernation in the spring, and there they follow the beaches, picking up whatever food the generous waters may cast ashore and feeding upon the marsh grasses as they first begin to grow. As the snow begins to melt from the hillsides and the ground thaws, they travel to the hills in search of marmot and ground squirrels and mice, and will often dig to a depth of many feet in order to secure one of these small animals. At the same time they consume a great many roots and grasses. In July the salmon leave the sea and run up the small streams that come down from the mountains, and the bears wade into the streams and feast upon them to their hearts' content. In August, when the salmon begin to fail, the berries are ripening in the hills in great quantities and variety, and the bears live and fatten on these for the rest of the summer and fall, until it is time once more for them to hibernate or house for the winter. They are fond of the flesh of the caribou and moose and sheep, and more fond yet of the flesh of the mountain goat; but it is very rarely that they procure any of these animals, for they cannot overtake them in flight, nor can they very well creep on to such prey, for the reason of their own size and their inability to assume creeping positions; and beside, the other animals could almost always smell them before they approached dangerously near. Then, too, they are incapable of making any very quick rush upon such prey.

In the spring of 1903 a steamer landed myself and two assistants on Popoff Island, just south of the Alaska Peninsula where it stretches far to the west between the North Pacific and Behring Sea. The following day a little schooner in charge of two men, one a white man and the other a Russian Aleut, called for us and we crossed Unga Straits to the head of Portage Bay in the mainland of the peninsula.

We carried with us supplies for a six weeks' hunting trip, and the following morning the five of us set to work to carry

them across the peninsula nine miles to the head of Herindeen Bay, on the coast of Behring Sea. We travelled a pass that cut through the mountain range of the peninsula in a most picturesque and beautiful country. Nowhere did our path rise to a height of more than five hundred feet above the sea, but at this time of year—the middle of May—the snow in most places was very deep and getting soft enough to let us through, making most difficult travel. Our heavy packs, added to our own weight, made our progress very difficult at times when we were breaking into the snow from one to two feet deep. But the days were long and the weather fairly good, and for each of the five days required to carry over our supplies we would make the round trip, carrying over our loads and walking back—a total travel of eighteen miles. This was strenuous enough for the beginning of the season's work, but no one complained and everything went smoothly.

The pleasure and excitement of the hunt awaited us. At the head of Herindeen Bay I secured an open boat and we loaded in our supplies and followed the coast of Behring Sea thirty-five or forty miles to a point on Muller Bay, where we pitched camp and decided to make our first hunt.

Moving our camp farther up the bay to new hunting grounds, an adult male bear, one of the largest ever taken, was secured on May 29th. This animal had just finished burying a full-grown caribou when killed, having first made a dinner from it.

Four more specimens were secured during the next few days, and on June 9th, while three of my party and myself were boating along the coast about nine miles from our camp, I sighted two large animals well up the mountain side. We rowed ashore and one of the men and myself commenced to climb the mountain.

Soon after we lost sight of the animals and did not see any more of them until we were very near them. The climb was a long one, and in places very steep. There was nothing to be seen as I first peered over the rocks, and I was just lifting myself well above them, when my additional elevation extended my view. Glancing to the right I saw, not more than seventy-five yards distant, a huge brown creature lying in perfect composure against the face of a slide of decomposed rocks very nearly its own color. To

every appearance the animal was asleep, and it seemed a pity to fire on it; but it was not a matter of sport, but a matter of securing exceedingly valuable specimens, and sentiment gave place to practical requirements. I drew back sufficient to get sight of the man behind me and waved him to keep quiet. Then drawing my rifle I fired at the animal's shoulder. All this time I had not caught sight of its mate,



The powerful paws with which the bear can strike a blow of terrific force.

but at the report of my rifle, the huge beast I had fired on rose slowly to his feet and gave a deep groan. At the same instant its mate ran out from behind a ledge of rocks within fifty yards of me and I fired at it, breaking it down in the shoulders, and it went tumbling headlong down into a deep ravine. Turning to the first animal, I saw it slowly shambling forward into the same ravine. I fired two shots at it in quick succession and it plunged heavily forward and disappeared. I ran around the head of

On the road to camp with our trophies.

the ravine and down on the other side to a point of rocks from which I could look into the ravine and the country below, and I saw the second animal fired at, some distance below at the edge of some alders, trying to regain its feet, and I finished it with another shot. The first animal fired at lay lifeless at the bottom of the ravine, wedged in between a rift of ice and a wall of stone. They proved to be an adult male and female, and both of them very large.

A few days later, while hunting the country at the head of an arm of the same bay, I was sitting on the top of a high knoll overlooking a broad valley and the sides of the hills that fronted it.

I heard shots up the mountain side, evidently about a mile distant, that I knew were from some of my party. I fully expected that they had secured game, and I started to the foot of the hill, intending to follow along its base toward the vicinity where the shots were fired. When about half-way down the hill I had a splendid view



One of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen.

of the mountain side and stopped to look it over with my glasses, hoping to locate the party. As my glasses came up over the country ahead of me, I saw a large bear at the foot of the mountain, about a half mile distant, running directly toward me.

There was a small water hole almost directly below me, and as I sat watching the animal every moment of its approach, I was deeply impressed by his magnificent size, his wonderful height, his stately bearing and his seeming great strength, as well as the magnificence and beauty of his light brown coat, that glistened in the sun like a moving mass of burnished gold. When he reached the side of the water hole he gave one great plunge and landed in the middle of it, evidently to cool his overheated body. He dipped himself several times with evident satisfaction, and as he was just taking one of his dips, I was foolish enough to fire at him, and I overshot him as he dropped beneath the surface. At the report of the rifle he sprang from the water with a terrific bound, and my second shot caught him fair as he started to run. He stumbled, but regained his balance, when my third shot very nearly brought him down; but he was fearfully excited and his blood

was hot, which helped greatly to sustain him for a short period, and he continued his course through a small bunch of alders. As he appeared once more in the open on the other side of them, running diagonally from me, I fired again. His head dropped between his forelegs, and the momentum of his great body caused him to make a complete somersault, where he lay stretched full length on his back, perfectly dead, with all four feet in the air, never giving the slightest struggle. He proved a magnificent, large specimen, and one of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen.

The rest of my party came to me a little later, reporting having secured two animals. Before the night settled over the hills, all three animals were measured and skinned, and the skins and bones and skulls were carried to the beach, where we camped for the night, and the next morning we crossed the bay about ten miles back to our main camp with our beautiful and valuable trophies.

I now had ten perfect specimens of these very large bears and I decided to end the hunt, and on the morning of the 13th of June started on our return.

I have taken many bears of different

species in many parts of the North, and I have made a very careful study of them; and I insist, contrary to popular sentiment, that bears are not ferocious animals. They are full of humor and have a great love of

peace and a sincere regard for the superiority of man. They are very tractable and splendid reasoners, but when much excited, like most animals and people, sometimes display bad judgment.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



AGE has a point or two in common with greatness; few willingly achieve it, indeed, but most have it thrust upon them, and some are born old. But there are people who, beginning young, are young forever. One might fancy that the careless fates who shape souls—from cotton-batting, from stone, from wood and dynamite and cheese—once in an æon catch, by chance, a drop of the fountain of youth, and use it in their business, and the soul so made goes on bubbling and sparkling eternally, and gray dust of years cannot dim it. It might be imagined, in another flight of fancy, that a spark of divine fire from the brazier of the immortals snaps loose once in a century and lodges in somebody, and is a heart—with such a clean and happy flame burns sometimes a heart one knows.

On a January evening, in a room where were books and a blazing hearth, a man with a famous name and a long record told me a story, and through his blunt speech flashed in and out all the time the sparkle of the fire and the ripple of the fountain. Unsuspecting, he betrayed every minute the queer thing that had happened to him—how he had never grown up and his blood had never grown cold. So that the story, as it fell in easy sequence, had a charm which was his and is hard to trap, yet it is too good a story to leave unwritten. A picture goes with it, what I looked at as I listened: a massive head on tremendous shoulders; bright white hair and a black line of eyebrows, striking and dramatic; underneath, eyes dark and alive, a face deep red-and-brown with out of doors. His voice

had a rough command in it, because, I suppose, he had given many orders to men. I tell the tale with this memory for a setting; the firelight, the soldierly presence, the gaiety of youth echoing through it.

The fire had been forgotten as we talked, and I turned to see it dull and lifeless. "It hasn't gone out, however," I said, and coughed as I swallowed smoke. "There's no smoke without some fire." I poked the logs together. "That's an old saw; but it's true all the same."

"Old saws always are true," said the General. "If there isn't something in them that people know is so they don't get old—they die young. I believe in the ridden-to-death proverbs—little pitchers with big ears—cats with nine lives—still waters running deep—love at first sight, and the rest. They're true, too." His straight look challenged me to dispute him.

The pine knots caught and blazed up, and I went back comfortably into my chair and laughed at him.

"O General! Come! You don't believe in love at first sight."

I liked to make him talk sentiment. He was no more afraid of it than of anything else, and the warmest sort came out of his handling natural and unashamed.

"I don't? Yes, I do, too," he fired at me. "I know it happens, sometimes."

With that the lines of his face broke into the sunshiniest smile. He threw back his head with sudden boyishness, and chuckled. "I ought to know; I've had experience," he said. His look settled again thoughtfully. "Did I ever tell you that story—the story about the day I rode seventy-five miles? Well, I did that several times—I rode it

once to see my wife. But this was the first time, and a good deal happened. It was a history-making day for me all right. That was when I was aide-de-camp to General Stoneman. Have I told you that?"

"No," I said; and "oh, do tell me." I knew already that a fire and a deep chair and one of the General's stories made a good combination.

His manner had a quality uncommon to story-tellers; he spoke as if what he told had occurred not in times gone by, but perhaps last week; it was more gossip than history. Probably the sharp, full years had been so short to him that the interval between twenty and seventy was no great matter; things looked as clear and his interest was as lively as a half-century ago. This trick of mind made a narrative of his vivid. With eyes on the fire, with his dominant voice absorbing the crisp sound of the crackling wood, he began to talk.

"It was down in Virginia in—let me see—why, certainly, it was in '63—right away after the battle of Chancellorsville, you know." I kept still and hoped the General thought I knew the date of the battle of Chancellorsville. "I was part of a cavalry command that was sent from the Army of the Potomac under General Stoneman—I was his aide. Well, we did a lot of things—knocked out bridges and railroads, and all that; our object was, you see, to destroy communication between Lee's army and Richmond. We even got into Richmond—we thought every Confederate soldier was with Lee at the front, and we had a scheme to free the prisoners in Libby, and perhaps capture Jefferson Davis—but we counted wrong. The defence was too strong, and our force too small; we had to skedaddle, or we'd have seen Libby in a way we didn't like. We found a negro who could pilot us, and we slipped out through fields and swamps beyond the reach of the enemy. Then the return march began. Let me put that log on."

"No. Talk," I protested; but the General had the wood in his vigorous left hand—where a big scar cut across the back.

"You needn't be so independent," he threw at me. "Now you've got a splinter in your finger—serves you right." I laughed at the savage tone, and his eyes flashed fiercely—and he laughed back.

"What was I talking about—you interrupted. Oh, that march. Well, we'd had

a pretty rough time when the march back began. For nine days we hadn't had a real meal—just eaten standing up, whatever we could get cooked—or uncooked. We hadn't changed our clothes, and we'd slept on the ground every night."

"Goodness!" I interjected with amateur vagueness. "What about the horses?"

"Oh, they got it, too," the General said carelessly. "We seldom unsaddled them at all, and when we did it was just to give them a rub-down and saddle again. We'd made one march toward home and halted, late at night, when General Stoneman called for his aide-de-camp. I went to him, rather sleepy, and he told me he'd decided to communicate with his chief and report his success, and that I was to start at daylight and find the Army of the Potomac. I had my pick of ten of the best men and horses from the brigade, and I got off at gray dawn with them, and with the written report in my boot to the commanding general, and verbal orders to find him wherever he might be. Nothing else, except the tools—swords and pistols, and that sort of thing. Oh, yes, there was one thing more. General Ladd, who was a Virginian, had given my chief a letter for his people, thinking we'd get into their country. His family were all on the Confederate side of the fence, while he was a Union officer. That was not uncommon in our civil war. But we didn't get near the Ladd estate, and so Stoneman commissioned me to return the letter to the general with the explanation. Does this bore you?" he stopped suddenly to ask, and his alert eyes shot the glance at me like a bullet.

"Stop once more and I'll be likely to cry," I predicted.

"For heaven's sake don't do that." He reached across and took the poker. "Here's the Rapidan River," he sketched down the rug. "Runs east and west. And this blue diagonal north of it is the Rappahannock. I started south of the Rapidan, to cross it and go north, hoping to find our army victorious and south of the Rappahannock. Which I didn't—but that's farther along. Well, we were off at daylight, ten men and the officer—me. It was a fine spring morning, and the bunch of horsemen made a pretty sight as the sun came up, moving through the greenness—the foliage is well out down there in May. The bits jingled and the saddles

creaked under our legs—I remember how it sounded as we started off. We'd had a strenuous week, but we were a strong lot and ready for anything. We were going to get it, too." The General chuckled suddenly, as if something had hit his funny-bone. "I skirted along the south bank of the Rapidan, keeping off the roads most of the time, and out of sight, which was better for our health—we were in Confederate country—and we got to Germania Ford without seeing anybody, or being seen. Said I, 'Here's the place we'll cross.' We'd had breakfast before starting, but we'd been in the saddle three hours since that, and I was thirsty. I could see a house back in the trees as we came to the ford—a beautiful old house—the kind you see a lot of in the South—high white pillars—dignified and aristocratic. It seemed to be quiet and safe, so we trotted up the drive, the eleven of us. The front door was open, and I jumped off my horse and ran up the steps and stood in the doorway. There were four or five people in the hall, and they'd seen us coming and were scared. A nice old lady was lying back in a chair, as pale as ashes, with her hand to her heart, gasping ninety to the second, and two or three negroes stood around her with their eyes rolling. And right in the middle of the place a red-headed girl in a white dress was bending over a grizzled old negro man who was locking a large travelling-bag. As cool as a cucumber that girl was."

The General stopped and considered.

"I wish I could describe the scene the way I saw it—I remember exactly. It was a big, square hall running through from front to back, and the back door was open, and you saw a garden with box hedges, and woods behind it. Stairs went up each side the hall and a balcony ran around the second story, with bedrooms opening off it. There was a high, oval window at the back over the balcony, and the sun poured through.

"The girl finished locking her bag as if she hadn't noticed scum of the earth like us, and then she deliberately picked up a bunch of long white flowers that lay by the bag—lilies, I think you call them—and stood up, and looked right past me, as if she was struck with the landscape, and didn't see me. She was a tall girl, and when she stood straight the light from the back window just hit her hair and shone through the loose part of it—there was a lot, and it was curly. I give you

my word that, as she stood there and looked calmly beyond me, in her white dress, with the stalk of flowers over her shoulder, and the sun turning that wonderful red-gold hair into a halo—I give you my word she was a perfect picture of a saint out of a stained-glass window in a church. But she didn't act like one."

The General was seized with sudden, irresistible laughter. But he sobered quickly.

"I took one look at the vision, and I knew it was all up with me. Talk about love at first sight—before she ever spoke a word I—well." He pulled up the sentence as if it were a horse. "I snatched off my cap and I said, said I, 'I'm very sorry to disturb you,' just as politely as I knew how, but all the answer she gave me was to glance across at the old lady. Then she went and put her arm around her as she lay back gasping in a great carved chair.

"Don't be afraid, Aunt Virginia," she said. "Nothing shall hurt you. I can manage this man."

"The way she said 'this man' was about as contemptuous as they make 'em. I guess she was right, too—I guess she could. She turned her head toward me, but did not look at me.

"Do you want anything here?" she asked.

"Her voice was the prettiest, softest sound you ever heard—she was mad as a hornet, too." The General's swift chuckle caught him. "'Hyer,' she said it," he repeated. "'Hyer.'" He liked to say it, evidently. "I stood holding my cap in my hand, so tame by this time you could have put me on a perch in a cage, for the pluck of the girl was as fascinating as her looks. I spoke up like a man all the same.

"I wanted to ask," said I, "if I might send my men around to your well for a drink of water. They're thirsty."

"The way she answered, looking all around me and never once at me, made me uncomfortable. 'I suppose you can if you wish,' she said. 'You're stronger than we are. You can take what you choose. But I won't give you anything—not if you were dying—not a glass of water.'

"Well, in spite of her having played football with my heart, that made me angry.

"I didn't know before that to be Southern made a woman unwomanly," I said. "Where I came from I don't believe there's a girl would say a cruel thing like that or re-

fuse a drink of cold water to soldiers doing their duty, friends or enemies. We've slept on the ground nine nights and ridden nine days, and had very little to eat—my men are tired and thirsty. I sha'n't make them go without any refreshment they can get, even if it is grugged.'

"I gave an order over my shoulder, and my party went off to the back of the house. Then I made a low bow to the old lady and to Miss High-and-Mighty, and I swung about and walked down the steps and mounted my horse. I was parched for water, but I wouldn't have had it if I'd choked, after that. Between taking an almighty shine to the girl and getting stirred up that way, and then being all frozen over with icicles by her cool insultingness, I was pretty savage, and I stared away from the place and thought the men would never come. All of a sudden I felt something touch my arm, and I looked around quick, and there was the girl. She stood by the horse, her red hair close to my elbow as I sat in the saddle, and she held up a glass of water. I never was so astonished in my life.

"'You're thirsty and tired, too,' she said, speaking as low as if she was afraid the horse might hear. 'For my self-respect—for Southern women'—she brought it out in that soft, sliding way, but the words were all mixed up with embarrassment—and red—my, but she blushed! Then she went on. 'You were right,' said she. 'I was cruel; you're my enemy and I hate you, but I ought not to grudge you water. Take it.'

"I put my hand right on top of hers as she held the glass, and bent down and drank so, making her hold it to my lips, and my hand over hers—bless her heart!"

The General came to a full stop. He was smiling into the fire, and his face was as if a flame burned back of it. I waited very quietly, fearing to change the current by a word, and in a moment the strong voice, with its vibrating note, not to be described, began again.

"I drained every drop," he said. "I'd have drunk a hogshead. When I finished I raised my head and looked down at her without a word said—but I didn't let go of the glass with her hand holding it inside mine—and she lifted her eyes very slowly, and for the first time looked at me. Well—" he shut his lips a moment—"these things don't tell well, but something happened. I

held her eyes into mine, as if I gripped them with my muscles, and there came over her face an extraordinary expression—first as if she was surprised that it was me, then as if she was glad, and then—well, you may believe it or not, but I knew that second that the girl—loved me. She hated me all right five minutes before—I was her people's enemy—the chances were she'd never see me again—all that's true, but it simply didn't count. She cared for me, and I for her, and we both knew it—that's all there was about it. People live faster in war-time, I think—anyhow, that's the way it was.

"The men and horses came pouring around the house, and I let her hand loose—it was hard to do it, too—and then she was gone, and we rode on to the ford. We stopped when we got to the stream to let the horses have their turn at drinking, and as I sat loafing in the saddle, with my mind pretty full of what had just passed, my eyes were all over. Every cavalry officer, and especially an aide-de-camp, gets to be a sort of hawk in active service—nothing can move within range that he doesn't see. So as I looked about me I took in among other things the house we'd just left, and suddenly I spied a handkerchief waving from behind one of the big white pillars. Of course you've got to be wary in an enemy's country, and these people were rabid Confederates, as I'd occasion to know. All the same it would have been bad judgment to neglect such a signal, and what's more, I'd have staked my life on that girl's honesty. If the handkerchief had been a cannon I'd have gone back. So back I went, taking a couple of men with me. As I jumped off my horse I saw her standing inside the front door, back in the shadow, and I ran up the steps to her.

"'Well?' said I.

"She looked up at me and laughed, showing a row of white teeth. That was the first time I ever saw her laugh. 'I knew you'd come back,' said she, as mischievous as a child, and her eyes danced.

"I didn't mean to be made a fool of, for I had my duty to think about, so I spoke rather shortly. 'Well, and now I'm here—what?'

"With that she drew an excited little gasp. 'I couldn't let you be killed,' she brought out in a sort of breathless whisper, so low I had to bend over close to hear her. 'You mustn't go on—in that direction—you'll be taken. The Union army's been defeated



Dragon by N. C. Wyeth

"I got behind a turn and fired as a man came on alone." -Page 215.

—at Chancellorsville. They're driven north of the Rappahannock—to Falmouth. Our troops are in their old camps. There's an outpost across the ford—just over the hill.'

"It was the first I'd heard of the defeat at Chancellorsville, and it stunned me for a second. 'Are you telling me the truth?' I asked her pretty sharply.

"'You know I am,' she said, as haughty as you please all of a sudden, and drew herself up with her head in the air.

"And I did know it. Something else struck me just about then. The old lady and the servants were gone from the hall. There wasn't anybody in it but herself and me; my men were out of sight on the driveway. I forgot our army and the war and everything else, and I caught her hands between mine, and said I, 'Why couldn't you let me be killed?'"

At his words I drew a quick breath, too. For a moment I was the Southern girl with the red-gold hair. I could feel the clasp of the young officer's hands; I could hear his voice asking the rough, tender question, "Why couldn't you let me be killed?"

"It was mighty still for a minute. Then she lifted up her eyes as I held her fingers in a vice, and gave me a steady look. That was all—but it was plenty.

"I don't know how I got on my horse or what order I gave, but my head was clear enough for business purposes, and I had to use it—quickly, too. There were thick woods near by, and I hurried my party into them and gave men and horses a short rest till I could decide what to do. The Confederates were east of us, around Chancellorsville and in the triangle between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, so that it was unsafe travelling in that direction. It's the business of an aide-de-camp carrying despatches to steal as quietly as possible through an enemy's country, and the one fatal thing is to be captured. So I concluded I wouldn't get into the thick of it till I had to, but would turn west and make a *détour*, crossing by Morton's Ford, farther up the Rapidan. Germania Ford lies in a deep loop of the river, and that made our ride longer, but we found a road and crossed all right as I planned it, and then we doubled back, as we had to, eastward.

"It was a pretty ride in the May weather, through that beautiful Virginia country. We kept in the woods and the lonely roads

as much as we could, and hardly saw a soul for hours, and though I knew we were getting into dangerous parts again, I hoped we might work through all right. Of course I thought first about my errand, and my mind was on every turn of the road and every speck in the landscape, but all the same there was one corner of it—or of something—that didn't forget that red-headed girl—not an instant. I kept wondering if I'd ever see her again, and I was mighty clear that I would, if there was enough left of me by the time I could get off duty to go and look her up. The touch of her hands stayed with me all day.

"About two o'clock or so we passed a house, just a cabin, but a neat sort of place, and I looked at it as I did at everything, and saw an old negro with grizzled hair standing some distance in front of it. Now everything reminded me of that girl because she was on my mind, and instantly I was struck with the idea that the old fellow looked like the servant who had been locking the bag in the house by Germania Ford. I wasn't sure it was the same darky, but I thought I'd see. There was a patch of woods back of the house, and I ordered the party to wait there till I joined them, and I threw my bridle to a soldier and turned in at the gate. The man loped out for the house, but I halted him. Then I went along past the negro to the cabin, and opened the door, which had been shut tight.

"There was a table littered with papers in the middle of the room, and behind it, in a gray riding-habit, with a gray soldier-cap on her red hair, writing for dear life, sat the girl. She lifted her head quick, as the door swung open, and then made a jump to get between me and the table. I took off my cap, and said I:

"'I'm very glad to see you. I was just wondering if we'd ever meet again.' She only stared at me. Then I said: 'I'm sorry, but I'll have to ask you for those papers.' I knew by the look of them that they were some sort of despatches.

"At that she laughed in a kind of a friendly, cocksure way. She wasn't afraid of anything, that girl. 'No,' she threw at me—just like that—'No.'" The General tossed back his big head and did a poor imitation of a girl's light tone—a poor imitation, but the way he did it was winning. "'No,' said she, shaking her head sidewise. 'You can't have

those papers—not ever,’ and with that she swept them together and popped them into a drawer of the table and then hopped up on the table and sat there laughing at me, with her little riding-boots swinging. ‘At least, unless you knock me down, and I don’t believe you’ll do that,’ said she.

“Well, I had to have those papers. I didn’t know how important they might be, but if this girl was sending information to the Southern commanders I was inclined to think it would be accurate and worth while. It wouldn’t do not to capture it. At the same time I wouldn’t have laid a finger on her, to compel her, for a million dollars. I stood and stared like a blockhead for a minute, at my wit’s end, and she sat there and smiled. All of a sudden I had an idea. I caught the end of the table and tipped it up, and off slid the young lady, and I snatched at the knob of the drawer, and had the papers in a second.

“It was simple, but it worked. Then it was her turn to look foolish. Of course she had a temper, with that colored hair, and she was raging. She looked at me as if she’d like to tear me to pieces. There wasn’t anything she could say, however, and not lose her dignity, and I guess she pretty nearly exploded for a minute, and then, in a flash, the joke of it struck her. Her eyes began to dance, and she laughed because she couldn’t help it, and I with her. For a whole minute we forgot what a big business we were both after, and acted like two children.

“‘That’s right,’ said I finally. ‘I had to get them, but I did it in the kindest spirit. I see you understand that.’

“‘Oh, I don’t care,’ she answered with her chin up—a little way she had. ‘They’re not much, anyway. I hadn’t got to the important part.’

“‘Won’t you finish?’ said I politely, and pretended to offer her the papers—and then I got serious. ‘What are you doing here?’ I asked her. ‘Where are you going?’

“She looked up at me, and—I knew she liked me. She caught her breath before she answered. ‘What right have you got to ask me questions?’ said she, making a bluff at righteous indignation.

“But I just gripped her fingers into mine—it was getting to be a habit, holding her hand.

“‘And what are *you* doing here?’ she went on saucily, but her voice was a whisper, and she let her hand lie.

“‘I’ll tell you what I’m doing,’ said I ‘I’m obeying the Bible. My Bible tells me to love my enemies, and I’m going to. I do,’ said I. ‘What does your Bible tell you?’

“‘My Bible tells me to resist the devil and he will flee from me,’ she answered back like a flash, standing up straight and looking at me squarely, as solemn as a church.

“‘Well, I guess I’m not that kind of devil,’ said I. ‘I don’t want to flee worth a cent.’

“And at that she broke into a laugh and showed all her little teeth at me. That was one of the prettiest things about her, the row of small white teeth she showed every time she laughed.

“‘Just at that second the old negro stuck his head in at the door. ‘We’re busy, uncle,’ said I. ‘I’ll give you five dollars for five minutes.’

“But the girl put her hand on my arm to stop me. ‘What is it, Uncle Ebenezer?’ she asked him anxiously.

“‘It’s young Marse, Miss Lindy,’ the man said. ‘Him’n Marse Philip Breck’nridge ’n’ Marse Tom’s ridin’ down de branch right now. Close to hyer—dey’ll be hyer in fo’-five minutes.’

“She nodded at him coolly. ‘All right. Shut the door, Uncle Ebenezer,’ said she, and he went out and shut it.

“And before I could say Jack Robinson she was dragging me into the next room, and pushing me out of a door at the back.

“‘Go—hurry up—oh, go!’ she begged. ‘I won’t let them take you.’

“Well, I didn’t like to leave her suddenly like that, so I said, said I: ‘What’s the hurry? I want to tell you something.’

“‘No,’ she shot at me. ‘You can’t. Go—won’t you, please go?’ Then I picked up a little hand and held it against my coat. I knew by now just how she would catch her breath when I did it.”

At about this point the General forgot me. Such good comrades we were that my presence did not trouble him, but as for telling the story to me, that was past—he was living it over, to himself alone, with every nerve in action.

“‘Look here,’ said I, ‘I don’t believe a thing like this ever happened on the globe before, but this has. It’s so—I love you, and I believe you love me, and I’m not going till you tell me so.’

“By that time she was in a fit. ‘They’ll be here in two minutes; they’re Confeder-

ate officers. Oh, and you mustn't cross at Kelly's Ford—take the ford above it'—and she thumped me excitedly with the hand I held. I laughed, and she burst out again: 'They'll take you—oh, please go!'

"'Tell me, then,' said I, and she stopped half a second, and gasped again, and looked up in my eyes and said it. 'I love you,' said she. And she meant it.

"'Give me a kiss,' said I, and I leaned close to her, but she pulled away.

"'Oh, no—oh, please go now,' she begged.

"'All right,' said I, 'but you don't know what you're missing,' and I slid out of the back door at the second the Southerners came in at the front.

"There were bushes back there, and I crawled behind them and looked through into the window, and what do you suppose I saw? I saw the biggest and best-looking man of the three walk up to the girl who'd just told me she loved me, and I saw her put up her face and give him the kiss she wouldn't give me. Well, I went smashing down to the woods, making such a rumpus that if those officers had been half awake they'd have been after me twice over. I was so maddened at the sight of that kiss that I didn't realize what I was doing or that I was endangering the lives of my men. 'Of course,' said I to myself, 'it's her brother or her cousin,' but I knew it was a hundred to one that it wasn't, and I was in a mighty bad temper.

"I got my men away from the neighborhood quietly, and we rode pretty cautiously all that afternoon. I knew the road leading to Kelly's Ford, and I bore to the north, away from there, for I trusted the girl and believed I'd be safe if I followed her orders. She'd saved my life twice that day, so I had reason to trust her. But all the time as I jogged along I was wondering about that man, and wondering what the dickens she was up to, anyway, and why she was traveling in the same direction that I was, and where she was going—and over and over I wondered if I'd ever see her again. I felt sure I would, though—I couldn't imagine not seeing her, after what she'd said. I didn't even know her name, except that the old negro had called her 'Miss Lindy.' I said that a lot of times to myself as I rode, with the men's bits jingling at my back and their horses' hoofs thud-thudding. 'Lindy—Miss Lindy—

Linda—my Linda'—I said it half aloud. It kept first-rate time to the hoof-beats—'Lindy—Miss Lindy.'

"I wondered, too, why she wouldn't let me cross the Rappahannock by Kelly's Ford, for I had reason to think there'd be a Union post on the east side of the river there, but there was a sense of brains and capability about the girl, as well as charm—in fact, that's likely to be a large part of any real charm—and so I trusted to her.

"Well, late in the afternoon we were trotting along, feeling pretty secure. I'd left the Kelly's Ford road at the last turn, and was beginning to think that we ought to be within a few miles of the river, when all of a sudden, coming out of some woods into a small clearing with a farmhouse about the centre of it, we rode on a strong outpost of the enemy, infantry and cavalry both. We were in the open before I saw them, so there was nothing to do but make a dash for it and rush past the cabin before they could reach their arms, and we drew our revolvers and put the spurs in deep and flew past with a fire that settled some of them. But a surprise of this sort doesn't last long, and it was only a few minutes before they were after us—and with fresh mounts. Then it was a horse-race for the river, and I wasn't certain of the roads. However, I knew a trick or two about this business, and I was sure some of the pursuers would forge ahead; so three times I got behind a turn and fired as a man came on alone. I dismounted several that way. This relieved the strain enough so that I got within sight of the river with all my men. It was a quarter of a mile away when I saw it, and at that point the road split, and which branch led to the ford for the life of me I didn't know. There wasn't time for meditation, however, so I shot down the turn to the left, on the gamble, and sure enough there was the ford—only it wasn't any ford. The Rappahannock was full to the banks and perhaps two hundred yards across. The Confederates were within rifle-shot, so there were exactly two things to do—surrender or swim. I gave my men the choice—to follow me or be captured—and I plunged in, without any of them."

"What!" I demanded here, puzzled. "Didn't the men know how to swim?"

"Oh, yes, they knew how," the General answered, and looked embarrassed.

"Well, then, why didn't they?" It began

to dawn on me. "Were they afraid—was it dangerous—was the river swift?"

"Yes," he acknowledged. "The river was swift—it was a foaming torrent."

"They were afraid—all ten of them—and you weren't—you alone?" The General looked annoyed. "I didn't want to be captured," he explained crossly. "I had the despatches besides." He went on: "I slipped off my horse, keeping hold of the bridle to guide him, and swam low beside him, because they were firing from the bank. But all at once the shots stopped, and I heard shouting, and shortly after I got a glimpse, over my horse's back, of a rider in the water near me, and there was a flash of a gray cap. One of the Southerners was swimming after me, and I was due for a tussle when we landed. I made it first. I scrambled to shore and snatched out my sword—the pistols were wet—and rushed for the other man as he jumped to the bank, and just as I got to him—just in time—I saw him. It wasn't him—it was her—the girl. Heavens!" gasped the General; "she gave me a start that time. I dropped my sword on the ground, I was so surprised, and stared at her with my mouth open.

"Oo-ee!" said that girl, shaking her skirt, as calm as a May morning. "Oo-ee!" like a baby crowing. "My, but that's a cold river!" And her teeth chattered.

"Well, that time I didn't ask permission. I took her in my arms and held her—I had to, to keep her warm. Couldn't let her stand there and click her teeth—could I? And she didn't fight me. 'What did you do such a crazy thing for?' asked I.

"Well, you're mighty par-particular," said she as saucy as you please, but still shivering so she couldn't talk straight. "They were popping g-guns at you—that's what for. Roger's a right bad shot, but he might have hit you."

"And he might have hit you," said I. "Did you happen to think of that?"

"She just laughed. 'Oh, no—they wouldn't risk hitting me. I'm too valuable—that's why I jumped in—to protect you.'

"Oh!" said I. "I'm a delicate flower, it seems. You've been protecting me all day. Who's Roger?"

"My brother," said she, smiling up at me.

"Was that the man you kissed in the cabin back yonder?"

"Shame!" said she. "You peeped."

"Was it?" I insisted, for I wanted to know. And she told me.

"Yes," she told me, in that low voice of hers that was hard to hear, only it paid to listen.

"Did you ever kiss any other man?" said I.

"It's none of your business," said the girl. "But I didn't—the way you mean."

"Well, it wouldn't make any difference, anyway—nothing would," I said. "Except this—are you ever going to?"

"All this time that bright-colored head of hers was on my shoulder, Confederate cap and all, and I was afraid of my life to stir, for fear she'd take it away. But when I said that I put my face down against hers and repeated the question, 'Are you ever going to?'

"It seemed like ages before she answered and I was scared—yet she didn't pull away,—and finally the words came—low, but I heard. 'One,' said she. 'If he wants it.'

"Then——" the General stopped suddenly, and the splendid claret and honey color of his cheeks went a dark shade more to claret. He had come to from his trance, and remembered me. "I don't know why I'm telling you all these details," he declared abruptly. "I suppose you're tired to death listening." His alert eyes questioned me.

"General," I begged, "don't stop like that again. You give me a jolt so it hurts. I'm drinking in every word. Don't leave out a syllable. 'Then——'"

But he threw back his head boyishly and laughed with a touch of self-consciousness. "No, madam, I won't tell you about 'then.' I'll leave so much to your imagination. I guess you're equal to it. It wasn't a second anyway before she gave a jump that took her six feet from me, and there she was tugging at the girth of her saddle.

"Quick—change the saddles!" she ordered me. "I must be out of my mind to throw away time when your life's in danger. They're coming around by the bridge," she explained, "two miles down. And you have to have a fresh mount. They would catch you on that." She threw a contemptuous glance at my tired brute, and began unbuckling the wet straps with her little wet fingers.

"Don't do that," said I. "Let me." But she pushed me away. "Mustn't waste time." She gave her orders as business-like as an



Drakon by N. C. Wyeth.

“I took her in my arms and held her.”—Page 216.

officer. 'Do your own saddle while I attend to this. Zero can run right away from anything they're riding—from anything at all. Can't you, Zero?' and she gave the horse a quick pat in between unbuckling. He was a powerful, rangy bay, and not winded by his run and his swim. 'He's my father's,' she went on. 'He'll carry you through to General Hooker's camp at Falmouth—he knows that camp. It's twenty-five miles yet, and you've ridden fifty to-day, poor boy.'

"I wish I could tell you how pretty her voice was when she said things like that, as if she cared that I'd had a strenuous day and was a little tired.

"How do you know I'm going to Falmouth? How do you know how far I've ridden?' I asked her, astonished again.

"I'm a witch,' she said. 'I find out everything about you-all by magic, and then I tell our officers. They know it's so if I tell them. Ask Stonewall Jackson how he discovered the road to take his cavalry around for the attack on Howard. I reckon I helped a lot at Chancellorsville.'

"Do you reckon you're helping now?' I asked, throwing my saddle over Zero's back. 'Strikes me you're giving aid and comfort to the enemy hand over fist.'

"That girl surprised me whatever she did, and the reason was—I figured it out afterward—that she let herself be what few people let themselves be—absolutely straightforward. She had the gentlest ways, but she always hit straight from the shoulder, and that's likely to surprise people. This time she took three steps to where I stood by Zero and caught my finger in the middle of pulling up the cinch and held to it.

"I'm not a traitor,' she threw at me. 'I'm loyal to my people, and you're my enemy—and I'm saving you from them. But it's you—it's you,' she whispered, looking up at me. It was getting dark by now, but I could see her eyes. 'When you put your hand over mine this morning it was like somebody'd telegraphed that the one man was coming; and then I looked at you, and I knew he'd got there. I've never bothered about men—mostly they're not worth while, when there are horses—but ever since I've been grown I've known that you'd come some time, and that I'd know you when you came. Do you think I'm going to let you be taken—shot, maybe?

Not much—I'll guard your life with every breath of mine—and I'll keep it safe, too.'

"Now, wasn't that a strange way for a girl to talk? Did you ever hear of another woman who could talk that way, and live up to it?" he demanded of me unexpectedly.

I was afraid to say the wrong thing and I spoke timidly. "What did you do, then?"

He gave me a glance smouldering with mischief. "I didn't do it. I tried to, but she wouldn't let me.

"Hurry, hurry,' said she, in a panic all of a sudden. 'They'll be coming. Zero's fast, but you ought to get a good start.'

"And she hustled me on the horse. And just as I was off, as I bent from the saddle to catch her hand for the last time, she gave me two more shocks together." Silent reminiscent laughter shook him.

"When am I going to see you again?" asked I hopelessly, for I felt as if everything was mighty uncertain, and I couldn't bear to leave her.

"To-morrow,' said she, prompt as taxes. 'To-morrow. Good-by, Captain Carruthers.'

"And she gave the horse a slap that scared him into a leap, and off I went galloping into darkness, with my brain in a whirl as to where I could see her to-morrow, and how under creation she knew my name. The cold bath had refreshed me—I hadn't had the like of it for nine days—and I galloped on for a while feeling fine, and thinking mighty hard about the girl I'd left behind me. Twenty-four hours before I'd never seen her, yet I felt as if I had known her all my life. I was sure of this, that in all my days I'd never seen anybody like her, and never would. And that's true to this minute. I'd had sweethearts a-plenty—in a way—but the affair of that day was the only time I was ever in love in my life."

To tell the truth I had been a little scandalized all through this story, for I knew well enough that there was a Mrs. Carruthers. I had not met her—she had been South through the months which her husband had spent in New York—but the General's strong language concerning the red-haired girl made me sympathize with his wife, and this last sentiment was staggering. Poor Mrs. Carruthers! thought I—poor, staid lady, with this gay lad of a husband declaring his heart forever buried with the adventure of a day of long ago. Yet, a soldier boy

of twenty-three—the romance of war-time—the glamor of lost love—there were certainly alleviating circumstances. At all events, it was not my affair—I could enjoy the story as it came with a clear conscience. So I smiled at the wicked General—who looked as innocent as a baby—and he went on.

“I knew every road on that side the river, and I knew the Confederates wouldn’t dare chase me but a few miles, as it wasn’t their country any longer, so pretty soon I began to take things easy. I thought over everything that had happened through the day, everything she’d said and done—every look—I could remember it all. I can now. I wondered who under heaven she was, and I kicked myself that I hadn’t asked her name. ‘Lindy’—that’s all I knew, and I guess I said that over a hundred times. I wondered why she’d told me not to go to Kelly’s Ford, but I worked that out the right way—as I found later—that her party expected to cross there and she didn’t want me to encounter them; and then the river was too full and they tried a higher ford. And I’d run into them. Yet I couldn’t understand why she planned to cross at Kelly’s, anyway, because there was pretty sure to be a Union outpost on the east bank there, and she’d have landed right among them. That puzzled me. Who was the girl, and why on earth was she travelling in that direction, and where could she be going? I went over that problem again and again, and couldn’t find an answer.

“Meanwhile it was getting late, and the bracing effect of the cold water of the Rappahannock was wearing off, and I began to feel the fatigue of an exciting day and a seventy-five-mile ride—on top of nine other days with little to eat and not much rest. My wet clothes chilled me, and the last few miles I have never been able to remember distinctly—I think I was a little misty in my mind. At any rate, when I got to headquarters camp I was just about clear enough to guide Zero through the maze of tents, and not any more, and when the horse stopped with his nose against the front pole of the general’s fly I was unconscious.”

I exclaimed, horrified: “It was too much for human nature! You must have been nearly dead. Did you fall off? Were you hurt?”

“Oh, no—I was all right,” he said cheerfully. “I just sat there. But an equestrian

statue in front of the general’s tent at 11 P. M. wasn’t usual, and there was a small sensation. It brought out the adjutant-general, and he recognized me, and they carried me into a tent, and got a surgeon, and he had me stripped and rubbed and rolled in blankets. They found the despatches in my boots, and those gave all the information necessary. They found the letter, too, which Stoneman had given me to hand back to General Ladd, and they didn’t understand that, as it was addressed simply to ‘Miss Ladd, Ford Hall,’ so they left it till I waked up. That wasn’t till noon the next day.”

The General began chuckling contagiously, and I was alive with curiosity to know the coming joke.

“I believe every officer in the camp, from the commanding general down, had sent me clothes. When I unclosed my eyes that tent was alive with them. It was a spring opening, I can tell you—all sorts. Well, when I got the meaning of the array, I lay there and laughed out loud, and an orderly appeared at that, and then the adjutant-general, and I reported to him. Then I got into an assortment of the clothes, and did my duty by a pile of food and drink, and I was ready to start back to join my chief. Except for the letter of General Ladd—I had to deliver that in person to give the explanation. General Ladd had been wounded, I found, at Chancellorsville, but would see me. So off I went to his tent, and the orderly showed me in at once. He was in bed with his arm and shoulder bandaged, and by his side, looking as fresh as a rose and as mischievous as a monkey, sat a girl with red hair—Linda Ladd—Miss Ladd, of Ford Hall—the old house where I first saw her. Her father presented me in due form and told me to give her the letter and—that’s all.”

The General stopped short and regarded me quietly.

“Oh, but——” I stammered. “But that isn’t all—why, I don’t understand—it’s criminal not to tell the rest—there’s a lot.”

“What do you want to hear?” he demanded. “I don’t know any more—that’s all that happened.”

“Don’t be brutal,” I pleaded. “I want to know, for one thing, how she knew your name.”

“Oh—that.” He laughed like an amused child. “That was rather odd. You re-

member I told you that when they were chasing us I took shelter and shot the horses from under some of the Southerners."

"I remember."

"Well, the first man dismounted was Tom Ladd, the girl's cousin, who'd been my class-mate at the Point, and he recognized me. He ran back and told them to make every effort to capture the party, as its leader was Captain Carruthers, of Stoneman's staff, and undoubtedly carried despatches."

"Oh!" I said. "I see. And where was Miss Ladd going, travelling your way all day?"

"To see her wounded father at Falmouth, don't you understand? She'd had word from him the day before. She was escorted by a strong party of Confederates, including her brother and cousin. She started out with just the old negro, and it was arranged that she should meet the party at the cabin where I found her writing. They were to go with her to Kelly's Ford, where she should pass over to the Union post on the other bank—she had a safe-conduct."

"Oh!" I assimilated this. "And she and her brother were Confederates, and the father was a Northern general—how extraordinary!"

"Not in the least," the General corrected me. "It happened so in a number of cases. She was a power in that campaign. She did more work than either father or brother. A Southern officer told me afterward that the men half believed what she said—that she was a witch, and got news of our movements by magic. Nothing escaped her—she had a wonderful mind, and did not know what fear was. A wonderful woman!"

He was smiling to himself again as he sat,

with his great shoulders bent forward and his scarred hand on his knee, looking into the fire.

"General," I said tentatively, "aren't you going to tell me what she said when she saw you come into her father's tent?"

"Said?" asked the General, looking up and frowning. "What could she say? Good-morning, I guess."

I wasn't afraid of his frown or of his hammer-and-tongs manner. I'd got behind both before now. I persisted.

"But I mean—what did you say to each other, like the day before—how did it all come out?"

"Oh, we couldn't do any love-making, if that's what you mean," he explained in a business-like way, "because the old man was on deck. And I had to leave in about ten minutes to ride back to join my command. That was all there was to it."

I sighed with disappointment. Of course I knew it was just an idyll of youth, a day long, and that the book was closed forty years before. But I could not bear to have it closed with a bang. Somewhere in the narrative had come to me the impression that the heroine of it had died young in those exciting war-times of long ago. I had a picture in my mind of the dancing eyes closed meekly in a last sleep; of the young officer's hand laid sorrowing on the bright halo of hair.

"Did you ever see the girl again?" I asked softly.

The General turned on me a quick, queer look. Fun was in it, and memory gave it gentleness; yet there was impatience, too, at my slowness, in the boyish brown eyes.

"Mrs. Carruthers has red hair," he said briefly.



LOWELL

By W. C. Brownell

I



OF Lowell's characteristics the chief I take to have been a certain representative rather than individual turn of mind. He illustrated on occasions of all kinds what he himself says the public asks of the poet, namely, to express for it its own feelings. He felt as others do, only more consciously—more categorically. He expressed what others think, but with more energy. He was not an original but an independent thinker. He had the kind of independence which even in reflecting it makes its own the general consensus. He did his own thinking, but its results were as recognizably reasonable as its processes were placid. In other words, his idiosyncrasy lay not in his mind but in his character. His reference to himself in "A Fable for Critics" as addicted to "isms" and eccentricities is a complete misconception—cleverly misleading, it might be called, but for the fact of his lack of self-consciousness. Such self-consciousness as he had was at least not self-scrutiny. It was certainly never paralyzing nor even disconcerting. It was clothed in the complacency born of the most reassuring conviction in the world, that of being in essential harmony with others. He beamed and expanded in a confidence free from the fear of confutation or even contradiction. The rare controversial note in his writings is always superficially perverse and piquant, not fundamentally argumentative. He does not in fact argue, but enounces. He is never either stimulated or embarrassed by "the other side." There was for him in general no "other side;" and indeed oftenest in his case there is not, for even when he is most polemic he is fired by those sure convictions attending little else so infallibly as the slaying of the slain. The function is a most important one, since nothing is more undesirable than their resurrection, to which there is always a tendency. But the inclination for it is a didactic and conservative one, quite inconsistent with the exploring instinct of the iconoclast.

Lowell's "radicalism" in politics, in social matters, on subjects theological, historical and literary, was practically and personally conservative, since it was the established attitude of his sufficing—and self-sufficing—circle. To be an abolitionist, a "rationalist," a theoretical romanticist, was for him almost a consequence of ancestry, tradition and circumstance. Following a legitimated radical programme is not uncongenial to the whig temperament. Of the extravagances due to the temperamentally radical with which every New Englander in Lowell's youth and early manhood was familiar, no one has said sharper and sounder things than he. He was himself eminently sound. His poise, indeed, is his chief distinction, and it is a great one. He liked whatever was sure and wholesome and eulogized it on all occasions, with the zest of the discoverer. He might make a willing concession now and then to the popular demand for the idiosyncratic in the way of personal aspect or attire, just as he frolicked and sported with quips and puns in his writing, but otherwise than superficially he was even in his youth a very sedate *enfant terrible*. The fundamental quality of his mind is as practical and conservative as its lighter moods are playful. It seems to have absolutely no adventurous or speculative side, and irresponsible as many of its expressions are, they are but the sparkle and ripple on a very staidly flowing current. Even his irresponsibilities and looseness, his superlatives and sweeping statements are due to limitation, rather than to enterprise, of thought. One can hardly "place" him in the same environment with Emerson and Hawthorne. His passions, too, may be summed up in patriotism, books and nature, in which there is as little that deflects as there is that is differentiating. And probably the residence of a man's real passions in the realm of the abstract is rather a bond than a bar between him and his fellows, even those who reserve that region for their ideal ones alone—on the principle, perhaps, that the priest wins more confidence than the practitioner. Add to these various elements fostering intellectual commerce,

to this representative turn of mind, a sterling character that gives it body and substance and a remarkable faculty of expression that gives it definition, and one can conceive no better equipment and instrument for the admirable art of telling people on a high plane and in an elevated, an exquisite, or an energetic way, as may be required, precisely what they wish to hear.

Other auxiliary qualities to this end were Lowell's ingrained cleverness and his extraordinary personal charm. Cleverness and personal charm are qualities that are—perhaps ominously—extremely attractive to contemporary appreciation. Nothing is more envied in the living. Nothing finds prompter interment with their bones. Cleverness cloy too quickly to be an element of abiding satisfaction in their "works." And personal charm is almost inseparable from personal presence. The writers who—like Lamb and Thackeray—establish it in their writings as a vital and preservative force, are very few. Lowell was immensely clever. A "Fable for Critics" is a youthful masterpiece—youthful enough in its criticism, but an extraordinary *jeu d'esprit* and so completely individual as to remain, with parts of "The Biglow Papers," his most characteristic, as the "Commemoration Ode" is his most consummate production. He was always extraordinarily ready. Whether the occasion were serious or sportive, it never found him at fault. To unveil a monument, or respond to a toast, or consecrate a festival, or cap an epigram, and each in ideal fashion, he was equally prepared. Cleverness was the state in which habitually his faculties dwelt, not a mental exercise or phase. And it found its most congenial expression in pleasantry and playfulness. For his cleverness, though extreme and even at times excessive, is never sophisticated, rarely even subtle. It is always frank and generally gay. He began with high spirits and his youthful buoyancy stood by him to the end. His biographers record periods of gloom, even thoughts of suicide, and Mr. Greenslet is rather obsessed by the idea that he had a "dual nature" in this as in other respects. It is not unlikely. Most people have. But it is difficult to make a mystic out of Lowell. One may as easily fancy St. Francis in Faneuil Hall. He had his seasons of melancholy, but normally and for tragically abundant cause. There is no more the mystic,

than there is a morbid, note in his composition. Everything of the kind is instinctively antipathetic to him. Apparently with all his reading he never read, at least sympathetically, the Scriptures of any people. He never cites the Bible. His good sense sufficed to assure him that "you've got to get up airy if you want to take in God," and the apocalyptic was superfluous to him.

At all events, no writer of anything resembling his bookish and scholarly turn ever possessed high spirits in any such degree, as no writer ever so cordially conjoined the study and out-of-doors. Among writers of distinction we should have to go, not I think to Mark Twain and Aristophanes (the coupling is Lowell's own), who mix things less, but to Dickens for a parallel to his irruptive and casual gayeties in grave context. Certainly if his high spirits are not marked by the usual exuberance, they sometimes show as unmistakably in whimsicality and extravagance, however exhibited in playful rather than in boisterous guise. They do not lead him astray, but they are constantly taking him aside. He is not their slave, but they are his plaything. When they are constrained and directed to an artistic end, as in "A Fable for Critics" or "The Biglow Papers"—in the prefaces to which indeed they become sedate enough, even solemn, one may remark without fear of flippancy—they serve as excellent stimulus to sustained effort. But when, as is sometimes the case, they are the desultory and yet deliberate accentuation of his gayety and bland blitheness, his general *enjoué* manner, they are less to the purpose. "Nothing," he says rather hardly, apropos of Fletcher, "grows mouldy so soon as mere fun, the product of animal spirits." And we should be tempted to call some of Lowell's sallies "mere fun" if the high spirits from which they spring were not rather mental than animal, and if they were not so clearly stamped with his indisputable cleverness. They may be strained, of inappropriate tone, of doubtful taste, distracting rather than contributory or even decorative; there is none, it would be safe to wager, that is not truly, however studiedly, clever—though sometimes, it is true, what one feels impelled to call demonstrably so.

His cleverness was, indeed, a constituent probably rather than merely an ally of his great personal charm, which is uni-

versally attested. Evidently he was the best of company and *in* the best of company. His sincerity and dignity of character, his accomplished scholarship, his frankness and optimism, his good sense and appreciation, his wit and extraordinary powers of expression must have made intimacy with him ideal and mere acquaintance a delight. He was literally but not overpoweringly a brilliant conversationalist, and if he "did most of the talking," others—Thackeray, Longfellow, Clough and Edmund Quincy on one recorded occasion—were more than content to listen. One certainly argues a considerable egoism from his writings, but no one seems ever to have minded, or even marked, it in his talk, and even in his books it never excludes the most altruistic admirations. He was geniality itself, and though undoubtedly what used to be called a Brahmin—at least by the Pariahs of the period—his sympathies were undoubtedly, in a human if not in an intellectual sense, catholic and active. His circle, however, was not large and those outside it could more easily perceive, perhaps, than those within it, that what, together with his cleverness, constituted for these latter an essential part of his personal charm was his clearly defined possession of the temperament of the dilettante. Mr. James states the fact, with extraordinary searchingness, though with, of course, the slightly august tone of the memorial "tribute." He regards his career "as in the last analysis a tribute to the dominion of style. This is the idea," he continues, "that to my sense his name most promptly evokes. He carried style—the style of literature—into regions in which we rarely look for it: into politics, of all places in the world, into diplomacy, into stammering, civic dinners, and ponderous anniversaries, into letters and notes and telegrams, into every turn of the hour—absolutely into conversation, where indeed it freely disguised itself as intensely colloquial wit." One could not better describe the activities of the true dilettante temperament. In such a society as ours, without variety of type and without background, without the many elements that Mr. James has scrupulously catalogued in his life of Hawthorne, the rôle of the dilettante can only be sincerely played—and sincerity was one of Lowell's cardinal qualities—by a nature in which confidence, eagerness, ardor, generosity, and optimism replace the sentimental,

sensitive and fastidious instincts, the divining and discriminating faculties that are less disposed to see sermons in stones and good in everything than to select and exclude. The fact that he carried "style" into some of the regions enumerated by Mr. James—in some of which certainly his "style" savored more of the amateur than of the connoisseur—both denotes and defines his temperament, shows at once its inveteracy and its limitations.

II

OF his own particular environment, to which he was profoundly attached and in which he throve, he could nevertheless take a properly objective view. Whatever the limitations of his temperament, his mind, which was alertness itself, instantly apprehended the suggestions of culture, though his own culture, which was eminent, was as idiosyncratic—quite as idiosyncratic—as his personality. "How narrow Boston was!" he exclaims. "How scant a pasture it offered to the imagination." He speaks of Allston, "who perished slowly of inanition over yonder in Cambridgeport," and adds: "That unfinished Belshazzar of his was a bitter sarcasm on our self-conceit. Among *us* it was unfinishable." The implication of the italicized "*us*" is candid, courageous and correct. Lowell himself never experienced any such difficulty. His work could be produced and finished to its last potential perfection in this same atmosphere, in which he found something intimately congenial. He even took it with him on his travels, and was, even in Europe, surrounded with the Massachusetts aura. He had his books and he had his public. It is probable that he was conscious of no other needs. His acquisitiveness was among the most preponderant of his mental traits; but books satisfied its cravings—which does not seem so singular when we remember his enormous consumption of them. They and the society of Cambridge and Boston, in which "Allston perished slowly of inanition," sufficed to evoke and polish in him those qualities that make the perfect man of the world; so that when he went officially to Spain and England he was as much at home in a cosmopolitan society as he was in Cambridge. His own extreme personal charm and innate dignity counted largely, of course, in the distin-

guished impression he made abroad. But every allowance made for these, it is particularly—and to his countrymen it must remain satisfactorily—notable that he should have had such a striking European success with such an exclusively American equipment.

Books, apparently, can accomplish a great deal; books in sufficient quantity, the best books. And even books that come more or less strictly under the head of *belles-lettres*. For if Lowell had any other equipment as a man of letters than *belles-lettres*, taken in the wider extension of the term, the fact does not appear in his writings. Science, theology, politics, philosophy, history, apparently interested him in but a subsidiary degree. Never was such conspicuous culture so exclusively belletristic. Mr. James says: "He knew his Paris as he knew all his subjects. The history of a thing was what he first saw in it." If so, it never passed beyond the states of seeing and knowing into feeling; and his "subjects" were altogether literary "things." Neither his knowledge of Paris nor his expertness in Old French gave him any independent appreciation of France or things French, at any rate, with reference to which he always utters the traditional British commonplaces. Tennyson hardly phrased them in more sharply stereotyped smugness. The great facts of French history are still for him the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the atrocities of the Revolution. "He should have fought with Nelson," as Arnold remarked of some fanatic—an Englishman, however. And of any special acquaintance with English history there is insufficient trace in his books to account for Mr. James's further statement: "He had studied English history for forty years in the texts, and at last [on becoming minister to England] he could study it in the pieces themselves, could handle and verify the relics." The "texts" Mr. James has in mind are perhaps literary texts. In other words, Lowell had studied English literature; he was now to "check" it by a study of English life. Doubtless so omnivorous and indefatigable a reader had read Freeman and Stubbs and Gardiner as well as Macaulay and Froude, Hume and Green. But certainly neither English history nor Continental, ancient, mediæval nor modern, deeply interested him except from an extension of the belletristic point of view. And even from this point of view, of course,

far less than it did Macaulay, Carlyle or Arnold, not to speak of such writers as Taine, Scherer and Sainte-Beuve, of the value of whose "detective method" in criticism indeed, he expresses doubts. Less even, one may surely say, than Thackeray. For in spite of his special studies of early New England, if there is a passage in his works resembling the impressive and illuminating picture of Europe in the early eighteenth century in the lecture on George I, beginning with "The landscape is awful—" I have not remarked it.

Mr. James speaks of him as "steeped in history and literature" and "redolent, intellectually speaking," of Italy and Spain. But what he means appears in his next sentence: "He had lived in long intimacy with Dante and Cervantes and Calderon." That is to say, he was steeped not in history and literature, but in literary history and literature—nowadays, at all events, an unsatisfactory infusion for producing the best of even literary effects. He relied, indeed, even for the illumination of literature not so much on life as on linguistics, and the literary and linguistic pages of history, which is life recorded, monopolized his attention. "As Dante tells us," he says, "St. Francis took poverty for his bride." He does indeed. So does Francis himself. So for that matter does Giotto. In fact, even without Dante the circumstance would be known. Such a phrase in itself implicitly glosses Mr. James's assertion that Lowell was "steeped in history." But his own words are explicit. In one of his political essays there are several pages of express depreciation of the value of history—much in the vein of Colonel Esmond's sentimentally sceptical old age, except in being more systematic. In his essay on Dante he says that "one almost gets to feel as if the chief value of contemporary Italian history had been to furnish 'the Divine Comedy' with explanatory foot-notes." Indeed *he* quite "gets to feel" so when the momentum of hero-worship carries him on to the statement, "For Italy, Dante is the thirteenth century." One thinks of what, besides, the thirteenth century—the century of Frederic II and Innocent III and Giotto and St. Francis—really was for Italy, "the most interesting," as it has been called, in the history of Christianity after its primitive age, "more interesting than even the century

of the Reformation"; and owing not to Dante but to Francis. And nothing could be more definite than Lowell's association of history with the Dismal Science in his admirable and elevated address on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College. "Give," he, says, "give to History, give to Political Economy that ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal Arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past, nor have lost the skill to form them."

For the great movements, migrations, vicissitudes of the march of mankind—its transformations, enterprises, and achievements—the grandiose drama of war and peace, the rise and fall of tyranny and freedom, faith, and philosophy, the birth, development, and decay of institutions—social, political, and religious—the spectacle foreshortened in time, in a word, of general human activity caught and fixed in the multifariously embroidered web of history, he cared less, to judge from its reflection and echo in his works, than any other writer of his indisputably high rank that one could readily name. The service rendered criticism by this its connotation and collateral re-enforcement is incontestable. The work of every important modern critic relies on it—to an extent that gives its absence in Lowell a slightly old-fashioned air for works on so high a plane of scholarship and intelligence. His essays, in a word, are not historically enriched nor the product of a mind thus enriched. They have a very particular, a very bookish, and in consequence a rather restricted quality, for all their humanity, their elevated *bonhomie* and unaffected cordiality.

The matter is not one of erudition at all, but of culture. Lowell's erudition was great—even conspicuous; being, though always assimilated, always comfortably if not complacently displayed. Mr. Greenslet, his latest biographer, whose life is, critically, a work of altogether remarkable distinction, asserts that his scholarship was not up to current standards. One understands what is meant, but is a little impatient at having this sense of the term scholarship taken for granted. Lovers of literature would gladly have it remain esoteric a little longer, and instinctively shrink from the time when "we shall all go into the drab." One would gladly postpone yet for

a brief season the era of specialism, and views with misgiving the no doubt inevitable invasion of barbarian hordes from without the confines of the empire of letters. The province of history has already been overrun and the expert is established within its stronghold, haughtier than Alaric or Attila in his contempt for the superficialities and shallownesses powerless to resist him. *Belles-lettres* may, however, hold out a little longer before it is transformed into scientific feudalism or declines in Byzantine decadence. The scholar should be an authority upon, as well as accomplished in his subject. Inspiration by its spirit will not atone for ignorance of its letter. True; alas! there is no possibility of robbing an ideal of so reasonable a requirement. But there are practical difficulties. According to the anecdote, Porson, on his deathbed, sighed humorously that he should have confined himself to the dative case. Had he done so, however, scholarship would have lost something. Mere count of heads shows that there are not enough Porsons to go around when the number of dative case equivalents is considered. Furthermore, he never could have learned much about the dative case itself by confining himself to it. No man, says Arnold, knows even his Bible who knows only it. And Professor James sets it down as "a common platitude" that "a complete acquaintance with anything, however small, would require a knowledge of the entire universe"—"that tempting range of relevances," as George Eliot calls it. But even a knowledge of the entire universe would not obviate the greater obstacle in the path to literary distinction of the expert in literature. He would still need what Bacon prescribes for the portraitist who would enhance nature—"a kind of felicity," namely. Bentley's scholarship will hardly be impugned, though he might perhaps judiciously have restricted its range. But even had he done so, no amount of concentration could have prevented the perpetration of his revised text of "Paradise Lost"—a veritable pharos erected on the rocks of learning to warn the voyaging expert through yet "undiscovered deeps of time."

Lowell certainly did not resemble the Casaubons of former, or their brisk analogues of present times. No one would have been readier than he to disclaim expert pre-

tensions; quite destitute of deference as a coloring characteristic of his nature, such an attitude as he discloses toward Professor Child, for example, in his essay on Chaucer, is witness enough of this. His temper was as little authoritative as it was conspicuously complacent. But in Old French, as to a certain extent in linguistics more generally, he was an authority; and though *quicquid agunt homines* (within his own field) interested him too vivaciously to permit him to pursue to its documentary fastnesses other game that he nevertheless delighted to hunt, it is misleading to lay any stress on the deficiencies of his scholarship or to impeach the genuineness of his truly scholarly tastes. He was at least a scholar in the tested and traditional sense. That his "results" were not more important from the standpoint of the specialist does not make it the less erroneous to obscure his scholarship, which was remarkable, by emphasizing his culture, which in certain respects was restricted. He was a distinguished example of what he himself calls "liberal scholarship"—a term with as definite and laudable a meaning as that of the liberal arts. His learning was great and varied. His reading was enormous. He read as Chinese candidates read their classics and commentaries—all his life long, usually for many hours at a stretch, often for more than the day-laborer toils. And he read because he liked to—not, as a rule, one guesses, as specific preparation for work of his own. When he did it did not always bring him good luck. He says that he expressly read over again, *seriatim*, all of Thoreau's works before writing of him, and certainly he did so to small purpose. As a rule, we may be sure, he read to satisfy his curiosity—the curiosity of the scholar as well as that of the dilettante. However desultory, too, his reading may appear to pedantry, it was, owing to his curiosity, thorough-going, if not systematic. He was as persistent, as patient, in it as is possible only to a man who is following his bent. There is no other explanation of ten consecutive hours devoted to "Barbour's Brus"! His energy his high spirits, his debonair possession of a reasonably thick integument to shield his nerves and allay irritability, all contributed to the inveteracy of his favorite pursuit. He read everything except the inept and negligible; and everything, ancient and modern, in its own tongue. Dulness

itself had no terrors for him. He read Gower as well as Chaucer, Joel Barlow as well as Homer. He delighted as much in his "Library of Old Authors"—a formidable array!—as in the less recondite and better remembered books that filled his ample shelves. Not a scholar! "*Le moyen*," as the French say, for such a tremendous bookman not to be.

But the truth is that Lowell's eminently scholarly tastes were wholly directed by his temperamental predilections, and he followed these, I think, with what one may almost call an enthusiastic docility that limited his culture to a degree unfortunate for the importance and endurance of much of his work in prose. His preferences despotically dictated his preoccupation, which was rather exclusively with linguistics, taking the term of course in its widest extension. "His linguistic sense," Mr. James says truly, "is perhaps the thing his reputation may best be trusted to rest upon." And he accounts for this admirably in saying further, "He had no experimental sympathies and no part of him was traitor to the rest," and that "this temper drove the principle of subtlety in his intelligence . . . to take refuge in one particular . . . corner," linguistics, namely. One could not more delicately suggest limitations or better indicate the quality of mind of the true dilettante innocent of the artist's constructional purpose, though the dilettante in thoroughly American disguise—robust, genial, confident, and masculine, without "experimental sympathies."

To his lack of experimental sympathies, too, must be ascribed his apparent insensitiveness to the plastic arts. Of course I do not mean that he was blind to their beauty, feeling sure as I do that the poetic strain is the dominant one in his equipment. But he did not take them in the least seriously. There is extraordinarily little reference to them in his works, which fact, however, is less indicative than the conjoined freedom and fatuity of such reference as there is. It did not occur to him, probably, that they have a point of view of their own. He did not set them off in his mind from other intellectual pursuits and appreciate their self-justification—as indeed how should he, expanding in an environment that stifled Allston, æsthetically modified only by the books of Ruskin, who never appreciated

this himself. The great artists probably did not figure in his selected list of great men, which besides was further contracted to include mainly the poets—the poets and Abraham Lincoln, one might say. He is not even at the pains to keep their nationality in mind and—in “On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners”—makes Holbein and Rubens fellow-countrymen of Rembrandt. Ravenna for him is merely the site of Dante’s tomb, which, he says, “is now the chief magnet which draws foreigners and their gold” thither, Ravenna being actually, of course, for art and measurably for history what Carlyle called Gibbon—“that splendid bridge between the Old World and the New”—and Dante’s tomb,

A little cupola, more neat than solemn,

being for the generally cultivated, if not for the exclusively belletristic, gold-bearing foreigner, the least of her monuments. He has his doubts about Michael Angelo—perhaps, as he says, “bitten with the Anglo-Saxon gadfly that drives us all to disenchant artifice,” perhaps because in a strange land it behooves one to be cautious about appearances. “Michael Angelo seems to me,” he writes, “in his angry reaction against sentimental beauty to have mistaken bulk and brawn for the antithesis of feebleness. He is the apostle of the exaggerated, the Victor Hugo of painting and sculpture.” (*Encore*, it is necessary to parenthesize his view of Victor Hugo!) “I have a feeling,” he continues—abandoned altogether by what Mr. James calls “the principle of subtlety in his intelligence”—“I have a feeling that rivalry was a more powerful motive with him than love of Art, that he had the conscious intention to be original, which seldom leads to anything better than being extravagant. The show of muscle proves strength not power.” But he does not wish to be “niggardly toward one in whom you cannot help feeling there was so vast a possibility.” The whole series of observations illustrates his independence certainly, and perhaps should modify one’s impression of his lack of originality. Originality, at any rate, cannot be denied to some architectural remarks further on in “A Few Bits of Roman Mosaic.” “I doubt about domes,” he observes, with a tentativeness charming in Lowell. “In Rome they are so much the fashion that I felt that they

were the goitre of architecture. Generally they look heavy. Those on St. Mark’s in Venice are the only light ones I saw, and they look almost airy, like tents puffed out with wind. I suppose one must be satisfied with the interior effect, which is certainly noble in St. Peter’s. But for impressiveness both within and without there is nothing like a Gothic cathedral for me, nothing that crowns a city so nobly, or makes such an island of twilight silence in the midst of its noonday clamors.” The poet’s touch recalls us to Lowell again, and him to a more congenial subject. We are as relieved as our guide at the next sentence: “Now as to what one sees in the streets, the beggars are,” etc., etc. We are back on firm ground once more, and our doubts about Michael Angelo and about “domes” become as insubstantial and “airy” as those of San Marco or their ancestral Turcoman kikitkas.

III

His criticism clearly grew out of his reading habit, not out of his reflective tendencies. He read pencil in hand, and as he read he annotated. His criticism is therefore largely comment, and, its original destination being often the lecture-room, its tone is largely conversational. He collected and sifted his marginalia, expanded them, wrote context (multifarious and spirited) for them, supplied them with introductions (extremely artificial in general), and presented them to the public, having first, in many instances, presented them to his pupils. They have thus an intimate and familiar quality and suggest the lecture-room, or at most the lyceum, more vividly than the forum or the library. They are on a high plane, the high plane on which habitually Lowell lived and thought, but their glance is *de haut en bas*, and such traits as unexplained allusions and untranslated quotations and recondite references—a kind of *fatras* of bookish reticulation with which they are overspread—do not disguise a certain complacency not wholly foreign to genial condescension. Then there are the jokes, the puns, the witticisms generally of a high order and, though sometimes “naked to laughter” rather than provocative of it in the reader, very comprehensively the Attic salt of the class-room. What could be wittier or more incisive than,

speaking of "the average Briton" in America, "not a Bull of them all but he is persuaded he bears Europe on his back"? On the other hand, such a title for such a grave political essay as "The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion" presupposes a sympathetic relation between author and reader, to say the least. Similarly the reference in the "Thoreau" to the "maggots" of which New England brains were full in the '40's and which "must at times have found pitiably short commons." And a score, a hundred, others easily cited. Quite so, one imagines, or rather we know, he must have lectured to his students, of whom it is surprising—and discreditable to university youth—that he had so few. It is less surprising, however, that his readers at the present time should not be more numerous.

To begin with, the critical essays are distinctly artless in both the literal and the derived sense of the word. And in the essay, as elsewhere, art is indispensable to real effectiveness and permanent interest. It is surely not the one form of literary expression that is exempt from this necessity. A critical essay is not a cairn of comment, but an organic composition. An organism is a whole of which the parts are mutually dependent and each essential to the whole. An artistic organism is one whose structure is expressive rather than expressed—its means answerable to analysis, its effect sensible in aspect. An essay of Lowell's has this quality no more than one of Emerson's has. It is not a quality that either of them sought. It is a quality, indeed, probably without special appeal to either the professor or the prophet, and Lowell was a little of a prophet just as Emerson has something of the professor. Neither is actuated by the motive of the artist, the desire to please. This desire is as much that of the artist in criticism as it is that of the designer of a cathedral. It is because rhetoric is an art that Aristotle defined its end as not conviction but persuasion. Lowell never tried to persuade anyone in his life, his strong strain of didacticism showing itself rather in confirming the accepted than in commending the overlooked. The "Biglow Papers" themselves do not proselytize, but merely pronounce. And it probably comes about quite naturally, quite normally, therefore—apart from its desultory class-room origin in many instances—that whatever else a critical essay

by him may be, however penetrating, instructive, valuable for admonition, reproof, or enlightenment, it is certainly not in any satisfactory sense an artistic performance. Consequently his criticism has less currency, I think, than its substance deserves. You have an active, even a vivid sense that he knows what he is talking about, but you are less—considerably less—stirred by what he says. One receives impressions from it, which he remembers or not, as it may happen, but they are not central or complete impressions. They are not informed by an idea of the subject, but are rather of points of detail, often so casual as to have almost an *obiter* effect.

It is easy to seem pedantic in insisting on organic quality as an essential of effective and agreeable composition of any kind, and so on. To do so is merely to rehearse a trite commonplace of elementary rhetoric. Of course, a literal and exact exemplification of the principle would, if on a scale of any size—larger than that of a sonnet or triolet, say—incur imminent risk of becoming an extremely wooden affair. A writer who should undertake to make a composition impeccably organic must either attempt a very insignificant composition or achieve a mosaic rather than the living result that precisely, in art as in nature, an organism is and a mosaic is not. But to paraphrase the ethical ideal of the first great literary critic, there is reason in all things. As a matter of fact there is only one way, probably, of attaining this result of unity in any various work of art, and that is to keep the *ensemble* in mind. Now to do this one must first have in mind an *ensemble*. The literary or other artist is no freer from this necessity than the sculptor, to whom it is almost a physical impossibility successfully to model a detail of anything in the round without constant reference to the profile of some whole either actually or ideally before him. Some central conception is similarly necessary for the successful conduct of any composition. If it is an essay on Rousseau or Keats or Dante—a full-length portrait, a half-length, or a head—any feature or phase of his productions, his place in literature, his influence on mankind, or whatever, or all these together—a necessary preliminary will be the establishment of some general idea of the subject. The essay will be the expression in detail of this conception—in

proportion to its complexity the elaborate unfolding of it. Reading and general undirected reflection serve merely as agencies formative of the conception itself. This is the undoubted process of all the great critics, however various their tendencies, points of view, and technical expression.

To say that Lowell's criticism lacks this initial central conception would be to say that it is written at random. But, indeed, it often has precisely the appearance of being written at random, and precisely because his central conception is vague. Erasmus's witty and apt complaint that "every definition is a misfortune" related to the abstractions of doctrine and dogma. In art the concrete reigns supreme and nothing can be too definite—even if, or perhaps especially if, it is to express the abstract. The essay on Dante Lowell says is the result of twenty years of study. One may easily believe it—taking the statement somewhat loosely, as of course he intended it. It is packed with interesting and illuminating detail, and has been called his ablest performance in criticism. In Dante's case, more than in most others, to admire is to comprehend. Lowell's admiration is limitless and one feels that he understood his subject. But his expression of it is only less inartistic than it is uncritical. His twenty years of study have resulted in his comprehension of his theme, but not in reducing it to any definite proportions or giving it any sharpness of outline. There is nothing about it he does not know and perhaps one may say nothing in it that he does not appreciate. But he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definition. He is interested in ranking his poet, not describing him. Dante is next to Shakespeare, next to Homer, above all others, and so on. Think of him in connection with Byron! "Our nineteenth century," he says, "made an idol of the noble lord who broke his heart in verse once every six months, but the fourteenth was lucky enough to produce and not make an idol of that rarest earthly phenomenon, a man of genius who could hold heart-break at bay for twenty years, and"—but no one can care for the conclusion of such a sentence as that. Lowell himself has been less fortunate than he says the fourteenth century

was, but his idolatry merely consecrates the looseness that mars his admirably sympathetic essay.

For just as the artlessness, the formlessness, which his essays betray—and which Mr. Greenslet illustrates by an amusing analysis of the "Lessing"—is a consequence of his lack of a central and unified conception of his subject, so this lack is itself a consequence of the absence in his brilliant equipment of the critical spirit, the critical temperament. The possession of this spirit would have perturbed him out of his Capuan dalliance with detail and spurred him to the capture of the capital, on which for life, as well as order, all the provinces of detail depend. The critical temperament is a reflective one. Criticism is not the product of reading, but of thought. To produce vital and useful criticism it is necessary to think, think, think, and then, when tired of thinking, to think more. Lowell's temperament is not unfairly to be inferred from a playful but indicative passage in "A Moosehead Journal." "It is curious," he says, "how tyrannical the habit of reading is and what shifts are made to escape thinking. There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds." Hence the predominance in his essays of desultory over consecutive thought, as well as of detail over *ensemble* in their form. Hence, too, his hospitable harboring of the partisan spirit. And as his representative turn of mind dominated his individuality, the partisan spirit blurred—or, if one chooses, gilded—his perceptions, and dulled, or at least deflected, his penetration. From the great endeavor of contemporary criticism, if it be "to see the object as in itself it really is," he is constitutionally dissociated.

Accordingly, it is a fine trait in his criticism—and discloses a still finer trait in his character—that his essays should be, in general, so compact of eulogy. Choosing, as I have said, the best of subjects, by the natural selection of an aristocratic intellect, he was here, to be sure, in the main on safe ground. It would be a task almost—not quite—as idle as it would be ungracious to attempt to pick flaws in or seriously to controvert the larger proportion of his eulogiums. They constitute a veritable literary monument, with the traditional epitaph inspiration, and might be entitled "The Praise

of Great Writers," being sometimes, too, almost lyrical enough in spirit to be called poems in prose. Of his dispraise one easily feels less certain. In the nature of things—there being notoriously no standard of the false, the ugly, and the wrong—censure exacts more qualifications in the critic than eulogy. But the critical spirit may be as clearly absent from sound praise as from unjust censure, and it is only the critical spirit that can preserve criticism from that oblivion which swallows all at last but which is indecorously hungry for the partial and the partisan. Mr. Greenslet says Lowell's essays are read in colleges. As if that were any augury of immortality!

There is no qualification to his praise to give it persuasiveness, to say nothing of permanence. The Dante essay (to recur to this representative example) is all patently partisan—patently therefore, in the sixth century of Dante criticism, either unsound or superfluous; the day of discrimination is never over, but wholesale consideration reaches finally its term. Lowell is, like all the temperamentally energetic but reflectively indolent, particularly fond of superlatives. And though superlatives may be just, they do not define. Obviously they state the known in terms of the unknown—A in terms of X, as Lowell might say; clearly the converse of the critical order. The general atmosphere of idolatry that they create is unfortunate because it is plainly "too good to be true," and in a world of imperfections the result is bound to lack verisimilitude. Dante in Lowell's pages ceases to be credible; or if abstractly credible is concretely very difficult to conceive as a thirteenth-century Florentine, as well as a very different personage from the Dante of other commentators. Miss Rossetti, for example, whose interpretation Lowell praises so highly as to say that he shall only endeavor to supplement it by the "side-lights" of his own prolonged study—Miss Rossetti admits that after Beatrice's death Dante gave himself up "more or less to sensual gratification and earthly aim." On this Lowell remarks: "The earthly aim we in a certain sense admit; the sensual gratification we reject as utterly inconsistent, not only with Dante's principles, but with his character and indefatigable industry." What it is not inconsistent with is the known, or at all events, universally credited, facts of his life. "Let

us dismiss at once and forever all the idle tales of Dante's amours," exclaims Lowell, with extraordinary finality. But the reader is bound to reflect that all the "tales" are not "idle." Some of them deserve philosophic treatment—for instance, as one may say, those on which, in the passage of the "Purgatorio" where she reproves him for his backslidings, Beatrice probably based her rebuke. My only point is that Lowell treats Dante in frankly partisan fashion and that the partisan rather than the critical inspiration marks his philosophic treatment in general.

This being the case, it would no doubt be fortunate, that in general there is so little philosophy in his essays, if it were not for the fact that the philosophic spirit is the life, as the critical instinct is the inspiration, of criticism. The two, indeed, are hardly to be discriminated; and as the absence of the latter in Lowell is attested by the lack of centrality of conception responsible for his formlessness, so it, in turn, implies the absence of that interest in ideas as such, in and of themselves, which marks that side of the critical temperament, approximately at least, to be called philosophic. For this there is absolutely no adequate substitute in criticism. With it the critic may lack almost everything else. Lowell's ideas were in general the conceits, notions, fancies, of the true poet, of the observant rather than the reflective order—so far as luxuriance may be predicated of them. Of philosophic ideas, general ideas, there is in his many volumes a dearth that only ceases to be surprising when one recalls Mr. James's remark that he "had no speculative side" or his own reference, indeed, to "speculation's windy waste." Macaulay, in comparison, is alive with them.

They certainly can be overworked. M. Faguet has a charming passage about them in this sense. "It is impossible," he says, "to be quite ignorant of anything without systematizing it a great deal or to know anything without systematizing it a little; so that one cannot escape general ideas even by virtue and effort, and learning itself only serves to enable us to avoid them in excess." A certain order of truisms aside, Lowell's general intellectual superiority, his admirable culture, saved him from the mediocrity thus satirized, of dealing with general ideas by main strength and *à tout propos*. Also

his unspeculative temperament. And as I say, they are infrequent in his pages. An occasional distinction, that between the poetic temperament and the poetic faculty, in his "Percival," for instance, is vouchsafed us; but, on the other hand, when he deals with ideas of a general nature he is apt to recall Mr. Howells's remark about an eminent publicist accustomed "to do his boldest thinking along the safest lines." His normal attitude is very well indicated in his signaling as "an important and even profound truth" Webster's assertion that a coward cannot be an honest man, and calling it an example of the "metaphysical apothegms" of which he says only Chapman was fonder than Webster. Ideas are certainly, if succinctly expressed, "metaphysical apothegms," but to think of them as such is to take rather an unfriendly view of them.

Consequently, in his criticism one feels the lack of the element that gives it at its best what it has been said even a biography should have, namely, "a life of its own apart from the subject." Of his own general conception of life and art, we get very little. He had apparently no particular philosophic view to advocate or express and his essays have no general philosophic derivation. His critical work as a whole lacks the unity of a body of doctrine or even a personal point of view. It does not discuss principles. Its chief value is exegetical. This is why he is at his best in his "Dante," his "Chaucer," his "Dryden," his "Shakespeare," and the Elizabethans generally. For as exegesis is the strongest part of his criticism, linguistics are the strongest part of his exegesis and he is even better in discussing the language than in explaining the substance of the poets. For language he had the instinct to be expected of such a master of expression, and of archaic, recondite, or foreign language he was an admirable interpreter—being both a poet and a precisian. In this field it would be difficult to overpraise him.

IV

HIS style lacks continuity—which is to say that it lacks style. That is the first, and I think the final impression left by any prolonged consecutive reading of his prose. One feels the lack of continuity of presentation consequent upon the lack of sustained thought, which also it considerably accent-

uates. The appearance of vagrom annotation which the essays often have is enhanced by the absence of distribution and organization in the design, or rather, by the absence of design itself. I think it is also enhanced by the brilliancy of the detail. Lowell had an extraordinary, a wonderful gift of expression—a faculty perhaps as often fatal as favorable to the achievement of style. He could, as the phrase is, say anything he liked. He could follow the turns and shadings of his lively fancy into all sorts of recesses of refinement, and with the greatest ease. This sense of ease is the greatest charm of his style. The reader savors it—when he can abstract it from its associated phenomena—with the satisfaction always aroused by the untrammelled functioning of any truly native and effective faculty. And often it evokes the additional enjoyment of a fine faculty at play, revelling in its own effortless activities. Often, too, it must be said, it falls into the clutches of excess, of which it is, of course, the natural prey, unwary as the bird blind to the fascination of the serpent. Often the sense of effortless ease shades into that of a kind of decorous riot, which would be distressing if it were not tintured by a genial self-satisfaction that renders it insipid instead. But at its best, Lowell's gift of expression vivifies his prose immensely. It makes an occasional stretch, now and then substantially long reaches, of his essays—especially those in familiar vein, like the "Moosehead Journal" and the "Condescension in Foreigners"—a succession of what are known as "good things." He was himself extremely partial to both the phrase and the fact of "good things." Reflection with him probably frequently took the form of preparing them, and one can predicate in fancy the *pétillant* way in which preliminarily his mind ticked them off—whether in a *coupé* going to a public dinner or in his library at Elmwood, a wide-margined "Cervantes" on his lap and nicotian spirals from his contemplative pipe doubtless half veiling "a statue by Powers and a portrait by Page" that must have been among its Lares.

And his good things are curiously *sui generis*. They are not rarely the good things of the poet, who is touched as well as enlightened by the truths he discovers or rather feels with personal stress and states, accordingly, in figurative fashion; for example, "Style, the handmaid of talent, the

helpmeet of genius." They are curiously devoid of epigrammatic quality, as that quality is displayed in the most eminent examples of epigram; a fact which proceeds, I suppose, from his constitutional neglect of the field of "general ideas." Often extremely witty, their wit is not pure wit, any more than it is pure humor, but a kind of combination of the two—wit, let us say, with the inspiration of humor. It is, like his mind, sensible and sound and unspeculative. It neither flashes nor glows, but sparkles. It does not illumine a subject with a chance light, a sudden turn, a wilful refraction, a half truth, but plays about it sportively—leaving it, besides, pretty much as it found it. No one would call his wit searching. Lowell possessed too little deference as well as too little malice to be distinctly penetrating. It has a very persistent judicious side, infallibly provocative in the end of grief in the judicious. For nothing will save a succession of good things considered as the web of a sustained literary production but the spice of paradox. Paradox is the only variant of the inevitable monotony. It is the life of Stendhal's essays, one may almost say, to cite an example of formlessness paralleling Lowell's. But it never occurs in Lowell. He can, on occasion, be trivial, even flippant, wilful, even wrong-headed, but never paradoxical. One gets tired finally of the undisputed thing said in such a witty way. Nay, one must also admit fatigue with what he himself would call the perfect concinnity of all this brilliant and desultory detail and itches to cast his oyster-shell against this impeccable Aristides of expression.

But from the point of view of style its defect is that it *is* detail, and so accentuated as to nullify the *ensemble*, on which style inexorably depends. For, however one define it, style implies a sustained flight. Lowell achieves it in his poetry sometimes splendidly, superbly. Which renders it at first thought unaccountable that his prose should be so desert of it. Other poets have never so conspicuously fallen down in this respect on alighting from their Pegasus. But no doubt the reason is that whereas he was not habituated to sustained thought, and shrank recalcitrant from its concatenation, he delighted in sustained emotion—the simpler the better, too. Of his prose as well as of his poetry the figure is an unfailing character-

istic. His poetic faculty follows him even into argumentation and gilds his rhetoric with fancy; the more readily and easily for the strong blend of rhetoric in his poetic faculty itself. His figures are of course variably, however inveterately, felicitous, but they are always favorites with him, one feels, over the substance it is their formal function to illuminate or adorn. The logical path through one of his essays, or such semblance of one as he follows, is fringed with figures that count really as digressions, so much do they absorb his zest and so thoroughly does he explore and exploit them. The reader more easily surfeited with straying might find these leaps and excursions too frequent, but for the fact that they are not rarely quite as entertaining as the high-road of his thought; from which, besides, they diverge without abruptness and to which they always return, for though they vary in felicity, his figures are simply never inapt. A page opened at random, for example, says of the Elizabethans: "But though fortunate in being able to gather their language with the dew still on it, as herbs must be gathered for use in certain incantations, we are not to suppose that our elders used it indiscriminately, or tumbled out their words as they would dice, trusting that luck or chance would send them a happy turn." Indeed we are not to, and probably we should not. So that the warning to us not to think of the age of verbal *concetti* as linguistically happy-go-lucky is less impressive than the beautiful figure about the language with the dew still on it. The passage could be paralleled every few pages throughout the six volumes of essays. It is characteristic, too, not only in the superiority of figure to idea, but in the pursuit of the figure and its transformation, like the pursuit of the genie by the princess in the Second Calendar's tale.

But his prose is never prose poetry. It is masculine, direct, flexible, and energetic prose. Whatever irresponsibilities of taste he might have, however addicted to a kind of racy and idiomatic order of conceits and overfond of figure he might be, however lacking his writing in the larger rhythm of style and the organic order of composition, his essays are admirably written from the point of view of adequate, accurate, and scholarly prose expression. His poetic faculty is an aid, not an embarrassment, to

him and when he had poetry to write he wrote it in verse. His trained sense and sound instinct secured him against the mediocrity and the meretriciousness of inflated periods and ungoverned emotionality. He aimed at no "effects." He was quite without vulgarity of any kind, though his lack of deference, for which on occasion he substitutes idolatry, robs his writing now and then of that positive perfume of sensitive intellectual refinement in which self-respect and consideration seem magically fused; as in Emerson, for example. Without a tinge of austerity, despite his *concelli*, and despite, too, his wealth of literary allusion, his writing is admirably simple; so far at least as clearness is concerned it is simplicity itself. His vocabulary is extraordinary, and often extremely personal, but I think he never exploits it. He had no pedantries. He even belittled rather than paraded his Old French. He was fond of unusual words, no doubt, but for their expressive value, and never used them inaptly or as decoration, though never restrained from taking advantage of their concise and epitomizing quality by awe of philistine resentment at the unfamiliar. When he said such a thing would have "arrided" Lamb, he was using Lamb's own word, and when he speaks of "the hermetic gift of buckling wings to the feet of their verse" he is but pardonably mercurial. At all events, if he was now and then linguistically precious he was far oftener linguistically instructive, and always quite without display. His allusions are often recondite, like Carlyle's, though not, like Carlyle's, *bizarre*; he lacked the edge as well as the irritability of extravagance in its intenser forms, the relief as well as the rudeness of the eccentric—save in the matter of taste, his offences against which fringe the commonplace and are not so eccentric as it is eccentric to commit them. His peculiarity of never explaining his allusions is not affectation. He had none. He is too bland, too broad, too complacent. It is merely bookish. It does not in the least modify the general effect of his essays as lectures to students or a lyceum public of rather elementary quality, though perhaps of a rather special sort. On the contrary, it adds to their air of the academic close, peopled not by representatives of the reading world at large, nor even by the generally cultivated, but by the matriculate and

the novice. Nor does their style, spite of the admirable qualities enumerated, quite take them out of this category. They will doubtless continue to be indispensable in the college courses referred to by Mr. Greenslet, and certainly everyone should read them for the instruction they contain, for their literary saturation. But the larger public—so free, so fickle, so entirely irresponsible, but also so responsive to what is really addressed to it—will increasingly, I think, turn to his poetry as Lowell's more interesting and more admirable achievement and his more genuinely native form of self-expression.

V

THE same qualities to be found in his prose exist, of course, in his poetry, but they make a very different thing of it. It is not to be regretted that, unlike Tennyson, for example, he did not confine himself to poetry. Not only did he write a great deal of admirable and distinguished prose, not only may we say, indeed, that there is very little of his prose that is not worth while, but he wrote a good deal too much verse; and verse that misses the mark has less to fall back upon than errant or superfluous prose. If he had consecrated himself completely to the service of the Muse, we should have lost more than we should have gained, and have gained nothing properly to be called indispensable, since the proportion of his poetry that can be so called is small. But a great deal of it is very fine, very noble, and at times very beautiful, and it discloses the distinctly poetic faculty of which rhythmic and figurative is native expression. It is impressionable rather than imaginative in the larger sense; it is felicitous in detail rather than in design; and of a general rather than individual, a representative rather than original, inspiration. There is a field of poetry, assuredly not the highest, but ample and admirable—in which these qualities, more or less unsatisfactory in prose, are legitimately and fruitfully exercised. All poetry is in the realm of feeling, and thus less exclusively dependent on the thought that is the sole reliance of prose. Being genuine poetry, Lowell's profits by this advantage. Feeling is fitly, genuinely, its inspiration. Its range and limitations correspond to the character of his suscepti-

bility as those of his prose do to that of his thought. The fusion of the two in the crucible of the imagination is infrequent with him, because with him it is the fancy rather than the imagination that is luxuriant and highly developed. For the architectonics of poetry he had not the requisite reach and grasp, the comprehensive and constructing vision. Nothing of his has any large design or effective interdependent proportions. In a technical way an exception should be noted in his skilful building of the ode—a form in which he was extremely successful and for which he evidently had a native aptitude. His sonnets are less happy—some of them, in fact, perfectly insipid or mechanical. But the ode is a comparatively loose construction—witness the unrivalled success in it of the author of “the slipshod ‘Endymion,’” as Keats agrees with his reviewer in calling it, and the fragmentary “Hyperion.” Of such a poem as the “In Memoriam” or “Evangeline,” or even “Snow Bound,” Lowell is incapable. The “Legend of Brittany” is full of charming and touching poetry, but it has far less structure, less definition and coherence, less movement and evolution, than the “Isabella and the Pot of Basil,” in which Keats has been charged with drowning all the crispness of Boccaccio. Keats, however, loses his structure in a surfeit of imaginative surplusage. In Lowell it is the imagination itself that is lacking, though in nearly every stanza fancy makes a brave struggle to cover its defection with her felicities.

The “Legend” is an extremely characteristic poem. Like the “Vision of Sir Launfal,” with its charming nature detail, it not only fails in design, failing to bring out effectively the design supplied by the legend itself, but it fails in characterization; the figures are not alive; in spite of considerable elaboration they are not even distinct. A sort of *couche* of moralizing—oddly un-Breton—overlays the poem, while, singularly, there is not enough intensity in the treatment to make the tragedy stern. Intensity, in fact, is wholly foreign to Lowell’s temperament, and his poetry suffers accordingly in this respect more than in almost any other. His lack of passion—almost droll in so convinced a partisan—is so pronounced as to amount well-nigh to dispassionateness. Naturally the entire gamut of emotions ex-

cluded by a rectitude of feeling paralleling his regularity of thought is without his range and he could not be expected to “break his heart in verse every six months.” But even where his feeling is lofty it is rarely exalted, and where it is profound it is not intense. The “lyric cry” is not to be heard in his poetic dominions, where the curfew of calm replaces it with its placid toll. Sentiment, in a word, replaces passion—in quite eighteenth-century fashion one would be tempted to say but for its conspicuous genuineness and often truly Wordsworthian melody. Cowper’s and Cowley’s at least one may call its congeners, rather than the intenser strain of nineteenth-century verse at its flood. “Auf Wiedersehn,” for example, is a charming poem, but compare it with the stanzas “In Switzerland” concluding with

The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

Its best, its most characteristic line is the admirable one,

The turf that silences the lane,”

in which nature asserts her primacy in the poet’s reflections and inspires him with a felicity his mistress cannot evoke. “The First Snowfall,” too, is exquisite, but it does not strive nor cry. It expresses bereavement touchingly. But it is on the natural picture with

The stiff rails softened to swan’s-down

that the poetic stress falls.

For nature, however, Lowell *did* have a feeling justly to be called passion. His passion, as I have said, may be summed up in nature, books, and patriotism, and it is precisely the first and the last of these that provide motives for song which in their intensest expression retain still something of the abstract and impersonal, and in their loftier and broader statement express the universal rather than the particular. No one is a stranger to the meaning, however he may be to the experiences, of patriotism. And poetry at the present day can say little to him to whom nature says nothing. These two sources of poetic inspiration are therefore especially germane to the genius of a poet like Lowell, who had no general point of view of his own, no personal “message” to deliver, but whose gift of expression was fully exercised, in all its rich luxuriance, in expressing the thoughts and feelings of his

fellow-men. To sing one's country and its landscape, one does not need a "speculative side." And impressionability as sensitive as Lowell's does duty very efficiently for the imagination. He was extremely sensitive to all out-of-door aspects and influences. If he did not read Wordsworth's pantheism into nature's myriad phenomena, he observed them with a loving sentiment that eliminates all traces of vagueness and gives a crisp and definite report of them that guarantees its own genuineness and forms an authentic basis for the delight with which they filled him and which flowers in indubitably poetic characterization. His ingrained predilection for the figurative in language, so excessive in his prose, stands him in good stead here. In verse his figures add to their invariable aptness a truly poetic charm. He carries his beloved Shakespeare out of doors with him and speaks thus of the treachery of spring, in lines which have more *style* than all his prose contains, and which, like the lion on the flag of the Persian poet, "move and march" in the sustained *souffle* that style is:

And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislusted front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Such poetry about it as this:

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.

Nature is usually animate with him. The birds sing in the branches. Sunshine vivifies the fields and thrills the woods it filters through. The breeze blows. Life and motion are everywhere. Shelley and Wordsworth have not more worthily immortalized the skylark than Lowell has the bobolink, its New England congener. Who that has ever seen this embodiment of sportiveness at play in the zephyrs can forget the lines:

Half-hid on tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air?

Joy is the sentiment that chiefly nature inspires in him. It is the birch-tree, not the weeping-willow that he celebrates, and that might almost be taken as the symbol of his nature poetry, with its crispness, its deli-

cacy, its New England color and substance, its alert grace, its antitropical allure, its independence and breezy self-sufficiency. With the awful, the majestic, the solemn and sublime aspects of Nature, her immensities of space and stillness and the drama of her storms and wilder moods, he is less in touch. Her more familiar and more benign aspects appeal to him as the New England poet which he was and—being without a trace of affectation—was necessarily. The huckleberry-bush has not quite the same suggestiveness as the laurel, the vine, and the fig-tree, but it has indefeasibly its own poetic potentialities, and these and their kindred found in Lowell an exquisite as well as an eloquent, a sensitive as well as a veridical expositor. Lowell's constitutes, on the whole, the most admirable American contribution to the nature poetry of English literature—far beyond that of Bryant, Whittier, or Longfellow, I think, and only occasionally excelled here and there by the magic touch of Emerson, who *had* a "speculative side."

And his patriotic poetry is altogether unexcelled—even unrivalled. It is the loftiest expression of the American muse singing America, and in virtue of it she stands shoulder to shoulder with her English sister in her most inspired moments. Shakespeare's

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England—

is no better than some of the lines—some entire strophes even—of the "Commemoration Ode," either as patriotism or as poetry. The ode is too long, its evolution is defective, it contains verbiage, it preaches. But passages of it—the most famous having characteristically been interpolated after its delivery—are equal to anything of the kind. The temptation to quote from it is hard to withstand. It is the cap-sheaf of Lowell's achievement. The Agassiz Ode perhaps deserves a proximate place—friendship was a harmonious inspiration for Lowell; and the "Biglow Papers" are doubtless more nearly unique—are unique, in fact, as well as highly characteristic; as characteristic as the extraordinary *tour de force*, the sustained *jeu d'esprit* of his youth, "A Fable for Critics," the *bouffe* rhymes in which are as good—nearly—as Byron's, and which in a certain opulence of spirit he never surpassed.

But the "Biglow Papers" equal the "Commemoration Ode" neither as poetry nor as patriotism. They contain some very beautiful poetry, as well as a sufficient amount of some very light doggerel. They are a treasury of both wit and humor, though now and then the humor is overdone. The idea was a *trouvaille*, but it is overworked. The second series justifies itself amply, but it has less spontaneity than the first; and it is not only labored now and then, but it is frankly and loosely partisan, the scales not being held with anything like the steadiness that they are in "The Bridge and the Monument," for example.

With all his Americanism Lowell was scarcely less essentially, than he was—as he was fond of insisting—ancestrally, English. New England was not so named for nothing. And if it has been our best section—as in the literary sense it certainly has been—it has certainly also been, even in the literary sense, the most sectional. The "Biglow Papers" contain some very incisive criticisms of England, but they are not bitter nor unjust, and when their author became minister to England Englishmen found it easy to admire their sometime censor, assured that fundamentally he returned their admiration. The quarrel was a family one. On the other hand, his own fellow-countrymen south of Mason and Dixon's line were even more bitterly than incisively satirized in the "Biglow Papers." They were in the political articles which fill a volume of his complete works and which, save the paper on Lincoln, are only of historic interest, having only a temporary value. They contain enough "good things" perhaps to explain his wish to perpetuate them—though even these are apt to run speedily to seed; witness the extraordinary play upon the name of John Bell, the Tennessee statesman, kept up for a page and a half. Otherwise they are quite negligible as the thoroughly partisan polemic of the journalist, or at most the pamphleteer, rather than the publicist, and saturated with the sectional spirit. And it was, in part at least, precisely the absence of this spirit in Lincoln, for example, that led Lowell to characterize him as "the first American." Low-

ell's patriotism has undoubtedly this restriction. His democracy is similarly restricted. He said some admirable things about democracy in his famous address to a public instinctively devoted to the principle of caste; he could hardly fail to call their attention to points they notoriously overlooked. But he was himself a Brahmin throughout, whereas the American democratic ideal is Brahminism in manners and tastes, not in sympathies and ideas. From the democratic point of view, either philosophic or enthusiastic, his convictions about its being "the duty of the intelligent to govern the less intelligent," and about popular government being "no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so," etc., must seem rather flat, I think. It is like the defenders of the spoils system objecting to civil service examinations and insisting on the old idea of "appointing only good men to office." He had very much the political philosophy of Halifax or Macaulay plus a belief in the New England town meeting, which admirable institution unhappily has its limitations of application. But when his patriotism abandoned polemic and soared into the loftier regions of emotion, with only the broader and simpler of our truths and triumphs for a basis, he was superb. Who associates the stately measures and noble figures of "The Present Crisis" with the Mexican War? And in the "Commemoration Ode" he reaches, if he does not throughout maintain, his own "clear-ethered height" and his verse has the elevation of ecstasy and the splendor of the sublime.

O Beautiful! My Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.

We can ask the world to match that. If Lowell had no personal "message" to deliver, in this magnificent poem he phrases ours to the world, and in the most explicit and authentic terms of beautiful and moving poetry. He will doubtless cease to be one of our superstitions, but he will always remain one of our chief glories.

VENICE

By Amelia Burr

HEAVY her eyes with memories
And dim with dreams of other days,
When eager life shone red and gold
Along her tangled waterways.
Now she is old and worn and cold;
Upon her brow the shadow falls,
That slow and gray, like sure decay,
Steals up her leaning palace walls.

She is as one whose reign is done,
Whose heavy crown is laid aside,
Though still about her shoulders cling
The purple shreds of ancient pride;
And as of old when for her ring
The ocean reached its eager hands,
Still thronging meet about her feet
The wanderers of other lands.

But not as then, when kings of men
Desired her for her beauty's sake.
She is a faded tourney-queen
For whom no more the lances break;
But round whose knees the children lean,
Breathless, forgetful of their play,
With rapt young eyes where mirrored lies
The splendor lost in long decay.

Her sway is sure while hearts endure,
For Love alone her throne sustains;
Drift of the ocean are her ships,
Her aged loveliness remains;
The mother-smile is on the lips
That once the pride of empire curled;
She draws to rest upon her breast
The weary children of the world.

CHINAPODS

By A. M. Davies Ogden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



THE Professor, standing in the middle of the half-dry *arroya*, his keen eyes studying the handful of dirt that he had just gathered, gasped with excitement. Overhead, from the vivid blue where a few clouds yet lingered, a hot February sun beat down upon his head unheeded; his horse, abandoned in a moment of enthusiasm, cropped liesurely at the low bushes, unwatched. In all the beauty of the early morning the wide luxuriant valley lay quickening to the growing warmth, her rustling cane-fields stretching away on every side to the protecting shelter of the encircling hills, broken here and there by a cluster of mud and bamboo huts which bespoke the native village, while off a mile or two to the right, near the dusty ribbon of road that cut the valley in a sweeping curve, a long white building, red-roofed, stood sharply defined against a feathery-green background of bananas and palms, the tall chimney of a sugar refinery rising just beyond.

But the Professor saw none of these things. With eyes glued to his find, an irrepressible exclamation broke from him.

"It is," he cried tensely. "It is. This land should be worth millions to me."

So absorbed was he that the Professor failed to notice two horsemen who had pulled up just behind him. Clad in khaki riding-breeches, loose white shirts open at the neck to display powerful tanned throats, and with sleeves rolled above the elbow, they sat, mounted on sturdy little Argentine ponies, watching his mud-bespattered manoeuvres in silent astonishment. They had wondered at his hasty descent. Now, drawing nearer with footfalls deadened by powdery dust, the Professor's exclamation cut crisply on their ears.

The younger, a tall, clean-built, English-looking chap with dark velvety Spanish eyes, leaned forward in his saddle.

"What's that you say?" he demanded.

But the Professor, intent upon his treasure-trove, was still impervious. The other horseman, shorter, stouter, more heavily featured, unmistakably Teuton in his phlegmatic calm, nodded.

"Und from vich side of the brook you get dot bunch of mud?" he inquired with stolid impressiveness.

The Professor, aroused at last, started, almost dropping his precious specimen. He wheeled abruptly.

"And who may you be?" he demanded with a quick asperity. The Englishman laughed.

"Well, I happen to be Arturo Stanhope, born and brought up in this valley, owner of this—as you seem to consider—remarkably valuable land, though I must confess it does not look it. And this is my friend, Don Otto Katzenheimer, part owner of the valley, whose property starts from the other side of the brook in which you are standing," he explained easily. The Professor, somewhat mollified by the pleasant frankness of the young fellow's manner, straightened himself and smiled. They saw that he was long and mild-looking, thin and wiry in frame, and with a humorous glint in the gray eyes which looked absent-mindedly out through heavy gold-bowed spectacles.

"I guess I was startled for a moment," he acknowledged. "Stanhope! Ah, then it is you to whom I bring a letter. Allow me to introduce myself," he added in the slight drawl which already betrayed his nationality. "Professor Hiram P. Doolittle, of Salem, Mass., U. S. A. United States of North America, perhaps I should say, as down here they make the distinction; though the first time I heard myself dubbed North American I was not sure whether it was an Indian or a buffalo they took me for, those being the only things I had previously so heard described," the twinkle in his eye deepening. "I am on my way to your *estancia* now," he went on. "You will pardon my not shaking hands," hastily depositing the

mud in his pocket as he spoke. The German, who had listened with imperturbable mien, again opened his mouth.

"Und der land?" he repeated mildly. The Professor jumped, it was so unexpected. "Und from vich side of der brook it come?" persisted Katzenheimer, unmoved. The Professor, now unmistakably annoyed, moved toward his horse.

Katzenheimer, who had been thinking hard, gathered up his reins.

"I tink I comes mit you," he announced gravely. "Once in a while it is goot to visit; one gots lonesome alone sometimes. So I comes mit you."

It was almost noon under a broiling sun a day or two later when Stanhope, hot, dusty, and tired, loped up to the little blue railroad-station and flinging his reins to a *peon*, walked around to the front of the low building. Then he started. There, also hot, also dusty, his white shirt damp and sticky, stood Otto Katzenheimer. For a moment both men stared blankly, then two pairs of eyes, brown and blue, travelled to where, propped up against the wall, rested a couple of sugar-bags, one bearing the well-known brand of the "Conception Central," the other, the equally familiar mark of the "Estancia Buen Hijo." Both sacks bore tags addressed to Señor Don Cyril Burlingame, Government Assay Office, Piedad, Buenos Ayres.

The pause was becoming uncomfortable when suddenly Stanhope broke into laughter.

"Well, if you are not pretty good for a Dutchman!" he ejaculated, perhaps the least trifle too noisily. "Thought you'd find out what was in the land, eh?"

"Vell, maybe dot ain't dirt in your own bag," retorted Otto. Stanhope nodded.

"Dirt it is," he assented cheerfully. Then suddenly he checked his mirth. "So you thought that there might be something in the land, too?" he asked eagerly; "gold or copper or something. That yarn about being sent out by a syndicate in search of earth where some plant would grow sounded pretty thin. *Chenopodiaceæ*, indeed! Funny sounding things. And you didn't believe it either? Yet he certainly seems to want the land," doubtfully. "Why—do you suppose?"

The German's little eyes narrowed to a blue line.

"I thought it might be goot to see," he admitted cautiously. "I don't know much vot chinapods iss."

Stanhope laughed. But he looked at his friend with a new and rather curious expression. The only white men in the valley, they had naturally been thrown much together, and a certain intimacy, fostered partly by propinquity, partly by some congeniality of tastes, had sprung up between them. Both known as shrewd traders, each was quite aware of the other's reputation, but hitherto their interests had never happened to clash. For a second Stanhope's mouth tightened. Then with easy good-humor he laid a hand on the German's shoulder.

"Well, we've always been pals," he declared heartily; "and I think we had better stick together in this. It will be simple enough to put off the Professor for a few days—he seems contented pottering about here. And when our assays come back we can consult."

"Vell," agreed Katzenheimer.

But the analyses, when at last they arrived, proved a great disappointment. There was nothing remarkable about the land, nor was there a trace of precious metal.

"I expect dot Professor must be speaking the truth," declared Otto discouragedly, running a hand through his thick bushy hair. "Vot we do, hein—sell him?"

"We won't sell much," retorted Stanhope darkly.

But the Professor—when it was proposed to him that he buy from each one hundred acres at five dollars gold an acre, shook his head in regretful dismay. That was more than he could afford, he admitted; besides two hundred acres would hardly repay the trouble of cultivation. Five hundred at least would be necessary to start with. Katzenheimer's little eyes, fixed unwinkingly upon the Professor, never changed their blue serenity. And any disconcertment Stanhope might have experienced was quickly repressed. But the Professor gazed at both with a distressed wistfulness, like a troubled baby's. Was that their only offer? His face cleared suddenly.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "Suppose—suppose for each hundred acres you sell me I pay a bit more. That will make it worth your while to let me have what I want, for I will take up to a thousand. We could start

with two dollars gold for the first hundred per acre, and raise as we go on."

He seemed so honestly delighted with this solution, his long fingers, explanatory, enticing, setting forth so alluringly the advantages thereof, that Stanhope paused. Perhaps it was hardly a business proposition, but, after all, could they do better? The land was worth possibly from one and a half to two dollars gold; it was difficult to tell with so little demand. Katzenheimer, puffing imperturbably on his long pipe, answered a questioning glance by an almost imperceptible nod.

"We-ell," assented Stanhope reluctantly. And it was on this basis that the matter, after a little further discussion, was finally settled. Stanhope and Katzenheimer agreed to sell each three hundred acres, fixing the lowest price at three dollars gold per acre. The Professor agreed to pay one dollar per acre more for each hundred acres received, making his last hundred thus cost five dollars gold per acre.

The contracts were drawn and signed, the land, taken from where the properties joined, and naturally including the *arroya*, being duly specified; and the Professor, paying down two hundred dollars in gold, arranged to hand over the balance in three months' time, going in the meantime to Buenos Ayres to send in his report and get the money from out England.

"For it will take at least that long to receive an answer," he calculated. And the next morning he departed.

The days slipped on into May. The nights grew colder. The celery and strawberries were ripening now, the cutting of the crop was begun. All day long the little trains ran, bringing from the fields where the small lithe Indians worked—the men cutting, the women stripping the long green canes—heavily laden cars to be dumped into the great white factory. Day and night smoke poured from the chimneys, and at any hour might be heard the blast of the cowhorn which announced to the village returning carts from their long sixty-mile haul to the railroad.

In the midst of it all came a new arrival. Stanhope, riding home one night after a hard afternoon, found in the court-yard, struggling with a most obstinate mule, a tall, slim young fellow, with a square chin, thin straight mouth, and pleasant brown eyes.

He was a surveyor, the young fellow explained, and had been working his way down through the country. Stanhope's interest flared instantly. Was it possible that the government was about to fulfil its long-delayed promise and send them a connecting branch? The distance from the railroad had always been a severe drawback; he had admitted to the Professor that it halved their profits. Could it really be coming at last?

He was a very different guest from the Professor, this young man. To Stanhope, shut in by his mountains from the world, he came as a revelation. His skill in mixing unknown drinks, his fund of stories, his dry comments on people and things, revealing a wide and pungent experience, his quick and vivid personality, all combined to charm the untravelled Argentine. Katzenheimer was not like this. With inspiring zest Stanhope watched and listened. And such an attitude was not without its effect. The surveyor, one of the energetic, shrewd young men from the States who are beginning to find careers in South America, risking much and enjoying the risk, for comparatively small returns, and who, despite the easy *camaraderie* that distinguishes them, are singularly close-mouthed anent their own concerns, was led into unusual confidence.

"For I don't mind telling that you have a pretty good thing of it here," he allowed on the eve of his departure. "Haven't you heard of the projected developments in these provinces? No? There's more than the railroad coming," with a sapient twitch of his left eyelid. "Up there by the *arroya*——"

But Stanhope, all his old suspicions rushing back upon him with a new and poignant force, felt as if a cold finger had been slid suddenly along his back. Up by the *arroya*? Why, that was the piece he had just sold to the Professor. That story about *Chenopodiaceæ*—it had never seemed thoroughly convincing. Could it be possible that the Professor had heard of these improvements?

"I suppose you did not meet many people on your trip," he hazarded with a painfully quickening pulse. The surveyor shook his head.

"Mostly natives," was his careless response. "One or two Englishmen of the kind that can't keep still; an old Professor on an exploring expedition, evidently a Yankee. I'm a New Yorker myself," he added,

with a complacent pride lost upon Stanhope, to whom all *gringo* cities were alike.

Stanhope's worst fears were confirmed. The Professor had heard. All his own contriving to keep the surveyor and Katzenheimer apart was rendered useless; since the Professor knew, what mattered it now what Katzenheimer learned? It was all up with any chance of getting back the land. And the young Englishman softly cursed his luck. To have had such an opportunity only to lose it thus!

So certain was Stanhope of the truth of his conjecture that when a few days later the Professor himself returned, weary and dejected looking, his appearance came as a distinct shock of surprise. The older man seemed decidedly ill at ease. His short-sighted eyes wandered in troubled fashion across the moonlit veranda toward the garden where orange-blossoms and jessamine exhaled their perfumed essences in a very rapture of sweetness. Then he set his coffee-cup upon the wicker table at his side and turned to his host.

"The three months are nearly up," he said. "I know it. But—there has been a hitch——" And for a moment an eager light flashed into his face. Only for a moment, however, as Stanhope, thoroughly taken aback, made no sign. Two dull-red spots patched themselves upon the high cheek-bones.

"I expect that I am asking a great deal," went on the Professor. "But—but I cannot bear to let the land go. So—will you take my note?" he finished desperately.

Stanhope was confounded.

"Take your note——" he stammered. "Why—but——"

"I know it," owned the Professor unhappily. "I'm aware that it looks odd. It's—it's the Exploration Company, you see. They do not understand, they have not seen the land—why over there on your side of the *arroya*—although of course both sides are good——" hastily. "And then also they say this is too far away," he continued, reverting quickly to his theme. "I told you the *Chenopodiaceæ* can already be found in the Ankart Valley in Madagascar and the Sarhead Plateau in southwestern Persia; they seem to consider this place almost equally inaccessible. Now if only that railroad of which you spoke were coming——" peering through his heavy glasses.

A sudden exaltation thrilled through Stanhope. The Professor did not know, then. Absorbed in his own concerns, he had paid no heed to outside gossip. The game was still in Stanhope's hands. For a bare second he hesitated; the Professor was a good soul—should he tell him?

"Let me understand," he said slowly. "You want me to take a note. At six months, I presume."

"The crop ought to be paying by then," interposed the Professor, brightening. "If I fetch my seeds and begin planting at once,—of course," he added reluctantly, "I could pay cash. But it would take all my ready money and——"

Stanhope, tapping the red-tiled floor with the *rebenque* seldom long out of his hand, leaned forward.

"Now look here," he uttered determinedly, "I didn't want to sell you that land; I find I need all I have and more, too, to supply my factory. Even what Katzenheimer sends down doesn't work us up to our capacity. Besides," hunting a pretext that sounded plausible, "my grandfather, old Señor Herrera, used to boast that an Argentine gentleman bought, but never sold land. Now I tell you what I'll do. I'll take the whole thing off your hands, of course allowing you a profit on the deal, and as for the syndicate, if they don't back you up, naturally any obligation toward them ceases," hastily forestalling the objection on the Professor's lips. "You see that."

"But—but my investigations," burst from the horrified Professor. "Sell! I don't want to sell. I told Katzenheimer so this afternoon."

"Katzenheimer!" cried Stanhope sharply. Doolittle had seen Katzenheimer!

"I met him this afternoon," explained the Professor. "We rode some distance together." Stanhope, the dark red burning beneath his tan, tightened the grasp on his whip. He remembered having casually mentioned to Katzenheimer that the Professor was returning. This underhanded attempt to cheat a friend, then, was the result. Evidently Katzenheimer had heard rumors of the proposed road. It behooved him, then, to settle this at once.

"I will give you six dollars an acre for the whole thing," he said abruptly. "But I will not take a note. Nor would Katzenheimer," he added with convincing sincerity. "Notes don't go up here."



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It is," he cried tensely. "This land should be worth millions to me."—Page 237.

"But—but," murmured the Professor in deep perturbation. "Why—I don't want to sell—why your land——"

"Then I'll take Katzenheimer's," cut in Stanhope decisively. "Katzenheimer's three hundred acres at eight dollars gold an acre," hastily calculating the least he could offer.

"But," interposed the Professor feebly, "he seemed very anxious. Hadn't I better ask him——"

Stanhope sprang to his feet.

"I'll give you ten dollars gold an acre," he announced resolutely. "Katzenheimer won't do better than that, probably won't do as well." His eyes were very bright, his chin set hard. It was more than he had meant to pay, but after all a good deal less than the land was worth. Best of all, he would have beaten Katzenheimer—Katzenheimer with his crafty, sneaking ways. "You can assign me Katzenheimer's contract. I will give you a draft on the River Plate Bank less the \$1,100 purchase price; otherwise, if the company won't help, how else are you to get money for your experiments?" he wound up conclusively. "And I suppose you will want to go at once to B. A. and get your seeds," he subjoined. For there was no reason why the Professor should see Katzenheimer again.

The Professor, as he folded the draft away, and looking as if he still did not actually realize what had happened to him, paused for a moment at the foot of the steps leading to the upper floor.

"Would—would it perhaps not be better to say nothing of this to Mr. Katzenheimer for a while?" he suggested uncomfortably, blinking at Stanhope through his glasses. "You—you see, after my remarks this afternoon—he might think——"

And Stanhope, remembering a certain paper securely tucked into an inner pocket—a paper upon which, carefully drawn in, was a map of the proposed town of Santa Catalina, streets, business section, cathedral site and all—smiled. When once the road had come, when once the handsome new station was built just there where the valley stretched to its widest and levellest by the *arroya*, the town would not take long in following. And then—his eyes glistened at the thought—was it not on Katzenheimer's side lay the sites for the plaza, residence section, and municipal buildings? Stanhope drew a long breath. Of course

he would have liked the whole thing. And an undefined hope that at the last moment a shortage in funds, a railroad delay, the unexpected in some form, might intervene to bring about the lapsing of his own contract, caused him to refuse the Professor's suggestion of closing at once. If only he could get both pieces! Then he could sell the Professor another bit that would doubtless do just as well for the plants. And with the railroad coming he could afford to raise the price. But in any case this much was sure. His smile deepened.

"No," he said comfortably. "No. I don't think Katzenheimer need hear of this—yet."

He himself was up next morning when but little after dawn the Professor departed for the train. With well-satisfied eyes he watched the lean figure disappear around the bend. Yes, Katzenheimer this time was certainly beaten. And it was to be under Stanhope's own supervision that the wonderful seeds should receive their planting. There lay another fortune.

But the Professor—and the draft—once definitely gone Stanhope experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. To be sure he had the land. Yet at what cost! And what really did he know about this man? Up here in this almost untraversed region where hotels and inns were unheard of and everyone kept open house, where the rare stranger, bringing a refreshing breath from the outside world was welcomed with avidity and godspeeded with regret—in this land a letter of introduction merely meant that the last host had found his guest agreeable. It was but the custom of the country this passing a man along. All Stanhope's old doubts reasserted themselves more insistent than ever. How was he sure but what the Professor had heard of the railroad and was taking his profit? Why did Doolittle not return? The planting season was begun. And only a few days more remained of the three months. What were these *Chenopodiaceæ*, anyway? And why, oh, why, had he paid down good hard cash in such a devil of a hurry?

On the last day upon which the money could be paid Stanhope sprang early from his uneasy pillow. Surely the Professor would write or come to-day. That, after all, was the important thing. His erstwhile hope that the contract might lapse was now lost, merged in the greater overwhelming desire for the Professor to return and make



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Sell! I don't want to sell."—Page 240.



"You're a tief, a verfluchte tief!" he roared.—Page 245.

good. The Professor *must* prove himself no fraud. All Stanhope's Ego clamored this justification. Besides, the *Chenopodiaceæ*!

When late in the afternoon the mail rider clattered into the court-yard, Stanhope, who all day had been unable to tear himself from the vicinity of the house, hurried out to meet him. The *peon* waved an expressive hand. No, no visitor had arrived. But there were letters, *pero si*. Feverishly Stanhope tossed over the bag's contents. Bills, circulars, prospectuses. Ah, here, at last a package, addressed unmistakably in the Professor's small, cramped writing. A second sufficed to snatch off paper and string. Surely some word would be within. Puzzled wonder overspread Stanhope's face as he looked at the object revealed. One small book, nothing more. Seizing the covers, he shook it violently, but with no result.

Then a swift premonition, at first vague, but gathering in strength as he scuffled through the pages, at sight of a heavy marginal pencil stroke, turned to a horrible certainty.

The next moment he had dashed to the corner of the court-yard where the saddled horses stood patiently all day, cinched up the nearest, and flinging himself upon its back, was galloping wildly toward Buen Hijo.

Otto Katzenheimer, seated in his bare little den with its plain whitewashed walls, finishing a leisurely pipe preparatory to starting out, looked up in surprise as Stanhope whirled into the room. For several weeks now the two had hardly met; some indefinable barrier seemed to have sprung between. He stared at the open book which Stanhope flung upon the table.

"Compliments of the Professor," he read. "Vot is dot? A botany? Vell, I don't want to study botany. Vot iss mir chinapods," thrusting it impatiently away. "I'm glad you came—I haf someding——"

"But read it, read it," urged Stanhope frenziedly. "See what your Chinapods are!"

"C-h-e-n-o," spelled out the German after a startled glance at Stanhope, impelled to obedience by some tension in the other's

voice. "Cheno—vot's dot?—goosefoot! pig-weed!! beets!!! Vy, it's a swindle, a verdamnt swindle!" he ejaculated. "Vy, but I don't see—I don't understand," looking up in helpless bewilderment, "vy——"

"Why, it was a trick, a damned trick all the way through," cried Stanhope furiously. "A scheme to trick us out of our just profits. I don't believe he ever had a *centavo* of his own. He heard of the railroad and took the chance, and nicely we fell into it. And he thought to throw me off my guard by selling me your land—here's the money now——" throwing it down. "And he——"

"*Vot!*" cried the German. "Ach, vot a liar man! Vy, he sell me *yours!*"

"Sure," flung back Stanhope savagely. "He couldn't wait himself, he had to have the cash at once. But after all," with a short laugh, "after all, he didn't know the whole thing. Nor you either—trying to 'do' a friend. Look here," and as he spoke Stanhope wrenched forth his precious map; "look here."

Chair and pipe crashed unheeded to the floor as Katzenheimer sprang forward.

"You're a tief, a verfluchte tief!" he roared. "You stole my map vot I keeps always in dis drawer und—und, by Himmel, here is!" his voice changing suddenly to a frightened horror. With wide, dazed eyes both men stared, hypnotized, fascinated, by these two innocent-looking bits of paper. They lay there, smooth, white, identical, save in one important respect—the plaza and buildings which in Stanhope's map figured as being on Katzenheimer's side were in this other reversed. There they lay. But the surveyor—and the two hundred dollars which those bits of paper represented—was gone.

Stanhope, his hand pulling at his loose red tie, was the first to recover articulation.

"It was a plant, a game, the whole thing, then," he shrieked; "they did it together, that Professor and bogus surveyor. There's no railroad, there's no town," his voice, the English quite gone out of it, broke on the high note. "And you—you who pretended to be my friend—you who bought my land——"

The German, slowly gathering up the fragments of his pipe, turned.

"Und—und you say you bought mine," he inquired, "at ten dollars an acre, nicht?"

Stanhope, collapsing into the nearest chair, uttered a groan. It was true. Had they not, intent upon securing the last *centavo* of profit, tried to squeeze acquaintance and friend alike; the Professor, while he might have fooled them, indeed, could not have done it so thoroughly and completely. It was their own chicanery which had undone them. And mingled through his rage at being duped, inextricably blended therewith, burned the mortification, the chagrin of the trickster who sees himself exposed, beaten at his own game. That he, the clever financier, the clear-headed thinker, should have been caught by the first outsider who came along! It was enough to make a man turn honest.

"And isn't there anything we can do?" he wailed.

The German, who was engaged in mechanically fitting together the broken pieces, laid them on the table. His face was white, but his hands were steady. He sighed.

"Vell," he said philosophically, "I trades you back evens."



INVENTION IN LITERATURE

By Brander Matthews



PROBABLY not a few readers of Prof. Barrett Wendell's suggestive lectures on the "Temper of the Eighteenth Century in English Literature" were surprised to be told that a chief peculiarity of the greatest of dramatic poets "was a somewhat sluggish avoidance of needless invention. When anyone else had done a popular thing, Shakespeare was pretty sure to imitate him and to do it better. But he hardly ever did anything first." In other words, Shakespeare was seeking, above all else, to please the contemporary play-goers; and he was prompt to undertake any special type of piece they had shown a liking for; so we can see him borrowing, one after another, the outer form of the chronicle play from Marlowe, of the tragedy of blood from Kyd, of romantic comedy from Greene, and of dramatic romance from Beaumont and Fletcher. And in like manner Molière was content to return again and again to the type of play which he had taken over from the Italian comedy of masks.

This "sluggish avoidance of needless invention," which is characteristic of Shakespeare—and of Molière also, although in a less degree—is evidenced not only by their eager adoption of an accepted type of play, an outer form of approved popularity, it is obvious also in their plots, wherein we find situations, episodes, incidents drawn from all sorts of sources. In all the twoscore of Shakespeare's plays, comic and tragic and historic, there are very few, indeed, the stories of which are wholly of his own making. The invention of Molière is not quite so sluggish; and there are probably three or four of his plays the plots of which seem to be more or less his own; but even in building up these scant exceptions he never hesitated to levy on the material available in the two hundred volumes of uncatalogued French and Spanish and Italian plays, set down in the inventory of his goods drawn up at his death. Apparently Shakespeare and Molière accepted in advance Goethe's

theory that much time may be lost in mere invention, whereas, "with a given material all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. He preserves his own fulness . . . since he has only the trouble of execution."

It has long been a commonplace of criticism that great poets seldom invent their myths; and it may in time become a commonplace of criticism that they seldom invent their forms. But in default of the lesser invention, they have the larger imagination; and there is no pedantry in seeking to emphasize the distinction between these two qualities, often carelessly confused. Invention is external and imagination is internal. The poets, by the mere fact that they are poets, possess the power of imagination, which alone gives vitality and significance to the ready-made plots they are willing to run into ready-made moulds. Invention can do no more than devise; imagination can interpret. The details of "Romeo and Juliet" may be more or less contained in the tale of the Italian novelist; but the inner meaning of that ideal tragedy of youthful love is seized and set forth only by the English dramatist.

Imagination in its fullest meaning must be held to include invention; but invention is only one of the less important elements of imagination; and it is the element which seems to be more or less negligible when the other elements are amply developed. La Fontaine, one of the most individual of French poets, devised only a few—and not the best—of the delightful fables he related with unfailing felicity. Calderon, who was the most imaginative of the dramatists of Spain, was perhaps the least inventive of them all, contentedly availing himself of the situations, and even of the complete plots of his more fertile fellow-playwrights; and two of his most characteristic dramas, for example, two in which he has most adequately expressed himself, the "Alcalde of Zalamea" and the "Physician of His Own Honor," are borrowed almost bodily from

his fecund contemporary Lope de Vega. Racine seems to have found a special pleasure in treating anew the themes Euripides had already dealt with almost a score of centuries earlier. Tennyson, to take another example, displayed not a little of this "sluggish avoidance of needless invention," often preferring to apply his imagination to the transfiguring of what Malory or Miss Mitford, Froude or Freeman had made ready for his hand. This eschewing of overt originality fitted him all the more to be spokesman of his time, and to voice the ideals of his race and of his day. Tennyson, so Sir Leslie Stephen told us, "could express what occurred to everybody in language that could be approached by nobody." Browning, on the other hand, made his own plots, and on the whole, made them none too well, especially in his dramatic poems, in the structure of which he was entirely neglectful of the accepted forms of the theatre of his own time—accepted forms of which Shakespeare and Molière would have availed themselves instinctively. It was not Browning, but Whitman—and Whitman in 1855, when the bard of Manhattan had not yet shown the stuff that was in him—that Lowell had in mind in the letter where he says "when a man aims at originality he acknowledges himself consciously unoriginal. . . . The great fellows have always let the stream of their activity flow quietly."

What is true of the poets is true also of the painters; and Lowell, who did not lose his Yankee shrewdness in the galleries of Italy, saw this also and phrased it happily in another of his letters. "The great merit, it seems to me, of the old painters was that they did not try to be original." The old painters were following in the footsteps of painters still older, from whom they received the accepted formulas for representing the subjects most likely to be ordered by customers. These accepted formulas representing the Annunciation, for instance, the Disputing in the Temple, the Crucifixion even, were passed down from one generation of artists to another; and in each successive generation the greatest painter was generally he who had no strong desire to be different from his fellows, and who was quite willing to express himself in the patterns which were then accepted traditions of his craft. To a student of the work of the generation that

went before, there is often little or no invention in some of the mightiest masterpieces of painting, however much imagination there may be. The painters who wrought these masterpieces were only doing what their immediate predecessors had been doing, the same thing more or less in the same way—but with infinitely more insight, power, and inspiration. As Professor Butcher has put it tersely, "the creative art of genius does not consist in bringing something out of nothing, but in taking possession of material that exists, in appropriating it, interpreting it anew," and Lowell, if it is allowable to quote from him once more, asserted in one of his earlier essays that "originality consists in the power of digesting and assimilating thoughts so that they become part of our life and substance."

In the very ingenious and highly original tale called the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," the earliest of all detective stories, Poe displayed his remarkable gift of invention; but he revealed his share of penetrative imagination far more richly in the simpler story of the "Fall of the House of Usher." Wilkie Collins had more invention than Dickens, as Dickens had more than Thackeray. Indeed, Thackeray, indolent as he was by temperament, was not infrequently "sluggish in his avoidance of needless invention," and the splendid scene of Esmond's breaking his sword before his prince has been called a transfer from Dumas, just as the final words of Colonel Newcome, so direct in their manly pathos, are an echo from the deathbed of Leatherstocking. Thackeray kept his eye intent on the lurking inconsistencies of human nature, and did not give his best thought to the more mechanical element of the novelist's art. Cooper and Dumas were far more fertile in the invention of the situation than Thackeray; and even Scott, careless as he was in his easy habit of narration, gave much of his thought to the constructing of effective scenes.

Three centuries ago Sidney asserted that "it is not riming and versing that maketh a Poet, no more than a long gown maketh an Advocate"; and to-day we know that it is not skill in plot-making or ingenuity in devising unexpected situations which proves the story-teller's possession of imagination. It is scarcely needful now to repeat that "Called Back" and "She"—good enough

stories, both of them, each in its kind—did not demand a larger imaginative effort on the part of their several authors than was required to write the "Rise of Silas Lapham" or "Tom Sawyer." More invention there may be in the late Hugh Conway's tale and in Mr. Haggard's startling narrative of the phoenix-female; but it is invention that we discover in their strange stories rather than imagination. Indeed, he is an ill-equipped critic who does not recognize the fact that it calls for less imagination to put together a sequence of unexpected happenings such as we seek in the fictions of the neo-romanticists than is needed to vitalize and make significant the less exciting portrayals of character which we find in the finer narratives of the true realists.

It was Doctor Johnson who declared, rather ponderously, it is true, but none the less shrewdly, that "the irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a while by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted and the many can only repose on the stability of truth." Johnson was speaking here from the point of view of the reader only; but he might have noted also that the "irregular combinations of fanciful invention" tend to lose their interest even for the very writers who have been successful in supplying their readers with the "pleasures of sudden wonder." For example, in the opening years of this twentieth century the witty historian of the kingdom of Zenda—that land of irresponsible adventure which lies seemingly between the Forest of Arden and the unexplored empire of Weissnichtwo—this historian, after regaling us with brisk and brilliant chronicles of that strange country and of the adjacent territory, apparently wearied of these pleasant inventions of his and wished to come to a closer grapple with the realities of life and character. But he soon found that this task was not so easy as it appeared—not so easy, indeed, as the earlier writing had been; and "Quisanté," for all its cleverness, did not prove its author's possession of the informing imagination which can only give life and meaning to a novel dealing with men and women as they are in the real world.

Not unlike is the case of the narrator of the manifold and varied deductions of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, that British reincarna-

tion of Poe's M. Dupin. There is danger of unfairness in accepting the authenticity of words put into a man's mouth by any interviewer, however well intentioned; and there is therefore a possibility that the biographer of the Brigadier Gerard did not confess his own slight esteem for the many tales of invented adventure which had given him his wide-spread popularity. But there is an accent of veracity in the reported assertion of the author of "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus" that this is the book closest to his heart, because it is an honest attempt to deal with the facts of life as they stare us in the face to-day. And yet "A Duet" is known only to a tithe of the countless readers who have devoured its writer's other volumes with avidity. And what is more to the point, it does not—favorite of its author though it is—it does not deserve to be known so widely. This is because it is not so good as the other books of the same writer, not so good in its kind as they are in theirs. The tales that dealt with Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard and the White Company are works of invention mainly; and the writer had proved himself capable of adroit and ingenious invention. "A Duet," dealing with the commonplaces of life, needed not invention, which would indeed almost be out of place in a humdrum chronicle; it demanded imagination to interpret the commonplace and to transfigure the humdrum, revealing their essential significance. And this imagination the author had not at his call, in spite of his command over the more showy invention.

It may not be without interest to consider how another writer of our time, not seeking for originality, happened to find it, and how his acceptance of certain literary patterns, so to call them—patterns inherited from the remote and shadowy past of our race—led him to an unforeseen effort of illuminative imagination, which suddenly elevated what he had done and gave it a significance far wider and far deeper than the author had foreseen. In the two successive volumes of the "Jungle Book" (as it was originally published) there are two sets of stories commingled and yet sharply distinct. One group deals with the boyhood of Mowgli among the beasts of the forest; and to many of us these linked tales represent the highest achievement of Mr. Kipling's genius; they seem as assured of survival as

anything which the nineteenth century has transmitted to the twentieth. The other stories, the "White Seal" and the "Under-takers" and their companions, stand on a lower level; they are good stories, no doubt, very good, indeed, one or two of them. But they have an added importance in that they seem to have been the needful accompaniment of the Mowgli tales; they may be considered as the underbrush that at first protected the growth of the loftier tree.

They are modern examples of the beast fable, latter-day amplifications of the simple tale of animals credited with human cunning, such as primitive man told to his naked children as they huddled around the embers in the cave, which was then their only home. The beast fable is a literary pattern of an undiscoverable antiquity, as alluring to-day as ever before, since the child in us fortunately never dies. It is a pattern which Mr. Kipling has handled with a constant affection and with a large freedom. His earlier animal tales dealt with wild beasts, or at least with the creatures of the forest and of the ocean beyond the influence of man and remote from his haunts. Soon he availed himself of the same pattern to tell stories of animals domesticated and in close contact with man; and thus he gave us the "Walking Delegate" and the "Maltese Cat." In time he took a further step and applied to the iron horse of the railroad the method which had enabled him to set before us the talk of the polo pony and of the blooded trotter; and thus he gave us "007," in which we see the pattern of the primitive beast fable so stretched as to enable us to overhear the intimate conversation of humanized locomotives, the steeds of steel that puff and pant in and out of the round-house in an American railroad yard. Yet one more extension of the pattern enabled him to take a final step; after having given a human soul to separate engines, he proceeded then to animate the several parts of a single machine. And thus we have "How the Ship Found Herself" and the later "Below the Mill-Dam." But although these are successive stages of the primitive beast fable as it has been modified in Mr. Kipling's restless hands, there is little flagrant originality, even at the end, since "How the Ship Found Herself" is seen to be only a latter-day version of one of the earliest fables, the "Belly and the Members."

Interesting as it may be to clamber up into the spreading family-tree of fiction, it is not here that we must seek for the stem from which the Mowgli stories ultimately flowered. These stories are not directly derived from the beast fable, although his mastery of that literary pattern may have helped the author to find his final form. They are a development from one of his own tales, "In the Rukh," included at first in "Many Inventions," and now transferred to its proper place at the end of the book in which the adventures of Mowgli are recorded. In that first tale, which is now the last, we have set before us the impression Mowgli and his little brothers, the wolves, made upon two white men in the Indian service; and incidentally we are permitted to snatch a glimpse or two of Mowgli's youth in the jungle. But the story is told from the point of view of these white men; and it is small wonder that when the author came to look again at what he had written he saw how rich it was in its possibilities. He was moved to go back to tell the whole of Mowgli's adventures from the very beginning, with Mowgli himself as the centre of the narrative and with little obtrusion of the white man's civilization.

There was invention in this early story, and imagination also, although not so abundant. But as the author brooded over the incidents of Mowgli's babyhood there in the thick of the forest, in the midst of the beasts, whose blood-brother he became, suddenly his imagination revealed to him that the jungle and all its inhabitants must be governed by law, or else it was a realm of chaos. It is this portrayal of wild life subject to an immitigable code which gives its sustaining moral to the narrative of Mowgli's career. As Mr. Kipling said to me once, "When I had found the Law of the Jungle the rest was easy!" For him it may have been easy, since his invention is ever fresh and fertile; but the finding of the Law of the Jungle—that transcended mere invention with all its multiplied ingenuities—that was a stroke of imagination.

This distinction between imagination and invention may not be as important as that between imagination and fancy urged by Wordsworth a century ago; and no doubt there is always danger in any undue insistence upon catchwords, which are often empty of meaning, and which are some-

times employed to convey a misleading suggestion. This distinction has its own importance, however, and it is not empty or misleading. It needs to be accepted in art as it has been accepted in science, in which domain a fertile discovery is recognized as possible only to the imagination, while a specific device is spoken of as an invention. Newton and Darwin were discoverers by their possession of imagination; whereas the telegraph and the telephone are to be credited to humbler inventors, making application of principles already discovered.

This opening century of ours is an era of extraordinary dexterity and of wide-spread cleverness, and we need to be put on our guard against the risk of mistaking the products of our abundant invention for the rarer gifts of inspiring imagination. It is well for us to be reminded now and again that the great masters, painters and poets alike, novelists and dramatists, have often displayed "a sluggish avoidance of needless invention" at the very minute when their robust imagination was putting forth its full strength.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are certain happy expressions which from their very felicity are doomed to be short-lived; such, for instance, as "The Simple Life" and its predecessor in popular favor, "The Strenuous Life." We have heard them both *ad nauseam* and there are probably few persons left with courage to use them seriously. Yet there are those who congratulate themselves on actually living this simple life, meaning thereby that they are able so to conquer material conditions as to subordinate the body to the mind.

It would seem that the modern idea of conquering the body is to make it so comfortable that one can forget it. The ascetic of the Middle Ages was also able, by virtue of religious exaltation, to triumph over his body, but he did not forget it. What with fasting and flagellation he occupied himself with it a great deal—almost as much, perhaps, as we occupy ourselves with ours. For it is a mortifying fact that whatever may be our ideals, the care of the body preponderates over everything else in life. "What material things," asks the apostle of the Simple Life, "does a man need to live under the best conditions? A healthful diet, simple clothing, a sanitary dwelling-place, air, and exercise." And how are these things to be attained by the vast majority—the people in modest circumstances? To

The Despotism
of the Body

secure the healthful diet somebody has to be devoted to the service of the body. It takes constant practice to secure the deftness of touch necessary to even good, plain cooking, and much intelligent attention to the subject to produce a daily bill of fare which shall be wholesome and at the same time sufficiently varied to avoid a wearisome sameness. Poor, hungry Princess Priscilla wondered forlornly whether the simple life was a sordid life as well. "Did it only look simple from outside and far away? And was it, close, mere drudgery?"

Our bodies must be washed, they must be clothed with clean garments, they must be fed at frequent intervals, they must be exercised, they must be put to bed in a "sanitary dwelling-place." We must see to it also that they go to sleep. If these things are neglected and the body falls ill it ends by absorbing the whole of our attention instead of only a large portion of it. In the intervals of these cares we do our daily work, which usually has for its object the insuring of continued food, clothing, and shelter for ourselves and our families. It is true that in some cases this may be done, in an indirect way, by the practice of some profession which gives play to the intellect and even has an interest irrespective of its material results, but most men and nearly all women handle the means of life in a crude, concrete form. The simple life is

really for the rich. Who could, if she would, live so simply as the woman whose body is, so to speak, taken off her hands by her maid? If she would! There's the rub.

And after all, the human body, as exploited in so-called civilized countries, is not usually a beautiful object. Considering, for instance, the every-day crowd of people at a railway station, can you help sympathizing with Mark Twain's preference for a smooth brown skin relieved by more or less scanty white draperies, to a white one with its speckles and freckles, set off with garments made after the fashion of Western civilization? Our civilization makes eikons of us, covering up all but our hands and faces; beyond that, the figure which we admire is almost as highly conventionalized as the gold-covered body of the saint of the eikon. It is indeed a triumph of convention that we can look with any degree of complacency at the rank and file of our acquaintances, but—and here at last is a redeeming touch—it is a triumph of mind over matter that we can so overlook defects of feature and complexion as to become conscious of the informing spirit and can love the homely faces of our friends.

Looking at mankind in the large, one is struck by the prevailing passion for uniformity. There may be superficial divergences, but in general the cut of the coat must be of this year's fashion. Fashion has become a fetich to which we sacrifice blood and treasure, but in its germinal idea may it not have been an instinctive effort to minimize rather than magnify the importance of the body! For it is only when I am like my neighbor that I can afford to ignore my appearance.

As to matters of more serious import, nobody needs to be reminded how largely sin is of the flesh. Of all the known varieties of evil-doing how small a proportion would make any appeal to a disembodied spirit? Apparently the mere fact of an immaterial existence would cause most sin to perish of inanition, and the most repulsive conception of future punishment is that unbelievable one which suggests the continuance of bodily desires in bodiless spirits. It would seem, then, that we might bid good-by to this despotic body with pleasure, but there again it is too strong for us and clings to us with a desperate hold. After all, it is the only thing we are certain of, and there are always those who say, *Aut corpus aut nihil*. A sorry belief were one obliged to accept it.

WHAT is a man to do who finds that his conscience constrains him to abandon the profession of his choice, when that profession happens to be the clerical? This is a question which in these late times may almost be said to have become "burning." It is at all events of the deepest seriousness for those whom it immediately concerns. It involves much more than a change from one laical calling to another, a change which Americans are supposed in Europe to make with peculiar facility, by reason of what Mr. Kipling calls "the hideous American versatility." Anthony Trollope, in his book about the United States, written near half a century ago, describes how easily the Western American will desert a losing lumber business when he hears of "an opening for a Baptist preacher." And one recognizes that there was a basis for the satirical exaggeration.

But going from one secular calling to another, or even from a secular to the sacred calling, does not involve any discredit, any loss of social consideration. In the latter case, it may involve even a social promotion. But the reverse process always involves at least the necessity for explanation. The old saying, "Once a priest always a priest," though strictly applicable, and applied, only to the Roman Church in which the celibate cleric is already a man apart, seems to have survived in its spirit and been transferred to other denominations. There is a certain derogation in a clergyman quitting his profession for the mere sake of getting a better living for his family, while no discredit whatever attaches to the army officer, for example, who does the same thing avowedly for the same motives, unless, indeed, he resigns "in the face of the enemy." Is it that a clergyman is supposed always to be in the face of the enemy and carrying on his spiritual warfare? Or perhaps only that he is supposed to have lowered to the general level standards that before were higher than those his neighbors imposed upon themselves when he adopts a more gainful trade upon that ground?

The case is hardly bettered when it becomes a case of heresy. When "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely" becomes more valuable to a man than conformity to the conditions under which he holds his office, it seems that "the cleanliest shift"

may be to demit the office and exercise the liberty. The Church of England is the most easy-going of churches in these matters, so easy-going that its youthful heresiarchs are apt to be episcopated in their riper years. Yet even there there is and must be some restriction of the Miltonic liberty. Matthew Arnold, one may say, was marked out by nature and education to be a priest after the order of the Anglican Melchisedec. But even the Anglican Church could not have decently "stood for" "literature and dogma" and "God and the Bible." It was possibly because he foresaw that he might be laid under the necessity of writing "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible," or works to that effect that he avoided "orders" in the church of which he continued to be an effective advocate and champion from the outside. If he had taken the orders and written the books it would have seemed equally absurd to unfrock him and not to unfrock him. But the unfrocking would have had real terrors for him, and greater terrors for men less able to take care of themselves. "Your gown will be taken from you" was the superlative threat launched against the contumacious Crawley by the wrathful Mrs. Proudie in one of the best

scenes in Trollope's best novel. It is a serious matter to be an Ex-Reverend.

Some clergymen of a heretical turn of mind and under a compulsion of free utterance manage to escape this consequence by seeking some more hospitable church when their own has been closed against them, and retaining the prefix, which many of them have continued to wear with dignity and honor. But upon the whole it looks especially desirable that in the clerical profession a man should be fairly sure of his own mind before he enters it, and that he should have gone through with his intellectual dubitations before the entertainment of them can put him under this particular cloud. From college to the theological seminary, and from that to parochial work has been the usual course of the clergymen who come too late to a knowledge of their own minds. One often thinks how good it would have been for one of these sheltered lives to have been more exposed—exposed by some experience of secular life and secular modes of getting a living. After such an experience a "call" comes with the more urgency. And we think no clergyman who has served this apprenticeship before taking vows which it is so very difficult to abjure has ever regretted the time he spent in it.



THE FIELD OF ART

THE MURAL PAINTER AND HIS PUBLIC

THE record of "Mural Painting in this Country Since 1898," recently published in *The Field of Art*,* is conclusive proof that our architects are increasingly solicitous that the public buildings of their conception should receive the enlivening grace of color and expressional design at the hands of the mural painter. The intermediaries between the architect and the general public—the building commissioners appointed by legislative enactment—have likewise learned, from the object-lesson of the Congressional Library and kindred buildings, that no expenditure of public funds toward the completion of civic edifices committed to their charge meets with greater approval from the taxpayers than significant mural decoration.

The contrast between the meagre attendance at our art exhibitions proper and the throngs who visit the libraries in Washington and Boston—the Congressional Library receiving through the year more visitors than the Capitol, formerly the chief attraction of the city—would also seem to prove that our artists have found a form of art that appeals to our people. For more than a century the American artist has labored in a valiant endeavor to implant art on these shores, but it has needed the material necessity of defining our nation's civic importance in a more expressional manner than arch or column is fitted to convey to give him for the first time the right to be numbered with the mason, the constructing engineer, or the architect—craftsmen long since accepted as useful members of our social fabric. This is a distinct reversion to the saner order of condition from which the artist originally sprang; for the toleration of his efficiency in direct proportion to his power to charm some individual or group of "art collectors" is and has been for more than a century an abasement of his noble calling. The ideal artist is a man with a message, and any limitation of his expression to the favored few "interested in art"—necessarily few in our busy world—is a serious handicap to his larger and fullest development.

For the present advancement of mural painting it is fortunate that the sensuous appeal of art penetrates where rational appre-

ciation could hardly hope to enter, and probably much of the work already accomplished meets with its general public approval from a sense of vague enjoyment like that which even the least sophisticated visitor experienced at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Undoubtedly to-day the halls of the Congressional Library make their appeal to a majority of the visitors as much through the overelaboration of marble, mosaics and gilding—features which cause the judicious to grieve—as through the better of the pictured surfaces on the walls. A certain naïve acceptance of the visible signs of our growth in civic importance, a grateful sense of luxurious surroundings in comparison with the ascetic character of the earlier Capitol as something befitting that growth, perhaps the equal contrast between the "leading hotels" of a few years ago and the lavish hostelrys dear to our travelling public to-day, are considerations that affect the universal interest and approbation given to the mural painters' work. To others, however, the pictured spaces that mark the present status of mural painting in this country carry meanings of deeper import, and the many who day after day study the powerful works of Sargent, the decorative competency of Puvis de Chavannes, or follow the ingenious thread of story in Abbey's frieze in the Boston Public Library, do so with an apparent purpose far more impressive than the languid interest shown by the visitors who idle away an hour in the adjacent Museum of Fine Art.

There is a compelling force in a work of decorative design forming part of a building which is in some sort denied to even the noblest of detached pictures. As the simpler themes of the Greek theatre or the direct interpretation of human passion in the Elizabethan drama were limited by material conditions, in comparison with the complexities with which the modern playwright and the modern stage machinist deal, and yet have retained the direct appeal of their message, in like manner the very limitations of the decorator's art divest his work of much that is distracting and trivial. He thus may avoid many a pitfall to which his brother of the easel picture is exposed, and his comparative poverty of means not infrequently develops

* See *SCRIBNER* for November, 1906.

a compensating richness of meaning, easy of comprehension by him who runs.

This proverbial person, we must remember, is characteristic of the epoch, and in the adornment of buildings where many men congregate, with no thought of art or care for its import, the artist is doing a missionary work which the boundaries of an art gallery no longer contract. For certainly one of the greatest qualities which a mural painting may possess is that of enforcing at first glance its evident meaning through the arabesque of its lines, the placing of its masses and the clarity of its general conception. From a work of this character a cursory glance may carry away, if not its full import, enough at least to impart a leaven of spirituality to a day of material preoccupation. The limitations of architectural congruity, moreover, however rigidly observed, are sufficiently elastic.

In the work of Paul Veronese in the Ducal Palace in Venice, every device of forceful color, enrichment of surface, elaboration of detail, and strength of light and shade is employed to cope with ornate mouldings and fretted gilding, which seem designed to exhaust the resources of any possible palette, but which in the hands of the mighty Paul appear to be the logical and appropriate framing for his symphonic work. On the other hand, in the Panthéon in Paris, the great expanse of light-gray wall holds the tranquil vision of Puvis de Chavannes where the spring landscape envelops in its tender green the hushed throng restrained in attitude, robed in pale violet, sober russet, or faded blue, witnessing the blessing of the childish Ste. Geneviève by the good bishop.

Framed and placed side by side in a gallery these two pictures would "swear" at each other, changed in their places the work of Puvis would be but a pale wraith in the Venetian surrounding, while Veronese's composition, if placed in the Panthéon, would fairly drag its walls to the ground. Yet these are great works, each in its own way, and within the limitations which they each obey there is room, and to spare, for lesser men.

It is apparent therefore, that in this renaissance in our land of the oldest of the graphic arts the American artist receives so great an opportunity that it behooves him to so fashion his production that every work executed shall not only justify itself, but create for the men already at hand eager to serve the commonwealth, and for those of the future, an insistent demand for their work in order

that the renewed union of the architect, sculptor, and painter be made perpetual.

From a material point of view it is fortunate for the American artist of this generation that in mural work he has not encountered the competition of the foreigner. Art has no geographical boundaries, it is true, and the one notable exception to the above statement, the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library, was welcomed by every artist worthy of the name, and whenever the world holds another as great as he his work would be equally welcome. But there is little doubt that our artistic development in painting outside of decoration has been seriously hampered in the past thirty years by the belief fostered in a commercial interest, that no art that was worth the consideration of the collector was produced in this country. Men excelling in training and ability have been forced to stand aside to see their erstwhile comrades in a European atelier (aided by the glamour of a foreign name and backed by a dealer clever in the tricks of a trade beside which horse-dealing has been pronounced by one who had tried both as "fairly evangelical") enjoy so undue a proportion of the benefits of our home markets that the means of production have been virtually denied to the native artist.

The pecuniary reward of the mural painter, in view of the expense of production of work on a large scale, is not, however, sufficiently great to tempt the middleman who, as dealer, reaps the major profit in other forms of painting. This condition of affairs has enabled the art of the mural painter to follow a logical development since its revival here, and it is from no narrow point of view that one jealous of its future should desire to see these conditions prevail.

While public interest in this latest manifestation of our art has been graciously approbative it is none the less somewhat passive. A few enlightened architects supported by building commissions composed of men of intelligence have been primarily responsible for most of the work done, and where the completed and adorned building has been opened to the public it has, by the voice of the press and by general consent, met with approval. This does not, of course, represent the deep interest which the taxpayer is privileged to feel in work for which he is called upon to pay. A long course of education will be necessary before the average citizens of one of our towns will take such in-

terest as Benvenuto Cellini describes as felt by the citizens of Florence, when his partially completed figure of Perseus was shown at the door of his studio for their critical consideration. Other times, other manners; doubtless the day will never come again when questions of art will agitate the public mind to any such degree.

With the growth of public expenditure for decorative painting and sculpture in our public buildings the day will surely come, however, when our people will consider with the inborn practicality which is a national characteristic the exact value received for the sum disbursed. This, as an inherent right of the taxpayer, the artist of the future must be prepared to meet and to satisfy, and the artist of to-day should not be caught napping if the question should suddenly arise.

There is no doubt that a wide and legitimate popularity has been achieved by certain works of art without any lessening of their artistic quality or without any direct effort on the part of the artist to court such popularity. No such intention could, for instance, be imputed to the painter of the frieze of "Prophets" in the Boston Public Library. Yet the photographic reproductions of this noble work have proved the most popular in the sense of their wide distribution of the many photographs of mural painting that their publisher has issued. Divested of the advertising methods employed by its exhibitors when it was in this country, Millet's "Angelus" has the serious qualities of great art never absent from the master's work, and reproductions of this picture in various forms made an instant appeal to our whole Western world and may be counted by millions.

Hence it may be inferred that if the proper chord is struck the human heart will still vibrate to the touch of art. These two examples of great and legitimate popularity have been chosen because they have vividly interested our people, and yet are devoid of the local interest which is supposed to reside in subjects chosen from our own history. There are those who argue that in thus restraining the artist to depicting events in American history the future growth of our art will be assured. Sargent's subject is, of course, as remote as the Old Testament, while Millet depicts people of a type in every way foreign engaged in a religious rite of a Church antagonistic to the Protestant belief of a majority of our people. Neither subject is, of course, unfamiliar to us through reading or tradition,

nor so abstruse but that a moment's explanation would suffice to enlighten and possibly interest the least perceptive mind.

It is the universal human interest in the two pictures cited that touches our hearts, and if we can assuredly produce work of human interest, the taxpayer of to-morrow or he of to-day will be glad to listen to the call of his heart to unloosen his purse-strings that our public buildings may be made beautiful and significant. The local pride of a community may be gratified by the portrayal of an event that has taken place within its borders; but is it not as likely on sober second thought to have an abiding interest in breaking through the boundary of the parish and becoming a part of a broader world by an expression upon its walls of a less circumscribed theme?

In our revival of mural painting we have had much to learn. The larger number of our painters were not otherwise equipped for the work than by the possession of technical ability to draw and paint the human figure on the scale of life or larger, and all the other manifold conditions of executing an acceptable decoration they were obliged to acquire. Small wonder is it, therefore, that in these few years the expressional quality of our painters' work should have suffered in their effort to meet these new technical conditions. Nor has the fault been entirely that of the painters, for all others concerned, the architects and building committees, have shown equal indifference, and in none of the public buildings thus far decorated has there been drawn up a definite scheme of themes to be treated, nor any allotment made of their various parts to different artists. In some cases the painters have organized themselves into a semblance of such a committee, but if a definite project has ever been devised it has never been carried out to the avoidance of repetition of subject within the building or, as in one case, on the walls of the same room.

The dictation of subject by the architect or by a committee, no matter of what high intelligence, would certainly not be desirable—the artist certainly should be master there; but if such a committee had no creative power, it might exercise a critical function which the artist would welcome. Working together, the artist contributors to the decoration of a building in conjunction with the architect and a body which, for want of a better term, we may call a committee on general programme could formulate a scheme which from

the vestibule to the attic would make the building a logical whole, and yet leave latitude for every variety of pictorial expression.

Subject is, at the best, of secondary importance, for the first function of a mural painting is to decorate the surface on which it is placed. The subject chosen, therefore, should always take into consideration the style in which the architectural surrounding is conceived, and here at once for the American painter begins a difficulty if he desires to treat a subject taken from our own history. The world, grown sadder since our earlier day, has adopted a garb of sombre hue. Qualities of color in grays and blacks we have seen employed in charming fashion ever since the time of Velasquez, and in our own day Whistler has run the same gamut most effectively.

But in conjunction with the colored marbles, the gold, and the ornamentation that comports with the majority of our buildings, the decorative representation of so vital a subject from a national point of view as the "Signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation" seems virtually impossible. The older countries, favored with a dim historic past, can offer pasture where a painter's imagination may browse, but the frock coat and trousers in which our statesmen have lived should forever banish them from decorative themes. It is true that we have the North American Indian, and it is often urged that with his dim historic past he is our very own, and our painters might, in depicting his life and legends, interest our people. In art ethnographic considerations have little weight, and the Oriental shepherds who watched their flocks by night are infinitely nearer to us, to our hearts, to every pulsating fibre of our natures than the savages that we despoiled and have nearly exterminated.

Though we are by chance on the western shore of the Atlantic, we still wear the yoke of the Roman Empire and imperial Cæsar is more potent in our lives than "the ancient Mudjekeewis, ruler of the winds of heaven," despite the well-meant effort of Longfellow to endow his country with an American epic, a task he more nearly accomplished with "Evangeline."

Nothing has been produced so far in the brief history of our mural painting of more importance than the four panels by John La Farge for the State Capitol of Minnesota. No geographical limitation has bound this distinguished painter, who has gone as far afield as the Orient in one case and has

ascended Mount Sinai in another to find themes that are replete with meaning to us, late heirs of a great past, that are appropriate to the uses of the Supreme Court where they are placed, that may even in their reliance in theme on four differing civilizations be considered peculiarly typical of our cosmopolitan source, but that, finally and primarily, convey their meaning by superb qualities of painting. First and last, it is safe to assume that decorative fitness was the artist's chief concern, but every logically devised pictorial quality is coupled and supported by the equally logical drama enacted on each canvas, the four varying themes forming a whole which finely expresses sovereign law in a court of last resort.

Works like these have been and will continue to be rare in the art of any time, but to the credit of our adolescent school of mural painting must be placed other works by other men which, to quote a forcible phrase, "have been painted with gray matter." The list would be creditably long were I to attempt to refer to individual works, and its encouraging feature is that the technical improvement of our most experienced mural painters has been accompanied by a notable mental effort to suit their work to the uses and the localities which the decorations are destined to serve. Certain of our men whose work ten years ago was so strongly reminiscent that it seemed bodily transplanted from the Old World have thus imparted more and more of a national character into their production as their art has become more assured. This has by no means restricted their freedom to a portrayal of definite scenes from our history, though in some instances an artist's temperamental characteristics have found such expression with excellent results, but on the contrary, the field has broadened so that all mythologies, all history, can be made to serve the mural painter who is capable of expressing through the medium of his art a human emotion in which we all may share.

With our immense territory and under the awakening impulse of civic pride it would be a hardy prophet who would venture to define the possible limit of our mural painter's usefulness. But that an important factor in his future status will be his capacity to think and to express thoughts *pictorially* can hardly be doubted, for in his hands painting has resumed its ancient task of telling a story, even as the fathers of art were content to do.

WILL H. LOW.



Walter Appleton Clark

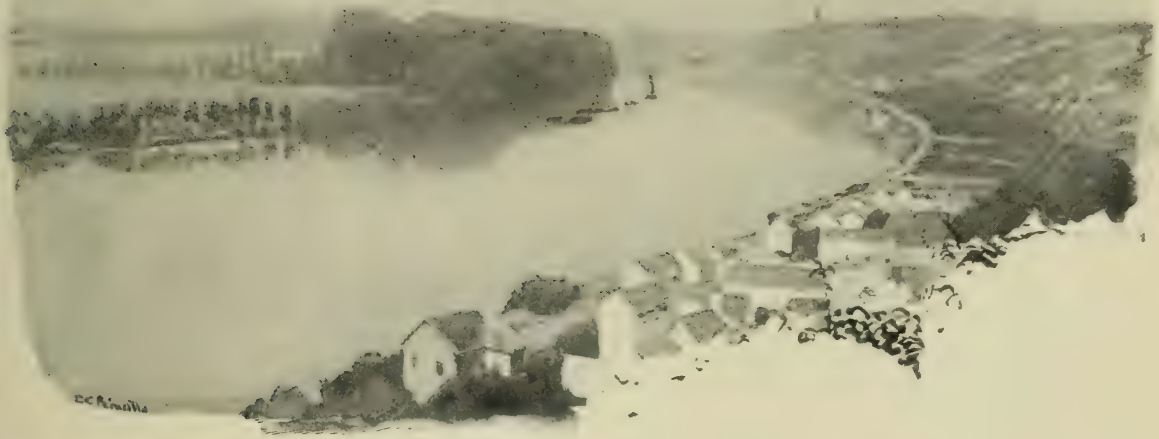
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On a broad curve of the river.

DOWN THE SEINE IN A MOTOR-BOAT

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT had all been arranged a week or two before. I was to spend Saturday night with my friend in his villa at La Frette, not far from Maisons Laffitte, and early Sunday morning we were to be up and off to Poissy, so as to arrive for the signal gun at nine o'clock.

As we looked from our window over a broad curve of the river, an ideal July morning greeted us—not too warm, a clear blue sky, and just enough of a breeze to temper the sun's rays. On reaching the river-bank, we found the *Narcisse* ready and waiting with George, the *mécanicien*, giving the final adjustment to his motor.

Many a happy day had I passed in this same boat, cruising up and down the river with my friend C—— and his sister, but

neither he nor I had ever before attempted so long a voyage as this on which we were about to start.

Its programme, arranged by the Hélice Club (read Propeller Club) of France, was as follows: to start from the bridge at Poissy at nine on Sunday morning; reach Mantes at noon; there to remain for the races or go on at will, but all the boats were finally to meet on the following afternoon in the lock at Martot, the first above Rouen, so that all could dock at the landing-stage in Rouen at about the same time.

We were off in good season, and it was not long before we came in sight of the bridge at Poissy, with its long, low row of buttressed arches so agreeably topped by an old mill perched over the centre pier.

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Here we found a score of other boats, waiting, like ourselves, for the signal of departure. They represented all types of motor-boats: pleasure yachts, racers, cruisers, and launches. Our boat was a trim little craft in the smaller cruiser class with a broad, comfortable seat for three just forward of the motor.

As far as I know, she is the only motor-boat on the Seine—or on any of the French rivers, for that matter—that flies the American flag, and this badge of the stranger attracted universal attention, both from the people gathered in large numbers on the bridge and on the river-bank, from our fellow-yachtsmen, and especially from the committee, on board the *Korrigan*, which was acting as flagship of the squadron.

Instantly we were dubbed “le petit Américain!”

Promptly at nine o'clock the *Korrigan's* cannon gave the signal for departure and every boat fled off at top-speed through the arches of the bridge and on down the river. How the flags fluttered and snapped in the wind! How the smaller craft rocked and tumbled in the wake of their larger sisters! Though this was a cruise and not a race, who, under the circumstances, could refrain from a test of fleetness? The big boats, with powerful motors coughing and wheezing as they shot by, soon forged far ahead, but we in the smaller cruisers knew that we would meet them in the lock at Meulan. George put on our second speed and we were happy to find that we maintained our position well in the lead of the boats of our class—for our own sakes and for the sake of the flag we were flying.

The shores went swiftly by and, the excitement of the start once over, we settled down to the full enjoyment of the fresh morning air.

The banks of the Seine at this point remain distinctly suburban in character, for though Poissy is some distance from Paris by the river, the railway has cut off so many of the loops that Poissy has been brought well into the environs. Villa gardens border both shores, shaded by heavy foliage and decorated along the water's edge by many a rustic arbor, boat-house, and landing-stage at which launches, rowboats, and yachts lie moored.

This pleasant Sunday morning these gardens were alive with men and women in light

summer clothes lounging in easy-chairs sipping their matinal *café au lait*, or preparing for a day of idleness upon the river.

Various and many are the types one sees; strange and wonderful is their raiment! To my mind, surely, the most amusing is the fisherman. The Parisian disciple of Izaak Walton is a true philosopher. Fishing with him is a pastime, not a sport. He rents, by the year, the right to plant two poles at a certain spot in the river, and to these he ties his broad, steady punt. Shaded by an awning, comfortably reclining in an ample wicker chair with two or three rods fastened conveniently near at hand, he lolls by the hour and, when not dozing, watches the bobs with lack-lustre eyes. When, at very rare intervals, he *sees* a “bite,” he seizes his rod with just as much alacrity as is commensurate with the languor of a hot mid-summer day. His better half, in a twin lounging chair, usually, if not always, accompanies him, apoplectic in her tight stays and fanning herself violently as she reads the latest novel.

Along the stretch to Triel, whose buttressed church spire, backed by rolling hills, now comes in sight, the river is gay with life. Bathers disport themselves in quiet pools along the shore or dive from spring-boards in front of tiny bathing-houses; yachts, whose tall white sails gleam like wings, take one in fancy to the shores of Lake Geneva; light racing shells go skimming by like dragon-flies upon the water; and our own little squadron itself adds much to the gayety of the scene.

At one point, in fact, we note several autos speeding along the bank, our motor-boats upon the river and a balloon serenely sailing high above the hill-tops—man's latest conquests of the three elements!

An island divides the river and two large disks, one red, one white, indicate the channel; the white, of course, for the clear road, the red put there by the Touring Club of France for danger and shallow water.

Presently we lose the first of our competitors, for one of the boats drops out *en panne*, much to the disgust of its occupants. Our chauffeur takes the opportunity to moralize on the evils of speeding, for the little craft had obviously been overtaking her motor to keep her place in the lead.

Now the long bridge of Meulan comes into sight; to its right a fine château, with



A quiet part of the river at Poissy.

curtains of stately trees and a vista of lawns and parterres beyond.

Here we came to the first lock and found the fastest boats awaiting us there, so that practically all of us went into the big lock at once. This was our first opportunity for mutual inspection and criticism. Almost everyone clambered up on to the top of the huge stone quays; then walked about comparing the various craft: the big white *Ondine*, with her crew of twelve, and her single male passenger on the promenade deck; the *Korrigan*, with its commodious cabin in which the committee was housed;

the *Nautilus*, a new type of skid of which great things were expected in the races at Mantes. The *Voltigeur*, we all considered, embodied the best combination of comfort and speed, carrying in a hull only twelve metres long a 45 h. p. motor, besides having accommodation for ten passengers. She fully justified our previsions, for she carried off the cup at Mantes, and the three first prizes of her class at Havre in the Grand Semaine Maritime.

When the flood-gates opened, there was a rush of departure. The big racers went on ahead, while we pleasure craft kept well

together at a uniform rate of about sixteen or eighteen kilometres an hour.

The river now changed notably in character. Villas became few and far between, and in their place willows and cottonwoods, poplars and beeches, bordered the water's edge. Signs of life became fewer and fewer. The French countryman is certainly not an amphibious animal. Even on this summer day, the only person we saw for quite a long time was a postman taking his Sunday swim, recognizable only by his official hat that he wore to ward off the sun's glances!

The next long bend in the river disclosed the beautiful, lace-like spires of Mantes cathedral, peeping above the horizon. We ate up the intervening distance in no time and soon had landed and were discussing an excellent and much-needed luncheon under the arbor at the Grand Cerf—an arbor such as Dagnan painted behind his Madonna in white—densely shaded by an arch of hornbeam through which a myriad of tiny flecks of sunlight filtered.

After lunch we sauntered down to the river again, passing and admiring the great cathedral on our way.

The terraced shores of the Seine now presented a most animated appearance. Masts of flags, bits of bunting, and a brass band imparted a festive aspect, while a cheerful throng watched the town authorities, the delegates of the Yacht Club of France, and kindred societies, under whose auspices the races were to be disputed, assemble in the grand stand, covered with the traditional red and white official awning.

There were to be four races, the first over a

ninety-kilometre course for a challenge cup. The others were for boats of different categories—the usual thing—so we stayed only for the first race, for, as we had seen more inspiring events both in the north and south of France, and as this was a pleasure cruise and not a racing contest, we decided to go on and enjoy the beautiful afternoon on the river, joining the remainder of the fleet next morning at Les Andelys, where we intended to spend the night.

As we left Mantes we enjoyed another and final view of the cathedral spires, and of the Tower of St. Maclou, until a bend of the river effectually screened them from sight. Then to the left we noted a beautiful, deep park, then an open glade in which stood a stately château of the characteristic architecture of Henry II's time, high-pitched roofs, and pink brick walls faced with creamy stone—Rosny, Sully's birthplace, and a favorite residence of the unfortunate Duchesse de Berri.

At Rolleboise we passed the boat that marked the race-course end, and on the shore, from a platform decked



An old mill on the bridge at Poissy.

with the tricolor, the village authorities in attendance waved us greeting as we passed. We spied upon a villa near the church a huge American flag floating proudly on a pole. What did it mean? And who lived there? Questions, both of them, that none of us could answer.

As our boat cut its swift track through the water the country underwent a further transformation. Now the rounded hillsides were patched by Norman thrift into crazy-quilts of rye and wheat and hay. Secluded villages spread their pink roofs in the sunshine. The river divided into several arms,



In the lock at Meulan.

surrounding numerous islands, whose pollard willows stood amid tall reeds and rushes, punctuated here and there with groups of poplars, soaring aloft like lofty church spires.

Here began one of the prettiest portions of the journey.

The river describes a great horseshoe around a long hill that the railroad line traverses through a tunnel, and this whole loop, owing to its isolation from modern means of travel, retains that quaint provincial air so dear to artists and lovers of the olden time. So it has always had its colony of notables. At Vetheuil, the De Goncourts lived, and Claude Monet in his younger days; Paul and Victor Marguerite live there still, if I mistake not, and many a studio is dotted about the town. Zola dwelt at Bennecourt, with Monet as his neighbor, and pictured him, to their utter estrangement, as Claude in "L'Œuvre."

I have known this country for years past, for in my student days I spent several sum-

mers in Giverny, just over the hills, and then, as well as since, have explored every nook of this pretty bit of countryside in all forms of conveyance—bicycle, motor-car, and as a pedestrian.

Roche Guyon, at the end of the horseshoe, is one of the most attractive spots hereabouts. It has a fine old church, quaint old Gothic houses a-plenty, besides dwellings cut in the chalk cliffs. Here, too, is the great feudal castle of the La Roche Guyons and the La Rochefoucaulds, dominated by the ruins of a still older castle perched high upon the crags, commanding the river when this was the outpost of the French king's possessions in the days of the Conqueror.

Moisson, where Lebaudy builds his airships; Haute Isle, with its strange church built in the chalk cliffs; Mericourt, Bonnières glide by, and we come to the lock at Port Villez, a particularly slow and badly managed one, by the way. The bridge at Vernon lies just beyond, with, beside it, the ruins of an earlier bridge topped with a

picturesque old crumbling house and a big twelfth-century chatelet—a donjon with four round towers, capped *en poivrière*.

Then succeeds a long quiet stretch of water, so we decided to have dinner. And it was a good dinner, too, I assure you, for George combines two apparently incompatible virtues, being an excellent cook as well as a good chauffeur. A little folding table was placed in front of our broad seat, and from lockers along the sides all sorts of dainty things appeared: table linen, crockery, glassware, and no end of appetizing eatables.

The sun was now setting, and we enjoyed its last rays and the glow in the sky and on the water. Then the long twilight settled down. The river grew wide and lonely, dotted with numerous islands and shoals grown with rushes. A single heron lazily rose and, flapping its heavy wings, sailed into a dark clump of trees. Old Norman farms, walled in secure against the mediæval marauder and looting man-at-arms—more dangerous far than any modern robber—slept in the still evening air with but a single light blinking in a window. Enfolding hills hemmed in the river, first on one side, then on the other, forcing it into those endless bends that render it so attractive.

But as darkness gathered fast, it became more and more difficult to find the channel even with the aid of our good Touring Club map. Presently, sure enough, our propeller caught and stirred up sand astern, loosened itself, then caught again. We all moved forward as far as possible so as to lighten the stern, but even then the grating continued. We waited anxiously for deeper water, the prospect of spending the night in an open boat in the middle of the river being, to say the least, none too pleasant. After ten minutes or more, however, we cleared the sand-banks and sped along again in the gathering gloom.

The hills became higher and closer to the river-bank, their silhouettes darker and more forbidding, until suddenly we spied a great and sombre mass against the sky, which even in the dim twilight we recognized as old Château Gaillard, Richard Cœur de Lion's "Saucy Castle," once the main outpost of his Norman territory.

We had reached our objective point for the night. We hailed the pontoon whence floated the flag of the Touring Club. After

repeated calls, a man appeared with a lantern and we tied up next to the *Korrigan*, which we found had passed us on opposite sides of an island. What was our dismay to learn that its committee (whom we found still sitting over their after-dinner coffee in the shady court) had pre-empted every available room at the little Hotel Bellevue!

The proprietor, however, was an old friend of ours, and soon reassured us by saying that he could easily find us nice clean rooms in the village. So I slept that night in a peasant's bed, with a virgin and several saints to watch over me and a collection of relations—most of them males in soldier clothes—to look down from over the mantel.

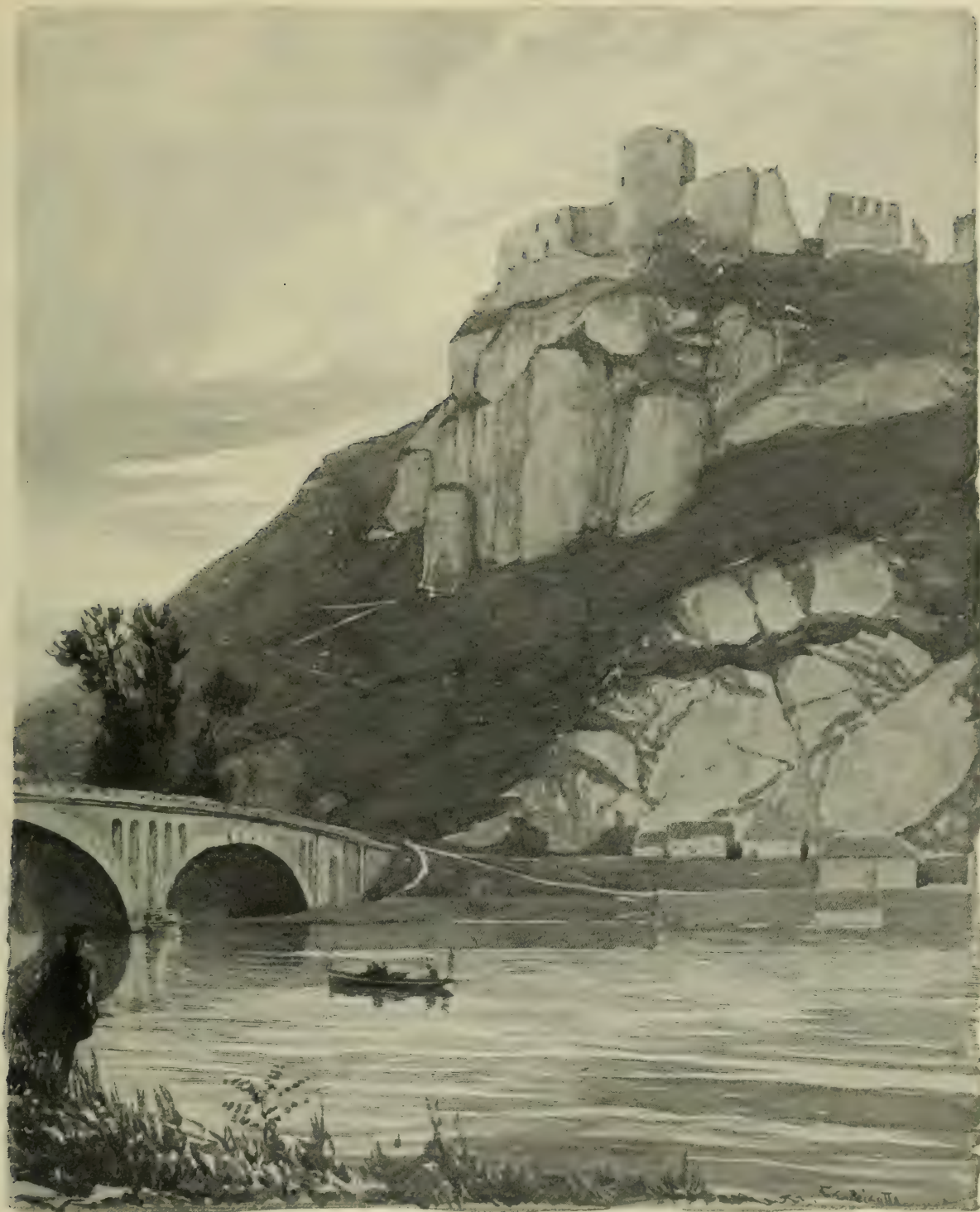
The Andelys are among the most interesting spots along the Seine. There are two towns: Le Petit Andelys on the river-bank, dominated by bald chalk cliffs, on the highest of which is perched the massive ruin of the Château Gaillard, and the Grand Andelys, a short mile inland.

In the morning, we walked up to the latter town and breakfasted at the ancient inn, the Grand Cerf—an old coaching inn of the early fifteenth century, still retaining all its characteristics: its court shut in by stables and carriage-houses, its well with wrought-iron pump, its quaint spiral staircases and carved oak panelling, its *tambour* door of rich late-Gothic design, and best of all, its immense François I chimneypiece, with spit and all accessories in place. Then, after admiring the spacious church across the street and a number of picturesque old houses in the town, we walked back to the river, and by eleven o'clock were off again.

The *Korrigan* had left some time before us, and from time to time other boats hove into sight.

At noon we enjoyed the good luncheon that the landlord of the Bellevue had put up for us. We enjoyed, too, the ever-varying landscape: first, bare chalk cliffs of fantastic shape, like ghostly ruins of prehistoric dwellings or towers and castles; then the river widening through broad and open fields, sheltered by rich, fat hill-slopes with screens of trees along the water's edge, where peasants stood and nodded greetings or stared blankly at us as we passed. Here and there an old stone manor house appeared, or farms with steep half-timbered gables.

At Amfreville we found the most up-to-date lock along the river. It is run by elec-



Château Gaillard.

Richard Cœur de Lion's "Saucy Castle."—Page 262.

tricity, generated by the falls of the barrage. The sluices open and shut as if by magic, with only one man to control them, and he simply presses a button—a wonderful labor-saving device, avoiding all the usual lengthy processes of twisting the double set of screws.

By two o'clock we reached Pont de l'Arche, where we landed to meet some

friends who were summering there. It is a very quaint old Norman town of tumble-down houses and hilly, twisting streets, and its church is peculiar in many ways and of very interesting design. Its south length is treated as the façade and the chapel windows have been topped with pinnacles which are connected with each other and with the flying buttresses by a flamboyant

screen of richest Gothic tracery. We also noted some rare old painted windows.

Then, down by the water again, we found the *Korrigan's* committee and had a friendly glass of wine at the hotel, where many an artist has left his souvenir on the panels of the dining-room and café.

As I have before stated, rendezvous for all the boats had been set for four o'clock in the lock at Martot, about six kilometres beyond Pont de l'Arche, so that all could pro-

ceed together to Rouen. In good season we set off with the *Korrigan* and soon joined the remainder of the fleet. All waited in the lock until four o'clock, and then the flood-gate was closed and we looked about us to find that quite a number of the smaller craft were missing, laid up *en panne*, but still we made a goodly showing.

landscape: a grand old monastery, built according to a vow by Philippe Augustus, I think, now in ruins, with its mullioned windows open to the sky; then Elbeuf, an important manufacturing centre, spreading its smoky factory chimneys along a broad stone quay. After darting under its big bridge, the river broadened again around wooded islands cut dark against pearly distances.

Fleecy clouds sped by overhead and



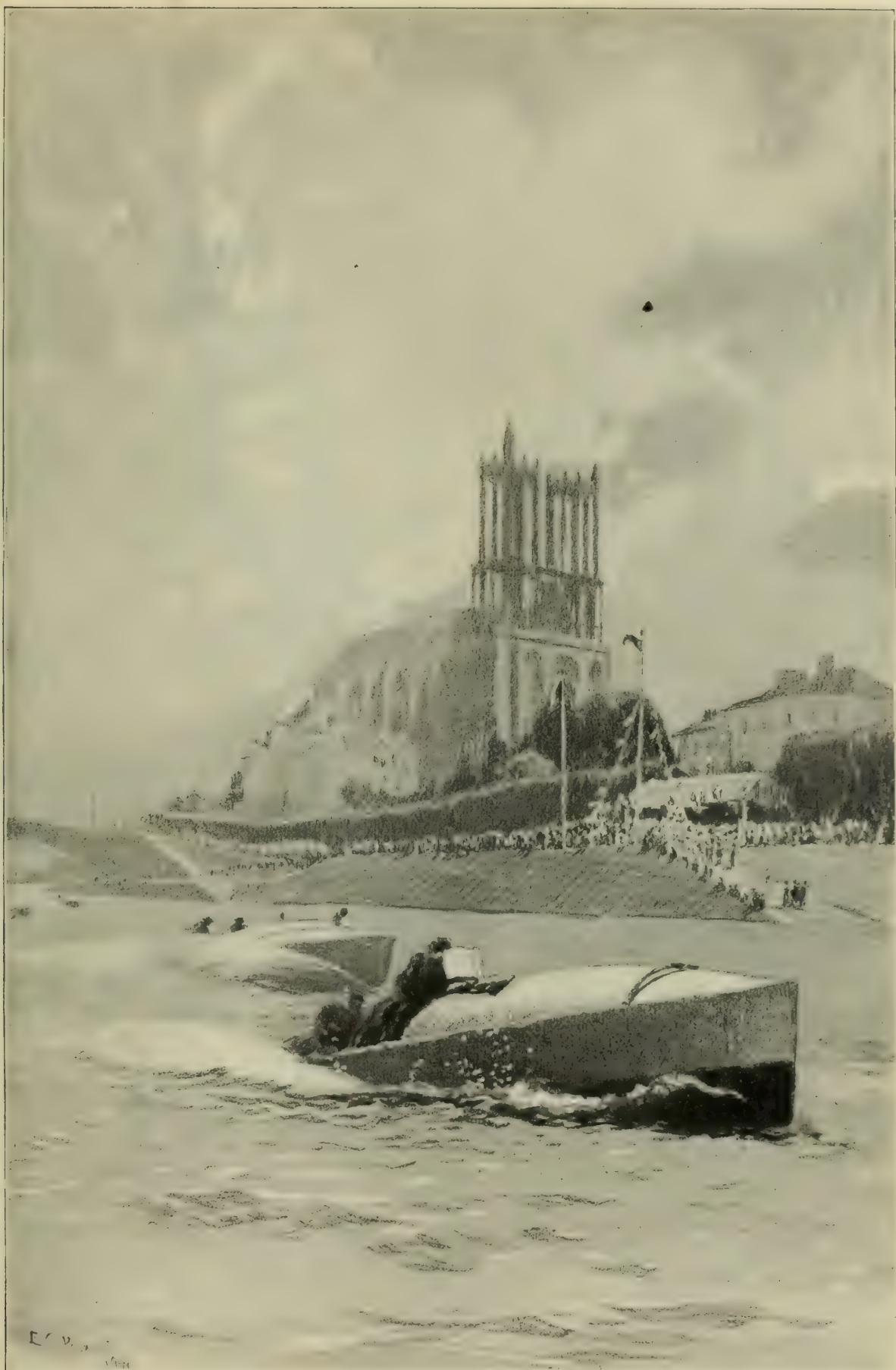
The ferry at Vetheuil.

Here, again, as the flood-gates opened there was a scramble for departure and again a mad rush for exit and a burst of speed for place in line. This was the most determined race of the whole cruise, for no one wanted to arrive in Rouen at the tail-end of the line.

Despite our fleetness (for George was urging the motor to its full capacity), we took time to note the salient features of the

added to the sense of motion. Islet after islet, town after town—Oissel, Tourville, St. Étienne, Belbeuf—we passed, and still kept on. Because of numerous shoals, the channel here is very hard to find, so, following the *Korrigan's* lead (and this was one of the reasons for our all being together), in a long procession in Indian file we threaded passage after passage between rows of tall poplars and banks of willows until, on a distant hill, I caught sight of a faint blue spire, slender and lace-like—Notre Dame de Bons Secours—and I knew that the next bend of the river would disclose the towers of Rouen.

And there, to be sure, between files of tall poplars, standing like grenadiers on parade among the low dense willows, we soon had glimpses of blue distances, of spires and hills.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Racing on the Seine.



Rouen Cathedral from the Faubourg of St. Sever.

The river grew more animated. We passed blustering tugs towing long lines of barges, and canal boats lay moored in the shade along the banks. Later the factories of Sotteville appeared upon the left, then we darted under the railway bridge and past the Faubourg of St. Sever, and in a few moments were circling round, waiting for our opportunity to tie up at the pontoon of the Touring Club, where the committee was

assembled. On the Pont Boieldieu and along the Quai de Paris a crowd of people watched the tactics of our little fleet as it landed.

A porter from the hotel took charge of our luggage, and in half an hour, after a summary brush-up, we were seated at dinner on the *estrade* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre with all our fellow-yachtsmen of the cruise.

Rouen is the fitting climax of this Seine

voyage. It is a fitting climax, for that matter, to any voyage, for few towns on the Continent have preserved so many of their monuments and are so replete with interesting historic souvenirs—all of which is duly set forth in the guide-book.

The Seine beyond Rouen does not present the intimate charm of its upper course. It becomes a great river, with hills on one side and meadows on the other, describing long loops around these hilly promontories which dovetail into each other and force the river to meander in and out between them.

Between Rouen and Caudebec there is but one spot of real interest—the grand old Abbaye de Jumièges, a Benedictine abbey, which has counted among its abbots some of the most illustrious prelates of France. Caudebec itself presents great natural possibilities and is a veritable mine to the lover of the picturesque. But after this point the river broadens to such an extent that objects on the flat banks are scarcely distinguishable from a small boat.

Certainly the real pleasure cruise lies in the portion above Rouen and the charm of the voyage (as we found on the return trip) is heightened by the presence of a number of excellent hotels scattered along the river-bank and affiliated with the Yacht Club of France, which vouches for their good behavior just as the Automobile Club vouches for its affiliated hotels along the great highways.

For the benefit of those who wish to know, I would say that it is possible to hire motor-boats at Maisons Laffitte.

The Seine is by no means the only French river worth navigating.

We all remember Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," and I shall never forget another trip I took to supplement this one—the cruise up the Oise, leaving the Seine at Conflans. This river, while different in character from the Seine, is quite as interesting and has as its objective point and climax Compiègne, with its palace and forest and the grand old château of Pierrefonds.



Wooded islands cut dark against pearly distances.



From a painting by Lucien Simon.

Evening in a Studio.

—See "The Field of Art," page 383.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK I—(Continued)

VI



BEFORE daylight that same morning Amherst, dressing by the gas-flame above his cheap wash-stand, strove to bring some order into his angry thoughts.

It humbled him to feel his purpose tossing rudderless on unruly waves of emotion, yet strive as he would he could not regain a hold on its course. The events of the last twenty-four hours had been too rapid and unexpected for him to preserve his usual clear feeling of mastery; and he had, besides, to reckon with the first complete surprise of his senses. His way of life had excluded him from all contact with the subtler feminine influences, and the primitive side of the relation left his imagination untouched. He was therefore the more assailable by those refined forms of the ancient spell that lurk in delicacy of feeling interpreted by loveliness of face. By his own choice he had cut himself off from all possibility of such exquisite communion; had accepted complete abstinence for that part of his nature which might have offered a refuge from the stern prose of his daily task. But his personal indifference to his surroundings—deliberately encouraged as a defiance to the attractions of the life he had renounced—proved no defence against this unforeseen appeal; rather, the meanness of his surroundings combined with his inherited refinement of taste to deepen the effect of Bessy's charm.

As he reviewed the incidents of the past hours, a reaction of self-derision came to his aid. What was this exquisite opportunity from which he had cut himself off? What, to reduce the question to a personal issue, had Mrs. Westmore said or done that, on the part of a plain woman, would have quickened his pulses by the least fraction of a second? Why, it was only the old story of

the length of Cleopatra's nose! Because her eyes were a heavenly vehicle for sympathy, because her voice was pitched to thrill the tender chords, he had been deluded into thinking that she understood and responded to his appeal. And her own emotions had been wrought upon by means as cheap: it was only the obvious, theatrical side of the incident that had affected her. If Dillon's wife had been old and ugly, would she have been clasped to her employer's bosom? A more expert knowledge of the sex would have told Amherst that such facile sympathy is likely to be followed by as prompt a reaction of indifference. Luckily Mrs. Westmore's course had served as a corrective for his lack of experience; she had even, as it appeared, been at some pains to hasten the process of disillusionment. This timely discipline left him blushing at his own insincerity; for he now saw that he had risked his future not because of his pure zeal for the welfare of the mill-hands, but because Mrs. Westmore's look was like sunshine on his frozen senses, and because he was resolved, at any cost, to arrest her attention, to associate himself with her by the only means his situation offered.

Well, he deserved to fail with such an end in view; and the futility of his scheme was matched by the vanity of his purpose. In the cold light of disenchantment it seemed as though he had tried to build an impregnable fortress out of nursery blocks. How could he have foreseen anything but failure for so preposterous an attempt? His breach of discipline would of course be reported at once to Mr. Gaines and to Truscomb; and the Superintendent, already jealous of his popularity with the hands, which was a tacit criticism of his own methods, would promptly seize the pretext to be rid of him. Amherst was aware that only his technical efficiency, and his knack of getting the maximum of work out of the operatives, had secured him from Truscomb's animosity.

From the outset there had been small sympathy between the two; but the scarcity of competent and hard-working assistants had made Truscomb endure him for what he was worth to the mills. Now, however, his own folly had put the match to the Superintendent's smouldering dislike, and he saw himself, in consequence, discharged and black-listed, and perhaps roaming for months in the vain quest of a job. He knew the efficiency of that far-reaching system of defamation whereby the employers of labour pursue and punish the subordinate who incurs their displeasure. In the case of a mere operative this secret persecution often worked complete ruin; and even to a man of Amherst's worth it opened the dispiriting prospect of a long struggle for rehabilitation.

Deep down, he suffered most at the thought that his blow for the operatives had failed; but on the surface it was the manner of his failure that exasperated him. For it seemed to prove him unfit for the very work to which he was drawn: that yearning to help the world forward that, in some natures, sets the measure to which the personal adventure must always keep step. Amherst had hitherto felt himself secured by his insight and self-control from the emotional errors besetting the way of the enthusiast; and behold, he had stumbled into the first sentimental trap in his path, and tricked his eyes with a Christmas-chromo vision of lovely woman dispensing coals and blankets! Luckily, though such wounds to his self-confidence cut deep, he could apply to them the antiseptic of an unfailing humour; and before he had finished dressing, the picture of his wide schemes of social reform contracting to a blue-eyed philanthropy of cheques and groceries, had provoked a robust reaction of laughter. Perhaps the laughter came too soon, and rang too loud, to be true to the core; but at any rate it healed the edges of his hurt, and gave him a sound surface of composure.

But he could not laugh away the thought of the trials to which his intemperance had probably exposed his mother; and when, at the breakfast-table, from which Duplain had already departed, she broke into praise of their radiant visitor, it was like a burning irritant on his wound.

"What a face, John! Of course I don't often see people of that kind now—" the

words, falling from her too simply to be reproachful, wrung him, for that, all the more—"but I'm sure that kind of soft loveliness is rare everywhere; like a sweet summer morning with the mist on it. The Gaines girls, now, are my idea of the modern type; very handsome, of course, but you see just *how* handsome the first minute. I like a story that keeps one wondering till the end. It was very kind of Maria Ansell," Mrs. Amherst wandered happily on, "to come and hunt me out yesterday, and I enjoyed our quiet talk about old times. But what I liked best was seeing Mrs. Westmore—and, oh, John, if she came to live here, what a benediction to the mills!"

Amherst was silent, moved most of all by the unimpaired simplicity of heart with which his mother could take up past relations, and open her meagre life to the high visitations of grace and fashion, without a tinge of self-consciousness or vulgar apology. "I shall never be as genuine as that," he thought, remembering how he had wished to have Mrs. Westmore know that he was of her own class. How mixed our passions are, and how elastic must be the word that would cover any one of them! Amherst's, at that moment, were all stained with the deep wound to his self-love.

The discolouration he carried in his eye made the mill-village seem more than commonly cheerless and ugly as he walked over to the office after breakfast. Beyond the grim roof-line of the factories a dazzle of rays sent upward from banked white clouds the promise of another brilliant day; and he reflected that Mrs. Westmore would soon be speeding homeward to the joy of a gallop over the plains.

Far different was the task that awaited him—yet it gave him a pang to think that he might be performing it for the last time. In spite of Mr. Tredegar's assurances, he was sure that the report of his conduct must by this time have reached the President, and been transmitted to Truscomb; the latter was better that morning, and the next day he would doubtless call his rebellious manager to account. Amherst, meanwhile, took up his routine with a dull heart. Even should his offense be condoned, his occupation presented, in itself, little future to a man without money or powerful connections. Money! He had spurned the thought of it in choosing his work, yet he now saw that,

without its aid, he was powerless to accomplish the object to which his personal desires had been sacrificed. His love of his craft had gradually been merged in the larger love for his fellow-workers, and in the resulting desire to lift and widen their lot. He had once fancied that this end might be attained by an internal revolution in the management of the Westmore mills; that he might succeed in creating an industrial object-lesson conspicuous enough to point the way to wiser law-making and juster relations between the classes. But the last hours' experiences had shown him how vain it was to assault single-handed the impregnable barrier between money and labour, and how his own dash at the breach had only thrust him farther back into the obscure ranks of the strugglers. It was, after all, only through politics that he could return successfully to the attack; and financial independence was the needful preliminary to a political career. If he had stuck to the law he might, by this time, have been nearer his goal; but then the goal might not have mattered, since it was only by living among the workers that he had learned to care for their fate. And rather than have forfeited that poignant yet mighty vision of the onward groping of the mass, rather than have missed the widening of his own nature that had come through sharing their hopes and pains, he would still have turned from the easier way, have chosen the deeper initiation rather than the readier attainment.

But this philosophic view of the situation was a mere thread of light on the farthest verge of his sky: much nearer were the heavy clouds of immediate anxiety, amid which his own folly, and his mother's possible suffering from it, loomed darkest; and these considerations made him resolve that, if his insubordination were overlooked, he would swallow the affront of a pardon, and persevere for the present in the mechanical performance of his duties. He had just brought himself to this leaden state of acquiescence when one of the clerks in the outer office thrust his head in to say: "A lady asking for you——" and starting up, Amherst beheld Bessy Westmore.

She entered alone, with an air of high self-possession in marked contrast to her timidity and indecision on the previous day. Amherst thought she looked taller, more majestic; so readily may the upward slant

of a soft chin, the firmer line of yielding brows, add a cubit to the outward woman. Her aspect was so commanding that he fancied she had come to express her disapproval of his conduct, to rebuke him for lack of respect to Mr. Tredegar; but a moment later it became clear, even to his inexperienced perceptions, that it was not to himself that her challenge was directed.

She advanced quickly toward the seat he had moved forward, but in her absorption forgot to seat herself, and stood with her clasped hands resting on the back of the chair.

"I have come back to talk to you," she began, in her sweet voice with its occasional quick lift of appeal. "I knew that, in Mr. Truscomb's absence, it would be hard for you to leave the mills, and there are one or two things I want you to explain to me before I leave—some of the things, for instance, that you spoke to Mr. Tredegar about last night."

Amherst's feeling of constraint returned. "I'm afraid I expressed myself badly; I may have annoyed him——" he began.

She smiled this away, as though irrelevant to the main issue. "Perhaps you don't quite understand each other—but I am sure you can make it clear to me." She sank into the chair, resting one arm on the edge of the desk behind which he had resumed his place. "That is the reason why I came alone," she continued. "I never can understand when a lot of people are trying to tell me a thing all at once. And I don't suppose I care as much as a man would—a lawyer especially—about the forms that ought to be observed. All I want is to find out what is wrong and how to remedy it."

Her blue eyes met Amherst's in a look that flowed like warmth about his heart. How should he have doubted that her feelings were as exquisite as her means of expressing them? The iron bands of distrust were loosened from his spirit, and he blushed for his cheap scepticism of the morning. In a woman so evidently nurtured in dependence, whose views had been formed, and her actions directed, by the most conventional influences, the mere fact of coming alone to Westmore, in open defiance of her advisers, bespoke a persistence of purpose that put his doubts of her to shame.

"It will make a great difference to the

people here if you interest yourself in them," he rejoined. "I tried to explain to Mr. Tredegar that I had no wish to criticise the business management of the mills—even if there had been any excuse for my doing so—but that I was sure the condition of the operatives could be very much improved, without permanent harm to the business, by any one who felt a personal sympathy for them; and in the end I believe such sympathy produces better work, and so benefits the employer materially."

She listened with her gentle look of trust, as though committing to him, with the good faith of a child, her ignorance, her credulity, her little rudimentary convictions and her little tentative aspirations, relying on him not to abuse or misdirect them in the boundless supremacy of his masculine understanding.

"That is just what I want you to explain to me," she said. "But first I should like to know more about the poor man who was hurt. I meant to see his wife yesterday, but Mr. Gaines told me she would be at work till six, and it would have been difficult to go after that. I *did* go to the hospital; but the man was sleeping—is Dillon his name?—and the matron told us he was much better. Dr. Disbrow came in the evening and said the same thing—told us it was all a false report about his having been so badly hurt, and that Mr. Truscomb was very much annoyed when he heard of your having said, before the operatives, that Dillon would lose his arm."

Amherst smiled. "Ah—Mr. Truscomb heard that? Well, he's right to be annoyed: I ought not to have said it when I did. But unfortunately I am not the only one to be punished. The operative who tied on the black cloth was dismissed this morning."

Mrs. Westmore flamed up in an instant. "Dismissed for that? Oh, how unjust—how cruel!"

"You must look at both sides of the case," said Amherst, finding it much easier to remain temperate in the glow he had kindled than if he had had to force his own heat into frozen veins. "Of course any act of insubordination must be reprimanded—but I think a reprimand would have been enough."

It gave him an undeniable throb of pleasure to find that she was not to be checked by such arguments. "But he shall be put

back—I won't have any one discharged for such a reason! You must find him for me at once—you must tell him——"

Once more Amherst gently restrained her. "If you'll forgive my saying so, I think it is better to let him go, and take his chance of getting work elsewhere. If he were taken back he might be made to suffer. As things are organized here, the hands are very much at the mercy of the overseers, and the overseer in that room would be likely to make it uncomfortable for a hand who had so openly defied him."

With a heavy sigh she bent her puzzled brows on him. "How complicated it is! I wonder if I shall ever understand it all. *You* don't think Dillon's accident was his own fault, then?"

"Certainly not; there are too many looms in that room. I pointed out the fact to Mr. Truscomb when the new machines were set up three years ago. An operative may be ever so expert with his fingers, and yet not learn to measure his ordinary movements quite as accurately as if he were an automaton; and that is what a man must do to be safe in the loom-room."

She sighed again. "The more you tell me, the more difficult it all seems. Why is the loom-room so overcrowded?"

"To make it pay better," Amherst returned bluntly; and the colour flushed her sensitive skin.

He thought she was about to punish him for his plain-speaking; but she went on after a pause: "What you say is dreadful. Each thing seems to lead back to another—and I feel so ignorant of it all." She hesitated again, and then said, turning her bluest glance upon him: "I am going to be quite frank with you, Mr. Amherst. Mr. Tredegar repeated to me what you said to him last night, and I think he was annoyed that you were unwilling to give any proof of the charges you made."

"Charges?—Ah," Amherst exclaimed, with a start of recollection, "he means my refusing to say who told me that Dr. Disbrow was not telling the truth about Dillon?"

"Yes. He said that was a very grave accusation to make, and that no one should have made it without being able to give proof."

"That is quite true, theoretically. But in this case it would be easy for you or Mr. Tredegar to find out whether I was right."

"But Mr. Tredegar said you refused to say who told you."

"I was bound to, as it happened. But I am not bound to prevent your trying to get the same information."

"Ah——" she murmured understandingly; and, a sudden thought striking him, he went on, with a quick glance at the clock: "If you really wish to judge for yourself, why not go to the hospital now? I shall be free in five minutes, and could go with you if you wish it."

Amherst had remembered the nurse's cry of recognition when she saw Mrs. Westmore's face under the street-lamp; and it immediately occurred to him that, if the two women had really known each other, Mrs. Westmore would have no difficulty in obtaining the information she wanted; while, even if they met as strangers, the dark-eyed girl's perspicacity might still be trusted to come to their aid. It remained only to be seen how Mrs. Westmore would take his suggestion; but some instinct was already telling him that the high-handed method was the one she really preferred.

"To the hospital—now? I should like it of all things," she exclaimed, rising with what seemed an almost childish zest in the adventure. "Of course that is the best way of finding out. I ought to have insisted on seeing Dillon yesterday—but I begin to think the matron didn't want me to."

Amherst left this inference to work itself out in her mind, contenting himself, as they drove back to Hanaford, with answering her questions about Dillon's family, the ages of his children, and his wife's health. Her enquiries, he noticed, did not extend from the particular to the general; her curiosity, as yet, was too purely personal and emotional to lead to any larger consideration of the question. But this larger view might grow out of the investigation of Dillon's case; and meanwhile Amherst's own purposes were momentarily lost in the sweet confusion of feeling her near him—of seeing the exquisite grain of her skin, the way her lashes grew out of a dusky line on the edge of the white lids, the way her hair, stealing in spirals of light from brow to ear, wavered off into a fruity down on the edge of the cheek.

At the hospital they were protestingly admitted by Mrs. Ogan, though the official "visitors' hour" was not till the afternoon;

and beside the sufferer's bed, Amherst saw again that sudden flowering of compassion which seemed the secret key to his companion's beauty: as though her lips had been formed for consolation and her hands for tender offices. It was clear enough that Dillon, still sunk in a torpor broken by feverish tossings, was making no perceptible progress toward recovery; and Mrs. Ogan was reduced to murmuring some technical explanation about the state of the wound, while Bessy hung above him with reassuring murmurs as to his wife's fate, and promises that the children should be cared for.

Amherst had noticed, on entering, that a new nurse—a gaping young woman instantly lost in the study of Mrs. Westmore's toilet—had replaced the dark-eyed attendant of the day before; and supposing that the latter was temporarily off duty, he asked Mrs. Ogan if she might be seen.

The matron's face was a picture of genteel perplexity. "The other nurse? Our regular surgical nurse, Miss Golden, is ill—Miss Hibbs, here, is replacing her for the present." She indicated the gaping damsel; then, as Amherst persisted: "Ah," she wondered negligently, "do you mean the young lady you saw here yesterday? Certainly—I had forgotten: Miss Brent was merely a—er—temporary substitute. I believe she was recommended to Dr. Disbrow by one of his patients; but we found her quite unsuitable—in fact, unfitted—and the doctor discharged her this morning."

Mrs. Westmore had drawn near, and while the matron delivered her explanation, with an uneasy sorting and shifting of words, a swift signal of intelligence passed between her hearers. "You see?" Amherst's eyes exclaimed; "I see—they have sent her away because she told you," Bessy's flashed back indignantly, and his answering look did not deny her inference.

"Do you know where she has gone?" Amherst enquired; but Mrs. Ogan, permitting her brows a faint lift of surprise, replied that she had no idea of Miss Brent's movements, beyond having heard that she was to leave Hanaford immediately.

In the carriage Bessy exclaimed: "It was the nurse, of course—if we could only find her! Brent—did Mrs. Ogan say her name was Brent?"

"Do you know the name?"

"Yes—at least—but it couldn't, of course, be the girl I knew——"

"Miss Brent saw you last night, as you were arriving, and thought she recognized you. She said you and she had been at some school or convent together."

"The Sacred Heart? Then it *is* Justine Brent! I heard they had lost their money—I haven't seen her for years. But how strange that she should be a hospital nurse! And why is she at Hanaford, I wonder?"

"She was here only on a visit; she didn't tell me where she lived. She said she heard that a surgical nurse was wanted at the hospital, and volunteered her services; I'm afraid she got small thanks for them."

"Do you really think they sent her away for talking to you? How do you suppose they found out?"

"I waited for her last night when she left the hospital, and I suppose Mrs. Ogan or one of the doctors saw us. It was thoughtless of me," Amherst exclaimed with compunction.

"I wish I had seen her—poor Justine! We were the greatest friends at the convent. She was the ring-leader in all our mischief—I never saw any one so quick and clever. I suppose her fun is all gone now."

For a moment Mrs. Westmore's mind continued to linger among her memories; then she reverted to the question of the Dillons, and of what might best be done for them if Miss Brent's fears should be realized.

As the carriage neared her door she turned to her companion with extended hand. "Thank you so much, Mr. Amherst. I am glad you suggested that Mr. Truscomb should find some work for Dillon about the office. But I must talk to you about this again—can you come in this evening?"

VII



AMHERST could never afterward regain a detailed impression of the weeks that followed. They lived in his memory chiefly as exponents of the unforeseen, nothing he had looked for having come to pass in the way or at the time expected; while the whole movement of life was like the noon-day flow of a river, in which the separate

ripples of brightness are all merged in one blinding glitter. His recurring conferences with Mrs. Westmore formed, as it were, the small surprising kernel of fact about which sensations gathered and grew with the swift ripening of a magician's fruit. That she should remain on at Hanaford to look into the condition of the mills did not, in itself, seem surprising to Amherst; for his short phase of doubt had been succeeded by an abundant inflow of faith in her intentions. It satisfied his inner craving for harmony that her face and spirit should, after all, so corroborate and complete each other; that it needed no moral sophistry to adjust her acts to her appearance, her words to the promise of her smile. But her immediate confidence in him, her resolve to support him in his avowed insubordination, to ignore, with the royal license of her sex, all that was irregular and inexpedient in asking his guidance while the whole official strength of the company darkened the background with a gathering storm of disapproval—this sense of being the glove flung by her hand in the face of convention, quickened astonishingly the flow of Amherst's sensations. It was as though a mountain-climber, braced to the strain of a hard ascent, should suddenly see the way break into roses, and level itself in a path for his feet.

On his second visit he found the two ladies together, and Mrs. Ansell's smile of approval seemed to cast a social sanction on the episode, to classify it as comfortably usual and unimportant. He could see that her friend's manner placed Bessy at her ease, helping her to put her own questions, and to reflect upon his suggestions, with less bewilderment and more self-confidence. Mrs. Ansell had the faculty of restoring to her the belief in her reasoning powers that her father could dissolve in a monosyllable.

The talk, on this occasion, had turned mainly on the future of the Dillon family, on the best means of compensating for the accident, and, incidentally, on the care of the young children of the mill-colony. Though Amherst did not believe in the extremer forms of industrial paternalism, he was yet of opinion that, where married women were employed, the employer should care for their children. He had been gradually, and somewhat reluctantly, brought to this conviction by the many instances of unavoidable neglect and suffering among

the children of the women-workers at Westmore; and Mrs. Westmore took up the scheme with all the ardour of her young motherliness, quivering at the thought of hungry or ailing children while her Cicely, leaning a silken head against her, lifted puzzled eyes to her face.

On the larger problems of the case it was less easy to fix Bessy's attention; but Amherst was far from being one of the extreme theorists who reject temporary remedies lest they defer the day of general renewal, and since he looked upon every gain in the material condition of the mill-hands as a step in their moral growth, he was quite willing to hold back his fundamental plans while he discussed the establishment of a nursery, and of a night-school for the boys in the mills.

The third time he called, he found Mr. Langhope and Mr. Halford Gaines of the company. The President of the Westmore mills was a trim middle-sized man, whose high pink varnish of good living would have turned to purple could he have known Mr. Langhope's opinion of his jewelled shirt-front and the padded shoulders of his evening-coat. Happily he had no inkling of these views, and was fortified in his command of the situation by an unimpaired confidence in his own appearance; while Mr. Langhope, discreetly withdrawn behind a veil of cigar-smoke, let his silence play like a fine criticism over the various phases of the discussion.

It was a surprise to Amherst to find himself in Mr. Gaines's presence. The President, secluded in his high office, seldom visited the mills, and when there showed no consciousness of any presence lower than Truscomb's; and Amherst's first thought was that, in the Superintendent's enforced absence, he was to be called to account by the head of the firm. But he was affably welcomed by Mr. Gaines, who made it clear that his ostensible purpose in coming was to hear Amherst's views as to the proposed night schools and nursery. These were pointedly alluded to as Mrs. Westmore's projects, and the young man was made to feel that he was merely called in as a temporary adviser in Truscomb's absence. This was, in fact, the position Amherst preferred to take, and he scrupulously restricted himself to the answering of questions, letting Mrs. Westmore unfold his plans as

though they had been her own. "It is much better," he reflected, "that they should all think so, and she too, for Truscomb will be on his legs again in a day or two, and then my hours will be numbered."

Meanwhile he was surprised to find Mr. Gaines oddly amenable to the proposed innovations, which he appeared to regard as new fashions in mill-management, to be adopted for the same cogent reasons as a new cut in coat-tails.

"Of course we want to be up-to-date—there's no reason why the Westmore mills shouldn't do as well by their people as any mills in the country," he affirmed, in the tone of the entertainer accustomed to say: "I want the thing done handsomely." But he seemed even less conscious than Mrs. Westmore that each particular wrong could be traced back to a radical vice in the system. He appeared to think that every murmur of assent to her proposals passed the sponge, once for all, over the difficulty propounded: as though a problem in algebra should be solved by wiping it off the black-board.

"My dear Bessy, we all owe you a debt of gratitude for coming here, and bringing, so to speak, a fresh eye to bear on the subject. If I've been, perhaps, a little too exclusively absorbed in making the mills profitable, my friend Langhope will, I believe, not be the first to—er—cast a stone at me." Mr. Gaines, who was the soul of delicacy, stumbled a little over the awkward associations connected with this figure, but, picking himself up, hastened on to affirm: "And in that respect, I think we can challenge comparison with any industry in the state; but I am the first to admit that there may be another side, a side that it takes a woman—a mother—to see. For instance," he interpolated jocosely, "I flatter myself that I know how to order a good dinner; but I always leave the flowers to my wife. And if you'll permit me to say so," he went on, encouraged by the felicity of his image, "I believe it will produce a most pleasing effect—not only on the operatives themselves, but on the whole of Hanaford—on our own set of people especially—to have you come here and interest yourself in the—er—philanthropic side of the work."

Bessy coloured a little. She blushed easily, and was perhaps not over-discriminating as to the quality of praise received; but

under her ripple of pleasure a stronger feeling stirred, and she said hastily: "I am afraid I never should have thought of these things if Mr. Amherst had not pointed them out to me."

Mr. Gaines met this blandly. "Very gratifying to Mr. Amherst to have you put it in that way; and I am sure we all appreciate his valuable hints. Truscomb himself could not have been more helpful, though his larger experience will no doubt be useful later on, in developing and—er—modifying your plans."

It was difficult to reconcile this large view of the moral issue with the existence of abuses which made the management of the Westmore mills as unpleasantly notorious in one section of the community as it was agreeably notable in another. But Amherst was impartial enough to see that Mr. Gaines was unconscious of the incongruities of the situation. He left the reconciling of incompatibles to Truscomb with the simple faith of the believer committing a like task to his Maker: it was in the Superintendent's mind that the dark processes of adjustment took place. Mr. Gaines cultivated the convenient and popular idea that by ignoring wrongs one is not so much condoning as actually denying their existence; and in pursuance of this belief, he devoutly abstained from studying the conditions at Westmore.

A farther surprise awaited Amherst when Truscomb reappeared in the office. The Superintendent was always a man of few words; and for the first days his intercourse with his manager was restricted to asking questions and issuing orders. Soon afterward, it became known that Dillon's arm was to be amputated, and that afternoon Truscomb was summoned to a conference with Mrs. Westmore. When he returned he sent for Amherst; and the young man felt sure that his hour had come.

He was at dinner when the summons reached him, and he knew from the tightening of his mother's lips that she too interpreted it in the same way. He was glad that Duplain's presence kept her from speaking her fears; and he thanked her inwardly for the smile with which she watched him go.

That evening, when he returned, the smile was still at its post; but it dropped away wearily as he said, with his hands on

her shoulders: "Don't worry, mother; I don't know exactly what's happening, but we're not blacklisted yet."

Mrs. Amherst had immediately taken up her work, letting her nervous tension find its usual escape through her finger-tips. Her needles flagged as she lifted her eyes to his.

"Something *is* happening, then?" she murmured.

"Oh, a number of things, evidently—but though I'm in the heart of them, I can't yet make out how they are going to affect me."

His mother's glance twinkled in time with the renewed flash of her needles. "There's always a safe place in the heart of a storm," she said shrewdly; and Amherst rejoined with a laugh: "Well, if it's Truscomb's heart, I don't know that it's particularly safe for me."

"Tell me just what he said, John," she begged, making no attempt to carry the pleasantries farther, though its possibilities still seemed to flicker about her lip; and Amherst proceeded to recount his talk with the Superintendent.

Truscomb, it appeared, had made no allusion to Dillon; his avowed purpose in summoning his assistant had been to discuss with the latter the question of the proposed nursery and schools. Mrs. Westmore, at Amherst's suggestion, had presented these projects as her own; but the question of an available site having come up, she had mentioned to Truscomb his assistant's proposal that the company should buy for the purpose the notorious Eldorado. The road-house in question had always been one of the most destructive influences in the mill-colony, and Amherst had made one or two indirect attempts to have the building converted to other uses; but the determined opposition he encountered gave colour to the popular report that the Superintendent took a high toll from the landlord.

It therefore at once occurred to Amherst to suggest the purchase of the property to Mrs. Westmore; and he was not surprised to find that Truscomb's opposition to the scheme centred in the choice of the building. But even at this point the Superintendent betrayed no open resistance; he seemed tacitly to admit Amherst's right to discuss the proposed plans, and even to be consulted concerning the choice of a site. He was ready with a dozen good reasons

against the purchase of the road-house; but here also he proceeded with a discretion unexampled in his dealings with his subordinates. He acknowledged the harm done by the dance-hall, but objected that he could not conscientiously advise the company to pay the extortionate price at which it was held, and reminded Amherst that, if that particular source of offense were removed, others would inevitably spring up to replace it; marshalling the usual temporizing arguments of tolerance and expediency, with no marked change from his usual tone, till, just as the interview was ending, he asked, with a sudden drop into conciliation, if the assistant manager had anything to complain of in the treatment he received.

This came as such a surprise to Amherst that before he had collected himself he found Truscomb ambiguously but unmistakably offering him—with the practised indirection of the man accustomed to cover his share in such transactions—a substantial “consideration” for dropping the matter of the road-house. It was incredible, yet it had really happened: the all-powerful Truscomb, who held Westmore in the hollow of his hand, had stooped to bribing his assistant because he was afraid to deal with him in a more summary manner. Amherst’s leap of anger at the offer was curbed by the instant perception of its cause. He had no time to search for a reason; he could only rally himself to meet the unintelligible with a composure as abysmal as Truscomb’s; and his voice still rang with the wonder of the incident as he retailed it to his mother.

“Think of what it means, mother, for a young woman like Mrs. Westmore, without any experience or any habit of authority, to come here, and at the first glimpse of injustice, to be so revolted that she finds the courage and cleverness to put her little hand to the machine and reverse the engines—for it’s nothing less that she’s done! Oh, I know there’ll be a reaction—the pendulum’s sure to swing back: but you’ll see it won’t swing *as far*. Of course I shall go in the end—but Truscomb may go too: Jove, if I could pull him down on me, like what’s-his-name and the pillars of the temple!”

He had risen and was measuring the little sitting-room with his long strides, his head flung back and his eyes dark with the inward look his mother had not always cared

to see there. But now her own glance seemed to have caught a ray from his, and the knitting flowed from her hands like the thread of fate, as she sat silent, letting him exhale his hopes and his wonder, and murmuring only, when he dropped again to the chair at her side: “You won’t go, Johnny—you won’t go.”

Mrs. Westmore lingered on for over two weeks, and during that time Amherst was able, in various directions, to develop her interest in the mill-workers. His own schemes involved a complete readjustment of the relation between the company and the hands: the suppression of the obsolete company “store” and tenements, which had so long sapped the thrift and ambition of the workers; the transformation of the Hopewood grounds into a park and athletic field, and the division of its remaining acres into building lots for the mill-hands; the establishing of a library, a dispensary and emergency hospital, and various other centres of humanizing influence; but he refrained from letting her see that his present suggestion was only a part of this larger plan, lest her growing sympathy should be checked. He had in his mother an example of the mind accessible only to concrete impressions: the mind which could die for the particular instance, yet remain serenely indifferent to its causes. To Mrs. Amherst, her son’s work had been interesting simply because it *was* his work: remove his presence from Westmore, and the whole industrial problem became to her as non-existent as star-dust to the naked eye. And in Bessy Westmore he divined a nature of the same quality—divined, but no longer criticized it. Was not that concentration on the personal issue just the compensating grace of her sex? Did it not offer a warm tint of human inconsistency to eyes chilled by contemplating life in the mass? It pleased Amherst for the moment to class himself with the impersonal student of social problems, though in truth his interest in them had its source in an imagination as open as Bessy’s to the pathos of the personal appeal. But if he had the same sensitiveness, how inferior were his means of expressing it! Again and again, during their talks, he had the feeling which had come to him when she bent over Dillon’s bed—that her exquisite lines were, in some mystical sense, the visible flowering

of her nature, that they had taken shape in response to the inward motions of the heart.

To a young man ruled by high enthusiasms there can be no more dazzling adventure than to work this miracle in the tender creature who yields her mind to his—to see, as it were, the blossoming of the spiritual seed in forms of heightened loveliness, the bluer beam of the eye, the richer curve of the lip, all the physical currents of life quickening under the breath of a kindled thought. It did not occur to him that any other emotion had effected the change he perceived. Bessy Westmore had in full measure that gift of unconscious hypocrisy which enables a woman to make the man in whom she is interested believe that she enters into all his thoughts. She had—more than this—the gift of self-deception, supreme happiness of the unreflecting nature, whereby she was able to believe herself solely engrossed in the subjects they discussed, to regard him as the mere spokesman of important ideas, thus saving their intercourse from present constraint, and from the awkward contemplation of future contingencies. So, in obedience to the ancient sorcery of life, these two groped for and found each other in regions seemingly so remote from the accredited domain of romance that it would have been as a great surprise to them to learn whither they had strayed as to see the arid streets of Westmore suddenly bursting into leaf.

With Mrs. Westmore's departure Amherst, for the first time, became aware of a certain flatness in his life. His daily task seemed tedious and purposeless, and he was galled by Truscomb's studied forbearance, under which he suspected a quickly accumulating store of animosity. He almost longed for some collision which should release the Superintendent's pent-up resentment; yet he dreaded increasingly any accident that might make his stay at Westmore impossible.

It was on Sundays, when he was freed from his weekly task, that he was most at the mercy of these opposing feelings. They drove him forth on long solitary walks beyond the town, walks ending most often in the deserted grounds of Hopewood, beautiful now in the ruined gold of October. As he sat under the beech-limbs above the river, watching its brown current sweep the willow-roots of the banks, he thought how

this same current, within its next short reach, passed from wooded seclusion to the noise and pollution of the mills. So his own life seemed to have passed once more from the tranced flow of the last weeks into its old channel of unilluminated labour. But other thoughts came to him too: the vision of converting that melancholy pleasure-ground into an outlet for the cramped lives of the mill-workers; and he pictured the weed-grown lawns and paths thronged with holiday-makers, and the slopes nearer the factories dotted with houses and gardens.

An unexpected event revived these hopes. A few days before Christmas it became known to Hanaford that Mrs. Westmore was returning for the holidays. Cicely was drooping in town air, and Bessy had persuaded Mr. Langhope that the bracing cold of Hanaford would be better for the child than the milder atmosphere of Long Island. They reappeared, and brought with them a breath of holiday cheerfulness such as Westmore had never known. It had always been the rule at the mills to let the operatives take their pleasure as they saw fit, and the Eldorado and the Hanaford saloons thrived on this policy. But Mrs. Westmore arrived full of festal projects. There was to be a giant Christmas tree for the mill-children, a supper on the same scale for the operatives, and a bout of skating and coasting at Hopewood for the older lads—the "band" and "bobbin" boys in whom Amherst had always felt a special interest. The Gaines ladies, resolved to show themselves at home in the latest philanthropic fashions, overwhelmingly seconded Bessy's endeavours, and for a week Westmore basked under a sudden heat-wave of beneficence.

The time had passed when Amherst might have made light of such efforts. With Bessy Westmore smiling up, holly-laden, from the foot of the ladder on which she kept him perched, how could he question the efficacy of hanging the opening-room with Christmas wreaths, or the ultimate benefit of gorging the operatives with turkey and sheathing their offspring in red mittens? It was just like the end of a story-book with a pretty moral, and Amherst was in the mood to be as much taken by the tinsel as the youngest mill-baby held up to gape at the tree.

At the New Year, when Mrs. Westmore left, the negotiations for the purchase of the Eldorado were well-advanced, and it was

understood that on their completion she was to return for the opening of the night-school and nursery. Suddenly, however, it became known that the proprietor of the road-house had decided not to sell. Amherst heard of the decision from Duplain, and at once foresaw the inevitable result—that Mrs. Westmore's plan would be given up owing to the ostensible difficulty of finding another site. Mr. Gaines and Truscomb had both discountenanced the erection of a special building for what was, after all, only a tentative enterprise. Among the purchasable houses in Westmore no other was suited to the purpose, and they had, therefore, a good excuse for advising Bessy to defer her experiment.

Almost at the same time, however, another piece of news changed the aspect of affairs. A scandalous occurrence at the Eldorado, witnesses to which were unexpectedly forthcoming, put it in Amherst's power to threaten the landlord with exposure unless he should at once accept the company's offer and withdraw from Westmore. Amherst had no long time to consider the best means of putting this threat into effect. He knew it was not only idle to appeal to Truscomb, but essential to keep the facts from him till the deed was done; yet how obtain the authority to act without his knowledge? The seemingly insuperable difficulties of the situation whetted his craving for a struggle. He thought first of writing to Mrs. Westmore; but now that the spell of her presence was withdrawn he felt how hard it would be to make her understand the need of prompt and secret action; and besides, was it likely that, at such short notice, she could command the needful funds? Prudence opposed the attempt, and on reflection he decided to appeal to Mr. Gaines, hoping that the flagrancy of the case would rouse the President from his usual attitude of indifference.

Mr. Gaines was roused to the extent of showing a profound resentment against the cause of his disturbance. He relieved his sense of responsibility by some didactic remarks on the vicious tendencies of the working-classes, and concluded with the reflection that the more you did for them the less thanks you got. But when Amherst showed an unwillingness to let the matter rest on this time-honoured aphorism, the President retrenched himself behind ambi-

guities, suggestions that they should await Mrs. Westmore's return, and general considerations of a pessimistic nature, tapering off into a gloomy view of the weather.

"By God, I'll write to her!" Amherst exclaimed, as the Gaines portals closed on him; and all the way back to Westmore he was busy marshalling his arguments and entreaties.

He wrote the letter that night, but did not post it. Some unavowed distrust of her restrained him—a distrust not of her heart but of her intelligence. He felt that the whole future of Westmore was at stake, and decided to await the development of the next twenty-four hours. The letter was still in his pocket when, after dinner, he was summoned to the office by Truscomb.

That evening, when he returned home, he entered the little sitting-room without speaking. His mother sat there alone, in her usual place—how many nights he had seen the lamplight slant at that particular angle across her fresh cheek and the fine wrinkles about her eyes! He was going to add another wrinkle to the number now—soon they would creep down and encroach upon the smoothness of the cheek.

She looked up and saw that his glance was turned to the crowded bookshelves behind her.

"There must be over five hundred of them," he said as their eyes met.

"Books? Yes—with your father's. Why—were you thinking. . . ?" She started up suddenly and crossed over to him.

"Too many for wanderers," he continued, drawing her beseeching hands to his breast; then, as she clung to him, weeping and trembling a little: "It had to be, mother," he said, kissing her penitently where the fine wrinkles died into the cheek.

VIII



AMHERST'S dismissal was not to take effect for a month; and in the interval he addressed himself steadily to his task.

He went through the routine of the work numbly; but his intercourse with the hands tugged at deep fibres of feelings. He had always shared, as far as his duties allowed, in the cares and interests of their few free hours: the hours when the automatic appendages of

the giant machine became men and women again, with desires and passions of their own. Under Amherst's influence the mixed elements of the mill-community had begun to crystallize into social groups: his books had served as an improvised lending-library, he had organized a club, a rudimentary orchestra, and various other means of binding together the better spirits of the community. With the older men, the attractions of the Eldorado, and kindred inducements, often worked against him; but among the younger hands, and especially the boys, he had gained a personal ascendancy that it was bitter to relinquish.

It was the severing of this tie that cost him most pain in the final days at Westmore; and after he had done what he could to console his mother, and to put himself in the way of getting work elsewhere, he tried to see what might be saved out of the ruins of the little polity he had built up. He hoped his influence might at least persist in the form of an awakened instinct of fellowship; and he gave every spare hour to strengthening the links he had tried to form. The boys, at any rate, would be honestly sorry to have him go: not, indeed, from the profounder reasons that affected him, but because he had not only stood persistently between the overseers and themselves, but had recognized their right to fun after work-hours as well as their right to protection while they worked.

In the glow of Mrs. Westmore's Christmas visitation an athletic club had been formed, and leave obtained to use the Hopewood grounds for Saturday afternoon sports; and thither Amherst continued to conduct the boys after the mills closed at the week-end. His last Saturday had now come: a shining afternoon of late February, with a red sunset bending above frozen river and slopes of unruffled snow. For an hour or more he had led the usual sports, coasting down the steep descent from the house to the edge of the woods, and skating and playing hockey on the rough river-ice which eager hands kept clear after every snow-storm. He always felt the contagion of these sports: the glow of movement, the tumult of young voices, the sting of the winter air, roused all the boyhood in his blood, and made him one with the lads whose games he shared. But today he had to force himself through his part in the performance.

To the very last, as he now saw, he had hoped for a sign in the heavens: not the reversal of his own sentence—for, merely on disciplinary grounds, he perceived that to be impossible—but something pointing to a change in the management of the mills, some proof that Mrs. Westmore's intervention had betokened more than a passing impulse of compassion. Surely she would not accept without question the abandonment of her favourite scheme; and if she came back to put the question, the answer would lay bare the whole situation. . . . So Amherst's hopes had persuaded him; but the day before he had heard that she was to sail for Europe. The report, first announced in the papers, had been confirmed by his mother, who brought back from a visit to Hanaford the news that Mrs. Westmore was leaving at once for an indefinite period, and that the Hanaford house was to be closed. Irony would have been the readiest caustic for the wound thus inflicted; but Amherst, for that very reason, disdained it. He would not taint his disappointment with facile mockery, but would leave it among the unspoiled sadnesses of life. . . .

He flung himself into the boys' sports with undiminished energy, meaning that their last Saturday with him should be their merriest; but he went through his part mechanically, and was glad when the sun began to dip toward the rim of the woods.

He was standing on the ice, where the river widened just below the house, when a jingle of bells broke on the still air, and he saw a sleigh driven rapidly up the avenue. Amherst watched it in surprise. Who, at that hour, could be invading the winter solitude of Hopewood? The sleigh halted near the closed house, and a muffled figure, alighting alone from it, began to move down the snowy slope toward the skaters.

In an instant he had torn off his skates and was bounding up the bank. He would have known the figure anywhere—known that lovely poise of the head, the mixture of hesitancy and swiftness in the light tread which even the snow could not impede. Half-way up the slope to the house they met, and Mrs. Westmore held out her hand. Face and lips, as she stood above him, glowed with her swift passage through the evening air, and in the blaze of the sunset she seemed saturated with heavenly fires.



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Half-way up the slope to the house they met.—Page 280.

"I drove out to find you—they told me you were here—I arrived this morning, quite suddenly . . ."

She broke off, as though the encounter had checked her ardour instead of kindling it; but he drew no discouragement from her tone.

"I hoped you would come before I left—I knew you would!" he exclaimed; and as their eyes met her face clouded anxiously.

"I didn't know you were leaving Westmore till yesterday—the day before—I got a letter . . ." Again she wavered, perceptibly trusting her difficulty to him, in that sweet way he had been trying to forget; and he answered, with recovered energy: "The great thing is that you should be here."

She shook her head at his optimism. "What can I do if you go away?"

"You can give me a chance, before I go, to tell you a little about some of the loose ends I am leaving."

"But why are you leaving them? I don't understand. Is it inevitable?"

"Inevitable," he returned, with an odd glow of satisfaction in the word; and as her eyes besought him, he added, smiling: "I've been dismissed, you see; and from the Superintendent's standpoint I think I deserved it. But the best part of my work needn't go with me—and that is what I should like to speak to you about. As assistant manager I can easily be replaced—have been, I understand, already; but among these boys here I should like to think that a little of me stayed—and it will, if you'll let me tell you what I've been doing."

She glanced away from him at the busy throng on the ice and at the other black cluster above the coasting-slide.

"How they're enjoying it!" she murmured. "What a pity it was never done before! And who will keep it up when you're gone?"

"You," he answered, meeting her eyes again; and as she coloured a little under his look he went on quickly: "Will you come over and look at the coasting? The time is almost up. One more slide and they'll be packing off to supper."

She made a gesture of assent, and they walked in silence over the white lawn, criss-crossed with tramplings of happy feet, to the ridge whence the coasters started on their run. Amherst's object in turning the talk had been to gain a moment's respite. He could not bear to waste his perfect hour

in futile explanations: he wanted to keep it undisturbed by any thought of the future. And the same feeling seemed to possess his companion, for she did not speak again till they reached the knoll where the coasters were gathered.

A sled packed with boys was just poised on the brink: with a last shout it was off, dipping down the steep incline with the long curved flight of a swallow, flashing across the wide meadow at the base of the hill, and tossed upward again by its own gathering impetus, till it vanished in the dark rim of wood on the opposite height. The lads waiting on the knoll sang out for joy, and Bessy clapped her hands and joined in their cry.

"What fun! I wish I'd brought Cicely! I've not coasted for years," she laughed out, as the second detachment of boys heaped themselves on another sled and shot down after their mates. Amherst looked at her with a smile. He saw that every other feeling had vanished in the exhilaration of watching the flight of the sleds. She had forgotten why she had come—forgotten her distress at his dismissal—forgotten everything but the allurements of the long white slope, and the tingle of keen air in her veins.

"Shall we go down? Should you like it?" he asked, feeling no resentment under the heightened glow of his pulses.

"Oh, do take me—I shall love it!" Her eyes shone like a child's—she might have been a lovelier embodiment of the shouting boyhood about them.

The first band of coasters, tugging their sled at their heels, had by this time already covered a third of the homeward stretch; but Amherst was too impatient to await them. Plunging down to the meadow he caught up the sled-rope, and raced back with the pack of rejoicing youth in his wake. The sharp climb up the slope seemed to fill his lungs with flame: his whole body burned with a strange intensity of life. As he reached the top, a distant bell rang across the fields from Westmore, and the boys began to gather up their coats and mufflers.

"Be off with you—I'll look after the sleds," Amherst called to them as they dispersed; then he turned for a moment to see that the skaters below were also heeding the summons.

A cold pallor lay on the river-banks and on the low meadow beneath the knoll; but

the woodland opposite stood black against rolling scarlet vapours that ravelled off in sheer light toward a sky hung with an icy moon.

Amherst drew up the sled and held it in position while Bessy, seating herself, tucked her furs close with little mirthful exclamations; then he placed himself in front.

"Ready?" he cried over his shoulder, and "Ready!" she called back.

Their little craft quivered under them, hanging an instant over the long stretch of whiteness below; the level sun dazzled their eyes, and the first plunge seemed to dash them down into darkness. Amherst heard a cry of glee behind him; then all sounds were lost in the whistle of air humming by like the flight of a million arrows. They had dropped below the sunset and were tearing through the clear nether twilight of the descent; then, with a bound, the sled met the level, and shot away across the meadow toward the opposite height. It seemed to Amherst as though his body had been left behind, and only the spirit in him rode the wild blue currents of galloping air; but as the sled's rush began to slacken with the strain of the final ascent he was recalled to himself by the contact of the breathing warmth at his back. Bessy had put out a hand to steady herself, and as she leaned forward, gripping his arm, a flying end of her furs swept his face. There was a delicious pang in being thus caught back to life; and as the sled stopped, and he sprang to his feet, he still glowed with the joy of the sensation. Bessy too was under the spell. In the dusk of the beech-grove where they had landed, he could barely distinguish her features; but her eyes shone on him, and he heard her quick breathing as he stooped to help her to her feet.

"Oh, how beautiful—it's the only thing better than a good gallop!"

She leaned against a tree-bole, panting a little, and loosening her furs.

"What a pity it's too dark to begin again!" she sighed, looking about her through the dim brown weaving of leafless boughs.

"It's not so dark in the open—we might have one more," he proposed; but she shook her head, seized by a new whim.

"It's so still and delicious in here—did you hear the snow fall when that squirrel jumped across to the pine?" She tilted her head, narrowing her lids as she peered upward.

"There he is! One gets used to the light. . . . Look! See his little eyes shining down at us!"

As Amherst looked where she pointed, the squirrel leapt to another tree, and they stole on after him through the hushed wood, guided by his grey flashes in the dimness. Here and there, in a break of the snow, they trod on a bed of wet leaves that gave out a breath of hidden life, or a hemlock twig dashed its spicy scent into their faces. As they grew used to the twilight, their eyes began to distinguish countless delicate gradations of tint: cold mottlings of grey-black boles against the snow, wet russets of drifted beech-leaves, a distant network of mauve twigs melting into the woodland haze. And in the silence just such fine gradations of sound became audible: the soft drop of loosened snow-lumps, a stir of startled wings, the creak of a dead branch, somewhere far off in darkness.

They walked on, still in silence, as though they had entered the glade of an enchanted forest, and were powerless to turn back or to break the hush with a word. They made no pretense of following the squirrel any longer; he had flashed away to a high tree-top, whence his ironical chatter pattered down on their unheeding ears. Amherst's sensations were not of that highest order of happiness where mind and heart mingle their elements in the strong draught of life: it was a languid fume that stole through him from the cup at his lips. But after the sense of defeat and failure which the last weeks had brought, the reaction was too exquisite to be closely analyzed. All he asked of the moment was its immediate sweetness. . . .

They had reached the brink of a rocky glen where a little brook still sent its thread of sound through mufflings of ice and huddled branches. Bessy stood still a moment, bending her head to the sweet cold tinkle; then she moved away and said slowly: "We must go back."

As they turned to retrace their steps, a yellow line of light through the tree-trunks showed them that they had not after all, gone very deep into the wood. A few minutes' walk would restore them to the lingering daylight, and on the farther side of the meadow stood the sleigh which was to carry Bessy back to Hanaford. A sudden sense of the evanescence of the moment roused

Amherst from his absorption. Before the next change in the fading light he would be back again among the ugly realities of life. Did she too hate to return to them? Or why else did she walk so slowly—why did she seem as much afraid as himself to break the silence that held them in its magic circle?

A dead pine-branch caught in the edge of her skirt, and she stood still with a little exclamation while Amherst bent down to release her. As she turned to help him he looked up with a smile.

"The wood doesn't want to let you go," he said.

She made no reply, and he added, rising: "But you'll come back to it—you'll come back often, I hope."

He could not see her face in the dimness, but her voice trembled a little as she answered: "I will do what you tell me—but I shall be alone—against all the others: they don't understand."

The simplicity, the helplessness, of the avowal, appealed to him not as a weakness but as a grace. He understood what she was really saying: "How can you desert me? How can you put this great responsibility on me, and then leave me to bear it alone?" and in the light of her unuttered appeal his action seemed almost like cruelty. Why had he opened her eyes to wrongs she had no strength to redress without his aid?

He could only answer, as he walked beside her toward the edge of the wood: "You will not be alone—in time you will make the others understand; in time they will be with you."

"Ah, you don't believe that!" she exclaimed, pausing suddenly, and speaking with an intensity of reproach that amazed him.

"I hope it, at any rate," he rejoined, pausing also. "And I'm sure that if you will come here oftener—if you'll really live among your people——"

"How can you say that, when you're deserting them?" she broke in, with a feminine audacity of inconsequence that fairly dashed the words from his lips.

"Deserting them? Don't you understand——?"

"I understand that you've made Mr.

Gaines and Truscomb angry—yes; but if I should insist on your staying——"

Amherst felt the blood rush to his forehead. "No—no, it's not possible," he exclaimed, with a vehemence addressed more to himself than to her.

"Then what will happen at the mills?"

"Oh, some one else will be found—the new ideas are stirring everywhere. And if you'll only come back here, and help my successor——"

"Do you think they are likely to choose any one else with your ideas?" she interposed with unexpected acuteness; and after a short silence he answered: "Not immediately, perhaps; but in time—in time there will be improvements."

"As if the poor people could wait! Oh, it's cruel, cruel of you to go!"

Her voice broke into a note of entreaty that trembled through his inmost fibres.

"You don't understand. It's impossible in the present state of things that I should do any good by staying."

"Then you refuse? Even if I were to insist on their asking you to stay, you would still refuse?" she persisted.

"Yes—I should still refuse."

She made no answer, but moved a few steps nearer to the edge of the wood. The meadow was just below them now, and the sleigh in plain sight on the height beyond. Their steps made no sound on the sodden drifts underfoot, and in the silence he thought he heard a quick catch in her breathing. It was enough to make the brimming moment overflow. He stood still before her and bent his head to hers. "Bessy!" he said, with sudden vehemence. She did not speak or move; but in the quickened state of his perceptions he became aware that she was silently weeping. The gathering darkness under the trees enveloped them. It absorbed her outline into the shadowy background of the wood, from which her face emerged in a faint spot of pallor; and the same obscurity seemed to envelop his faculties, merging the hard facts of life in a blur of feeling in which the distinctest impression was the sweet sense of her tears.

"Bessy!" he exclaimed again; and as he drew a step nearer he felt her yield to his arm, and bury her soft sobs against it.

TO A CHILD

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

WHEN that dark labyrinth I needs must thread,
The citadel of dreams, of phantom strife,
Abhorred tenement of Death-in-Life,
Peopled with changeful shapes of doubt and dread,
Shapes that the day disowns made manifest—
I know one anguish crowning all the rest,
When, looking down, I see your golden head—
Why, 'twas but now I saw you safe to rest,
The hearth-light flickering on your little bed;
Yet, lo! white-robed, with pattering bare feet
Behold you here, close following at my side,
And all the terrors of the darkling street,
Or sheer abyss, or foe malign and fleet,
A million million times are multiplied.

With strengthless limbs and lips that move in vain,
I strive for safety now as ne'er before,
Seek the false shelter, hold the haspless door
In impotent intolerable pain,
Until this tyranny be past once more.

To the dark labyrinth I perforce must thread
Oh, come not thou, Dear Heart; those murky ways
Are desolate indeed, and most forlorn,
And all unfit for little feet to tread.
To my sharp sorrow spare this sharpest thorn,
The while my prison is that weary maze.

If thou must wander in the fields of sleep,
Go roam the happy meadows, gold and white,
Where young lambs play and daisies take the light; . . .
Come not among the souls that shudder and weep.
So I, enfranchised from the sorest stress,
Shall go my way not all uncomforted,
Alone, and thankful for my loneliness;
No more afraid of dungeon or of deep,
Or melancholy dwellings of the dead.



The sperrits no longer ha'nt the burying-ground.—Page 286.

THE LAST GHOST IN HARMONY

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

FROM his perch on the blacksmith's anvil He spoke between the puffs of his post-prandial pipe. The fire in the forge was out and the day was going, slowly, through the open door of the shop and the narrow windows, westward to the mountains. In the advancing shadow, on the pile of broken wheels, on the work-bench, on keg and barrel, They sat puffing their post-prandial pipes and listening.

For a partner in business I want a truthful man, but for a companion give me one with imagination. To my mind imagination is the spice of life. There is nothing so uninteresting as a fact, for when you know it that is the end of it. When life becomes

nothing but facts it won't be worth living; yet in a few years the race will have no imagination left. It is being educated out. Look at the children. When I was young the bogey man was as real to me as pa and nearly as much to be feared of, but just yesterday I was lectured for merely mentioning him to my neffy. So with ghosts. We was taught to believe in ghosts the same as we was in Adam or Noar. Nowadays nobody believes in them. It is unscientific, and if you are superstitious you are considered ignorant and laughed at. Ghosts are the product of the imagination, but if I imagine I see one he is as real to me as if he actually exists, isn't he? Therefore he does exist. That's logic. You fellows have become scientific and admits only what you see and feel, and don't depend on your imagination

for anything. Such being the case, I myself admit that the sperrits no longer ha'nt the burying-ground or play around your houses. I admit it because the same condition exact existed in Harmony when I was there, and because of what was told me by Robert J. Dinkle about two years after he died, and because of what occurred between me and him and the Rev. Mr. Spiegel nail.

Harmony was a highly intellectual town. About the last man there with any imagination or interesting ideas, excepting me, of course, was Robert J. Dinkle. Yet he had an awful reputation, and when he died it was generally stated privately that the last landmark of ignorance and superstition had been providentially removed. You know he had always been seeing things, but we set it down to his fondness for hard cider or his natural propensity for joshing. With him gone there was no one left to report the doings of the sperrit-world. In fact, so widespread was the light of reason, as the Rev. Mr. Spiegel nail called it, that the burying-ground became a popular place for moonlight strolls. Even I walked through it frequent on my way home from Miss Wheedle's, with whom I was keeping company, and it never occurred to me to go any faster there, or to look back over my shoulder, for I didn't believe in such foolishness. But to the most intellectual there comes times of doubt about things they know nothing of nor understand. Such a time come to me, when the wind was more mournfuller than usual in the trees, and the clouds scudded along overhead, casting peculiar shadders. My imagination got the best of my intellect. I hurried. I looked back over my shoulder. I shivered, kind of. Natural I see nothing in the burying-ground, yet at the end of town I was still uneasy-like, though half laughing at myself. It was so quiet; not a light burned anywhere, and the square seemed lonelier than the cemetery, and the store was so deserted, so ghostly in the moonlight, that I just couldn't keep from peering around at it.

Then, from the empty porch, from the empty bench—empty, I swear, for I could see plain, so clear was the night—from absolute nothing come as pleasant a voice as ever I hear.

"Hello!" it says.

My blood turned icy-like and the chills waved up and down all through me. I couldn't move.

The voice come again, so natural, so familiar, that I warmed some, and rubbed my eyes and stared.

There, setting on the bench, in his favorite place, was the late Robert J. Dinkle, gleaming in the moonlight, the front door showing right through him.

"I must appear pretty distinct," he says in a proud-like way. "Can't you see me very plain?"

See him plain! I should think so. Even the patches on his coat was visible, and only for the building behind him, he never looked more natural, and hearing him so pleasant, set me thinking. This, says I, is the sperrit of the late Robert J. Dinkle. In life he never did me any harm and in his present misty condition is likely to do less; if he is looking for trouble I'm not afraid of a bit of fog. Such being the case, I says, I shall address him as soon as I am able.

But Robert got tired waiting, and spoke again in an anxious tone, a little louder, and rather complaining, "Don't I show up good?" says he.

"I never see you looking better," I answered, for my voice had came back, and the chills were quieter, and I was fairly ca'm and dared even to move a little nearer.

A bright smile showed on his pale face. "It is a relief to be seen at last," he cried, most cheerful. "For years I've been trying to do a little ha'nting around here, and no one would notice me. I used to think mebbe my material was too delicate and gauzy, but I've concided that, after all, the stuff is not to blame."

He heaved a sigh so natural that I forgot all about his being a ghost. Indeed, taken all in all, I see that he had improved, was solemnner, had a sweeter expression and wasn't likely to give in to his old pre-pensity for joshing.

"Set down and we will talk it over," he went on most winning. "Really, I can't do any harm, but please be a little afraid and then I will show up distincter. I must be getting dim now."

"You are," says I, for though I was on the porch edging nearer him most bold, I could hardly see him.

Without any warning he gave an awful groan that brought the chills waving back most violent. I jumped and stared, and as I stared he stood out plainer and solider in the moonlight.



"Hello!" it says.—Page 286.

"That's better," he said with a jolly chuckle; "now you do believe in me, don't you? Well, set there nervous-like, on the edge of the bench and don't be too ca'm-like, or I'll disappear."

The ghost's orders were followed explicit. But with him setting there so natural and pleasant it was hard to be frightened and more than once I forgot. He, seeing me peering like my eyesight was bad, would give a groan that made my blood curdle. Up he would flare again, gleaming in the moonlight full and strong.

"Harmony's getting too scientific, too intellectual," he said, speaking very melancholic. "What can't be explained by arithmetic or gography is put down as impossible. Even the preachers encourage such

idees and talk about Adam and Eve being allegories. As a result, the graveyard has become the slowest place in town. You simply can't ha'nt anything around here. A man hears a groan in his room and he gets up and closes the shutters tighter, or throws a shoe at a rat, or swears at the wind in the chimney. A few sperrits were hanging around when I was first dead, but they were complaining very bad about the hard times. There used to be plenty of good society in the burying-ground, they said, but one by one they had to quit. All the old Berrys had left. Mr. Whoople retired when he was taken for a white mule. Mrs. Morris A. Klump, who once oppyrated 'round the deserted house beyond the mill had gave up in disgust just a week before my ar-

rival. I tried to encourage the few remaining, explained how the sperritualists were working down the valley and would strike town any time, but they had lost all hope—kept fading away till only me was left. If things don't turn for the better soon I must go, too. It's awful discouraging. And lonely! Why, folks ramble around the graves like even I wasn't there. Just last night my boy Ossy came strolling along with the lady he is keeping company with, and where do you s'pose they set down to rest, and look at the moon and talk about the silliest sub-jecks? Right on my head-stone! I stood in front of them and did the ghostliest things till I was clean tired out and discouraged. They just would not pay the least attention."

The poor old ghost almost broke down and cried. Never in life had I known him so much affected, and it went right to my heart to see him wiping his eyes with his handkercher and snuffling.

"Mebbe you don't make enough noise when you ha'nt," says I most sympathetic.

"I do all the regular acts," says he, a bit het up by my remark. "We always were kind of limited. I float around and groan, and talk foolish, and sometimes I pull off bed-clothes or reveal the hiding-place of buried treasure. But what good does it do in a town so intellectual as Harmony?"

I have seen many folks who were down on their luck, but never one who so appealed to me as the late Robert J. Dinkle. It was the way he spoke, the way he looked, his general patheticness, his very helplessness and deservingsness. In life I had known him well, and as he was now I liked him better. So I did want to do something for him. We sat studying for a long time, him smoking very violent, blowing clouds of fog outen his pipe, me thinking up some way to help him. And idees allus comes to them who sets and waits.

"The trouble is partly as you say, Robert," I allowed after a bit, "and again partly because you can't make enough noise to awaken the slumbering imagination of intellectual Harmony. With a little natural help from me though, you might stir things up in this town."

You never saw a gladder smile or a more gratefuller look than that poor sperrit gave me.

"Ah," he says, "with your help I could do wonders. Now who'll we begin on?"

"The Rev. Mr. Spiegel nail," says I, "has about all the imagination left in Harmony—of course excepting me."

Robert's face fell visible. "I have tried him repeated and often," he says, kind of argumentative-like. "All the sign he made was to complain that his wife talked in her sleep."

I wasn't going to argue—not me. I was all for action, and lost no time in starting. Robert J., he followed me like a dog, up through town to our house, where I went in, leaving him outside so as not to disturb mother. There I got me a hammer and nails with the heavy lead sinker offen my fish-net, and it wasn't long before the finest tick-tack you ever saw was working against the Spiegelnails' parlor window, with me in a lilac-bush operating the string that kept the weight a-swinging. Before the house was an open spot where the moon shone full and clear, where Robert J. walked up and down, about two feet off the ground, waving his arms slow-like and making the melancholiest groans. Now I have been to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" frequent, but in all my life I never see such acting. Yet what was the consequences? Up went the window above, and the Rev. Mr. Spiegel nail showed out plain in the moonlight.

"Who is there?" he called very stern. You had otter see Robert then. It was like tonic to him. He rose up higher and began to beat his arms most violent and to gurgel tremendous. But the preacher never budged.

"You boys otter be ashamed of yourselves," he says in a severe voice.

"Louder, louder," I calls to Robert J., in answering which he began the most awful contortions.

"You can hear me perfectly plain," says the dominie, now kind of sad-like. "It fills my old heart with sorrow to see that yous all have gone so far astray."

Hearing that, so calm, so distinct, so defiant, made Robert J. stop short and stare. To remind him I gave the weight an extra thump, and it was so loud as to bring forth Mrs. Spiegel nail, her head showing plain as she peered out over the preacher's shoulder. The poor discouraged ghost took heart, striking his tragicest attitude, one which he told me afterwards was his pride and had been got out of a book. But what was the result?

"Does you hear anyone in the bushes,



"They just would not pay the least attention."—Page 288.

dear?" inquires Mr. Spiegel nail, cocking his ears and listening.

"It must be Ossy Dinkle and them bad friends of his," says she, in her sour tone.

Poor Robert! Hearing that, he about gave up hope.

"Don't I show up good?" he asks in an anxious voice.

"I can see you distinct," says I, very sharp. "You never looked better."

Down went the window—so sudden, so unexpected that I did not know what to make of it. Robert J. thought he did, and over me he came floating, most delighted.

"I must have worked," he said, laughing like he'd die, a-doubling up and holding his sides to keep from splitting. "At last I have showed up distinct; at last I am of some use in the world. You don't realize what a pleasure it is to know that you are fulfilling your mission and living up to your reputation."

Poor old ghost! He was for talking it all over then and there and settled down on a soft bunch of lilacs, and fell to smoking fog and chattering. It did me good to see him so happy and I was inclined to puff up a bit

at my own success in the ha'nting line. But it was not for long. The rattle of keys warned us. The front door flew open and out bounded the Rev. Mr. Spiegel nail, clearing the steps with a jump, and flying over the lawn. All thought of the late Robert J. Dinkle left me then, for I had only a few feet start of my pastor. You see I shouldn't a-hurried so only I sung bass in the choir and I doubt if I could have convinced him that I was working in the interests of Science and Truth. Fleeing was instinct. Gates didn't matter. They were took on the wing, and down the street I went with the preacher's hot breath on my neck. But I beat him. He tired after the first spurt and was soon left behind, so I could double back home to bed.

Robert, he was for giving up entirely.

"I simply won't work," says he to me, when I met him on the store porch that next night. "A hundred years ago such a bit of ha'nting would have caused the town to be abandoned; to-day it is attributed to natural causes."

"Because," says I, "we left behind such evidences of material manifestations as strings and weights on the parlor window."

"S'pose we work right in the house?" says he, brightening up. "You can hide in the closet and groan while I act.

Now did you ever hear anything inno-center than that? Yet he meant it so well I did not even laugh.

"I'm too fond of my pastor," I says, "to let him catch me in his closet. A far better spot for our work is the short cut he takes home from church after Wednesday evening meeting. We won't be so loud, but more dignified, melancholier, and tragic. You overacted last night, Robert," I says. "Next time pace up and down like you were deep in thought and sigh gentle. Then if he should see you it would be nice to take his arm and walk home with him."

I think I had the right idea of ha'nting, and had I been able to keep up Robert J. Dinkle's sperrits and to train him regular I could have aroused the slumbering imagination of Harmony, and brought life to the burying-ground. But he was too easy discouraged. He lacked perseverance. For if ever Mr. Spiegel nail was on the point of seeing things it was that night as he stepped out of the woods. He had walked slow and meditating till he come opposite where I was. Now I didn't howl or groan or say anything particular. What I did was to make a noise that wasn't animal, neither was it human, nor was it regulation ghostly. As I had stated to the late Robert J. Dinkle, what was needed for ha'nting was something new and original. And it certainly ketched Mr. Spiegel nail's attention. I see him stop. I see his lantern shake. It appeared like he was going to dive into the bushes for me, but he changed his mind. On he went, quicker, kind as if he wasn't afraid, yet was, on to the open, where the moon brought out Robert beautiful as he paced slowly up and down, his head bowed like he was studying. Still the preacher never saw him, stepped right through him, in fact. I give the dreadful sound again. That stopped him. He turned, raised the lantern before him, put his hand to his ear, and seemed to be looking intense and listening. Hardly ten feet away stood Robert, all a-trembling with excitement, but the light that showed through him was as steady as a rock, as the dominie watched and listened, so quiet and ca'm. He lowered the lantern, rubbed his hands across his eyes, stepped forward and looked again. The ghost was

perfect. As I have stated, he was excited and his sigh shook a little, but he was full of dignity and sady. He shouldn't have lost heart so soon. I was sure then that he almost showed up plain to the preacher and he would have grown on Mr. Spiegel nail had he kept on ha'nting him instead of giving in because that one night the pastor walked on to the house fairly cool. He did walk quicker, I know, and he did peer over his shoulder twicet and I did hear the kitchen door bang in a relieved way. But when we consider the stuff that ghosts are made of we hadn't otter expect them to be heroes. They are too foggy and gauzy to have much perseverance—judging at least from Robert J.

"I simply can't work any more," says he, when I came up to him, as he sat there in the path, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, his eyes studying the ground most mournful.

"But Robert——" I began, thinking to cheer him up.

He didn't hear; he wouldn't listen—just faded away.

Had he only held out there is no telling what he might have done in his line. Often, since then, have I thought of him and figured on his tremendous possibilities. That he had possibilities I am sure. Had I only realized it that last night we went out ha'nting, he never would have got away from me. But the realization came too late. It came in church the very next Sunday, with the usual announcements after the long prayer, as Mr. Spiegel nail was leaning over the pulpit eying the congregation through big smoked glasses.

Says he in a voice that was full of sadness: "I regret to announce that for the first time in twenty years union services will be held in this town next Sabbath." Setting in the choir, reading my music marks, I heard the preacher's words and started, for I saw at once that something unusual was happening, or had happened, or was about to happen. "Unfortunately," said Mr. Spiegel nail, continuing, "I shall have to turn my pulpit over to Brother Spiker of the Baptist Church, for my failing eyesight renders it necessary that I go at once to Philadelphia, to consult an oculist. Some of my dear brethren may think this an unusual step, but I should not desert them without cause. They may think, perhaps,



Seemed to be looking intense and listening.—Page 290.

that I am making much ado about nothing and could be treated just as well in Harrisburg. To such let me explain that I am suffering from a stigmatism. It is not so much that I cannot see, but that I sees things which I know are not there—a defect in sight which I feel needs the most expert attention. Sunday-school at half-past nine; divine service at eleven. I take for my text ‘And the old men shall see visions’.”

How I did wish the late Robert J. Dinkle could have been in church that morning. It would have so gladdened his heart to hear that he had partly worked, for if he worked partly, then surely, in time, he would have worked complete. For me, I was just wild with excitement, and was so busy thinking of him and how glad he would be, that I

didn’t hear the sermon at all, and in planning new ways of ha’nting I forgot to sing in the last anthem. You see, I figgered lively times ahead for Harmony, a general return to the good old times when folks had imagination and had something more in their heads than facts. I had only to get Robert again, and with him working it would not be long till all the old Berrys and Mrs. Klump showed up distinct and plain. But I wasn’t well posted in the weak characters of shades, for I thought, of course, I could find my sperrit friend easy when night came. Yet I didn’t. I set on the store porch shivering till the moon was high up over the ridge. He just wouldn’t come. I called for him soft-like and got no answer. Down to the burying-ground I went and set

on his headstone. It was the quietest place you ever see. The clouds was scudding overhead; the wind was sighing among the leaves; and through the trees the moon was gleaming so clear and distinct you could almost read the monnyments. It was just a

night when things should have been lively there—a perfect night for ha'nting. I called for Robert. I listened. He never answered. I heard only a bull-frog a-bellering in the pond, a whip-poor-will whistling in the grove, and a dog howling at the moon.

SOME LETTERS OF E. L. GODKIN

Edited by Rollo Ogden



WITH a large number of the first men of his time Mr. Godkin was brought into personal contact. Of them his matured judgment was, as a rule, singularly penetrating.

Personal criticism has more pitfalls than any other form; and that Mr. Godkin escaped them so successfully as he did is proof of his sagacity. Inevitably, his earliest readings of men were often tentative, and subject to later correction. His first impressions of Mr. Blaine, for example, were favorable. So with Louis Napoleon. Of the man of whom he afterward came to speak as a charlatan, he wrote on June 22, 1859: "If Louis Napoleon exhibits moderation enough in the hour of triumph to leave Italy independent and free, I think he will fairly entitle himself to the very highest rank among the benefactors of the human race." If this was a mistake, it was one made in the excellent company of Mrs. Browning, and derived from a political aspiration similar to hers. But as late as January 7, 1862, Mr. Godkin wrote to C. L. Brace from Paris: "Louis Napoleon is really a great man, wise as well as shrewd." From that it is a great change, though a change for good reason shown, to the opinion of September, 1870. Writing in that year to Professor Norton of the doings of another man, Mr. Godkin said: "The old rascal's cup must surely be nearly full." Then he added: "If it were not for Louis Napoleon's fate, however, I would say that all those cups of the wicked have holes in them. What a splendid 'Special Providence' he now seems! The Lord is evidently not dead yet."

In his recollections of New York journal-

ism as he first knew it, Mr. Godkin touched upon Horace Greeley:

"During the three or four years before the war, to get admission to the columns of the *Tribune* almost gave the young writer a patent of literary nobility, and Greeley in those years welcomed talent, male and female, from any quarter and in every field. But I did not become fully aware how much of his influence and success he owed to the anti-slavery cause until 1864, when the war was nearly over. In the early spring of that year I was invited to a breakfast by the late Mr. John A. C. Gray. I found there Wendell Phillips, Bryant the poet, and one or two other men. Greeley entered a few minutes after me, and approached the host, who was standing near the fireplace conversing with Mr. Bryant; Bryant took no notice of him. The host asked in a whisper, but in my hearing, 'Don't you know Mr. Greeley?' The answer, in a still louder whisper, was, 'No, I don't; he's a blackguard—he's a blackguard.' This, I thought, was due to one of Greeley's striking peculiarities, his treating every opponent with a sort of ferocious contempt. I concluded that Mr. Bryant had met with some of this mauling at Greeley's hands. But at the breakfast table Greeley revealed more serious defects in his character than addiction to rough language. The talk turned on the war, and more particularly on the defence of Washington. On this subject he poured forth opinions so comically absurd that they might have figured in the 'Grande Duchesse.' They were received by the rest of the company in a silence which, I fear, was not respectful.

"His defects might possibly have attracted earlier attention, but for the pres-

ence in the office, as managing editor, of Mr. Charles A. Dana, who was then 'the rising hope of the stern and unbending' Radicals. He had the general knowledge of men and affairs in which Greeley was so deplorably wanting, wrote well, and kept in touch with the normal world of the day. He had pleasant evening receptions, at which I was present a few times, and to which I was glad to be invited. His having been at Brook Farm was a feather in his cap with the numerous *fidèles* that thronged his parlors. At that time the wildest reporter of a yellow journal could not have foreshadowed his solar career.

"George Ripley was the 'literary editor.' He was considered by the literary class a model critic because he never found fault with anybody. The critic's function then was considered to be not the promotion of literature or art in the abstract, but the encouragement of any American, male or female, who wished to write or paint. The consequence was that Ripley was, until his death, the idol of all struggling authors and artists. That he was a man of wide cultivation and learning, there is no question, and he would have been abundantly able to play the part of a real critic, but for the fact that his heart was too much for his brains."

Here is a fuller picture, drawn in 1863:

"Mr. Horace Greeley is self-educated, and very imperfectly educated at that—has no great grasp of mind, no great political insight, and has his brain crammed with half truths and odds and ends of ideas which a man inevitably accumulates who scrapes knowledge together by fits and starts on his way through life. I cannot better describe his position in political life than by saying that he has about the same relation to a statesman that a leader of guerillas has to a general of the regular army. But he has an enthusiasm which never flags; and a faith in principles which nothing can shake, and an English style, which, for vigor, terseness, clearness, and simplicity, has never been surpassed, except, perhaps, by Cobbett. Nothing can be more taking than the frank, forcible way in which he states his ideas; but I must also add that nothing can be coarser or more abusive than the language in which he defends them. He calls names, and gives the lie, in his leading articles, with a heartiness and vehemence which in cities seem very shocking, but which, out in the

country, along the lakes, and in the forests and prairies of the Northwest, where most of his influence lies, are simply proofs of more than ordinary earnestness. And I confess that, disagreeable as his ways are and must be to everybody who hates vulgarity in public life, and who would wish to see such power as Greeley undoubtedly wields lodged in hands of nicer touch and more careful training, when we remember that he founded the *New York Tribune*, sixteen years ago, as the organ of the then small and despised sect of anti-slavery men, and has never for one hour flagged or grown weary in the great struggle of which we are to-day witnessing the crisis, it is not fair to criticise too severely either his weapons or his manner of wielding them. He has waged one of the most unequal battles in which any journalist ever engaged with a courage and tenacity worthy of the cause, and by dint of biting sarcasm, vigorous invective, powerful arguments, and a great deal of vituperation and personality, has done more than any other man to bring slaveholders to bay, and place the Northern fingers on the throat of the institution."

A few years earlier, Mr. Godkin characterized Seward:

"He has, through twenty-five years of public life, been the steady and fearless champion of an unpopular cause, and he has every year, in speeches and state papers, given abundant evidence of the possession of the highest order of talent. He is going to England this summer, and I believe his friends are extremely desirous that he should make a long visit, so as not to turn up again on this side of the water until very shortly before the election. The popular nerves, as 'the campaign' draws near, are generally in a highly sensitive state. Everything which a possible candidate says or does is canvassed with the utmost minuteness, and the smallest indiscretion of language may seriously damage a man's prospects. Seward is not a person to disguise his sentiments or modify their utterance, when the occasion calls for them, and therefore his great safety, and, in fact, anyone's in his position on the eve of the struggle, lies in silence. So when you get him over in England, the Republican party will feel greatly obliged by your keeping him there as long as possible. When you have him it may not be out of place to say you have,

perhaps, the greatest Constitutional lawyer in America, the clearest-headed statesman, a powerful and above all a most logical orator, and of all the public men of this country perhaps the least of a demagogue and the most of a gentleman. Perhaps no man living to-day has discussed questions so vast and momentous with so much grasp and vigor as Seward. Except the British Parliament debating on India, I can imagine no scene more intrinsically solemn than the United States Senate debating the question of slavery on this continent; and on that question no man has spoken more, and none so wisely and eloquently as he."

With Seward at Washington, on April 12, 1866, Mr. Godkin had an interview in company with C. E. Norton. Notes of the conversation were written out by the latter:

"We found Mr. Seward in his handsomely furnished drawing-room, sitting in an arm-chair before the remains of a wood fire. A tall, large man, an 'unreconstructed' North Carolinian, Dr. Palmer, was standing, just about to take leave. As soon as we were seated, Mr. Seward turned to him, and said: 'The President can't do anything more for you; I can't do anything for you; you must get Congress to take you back. It is the duty of Congress to admit your members, if you can send loyal men who can take the oath. But Congress won't do it, and all you can do is to wait till it will. If this Congress won't do its duty, another will.' 'But we've been in an awful bad fix,' said the North Carolinian, 'and we want to get out of it right away.' 'Well,' said Mr. Seward, with an air of some impatience, 'you got into it of your own accord and now you must wait till Congress is ready to obey the Constitution and help you out of it. If Congress won't receive loyal men, if it won't accept such men as Tennessee sends, loyal men, who have fought for the Union and suffered for it—men, God knows, a great deal better abolitionists than those who come from the Northern States, I don't know what you can do about it. You must wait; the South can get along quite as well without the North as the North can without it.' 'But we want to get out of our fix right away,' repeated Dr. Palmer. 'Well, sir,' replied Mr. Seward, 'you can't do it. You must be patient. Go to see Wilson and Boutwell, and persuade them to induce Congress to admit the Tennessee

members. They won't do it, but till they do it they won't admit your men. They profess to be afraid of you. They don't trust to loyalty. But it will come all right. You won't lose anything by patience. The people know better than Congress what the Constitution requires, and they won't stand a Congress that refuses to acknowledge the rights of the States, and keeps eleven States out of the Union after they desire to come back to it. Go tell your people not to be in a hurry. It will all turn out right. Good-night, sir.' And Dr. Palmer took leave.

"Turning to us, after he had reseated himself, Mr. Seward went on. 'There ought to be no question about the readmission of the South. Those States are loyal, devoted, earnest, patriotic, humiliated and repentant, eager to come back. Congress has no right to refuse them. It shows its distrust of the Constitution by its refusal. Every necessary preliminary has been complied with; the South has accepted every needful condition, there is nothing more to ask of it. It has as good a right to be represented in Congress as the North has, but Congress chooses to keep it out of the Union.

"'But,' asked Godkin, 'has not Congress the right, and may it not see fit to exercise the right, to impose certain other conditions preliminary to readmission, in addition to those made by the President?'

"'No,' replied Mr. Seward. 'No, sir! It has neither the right nor the power to do so. The President has required all that was needed, all that is Constitutional. The only absolute preliminary condition was that the South should renounce the doctrine of secession. This the President required of it, and this it has done. Nothing further was requisite, but the President recommended the Southern States to give up slavery by their own action, to remove a disturbing element, and to bring them into harmony with the action of the General Government; and further he advised, he had no right to require them to repudiate their national [correcting himself], their Confederate debt in order to show their good will, and as a sort of bonus for their return to the Union. Peace is re-established in those States, but Congress treats them from the point of view of war.'

"'If peace is re-established, may I ask,' said I, 'if the *Habeas Corpus* is restored in the Southern States?'

“‘Do you want to sue out a writ in any of those States?’ replied Mr. Seward with some warmth. ‘Do you know anybody who does?’ ‘No,’ said I. ‘My question was not a practical one, it had reference simply to the extraordinary fact that in regard to this fundamental safeguard of civil rights and political liberties, the nation is at a loss to know whether it is in existence over nearly half its territory.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ said Mr. Seward, ‘a purely speculative question. I wish you to understand that you ask me hard questions. Since I have been a member of the Government I have made it a rule not to answer such questions. I have no right to answer them.’

“‘I beg your pardon,’ said I, ‘for putting a question to you which I see, in view of Mr. Davis’s case, which, however, was not in my mind when I asked it, may well seem indiscreet.’

“‘No, sir,’ said Mr. Seward. ‘Mr. Davis’s case had nothing to do with my answer. Your question was a speculative one, and therefore cannot be answered. Wait till a writ of *Habeas Corpus* is sued out in one of the Southern States, and then you will have an answer to it. Those States are at peace. I expect a civil commotion sooner in Massachusetts than in South Carolina. South Carolina is at this moment behaving a great deal better than Massachusetts; showing more trust in the Constitution, more loyalty to the Union. The South understands the meaning and value of the Constitution and the Union, better a great deal than the North, which insists on terms of reunion that are not in the Constitution. If the North believed in the Constitution it would be eager to take the South back, and would not attempt to govern it contrary to law and right.

“‘The Constitution was made by our fathers for the purpose of serving for the needs of a continent—a continent as large as the European, to be divided into sixty, perhaps a hundred States. They saw the evils of the divisions of the States of Europe, and they intended to prevent them by the Constitution, not for the purpose of destroying the States but to unite them in harmony. Their work was favored by two fundamental circumstances, that the people had a common language, and a common religion, that is, a religion to have no religion to quarrel about. They saw the sources of division in

the old world, and they formed a central government under the Constitution which should prevent the existence of these in the new—first by affording the States protection in their foreign relation; second, by establishing perfect freedom of trade among the States; third, by delivering their letters. This is the whole of the Constitution. It leaves the States free to govern themselves. It gives no power to interfere with their domestic concerns. Over these the States have absolute control, and Congress has nothing to do with them.’

“‘But how, then, about the negroes?’ asked Godkin.

“‘I am not at all concerned about them,’ answered Mr. Seward. ‘The North has nothing to do with the negroes. I have no more concern for them than I have for the Hottentots. They are God’s poor; they always have been and always will be so everywhere. They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position and the relation of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those. I am ready to leave the interests of the most intelligent white man in the guardianship of his State, and where I leave the interests of the white, I am willing to trust the civil rights of the black. The South must take care of its own negroes, as the North did and does. I was born a slave-holder; my State took away my slaves, and it did right, but I had to support them, and, indeed, have to support some of them up to this time.

“‘The North must get over this notion of interference with the affairs of the South. Some people talk about being afraid of the South, if the Southern members of Congress are allowed to take their seats. But what harm can they do? I am not afraid of them; I never was afraid of the South in my life, not even when it had power and wealth and united interests and patronage. When I sat in the Senate with Jefferson Davis and Mason, and Toombs, I was not afraid of them, and I am not afraid now of those whom they misled. There is still a guard around my house to defend me against what they call my Southern enemies, but I have no enemies there, and the guard is needed rather to protect me against my Northern friends who are so bitter against me because I trust to the Constitution, and desire to see the Union restored.

“‘Why, sir, it is but a year ago since we had to mourn the death of the President; since the assassin entered my doors and desolated my family. What remedy did the Constitution provide? Why, an indictment for an assault with intent to kill! This shows that the Constitution did not undertake to provide for every emergency, or every want.’

“‘If Congress would trust to the Constitution there would be no possible danger in allowing the Southern members, men loyal and devoted to the Union, to take their seats. I cannot imagine a base motive in politics any more than some men a base motive in domestic life. The States form one family. The South is knocking at the door of the old home, and wants to be taken in, and will not the father hasten to open the door and welcome his repentant child?’

“‘But may not the father,’ said Godkin, ‘think it well to make some enquiry as to the actual reformation of his child?’

“‘No, sir! You cannot be a father and ask that question. No, sir! the whole thing is up if an enquiry be instituted. The parent does not pause to enquire; he welcomes his child without asking anything beyond his desire to come home. The South longs to come home now, sir. Those who refuse to take them into the family again are in my opinion guilty of a great crime. It may be a sublimated consideration, but I confess it has great weight with me, that if I could not forgive the enemies of my country as I forgive my own enemies, I could not have the hope that I might enter kingdom come. There is a want of charity in this refusal to forgive which is worse than the sins against which it is manifested. At this time the North is showing the most evil disposition, and I would rather go South where they are behaving well, than to Massachusetts where they are behaving ill, and showing so bad and unforgiving a temper.

“‘But all this trouble is going to pass over. Things will come out all right. The people will not consent to follow the lead of Congress, for they love the Union, and mean to have it whole again.’

“‘These views,’ said I, ‘are very different from those which prevailed at the North, but sixteen years ago your views were quite as unpopular, but the people have since adopted them.’

“‘Yes, sir,’ said he, ‘I have every confi-

dence. I never held an opinion that was popular, and I have never failed to see the country come up to my opinions in time. This doctrine is not Massachusetts doctrine, but it is going to be Massachusetts doctrine before long.’”

Mr. Godkin wrote much of Lincoln. Here is a war-time estimate:

“Everybody in England is so familiar, through the labors of Mr. Beresford Hope and of the *Saturday Review*, with Mr. Lincoln’s defects, both of manner and looks, that I need not dwell on them. There is no denying that he is neither an Apollo nor a Count d’Orsay, and it is equally true that in what is called ‘good society’ a ‘genteel’ appearance is one of the first requisites of a statesman. When the war broke out, therefore, and Mr. Lincoln became the cynosure of all eyes, the horror felt by the ‘nobility, gentry, and clergy’ in England at the cut of his clothes, the length of his legs, his way of wearing his beard, and his manner of receiving company, called forth a corresponding amount of sympathy here. People were rather disposed to be ashamed of their President when they found he was likely to excite so much attention. Lamentations were heard on every side over his want of education, as if it was not just as good, as far as mere schooling went, as that of George Washington, and a good deal better than that of Andrew Jackson. Many persons were greatly distressed when they found that Southerners in England were contrasting his deportment with that of Jefferson Davis.

“He found himself uncouth, illiterate, with no experience of life, except such as could be gained in one community, and that by no means in the most advanced state of culture, without any of the gifts which usually captivate the people, or attract their confidence, either commanding presence, or silver tongue, or long official experience, saddled suddenly with the responsibility of confronting, and of directing, what everybody acknowledges to be the greatest political convulsion of modern times. He was placed at the head of a democracy in the hour of its greatest peril, and you must not forget what English philosophers at that time considered it—fickle, demoralized, cowardly, unwarlike, unused to arms and to horsemanship, impatient of taxation, in-

capable of discipline, singularly averse to prolonged effort, without leaders, and inordinately conceited and indocile. Everything had to be organized, and from the rawest material—army, navy, and civil service. The task before this rail-splitter was, in short, such as no European statesman has ever found, and every foreign observer and a great many native ones were confident he would fail. Three things were predicted with the utmost certainty—that he would never be able to raise a second army; that he would never be able to raise any considerable portion of the revenue by taxation; and that if he attempted to do either of these things by force, the Western States would secede, and either set up a separate Confederation or join that of the South.

“Well, he has raised army after army, fully a million and a half of men in all; he has equipped one of the largest, perhaps, in the number of guns and men, the largest navy in the world; he is at this moment raising nearly £100,000,000 by inland revenue alone, and after four years of murderous warfare, conducted with varying success, he has, nevertheless, managed to inspire such confidence in the nation, of which he has exacted such sacrifices, that he has been re-elected by an almost unanimous vote, the Western States casting the heaviest majorities in his favor, to the highest office in their gift. There is something almost painfully absurd in the spectacle of writers and orators in London, who are probably themselves incapable of managing a parish vestry, laboriously proving, in the teeth of all this, Mr. Lincoln’s incompetency.”

In the intimacy of his correspondence with Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Godkin touched freely upon many well-known men. For example, Lowell:

“Sep. 7, '68.

“I hardly know where to begin with an account of what has happened since you left. Lowell, as I feared he would, backed out of the Canadian trip when it came to the point, but I went on and spent Sunday with him on my way, and had a most delightful day. He was all and more than all that you have ever represented him. You know, I have never felt that I really saw the man, when I met him at your house. He was too erudite and bookish, and seemed

to feel bound to be instructive. At his own house, however, he was simply a delightful host and companion. We talked so steadily that on Sunday I was, before dinner, fairly tired out, and had to go off for a solitary walk, to get rested.”

In 1877, Mr. Godkin was consulted about the Cabinet to be formed by President Hayes:

“Being asked about Lowell, I replied decidedly not, because he would not accept; because not fit physically and otherwise for executive drudgery, and because even an offer to him, would give the enterprise a slightly fancy or literary air, that would be injurious. Was this proper?”

“August 15, '91.

“I cannot let Lowell pass away without expressing to you, through whom I first knew him, and who knew him so well, something of my sense of his loss to us all, and to the country. I am afraid his type is rapidly disappearing, and will soon be extinct. He proved to me for twenty-five years a most delightful friend—for he kept up a constant supply of what was most grateful to me, sympathy and encouragement. To you in Cambridge he must leave a terrible gap.

“What is going to be done about his life and letters? I hope any memorial of him that may be resolved on will not fall into the hands of Dr. Holmes.”

Mr. Godkin’s friendship with George William Curtis was long and warm.

“April 3, 1867.

“George Curtis dined with us on Sunday, and was as usual very entertaining. His Connecticut experiences were very amusing. Barnum told him the article in the *Nation* was written by the Copperheads in Connecticut and sent on to New York to be published as a matter of form. The Copperheads had it reprinted on a fly-leaf, a broad-sheet, and circulated by the thousand. ‘*Tant mieux*,’ say I, but the politician breed look on this as awful. Barnum was badly ‘scratched’ by the Republicans and ran far behind his ticket even in Bridgeport—showing that a good word, spoken at the right season, even by ‘an obscure literary paper,’ as the *Tribune* savagely called it, is not spoken in vain. It has had two at-

tacks on us of this childish, silly kind, exhibiting the newspaper mind in its most degraded condition, and would you believe it, Ripley (*æt.* 62) thought them 'capital!' We surely must all keep at work."

In 1868, some of Curtis's friends thought he ought to be put forward for the United States Senate:

"I write in haste to say that the practical men—Dana, for instance—whom Olmsted or I consulted, are all of opinion that there is no chance whatever for Curtis. We find no encouragement from anybody but Nordhoff. Everyone says that if Greeley got wind of the scheme he would trample it out furiously. And in fact I fear that any further agitation of it might prove injurious to Curtis hereafter. Greeley is as time-serving and ambitious, and scheming an old fellow as any of them. So I think we had better drop it for the present, and hope and wish for the good time coming. As long as the press is what it is, a kind of moral and intellectual dunghill (excuse strong language), it will produce Tiltons and Greeleys—the fungi of our system, and they will keep all men like Curtis out of the places they ought to occupy. And we shall not have a better press as long as the men of strong moral sense, who take to journalism, go off crazy like most of our reformers."

Later it was even proposed to urge Curtis for the presidential nomination:

"The letter about Curtis, as you leave it to my judgment, I shall not publish. At this distance ahead, I think, it would only injure him, or bring a laugh on him. There is so much nominating of absurd and worthless candidates going on.

"In addition to this, much as I like and respect him, I don't think I should like to see him in the presidency. His political judgment is not strong enough, and he is too easily influenced by the persons around him. Indeed, one sees by his way of dealing with the new questions which are now coming up, that he is not naturally a politician, and only became one by accident, under the heat of his anti-slavery feeling. A month ago, I dined with him at Olmsted's, and he insisted that the tariff could not become an issue, and that the badness of the Democrats was capital enough to keep the Republican party going. He is now preaching the

opposite of all this in *Harper's*. I might give you half a dozen other instances of the same thing. His mind does not raise political ideas in the open air. They all grow under glass, and are feeble when exposed. He is by temperament and training a literary man, and has not, I think, enough combativeness, or rather the tenacity, and distinct consciousness of what he wants of which combativeness is so often the expression, to be put in difficult post. I say all this with the strongest liking and admiration of him, and I would not say it to anyone who did not know and like him as well as you do. It will never do for us reformers to put any more men in the forefront of our battle who are not strong men intellectually and cannot prevent themselves being fooled as Grant has been, for instance, about the navigation laws."

"Feb. 17, 1870.

"I was invited to the dinner of the Harvard Club last week, where Eliot made his first appearance before a New York public and sat next him and enjoyed seeing him very much. He seems to have been born for the place, and has gone into the work with his whole heart and soul, and is winning golden opinions. He made a very favorable impression at the dinner, and a very good speech. Evarts, who has a very keen wit, made one very good hit at him. Eliot in his speech had endeavored to explain the religious position of Harvard: 'She was,' he said, 'reverent yet free'—though what that means I don't exactly know—and made a tolerably successful effort to give her an unobjectionable look in Orthodox eyes. Evarts followed, and after showing that his early associations were all with Harvard, said with a very quizzical look—that the reason why his father had not sent him there to receive his education was that 'at that time the relations of the university to religion were not properly understood.' This brought down the house. He (Eliot) and Curtis dined with us the following evening, and I had a good deal more pleasant talk with him. He is shocking Orthodox susceptibilities a good deal by some of his appointments, but the general impression on the public mind, I think, is that he is inaugurating a new era in collegiate education in this country, and that under his auspices America is at last going to have a University of the right sort."

"Feb., 1881.

"I dined with Eliot when he was passing through. I must tell you how very pleasantly he impressed me. He seemed very bright and active-minded, but perfectly simple and modest in telling about himself and his plans. But he looked delicate."

"March 18, 1867.

"Goldwin Smith's letter is very interesting, but I think his views of public affairs is colored by his dismal life at home. It is very sad to think that a man with his aims and powers should be so situated. But the aristocracy and middle classes are not so bad as he thinks they are—that is, they are not so ready for desperate courses, or so impervious to the voice of reason and humanity. If they were, England would never have produced such men as it does produce in every generation. Figs do not grow on thistles, and Brights and Cobdens and Gladstones and Smiths are not produced by such a society as he describes. Still, I think the class feeling in England, and the worship of wealth and rank, do develop and have developed a kind of paganism, and a real brutality, which would long ago have ruined the country, if the *race* had not had so many fine qualities. English flunkeyism, accompanied as it usually is by an almost total absence of sympathy with people of a different class, or social position, is one of the most detestable sights in the world.

"Did you see poor Sumner's last 'bill' and 'resolutions'? What a pitiable spectacle! Was there *ever* anything in the man, and if so, what has become of it? I felt so grateful to Fessenden, ungentlemanly though he was, for sticking his pin into the bladder. How long shall we have to treat such people with tenderness and respect! When I think of my dinner at the 'Radical Club,' with Sumner opposite me smiling like a benign god on his disciples and dispensing wisdom piecemeal, it seems as if I must have dreamed it all. If the *Nation* will only live, and give us all a chance some day to speak out our minds as Agassiz says—'without reticence.'"

"Of Goldwin Smith I saw a little at Christmas. He seemed transformed in appearance. He has grown handsome and healthy looking, and is much more 'genial' in manner than he used to be. It is quite amusing to see the effect on him of your sol-

emn warnings about meddling in American affairs. He keeps 'mum' as possible, and elsewhere disclaims gently the right to express an opinion. No other Englishman has turned up since Leslie Stephen. I breakfasted one morning at Mrs. Botta's with Goldwin Smith, and to my amusement was put next — at table. We were not on speaking terms, but made the best of it, and chatted amicably. It seemed scarcely credible on hearing the poor old fellow's gabble that he was *the* New York 'literary man,' whom all distinguished strangers have to meet, and who does the French and Italian repartee business at dinner parties."

"May 9, 1867.

"Affairs in this state have confessedly never been so low, and we shall see in the manner in which the labors of the Convention are received, how much recuperative power we have got amongst us. Evarts, Curtis says, thinks we are witnessing the decline of public morality which usually presages revolution. But he is somewhat of a croaker, though one of the clearest heads in America—a political *thinker* of the highest order. Barnard is squelched, but he said aloud on the bench 'that he had spotted the fellows who opposed him' and as he *ran* Tammany, he 'would be even with them.' I beg of you to use what influence you have now, not for the promotion any longer of the virtues of pity, humanity, sympathy, generosity and so forth—for of these we have an abundance—but for the promotion of the habit of thinking clearly about politics, of looking disagreeable facts sternly in the face, of legislating not as if men were lumps of clay, that a Congressional Committee can fashion at its pleasure, but for men as we find them with their passions, prejudices, hates, loves, and defects of all sorts. We are saying this every day to the English about the Irish; should we not apply the lesson to the work before us? The negro I think is safe. I would insist on equality for him at any cost, but do not let us ruin the country in order to set him up in business. At the bottom of all these confiscation schemes, there are rascals, you may be sure.

"Sep. 22, 1867.

"I sent you a scrap of Nordhoff's stuff yesterday. It amazes me to read such immoral trash. An ignorant unthinking 'Red'

in charge of an influential newspaper is an unpleasant sight, and I am afraid that is what must be said of it. When he talks of 'the people having a right to misgovern,' he most probably does not know what he means, and this is perhaps the kindest construction we can put on his balderdash. Godwin has come home with more of his history ready. The 'historians' here, however, are considerably embarrassed by 'George's' departure. They do not know which way to turn when in difficulties.

"Macmillan, the London publisher, has turned up here—an excellent, plain Scotchman, humorous and a good story teller. I am sorry you will miss him in Boston, as he is a capital contrast to the dirty and silent Englishmen of whom you have had such a run."

"Dec. 4, 1867.

"I am about, though with some reluctance, to give a letter of introduction to you to Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and a Saturday Reviewer of some years' standing. He is going into political life, and has come out here for the usual preliminary training. He is a very sensible and good fellow, though not hilarious; is clean, well dressed, and mild mannered. I found he was not likely to see anybody in Boston of any particular value, and as he is, to a greater or less extent, an influence in England, I thought it desirable he should see you. You will have the consolation of knowing that nearly all the statesmen of the new régime in England have passed through your hands.

"Morley is gone to Washington. I liked him very much, and have just been reading his book on Burke with great pleasure. It is really able and thoughtful, full of very acute things."

"Dec. 15, 1868.

"I am sorry you saw the last number of the *N. A. R.* It was a sad failure, but Gurney at least was conscious of it, and deplored it. He is going to try very hard to keep it up, but I have my doubts whether he will succeed. You were born for that place, and must go back to it. There is only one dark spot in your career, but that is a *very* dark one—your admitting Parton to the *Review*. Not that the articles you accepted from him were not good, but in printing them you displayed an indifference to and

forgetfulness of the *remote* consequences of your acts, which was unworthy of a political philosopher of your standing. You gave him thereby a weight and authority he could not possibly have got otherwise, and the truth is he is now writing, and with great acceptance, the most outrageous nonsense that ever came from the pen of a decently dressed man. His sermon on 'Smoking and Drinking' is a real disgrace to the country. It is far more ignorant, foolish, and presumptuous than Holland, but Holland never wrote in the *N. A. R.* John Fiske has written a reply utterly demolishing him, but think of a man like Fiske having to demolish such a creature! It is using siege artillery to quell a riot.

"April 15, 1869.

"Grant's appointments are, I think, on the whole good. He has necessarily made some mistakes; under the system, it is impossible to avoid them. Motley's appointment is a good one from the social point of view—bad, I think, in every other way. I do not think he has the necessary mental furniture for the discussion of the questions now pending between England and America, and he is a little too ardent. His lectures here have been very disappointing—commonplace rhetoric without any thought. I wish you could have got Switzerland or Belgium; but Massachusetts has been so heavily drawn upon already that I suppose there is no chance for anybody else from that State. Hoar's appointment was perfect. You will have seen Sumner's speech by this time; it is perfectly characteristic. He works his adjectives so hard, that if they ever catch him alone, they will murder him. I was greatly amused by his quoting Edge's pamphlet in proof of the extent of the damage done by the *Alabama*. Edge was a weak and seedy fellow, who wandered over here in an aimless vagabond way during the war, and had to and did beg money to keep himself, obtaining contributions from Belows and others, and he endeavored to repay it when he got home by writing one or two pamphlets on the American side, usually trash. Sumner, Parton-like, treats his statements as 'proof.'"

"May 6, 1871.

"Howells has just breakfasted with us, and is gone, as sweet and gentle and winning in all ways as ever. He succeeds to the *Atlantic Monthly* in August, *vice* Fields,

who retires into private life. Howells *grows* steadily I think, and in all ways, for he has become very stout. He talks despondently like everybody else about the condition of morals and manners. Fields and Osgood have had a valuable reinforcement within the last month in the person of Bret Harte, who has come from San Francisco, and is our latest literary sensation. I suppose you have read his sketches of California life which appeared in the *Overland Monthly* and which showed real genius. His poems, too, have been very popular, and the 'Heathen Chinnee' has become a household word. He is, too, a very sensible fellow whom all the braying there has been about him has not spoilt, and I think will not. There can be no doubt that the literary men of the country, as a class, improve every year, and so do the newspapers; is not this a good sign?

"Eliot has asked me to deliver a course of 'University lectures,' but I doubt if I shall do so. I am too hard worked and cannot afford to do anything more, without pay, and these lectures are so poorly attended that the pay amounts to nothing. The audiences average ten or twelve persons, mainly women. They would be more successful if delivered in Boston; but also more 'popular' than 'University.' Harvard seems to flourish, and it is curious and amusing to see the new life it has infused into Yale. The healthy influence of competition was never better illustrated. The Yale men have started a post-graduate course in Philology, which it would be hard to beat, having Whitney and Hadley for the principal lecturers. Hadley is an uncommonly able man, of immense learning and thorough in all that he touches, who is kept from being famous by his modesty, which is aggravated by lameness."

"Dec. 3, 1874.

"Poor Dennett is gone, and we shall miss him sadly. His great value was brought forcibly to mind a day or two ago, when I took up ——'s notice of the magazines. I am sorry to say, I do not think we can use it. It was not simply greatly inferior to Dennett—that is, thin and trite, and *young* compared to him—but it made too violent a break in our traditions. You know we have in all these years accumulated a stock of established judgments about certain people which we cannot suddenly throw overboard."

"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22, 1876.

"There seems to be no doubt that they have caught Robeson in two impeachable offences at least—of which the illegality is clear, and the corruption probable. Whether he will be impeached or not is another question; but the effect on the public will be the same. One of the offences—a large loan of public money to Jay Cooke on the security of old iron—is a wonderful illustration of the pitch to which the lawlessness of the Administration had grown.

"I heard —— examined in the committee yesterday. He lied like clock-work, and a very curious scene is expected to-day on cross-examination; but the committee, except Hewitt and Faulkner of Virginia, are very ordinary men. (This was on the Emma mine.) Schenck is expected to turn up to-morrow. What a shameful state of mind on the part of the Senate, the treatment of Dana reveals!

"Blaine I have watched in the House, and he cuts a very poor figure, shows a feminine waspishness, and screams over every trifle that comes up. Hewitt says the inflationists gain ground sensibly. The one satisfactory and hopeful sight in Washington is the Supreme Court. I am going to see Bristow to-day."

"Nov. 13, 1883.

"I suppose you have seen a good deal of Arnold. I only got one glimpse of him. The fact is that the way Englishmen of distinction have fallen into of delivering themselves over on their arrival here to obscure, illiterate and disreputable people, makes it difficult to see anything of them at all.

"Feb. 6, 1886.

"I shall look for Emerson's article with great interest. But I am myself in a state of fog on the subject of religious worship out of which I fear I shall never get. I am giving up Frothingham *in toto* as an utter failure. He has become more and more a snappish dialectician, and bores one just as much in showing what ought not to be believed, as the orthodox in showing what ought. I was drawn to his church by my profound weariness of doctrines, but he discusses nothing but opinions, and I have come to the conclusion that the narrowest of all human beings are your 'progressive radicals.' They 'progress' as I have seen many mules progress, by a succession of kicks and

squeals which make travelling on the same road with them perilous and disagreeable work. The transition period—supposing Emerson to be right—from Christianity to the next form of belief or non-belief, will be very trying and in many ways a disagreeable period. In fact, we are in it now.”

“June 28, 1868.

“I send you by this mail Andrew White’s report on the organization of the Cornell University. It is much better than I looked for, and in places very good. It occurred to me some weeks ago that it might possibly do no harm if I applied for the Chair of Political Economy and Jurisprudence—the two ought to go together. Since this idea came into my head I have received his report, and find, as I hoped, that political economy is to be a non-resident professorship. I should think six or eight weeks would suffice for the course each winter, and this I could readily give, as by the time the thing is started the *Nation* will be either dead or running with less constant work from me.

“The salary would of course be small. As planned in the report they are all ludicrously small. But this is a minor consideration. I should like the place very much for several reasons. It would furnish an aim and object for most of what thinking and reading I do, and it would enable me to influence men whose opinions are yet unformed—who have not begun to read the *Tribune*, and who would take an interest in the subjects which few adults in America do, and the work is a kind of work which I should do *con amore*.

“I have spoken of the plan to Olmsted, and he thinks well of it and is sounding White. The obstacles are obvious. I am unknown; a foreigner; Greeley is on the Board of Trustees, but will probably not be on the appointing committee; and I have written no book, and held no chair, and have no experience in teaching. My being a free-trader may also count against me, though I believe White is one himself. It will be a wonderful performance, however, if a protectionist is set to teach political economy in the great American university in the nineteenth century.

“I should be glad to have your opinion as to my fitness, and as to the propriety of moving in the matter any further. I know

you think I *write* well, but there are many other things to be considered, and I shall regard it as a strong mark of friendship if you will advise me *frankly*.”

“U. S. HOTEL,

“SARATOGA, N. Y., July 14, 1876.

“MY DEAR NORTON:

“Tilden and Hendricks are both here, and I have had a good deal of talk with both of them, and also with various other shrewd and intelligent men from various parts of the country—you know what a rendezvous this is for people of a political turn. Hendricks makes a very unpleasant impression on me, though this may be in large part because I do not like the Western type of man. He has a good head, and well-cut features, but has a loose, shifty expression of face, and one which gives you the impression of a thorough politician in the bad sense of the word. In talking to him you feel you are getting only very little idea of what he is thinking, though what he is after is very plain. Tilden told me he had been laboring with him all day yesterday about finance, and had, he thought, satisfied him that he must ‘scramble up on the platform.’ One of the arguments he used was a caricature in *Harper’s*, I think, representing them both pulling different ways.

“Tilden, I find is absolutely confident of his election, and it was curious as well as interesting to hear him last night on the piazza giving Evarts, W. A. Butler, and myself an explanation of the data on which he bases his judgments and predictions about elections. He is exceedingly shrewd. He acknowledged to me that the insertion of the denunciation of the Resumption Act in the platform was a mistake.

“I find it to be a widespread and growing opinion that the Republican party cannot stand the present performance of the chiefs, to say nothing of the President’s. Just think of a Civil Service reform party making Zack Chandler chairman of the National Committee, and A. B. Cornell, of New York, chairman of the Executive Committee. It is impossible for the public to avoid the conclusion that these fellows regard the Civil Service part of the Hayes letter as mere bunkum, and intend, after it has produced its proper effect in the popular mind to play the game over again in the old way, as they did with Grant.

“I have had a very warm letter about

Hayes from Schurz, who is fully satisfied with him after several prolonged interviews, and I suppose we must support him in the *Nation*, but I confess I do it with great misgivings. Moreover, I am doing, in it, something which runs against all my convictions and traditions as regards party government—that is, acceding to the doctrine that a party is not to be held responsible for its chiefs, and that after they have all been found out in theft and jobbery and been cashiered, it is allowable for the party to turn around and say—‘Don’t put us out of office. True, Tom, Dick, and Harry, our best men, have been found out, but here is Bill, who is an honest fellow, and has stolen nothing; try us under him.’ Isn’t there a savor of the nursery about this?

“Evarts is very cranky and skittish. I should not be greatly surprised to see him go for Tilden before the canvass is over. Think of Stoughton in the forefront of the Republican ratification meeting in New York! He, too, is here. He is said to have refused the English mission.”

Cambridge, where he early formed many friendships, and where he lived for more than two years, always remained to Mr. Godkin a charmed recollection. Toward the end of his life he wrote for the *Evening Post* an article on “Old Cambridge,” which however, he finally decided not to print. In it he paid as fine a tribute as Clough’s to the intellectual distinction of the place—its “combination of social charms of a rare order with absolute simplicity of life and manners.” Vivid memories of Cambridge notables abode with him through life. His rapid characterization of the James family, as he first knew it, may be cited:

“Henry James, the elder, was a person of delightful eccentricity, and a humorist of the first water. When in his grotesque moods, he maintained that, to a right-minded man, a crowded Cambridge horse-car ‘was the nearest approach to heaven upon earth!’ What was the precise nature of his philosophy, I never fully understood, but he professed to be a Swedenborgian, and carried on a correspondence full of droll incidents with anxious inquirers, in various parts of the country. Asking him one day about one of these, he replied instantly, ‘Oh, a devil of a woman!’ to my great astonishment, as I was not then thoroughly familiar with his ways. One of his most amusing experiences was that the other Swedenborgians repudiated all religious connection with him, so that the sect to which he belonged, and of which he was the head, may be said to have consisted of himself alone. He was a writer of extraordinary vigor and picturesqueness, and I suppose there was not in his day a more formidable master of English style.

“His son, the author, then a youth of nineteen or twenty, was just beginning to try his literary wings. There could not be a more entertaining treat than a dinner at the James house, when all the young people were at home. They were full of stories of the oddest kind, and discussed questions of morals or taste or literature with a vociferous vigor so great as sometimes to lead the young men to leave their seats and gesticulate on the floor. I remember, in some of these heated discussions, it was not unusual for the sons to invoke humorous curses on their parent, one of which was, that ‘his mashed potatoes might always have lumps in them!’”



ABIJAH THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR EMMAJANE

LAST REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

A WARRIOR so bold and a maiden so bright
Conversed as they sat on the green.
They gazed at each other in tender delight,
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
And the maid was the Fair Imogene.

"Alas!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" Fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall the husband of Imogene be!"



EVER since she was eight years old Rebecca had wished to be eighteen, but now that she was within a month of that awe-inspiring and long-desired age she wondered if, after all, it was destined to be a turning-point in her quiet existence. Her eleventh year, for instance, had been a real turning-point, since it was then that she had left Sunnybrook Farm and come to her maiden aunts in Riverboro. Aurelia Randall may have been doubtful as to the effect upon her spinster sisters of the irrepressible child, but she was hopeful from the first that the larger opportunities of Riverboro would be the "making" of Rebecca herself.

The next turning-point was the fourteenth year, when she left the little district school for the Wareham Female Seminary, an institution then in the hey-day of its local fame. Graduation (next to marriage, perhaps, the most thrilling episode in the life of a little country girl) happened at seventeen, and not long afterward, her Aunt Miranda's death, sudden and unexpected, changed not only all the outward activities and conditions of her life, but played its own part in her development.

The brick house looked very homelike and pleasant on a June morning nowadays, with children's faces smiling at the windows and youthful footsteps sounding through the halls.

All the doors and blinds were open to the sun and air as they had never been in Miss Miranda Sawyer's time. The hollyhock bed that had been her chief pride was never neglected, and Rebecca liked to hear the neighbors say that there was no such row of beautiful plants and no such variety of beautiful colors in Riverboro, as those that climbed up and peeped in at the kitchen windows where old Miss Miranda used to sit.

Now that the place was her very own Rebecca felt a passion of pride in its smoothly mown fields, its carefully thinned-out woods, its blooming garden spots, and its well-weeded vegetable patch; felt, too, whenever she looked at any part of it, a passion of gratitude to the stern old aunt who had looked upon her as the future head of the family, as well as a passion of desire to be worthy of that trust.

It had been a very difficult year for a girl fresh from school: the death of her aunt, the nursing of Miss Jane, prematurely enfeebled by the shock, the removal of her own invalid mother and the rest of the little family from Sunnybrook Farm. But all had gone smoothly; and when once the Randall fortunes had taken an upward turn nothing seemed able to stop their intrepid ascent.

Aurelia Randall renewed her youth in the companionship of her sister Jane and the comforts by which her children were surrounded; the mortgage was no longer a daily terror, for Sunnybrook had been sold to the new railroad; Hannah, now Mrs. Will Melville, was happily situated; John, at last, was studying medicine; Mark, the boisterous and unlucky brother, had broken no bones for several months; while Jenny

and Fanny were doing well at the district school under Miss Libby Moses, Miss Dearborn's successor.

"I don't feel very safe," thought Rebecca, remembering all these unaccustomed mercies, as she sat on the front door-steps with her tatting shuttle flying in and out of the fine cotton like a humming-bird. "It's just like one of those too-beautiful July days that winds up with a thunder-shower before night! Still, when you remember that the Randalls never had anything but thunder and lightning, rain, snow, and hail, in their family history for twelve or fifteen years, perhaps it is only natural that they should enjoy a little spell of settled weather. If it really turns out to be settled, now that Aunt Jane and mother are strong again, I must be looking up one of what Mr. Aladdin calls my 'cast-off careers.'—There comes Emma Jane Perkins through her front gate; she will be here in a minute, and I'll tease her!" and Rebecca ran inside of the door and opened the old piano that stood between the open windows in the parlor.

Peeping from behind the muslin curtains, she waited until Emma Jane was on the very threshold and then began singing her adaptation of an old ballad, made that morning while she was dressing. The ballad was a great favorite of hers, and she counted on doing telling execution with it in the present instance by the simple subterfuge of removing the original hero and heroine, Alonzo and Imogene, and substituting Abijah the Brave and the Fair Emmajane, leaving the circumstances in the first three verses unaltered, because in truth they seemed to require no alteration.

Her high, clear voice, quivering with meriment, floated through the windows into the still summer air:

"A warrior so bold and a maiden so bright
Conversed as they sat on the green.
They gazed at each other in tender delight,
Abijah the brave was the name of the knight,
And the maid was the Fair Emmajane."

"Rebecca Randall, stop! Somebody'll hear you!"

"No, they won't—they're making jelly in the kitchen, miles away."

"Alas!" said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor, your hand.'"

"Rebecca, you can't *think* how your voice carries! I believe mother can hear it over to my house!"

"Then, if she can, I must sing the third verse, just to clear your reputation from the cloud cast upon it in the second," laughed her tormentor, going on with the song:

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" Fair Emmajane said,
"So hurtful to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear, my Abijah, that none in your stead,
Shall the husband of Emmajane be!"

After ending the third verse Rebecca wheeled around on the piano-stool and confronted her friend, who was carefully closing the parlor windows:

"Emma Jane Perkins, it is a Thursday afternoon at four o'clock and you have on your new blue barège, although there is not even a church sociable in prospect. What does this mean? Is Abijah the Brave coming at last?"

"I don't know certainly, but it will be some time this week."

"And of course you'd rather be dressed up and not seen, than seen when not dressed up. Right, my Fair Emmajane; so would I. Not that it makes any difference to poor me, wearing my fourth best black and white calico and expecting nobody."

"Oh, well, *you!* There's something inside of you that does instead of pretty dresses," cried Emma Jane, whose adoration of her friend had never altered nor lessened since they met at the age of eleven. "You know you are as different from anybody else in Riverboro as a princess in a fairy story. Libby Moses says they would notice you in Lowell!"

"Would they? I wonder," speculated Rebecca, rendered almost speechless by this tribute to her charms. "Well, if Lowell could see me, or if you could see me, in my new lavender muslin with the violet sash, it would die of envy, and so would you!"

"If I had been going to be envious of you, Rebecca, I should have died years ago. Come, let's go out on the steps where it's shady and cool."

"And where we can see the Perkins front gate and the road running both ways," teased Rebecca, and then, softening her tone, she said: "How is it getting on, Emmy? Tell me what's happened since I've been in Brunswick."

"Nothing much," confessed Emma Jane. "He writes to me, but I don't write to him, you know. I don't dare to, till he comes to the house."

"Are his letters in Latin?" asked Rebecca with a twinkling eye.

"No, not now, because—well, because there are things you can't seem to say in Latin. I saw him at the Masonic picnic in the grove, but he won't say anything *real* to me till he gets more pay and dares to speak to mother and father. He *is* brave in all other ways, but I ain't sure he'll ever have the courage for that, he's so afraid of them, and always has been. Just remember what's in his mind all the time, Rebecca: that my folks know all about what his mother was, and how he was born on the poor farm. Not that I care; look how he's educated and worked himself up! I think he's perfectly elegant, and I shouldn't mind if he had been born in the bulrushes, like Moses."

Emma Jane's every-day vocabulary was pretty much what it had been before she went to the Wareham Female Seminary. She had acquired a certain amount of information concerning the art of speech, but in moments of strong feeling she lapsed into the vernacular.

"Moses wasn't born in the bulrushes, Emmy dear," corrected Rebecca laughingly. "Pharaoh's daughter found him there. It wasn't quite as romantic a scene—Squire Bean's wife taking little Abijah Flagg from the poorhouse when his girl-mother died, but, oh, I think Abijah's splendid! Mr. Ladd says Riverboro'll be proud of him yet, and I shouldn't wonder, Emmy dear, if you had a three-story house with a cupola on it, some day; and, sitting down at your San Domingo mahogany desk inlaid with garnets you will write notes stating that Mrs. Abijah Flagg requests the pleasure of Miss Rebecca Randall's company to tea, and that the Hon. Abijah Flagg, M.C., will call for her on his way from the station with a span of horses and the turquoise carryall!"

Emma Jane laughed at the ridiculous prophecy and answered: "If I ever write the invitation I sha'n't be addressing it to Miss Randall, I'm sure of that; it'll be to Mrs.——"

"Don't!" cried Rebecca impetuously, changing color and putting her hand over Emma Jane's lips. "If you won't, I'll stop

teasing. I couldn't bear a name put to it, I couldn't, Emmy dear! I wouldn't tease you, either, if it weren't something we've both known ever so long—something that you have always consulted me about of your own accord."

"Don't get excited," replied Emma Jane "I was only going to say you were sure to be Mrs. Somebody."

"Oh," said Rebecca with a relieved sigh, her color coming back; "if that's all you meant, just nonsense; but I thought, I thought—I don't really know just what I thought!"

"I think you thought something you didn't want me to think you thought," said Emma Jane with unusual felicity.

"No, it's not that; but somehow, to-day, I have been remembering things. Perhaps it was because at breakfast Aunt Jane and mother reminded me of my coming birthday and said that Squire Bean would give me the deed of the brick house. That made me feel very old and responsible; and when I came out on the steps to sit this afternoon it was just as if pictures of the old years were moving up and down the road. Everything is so beautiful! Doesn't the sky look as if it had been dyed blue and the fields painted pink and green and yellow this very minute?"

"It's a perfectly elegant day!" responded Emma Jane with a sigh. "If only my mind was at rest! That's the difference between being young and grown-up. We never used to think and worry."

"Indeed, we didn't! Look, Emmy, there's the very spot where Uncle Jerry Cobb stopped the stage and I stepped out with my pink parasol and my bouquet of country lilacs, and you were watching me from your bedroom window and wondering what I had in the little hair trunk strapped on behind. Poor Aunt Miranda didn't love me at first sight, and oh, how cross she was the first two years! But now every hard thought I ever had comes back to me and cuts like a knife!"

"She was dreadful hard to get along with, and I used to hate her like poison," confessed Emma Jane; "but I am sorry now. She was kinder toward the last, any way, and then, you see, children know so little! We never suspected she was sick or that she was worrying over that lost interest money."

"That's the trouble. People seem hard and unreasonable and unjust, and we can't help being hurt at the time, but if they die we forget everything but our own angry speeches; somehow we never remember theirs. The next day after I came to Riverboro, do you remember, I stole out of the brick house crying, and leaned against the front gate. You pushed your little fat pink-and-white face through the pickets and said: "Don't cry! I'll kiss you, if you will me!"

Lumps rose suddenly in Emma Jane's throat, and she put her arm round Rebecca's waist as they sat together side by side.

"Oh, I do remember," she said in a choking voice. "And I can see the two of us driving over to North Riverboro and selling soap to Mr. Adam Ladd; and lighting up the premium banquet-lamp at the Simpson party; and laying the daisies around Jacky Winslow's mother when she was dead in the cabin; and trundling Jacky up and down the street in our old baby-carriage!"

"And I remember you," continued Rebecca, "being chased down the hill by Jacob Moody, when you were the Daughter of Zion that was chosen to convert him!"

"And you getting the flag back from Mr. Simpson; and how you looked when you spoke your verses at the flag raising."

"And have you forgotten the week I refused to speak to Abijah Flagg because he fished my turban with the porcupine quills out of the river when I hoped at last that I had lost it! O Emma Jane, we had dear good times together in the 'little harbor.'"

"I always thought that was an elegant composition of yours—the one about the little harbor," said Emma Jane.

"The strong tide bears us on out of the little harbor of childhood into the unknown seas," mused Rebecca. "It is bearing you almost out of my sight, Emmy, these last days, when you put on a new dress in the afternoon and look out of the window. Abijah Flagg never used to be in the little harbor with the rest of us; when did he first sail in, Emmy?"

Emma Jane grew a deeper pink and her buttonhole of a mouth quivered with delicious excitement.

"I think it was last year when we were at the seminary, and he wrote me a Latin letter from Limerick Academy," she said in a half whisper.

"I remember," laughed Rebecca. "You suddenly began the study of the dead languages, and the Latin dictionary took the place of the crochet-needle in your affections. It was cruel of you never to show me that letter, Emmy!"

"I know every word of it by heart," said the blushing Emma Jane, "and I think I really ought to say it to you, because it's the only way you will ever know how perfectly elegant Abijah is. Look the other way, Rebecca. Shall I have to translate it for you, do you think, because it seems to me I could not bear to do that!"

"It depends upon Abijah's Latin and your pronunciation," teased Rebecca. "Go on; I will turn my eyes toward the orchard."

The Fair Emmajane, looking none too old for the "little harbor," and almost too young for the "unknown seas," gathered up her courage and recited like a tremulous parrot the boyish love-letter that had so fired her youthful imagination:

MEA CARA EMMA:

Cur audeo scribere ad te epistulam? Es mihi dea! Semper es in mea anima. Iterum et iterum es cum me in somnis. Saepe video tuos capillos auri, tuos pulchros oculos similes callo, tuos genas, bellas rosas in nive. Tua vox est dulcior quam cantus avium, aut murmur rivuli in montibus.

Cur sum ego tam miser et pauper et indignus, et tu tam dulcis et bona et nobilis? Si cogitabis de me, ero beatus. Tu es sola puella quam amo, et semper eris. Alias puellas non amavi. Forte olim amabis me sed sum indignus. Sine te sum miser, cum te mea vita est gaudium. Vale, carissima, carissima puella! De tuo fidele servo.

A. F.*

"Vale, carissima, carissima puella!" repeated Rebecca in her musical voice. "Oh, how beautiful it sounds! I don't wonder it changed your feeling for Abijah! Upon my word, Emma Jane," she cried with a sudden change of tone, "if I had suspected for an instant that Abijah the Brave had that Latin letter in him I should have tried to get him to write it to me; and then it

*MY DEAR EMMA:

Why dare I write to you a letter? You are to me a goddess. Always you are in my heart. Again and again you are with me in dreams. Often I see your locks of gold, your beautiful eyes like the sky, your cheeks, lovely roses in snow. Your voice is sweeter than the singing of birds, or the murmur of the stream in the mountains. Why am I so wretched and poor and unworthy, and you so sweet and good and noble? If you will think of me I shall be happy. You are the only girl that I love, and always you will be. Other girls I have not loved. Perhaps some time you will love me, but I am unworthy. Without you I am wretched, with you my life is a joy. Farewell dearest, dearest girl.

From your faithful slave,

A. F.

would be I who would sit down at my mahogany desk and ask Miss Perkins to come to tea with Mrs. Flagg."

II

THE romance alluded to in the foregoing chapter had been going on, so far as Abijah Flagg's part of it was concerned, for many years, his affection dating back in his own mind to the first moment that he saw Emma Jane Perkins at the age of nine.

Emma Jane had shown no sign of reciprocating his attachment until the last three years, when the evolution of the chore boy into the budding scholar and man of affairs had inflamed even her somewhat dull imagination.

Squire Bean's wife had taken Abijah away from the poorhouse, thinking that she could make him of some little use in her home. Abbie Flagg, the mother, was neither wise nor beautiful; it is to be feared that she was not even good, and her lack of all these desirable qualities, particularly the last one, had been impressed upon the child ever since he could remember. People seemed to blame him for being in the world at all; this world that had not expected him nor desired him, nor made any provision for him. The great battle-axe of poorhouse opinion was forever levelled at the mere little atom of innocent transgression, until he grew sad and shy, clumsy, stiff, and self-conscious. He had an indomitable craving for love in his heart and had never received a caress in his life.

He was more contented when he came to Squire Bean's house. The first year he could only pick up chips, carry pine wood into the kitchen, go to the post-office, run errands, drive the cows and feed the hens, but every day he grew more and more useful.

His only friend was little Jim Watson, the store-keeper's son, and they were inseparable companions whenever Abijah had time for play.

One never-to-be-forgotten July day a new family moved into the white cottage between Squire Bean's house and the Sawyers'. Mr. Perkins had sold his farm beyond North Riverboro and had established a blacksmith's shop in the village, at the Edgewood end of the bridge. This fact was of no special interest to the nine-year-old Abijah, but what really was of importance,

was the appearance of a pretty little girl of seven in the front yard; a pretty little fat doll of a girl, with bright fuzzy hair, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and a smile of almost bewildering continuity. Another might have criticised it as having the air of being glued on, but Abijah was already in the toils and never wished it to move.

The next day being the glorious Fourth, and a holiday, Jimmy Watson came over, like David, to visit his favorite Jonathan. His Jonathan met him at the top of the hill, pleaded a pressing engagement, curtly sent him home, and then went back to play with his new idol, with whom he had already scraped acquaintance, her parents being exceedingly busy settling the new house.

After the noon dinner Jimmy again yearned to resume friendly relations and, forgetting his rebuff, again toiled up the hill and appeared unexpectedly at no great distance from the Perkins premises.

His morning call had been officious and unpleasant, but his afternoon visit was a positive danger; for Abijah and Emma Jane were cosily playing house, the game of all others in which it is particularly desirable to have two and not three participants. At that moment the nature of Abijah changed, at once and forever. Without a pang of conscience he flew over the intervening patch of ground between himself and his dreaded rival and seizing small stones and larger ones, as haste and fury demanded, flung them at Jimmy Watson, and flung and flung, till the bewildered boy ran down the hill howling. At such an early age does woman become a distracting and disturbing influence in man's career!

Time went on, and so did the rivalry between the poorhouse boy and the son of wealth, but Abijah's chances of friendship with Emma Jane grew fewer and fewer as they both grew older. He did not go to school, so there was no meeting-ground there, but sometimes, when he saw the knot of boys and girls returning in the afternoon, he would invite Elijah and Elisha, the Simpson twins, to visit him, and take pains to be in Squire Bean's front yard doing something that might impress his innamorata as she passed the premises.

As Jimmy Watson was particularly small and fragile, Abijah generally chose feats of strength and skill for these prearranged performances.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

“Is Abijah the Brave coming at last?”—Page 305.

Sometimes he would throw his hat up into the elm-trees as far as he could and when it came down catch it on his head. Sometimes he would walk on his hands, with his legs wriggling in the air, or turn a double somersault, or jump incredible distances across the extended arms of the Simpson twins; and his bosom swelled with pride when the girls exclaimed, "Isn't he wonderful!" although he often heard his rival murmur scornfully, "*Smarty Aleck!*"

Squire Bean, although he did not send the boy to school (thinking as he was of no possible importance in the universe, it was not worth while bothering about his education), finally became impressed with his ability, lent him books, and gave him more time to study. These were all he needed, books and time, and when there was an especially hard knot to untie, Rebecca, as the star scholar of the neighborhood, helped him to untie it.

When he was sixteen he longed to go away from Riverboro and be something better than a chore-boy. Squire Bean had been giving him small wages for three or four years, and when the time of parting came presented him with a ten-dollar bill and a silver watch.

Many a time had he discussed his future with Rebecca and asked her opinion.

This was not strange, for there was nothing in human form that she could not and did not converse with, easily and delightedly. She had ideas on every conceivable subject and would have cheerfully advised the minister if he had asked her. The fishman consulted her when he couldn't stand his mother-in-law another minute in the house; Uncle Jerry Cobb didn't part with his river field until he had talked it over with Rebecca; and as for Aunt Jane, she couldn't decide whether to wear her black merino or her gray Thibet unless Rebecca cast the final vote.

Abijah wanted to go far away from Riverboro, as far as Limerick Academy, which was at least fifteen miles, but although this seemed extreme, Rebecca agreed, saying pensively: "There *is* a kind of magicness about going far away and then coming back all changed."

This was precisely Abijah's unspoken thought. Limerick knew nothing of Abbie Flagg and the poorhouse, so that he would start fair. He could have gone to Ware-

ham and thus remained within daily sight of the beloved Emma Jane; but no, he was not going to permit her to see him in the process of "becoming," but after he had "become" something. He did not propose to take any risks after all these years of silence and patience. Not he! He proposed to disappear, like the moon on a dark night, and as he was, at present, something that Mr. Perkins would by no means have in the family nor Mrs. Perkins allow in the house, he would neither return to Riverboro nor ask any favors of them until he had something to offer. Yes, sir. He was going to be crammed to the eyebrows with learning for one thing—useless kinds and all—going to have good clothes, and a good income. Everything that was in his power should be right, because there would always be lurking in the background the things he never could help—the mother and the poor-house.

So he went away, and although at Squire Bean's invitation he came back the first year for two brief visits at Christmas and Easter, he was little seen in Riverboro, for Mr. Ladd finally found him a place where he could make his vacations profitable and learn bookkeeping at the same time.

The visits in Riverboro were tantalizing rather than pleasant. He was invited to two parties, but he was all the time conscious of his shirt-collar and he was sure that his "pants" were not the proper thing, for by this time his ideals of dress had attained an almost unrealizable height. As for his shoes, he seemed always to walk on carpets as if they were furrows and he were propelling a plough or a harrow before him. They played Drop the Handkerchief and Copenhagen at the parties, but he had not had the assurance to kiss Emma Jane, which was bad enough, but Jimmy Watson had and did, which was infinitely worse!

After the parties were over he went back to his old room in Squire Bean's shed chamber. As he lay in bed his thoughts fluttered about Emma Jane as swallows circle around the eaves. The terrible sickness of hopeless handicapped love kept him awake. Once he crawled out of bed in the night, lighted the lamp and looked for his mustache, remembering that he had seen a suspicion of down on Jim Watson's upper lip. He rose again half an hour later, again lighted the lamp, put a few drops of oil on his hair and brushed it violently for several



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

They walked through the orchard.—Page 313.

minutes. Then he went back to bed, and after making up his mind that he would buy a dulcimer and learn to play on it so that he would be more attractive at parties, and outshine his rival in society as he had aforetime in athletics, he finally sank into a troubled slumber.

Those days, so full of hope and doubt and torture, seemed mercifully unreal now, they lay so far back in the past—six or eight years, in fact, which is a lifetime to the lad of twenty—and meantime he had conquered many of the adverse circumstances that had threatened to cloud his career.

Abijah Flagg was a true child of his native State. Something of the same timber that Maine puts into her forests, something of the same strength and resisting power that she works into her rocks, goes into her sons and daughters; and at twenty Abijah was going to take his fate in his hand and ask Mr. Perkins, the rich blacksmith, if, after a suitable period of probation (during which he would further prepare himself for his exalted destiny), he might marry the fair Emma Jane, sole heiress of the Perkins house and fortunes.

III

THIS was boy and girl love, calf love, perhaps, though even that may develop into something larger, truer, and finer; but not so far away were other and very different hearts growing and budding, each in its own way. There was little Miss Dearborn, the pretty school-teacher, drifting into a foolish alliance because she did not "get on" with her stepmother at home; there was Herbert Dunn, valedictorian of his class, dazzled by Huldah Meserve, who, like a glowworm "shone afar off bright, but looked to near, had neither heat nor light." There was sweet Emily Maxwell, less than thirty still, with most of her heart bestowed in the wrong quarter. She was toiling on at the Wareham school, living as unselfish a life as a nun in a convent; lavishing the mind and soul of her, the heart and body of her, on her chosen work. How many women give themselves thus, consciously and unconsciously; and, though they themselves miss the joys and compensations of mothering their own little twos and threes, God must be grateful to them for their mothering of the hundreds, which make them so precious in His regenerating purposes.

Then there was Adam Ladd, waiting at thirty-five for a girl to "grow up" a little more, simply because he could not find one already grown who suited his peculiar and exacting tastes.

"I'll not call Rebecca perfection," he quoted once, in a letter to Emily Maxwell, "I'll not call her perfection, for that's a post, afraid to move. But she's a dancing sprig of the tree next it."

When first she appeared on his aunt's piazza in North Riverboro and insisted on selling him a large quantity of very inferior soap in order that her friends, the Simpsons, might possess a premium in the shape of a greatly needed banquet lamp, she had riveted his attention. He thought at the time that he enjoyed talking with her more than with any woman alive, and he had never changed his opinion. She always caught what he said as if it were a ball tossed to her, and sometimes her mind, as through it his thoughts came back to him, seemed like a prism which had dyed them with deeper colors.

Adam Ladd always called Rebecca in his heart his little Spring. His boyhood had been lonely and unhappy. That was the part of life he had missed, and although it was the full summer of success and prosperity with him now, he found his lost youth only in her.

She was to him—how shall I describe it?

Do you remember an early day in May with budding leaf, warm earth, tremulous air, and changing, wilful sky—how new it seemed? how fresh and joyous beyond all explaining?

Have you lain with half-closed eyes where the flickering of sunlight through young leaves, the song of birds and brook and the fragrance of wild flowers combined to charm your senses, and you felt the sweetness and grace of Nature as never before?

Rebecca was springtide to Adam's thirsty heart. She was blithe youth incarnate; she was music—an Æolian harp that every passing breeze woke to some whispering little tune; she was a changing, iridescent joy-bubble; she was the shadow of a leaf dancing across a dusty floor. No bough of his thought could be so bare but she somehow built a nest in it and evoked life where none was before.

And Rebecca herself?

She had been quite unconscious of all this

until very lately, and even now she was but half awakened; searching among her childish instincts and her girlish dreams for some Ariadne-thread that should guide her safely through the labyrinth of her new sensations.

For the moment she was absorbed, or thought she was, in the little love story of Abijah and Emma Jane, but in reality, had she realized it, that love story served chiefly as a basis of comparison for a possible one of her own, later on.

She liked and respected Abijah Flagg and loving Emma Jane was a habit contracted early in life; but everything that they did or said, or thought or wrote, or hoped or feared, seemed so inadequate, so painfully short of what might be done or said, or thought or written, or hoped or feared, under easily conceivable circumstances, that she almost felt a disposition to smile gently at the fancy of the ignorant young couple that they had caught a glimpse of the great vision.

She was sitting under the sweet-apple tree at twilight. Supper was over; Mark's restless feet were quiet, Fanny and Jenny were tucked safely in bed; her aunt and her mother were stemming currants on the side porch.

A blue spot at one of the Perkins windows showed that in one vestal bosom hope was not dead yet, although it was seven o'clock.

Suddenly there was the sound of a horse's feet coming up the quiet road; plainly a steed hired from some metropolis like Milltown or Wareham, as Riverboro horses when through with their day's work never disported themselves so gayly.

A little open buggy came in sight, and in it sat Abijah Flagg. The wagon was so freshly painted and so shiny that Rebecca thought that he must have alighted at the bridge and given it a last polish. The creases in his trousers, too, had an air of having been pressed in only a few minutes before. The whip was new and had a yellow ribbon on it; the gray suit of clothes was new and the coat flourished a flower in the button-hole.

The hat was the latest thing in hats and the intrepid swain wore a seal ring on the little finger of his right hand. As Rebecca remembered that she had guided it in making capital Gs in his copy-book, she felt positively maternal, although she was two years younger than Abijah the Brave.

He drove up to the Perkins gate and was so long about hitching the horse that Rebecca's heart beat tumultuously at the thought of Emma Jane's heart waiting under the blue barège. Then he brushed an imaginary speck off his sleeve, then he drew on a pair of kid gloves, then he went up the path, rapped at the knocker, and went in.

"Not all the heroes go to the wars," thought Rebecca. "Abijah has laid the ghost of his father and redeemed the memory of his mother, for no one will dare say again that Abbie Flagg's son could never amount to anything!"

The minutes went by, and more minutes, and more. The tranquil dusk settled down over the little village street; then the young moon came out just behind the top of the Perkins pine-tree.

The Perkins front door opened and Abijah the Brave came out hand in hand with his Fair Emmajane.

They walked through the orchard, the eyes of the old couple following them from the window, and just as they disappeared down the green slope that led to the river-side the gray coat sleeve encircled the blue barège waist.

Rebecca, quivering with instant sympathy and comprehension, hid her face in her hands.

"Emmy has sailed away and I am all alone in the little harbor," she thought.

It was as if childhood, like a thing real and visible, were slipping down the grassy river-banks, after Abijah and Emma Jane, and disappearing like them into the moonlit shadows of the summer night.

"I am all alone in the little harbor," she repeated; "and oh, I wonder, I wonder, should I be afraid to leave it, if anybody came to carry me out to sea!"

IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

I—THE UNIVERSITIES



IN the autumn of 1904 I found myself unexpectedly charged with the pleasant duty of what may be described as an academic mission to France. The authorities of Harvard University were so kind as to make me the first of the representatives whom they have been invited to send, year by year, to the Sorbonne and to other French universities for the purpose of lecturing about America. At the moment, I knew so little of the university system in which I was to have a temporary status that I was unaware of my ignorance. The circumstances of one of my first calls in Paris began to enlighten me.

A professor of the Sorbonne had sent me friendly word of when I might find him at home, and his welcome was phrased in terms which meant more than I understood. For he addressed me as "cher collègue," thus assuring me that, for the while, I was his academic equal. Something of what this involved, concerning the dignity and the responsibility of my position, he soon proceeded to explain in a pleasantly precise way.

The opening scene of our little dialogue was brief and cordially formal. It ended with an invitation to pass from the salon where I had been received into the professor's study. This proved to be a snug library full of books and papers, and remarkable chiefly for a blackboard on which was sketched a somewhat complicated diagram, resembling the plans of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise to be found in most editions of the "Divine Comedy." Indeed this likeness was so marked that, unaware of what my friend's special branch of learning might be, I was disposed to take for granted that he was occupied with some minute study of Dante. In fact, it presently appeared, this impressive diagram had been ingen-

iously devised for my personal benefit. Rightly assuming that I could not find my way in France without a clear knowledge of where I belonged there, he had prepared it to illustrate a concise little discourse on the present structure and constitution of the French universities. This structure, I may add, has a real analogy to that of Dante's scheme of futurity. For in French universities—and for that matter one is tempted to say throughout French society—everyone seems to have a place as definite as that of any denizen of any circle in all the hundred cantos. My own—obviously unusual—began to define itself while my friend, chalk in hand, proceeded with his exposition; and with the process came to me my first clear conception of the extraordinarily systematic nature of the surroundings amid which I was to find my way during the months to come, and of the precise point of view from which I was to observe other aspects of French life.

The whole educational system of modern France, as my friend's diagram instantly and constantly reminded me, is completely centralized. It is as much a unit as is the public-school system of any American city. From beginning to end, it is controlled by one single organization, which has for its official centre the Ministry of Public Instruction, in Paris. At its head is the Minister of Public Instruction.

As everyone knows, however, the Minister of Public Instruction is a member of the cabinet. Under the parliamentary system of government, this involves two consequences: he is compelled to attend not only his cabinet meetings, but also the regular sessions of the legislative body of which he is a member; and at any moment a change in the government may displace him. The minister, accordingly, though nominally and officially the head of the whole educational system, and *ex officio* Rector of the Uni-

versity of Paris, has other business, of more immediate importance, as the representative, in both legislative and executive councils, of the interests committed to his charge. So far as the duties of his office concern the actual conduct of French education, they are consequently performed by permanent officers, nominally his lieutenants, who have their offices in the building of the ministry. Of these officers, three—independent of each other—are virtually supreme, each in his own field. These are the directors of the three distinct phases of education throughout the country—primary, secondary, and superior. The true head of the University of Paris, the while, is not the minister, who bears the official title of rector, but the Vice-Rector, whose tenure of office is not disturbed by changes in the government.

As a matter of fact, the University of Paris remains what it has been for centuries—by far the most important centre of French scholarship, and one of the two or three most important centres of scholarship in the world. Constitutionally, however, this predominance is no longer recognized. In theory the University of Paris is only one of some fifteen or sixteen universities which together control the entire educational system of France, much as bishoprics control an ecclesiastical system. There are educational maps of France on which the boundaries of the universities are as definite as those of the States in our American Union; and like our States, the French universities are independent of one another, each sovereign within its limits, and all united only in their subjection to a common central authority. Constitutionally, what is true of one is true of all; the hegemony of Paris is at this moment only a tradition. It is a tradition, however, of such immemorial and indefinite strength and endurance that the Vice-Rector of the University of Paris, though nominally of slightly lower rank than the rectors of provincial universities, is actually the most powerful official in the whole educational system. His immediate contact with the directors of all three grades of education makes him, in practice, the most influential personage of the whole organization.

Of the whole organization, we must remember. For the most salient difference between the French system of education and the systems prevalent in England and America lies in the fact that the rector of a

French university is the presiding officer not only of the higher educational bodies under his charge, but of the secondary and the primary instruction as well. Within the geographical limits of his university, he performs virtually all the duties of the Minister of Public Instruction; and he is accordingly in direct communication with all three of the Directors of Education—primary, secondary, and superior. Through them he is the official means of communication between his university and the minister who is nominally lord of all.

Each university, in fact, controls three distinct phases of education. There is everywhere a system of primary schools, where elementary education is compulsory for children. There is everywhere a system of secondary schools—generally called *lycées* or *collèges*—where instruction in letters or in science is carried to a point about equivalent to that required for admission to a well-established American college of the better sort. And in each university of France there are four faculties of superior or higher instruction: the faculties of letters, of science, of law, and of medicine. Generally, as in Paris, these faculties have their seats in the same town; but this is not necessarily the case. In at least one instance, a faculty of science and a faculty of letters of the same university are situated in separate cities some little distance apart. Every university, however, must possess all four faculties, each under the presidency of a dean. And at a few universities there was, until very lately, a fifth faculty—of Protestant theology. For obvious ecclesiastical reasons the historic faculties of orthodox Catholic theology cannot fall within the system. To extremely conservative minds, accordingly, particularly in the provinces, the present attitude of the French universities cannot help seeming in some degree anticlerical.

The faculties of higher education, though nominally the chief bodies under the presidency of the rector, appear, in point of fact, to be more nearly autonomous than you would suppose. Except in Paris, so far as my observation went, the rectors seemed more concerned with questions of secondary education than with those of the higher—spending a good deal of their time in travelling about their jurisdictions, and examining the condition of schools, much as conscientious bishops might keep their eyes on

the outlying regions of their dioceses, and leave their cathedrals to the care of trustworthy chapters. But in all cases the rector of a university is the responsible head of all education; and, as we have seen, he is the regular medium of communication between his jurisdiction and the Ministry of Public Instruction.

This state of things might evidently put in his hands a degree of power virtually autocratic. For the rest, a rector—whatever his official eminence or his personal integrity, both of which may be confidently presumed—is after all a fallible human being. In consequence, so far as his reports deal with the actual state of the instruction in his charge, and particularly with the character and the skill of individual instructors, high and low, they are kept in check by a system of regular inspection, centred in the ministry in Paris. A considerable corps of official inspectors are always engaged in visiting the universities throughout France. They have the right of access everywhere; and, though such of them as I had the pleasure of meeting were delightful people, their visitations are naturally objects of a certain terror. For each visit results in an official report, duly filed at the ministry; and on these reports, taken in conjunction with those of the rectors, hang the professional prospects of every teacher from Flanders to Spain, and from the Atlantic to the Alps. Incidentally, it seems probable, that the rectors themselves are objects of a supervision as close as any applied to their subordinates, of whatever rank.

How far this system of record is carried may be inferred from my own experience. In the course of my duties I had occasion to call several times on the Director of Higher Education. In each instance, when I was ushered into his presence, I found him seated at his desk with an open portfolio before him. This portfolio, it presently appeared, contained my *dossier*—that is, all the letters I had written to him, copies of all which had been sent me officially, and presumably various other memoranda concerning my credentials, my performances, and my character. During my visit to a provincial university, for example, I had the privilege of finding myself, for a day or two, in the same town and at the same hotel with an accomplished inspector of instruction in modern languages, who had an agreeably

expert knowledge of the local vintages. The pleasure I derived from his society was in no degree impaired by the probability that his honest estimate of what my academic mission amounted to might find its way to my *dossier* at Paris. But if I had been a Frenchman, whose whole future depended on such official records, my sentiments might have been less cheerful. For, as I understand the matter, everybody who has ever taught anything in France, in whatever grade, has his *dossier* duly on file at the ministry. And whenever any question arises, concerning a promotion, for example, these exhaustive records are pitilessly scrutinized.

Of course, there are institutions of learning in France which do not fall within the limits of this rigid system. There are private schools, analogous to private schools in America. Until lately there have been very highly developed schools under the direct control of the teaching orders of the clergy. And there are many established institutions of the highest education—such as the Collège de France, the École Normale, or the École Libre des Sciences Politiques—which form no regular part of the university organization. The position of these somewhat irregular seminaries of learning, however—whether they be semi-official, or in no way connected with the government—is not so independent as it might seem. For, as I understand the matter, they are open in two distinct ways to official inspection and control. In the first place, they may always be visited by official inspectors; in the second place, and far more importantly, no one may legally teach in them who has not taken the university degree which would be required for teaching of similar grade in the regular system. And only the established universities, which are under the direct control of the ministry, have authority to confer valid degrees or educational certificates of any kind whatever. To obtain credit for work done at a private school, accordingly, or at any institution not completely official in character, all students must present themselves at the regular examinations of the universities. And this credit is no mere matter of form; without at least a degree from the secondary schools, almost every professional career in France—even that of an apothecary—is absolutely closed.

A curious example of this state of things

occurred at a provincial university where I happened to arrive while examinations were in progress. Two or three candidates, evidently strangers, appeared in clerical garb. On inquiry, it turned out that they had studied at a church school in the jurisdiction of another, and a rather remote, university. The pronounced opposition of the government to many forms of ecclesiastical instruction had resulted in a state of feeling which forbade them, as a matter of principle, to recognize the educational system of the state in their immediate neighborhood. At the same time, they needed degrees from the state, in order to pursue their careers. So they had resorted to the expedient of taking a day's journey to present themselves in a strange city for examinations which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have taken at home.

The degree which these young ecclesiastics already possessed was one which produces a certain confusion in the minds of people accustomed to the university systems of England and of America. It was that of *bachelier*, which sounds very like ours of bachelor of arts. In point of fact, however, the French degree of *bachelier* is given not at the completion of a course of higher education, but at that of secondary. As I understand the matter, primary instruction in France is absolutely compulsory; and, like primary instruction anywhere else, it teaches everybody to read, to write, and to manage the elementary processes of arithmetic; it offers, at the same time, various other kinds of elementary instruction, of which the results are not so evident; and it is complete at twelve or fourteen years of age. A certificate that primary education is complete entitles anyone who desires further instruction to enter any *lycée* or *collège* in France. In these institutions, where boys and girls are kept completely apart, the instruction varies, according as the pupil prefers a literary or a scientific course of study. In either case, the instruction, which is remarkably thorough, lasts until the pupil is sixteen or eighteen years of age. By that time he should be ready to present himself for a considerable set of examinations, both written and oral, which are equivalent, in a general way, to those demanded for entrance to an American college of the better sort; though, on the whole, I should suppose them to be rather more severe. In

any event, they have the severity of an old-fashioned American entrance examination as distinguished from the flaccid recent method of allowing candidates for admission to college the privilege of taking a few examinations at a time; for the whole set must be passed at once. Duly passed, these examinations entitle the student to the degree of *bachelier*—in letters or in science, as the case may be.

This degree of *bachelier* is not, as degrees are with us, a matter only of record. It actually entitles the possessor to various rights which no one can have without it. It opens various civil careers, as well as various careers in the service of the government. And educationally it entitles people to present themselves anywhere in France for instruction under any of the faculties of higher education—letters, science, law, or medicine. At this point comes a very salient difference of the French university system from the English and our own. A faculty of letters is looked upon not as a guardian of general culture, but as a body in all respects as professional as a faculty of law. Only students who contemplate literary careers—such as the writing or the teaching of literature, history, or philosophy—are apt to register themselves in the department of letters. Students who purpose devoting themselves to law or to medicine proceed with those subjects immediately. A course of study under any of the faculties of higher education normally takes some four years. At the end of this time, the candidate presents himself for another set of examinations—broadly equivalent in letters to the standard required in England or in America for the degree of bachelor of arts. Like the examinations for the degree of *bachelier*, these must all be taken at once; and the resulting degree, in letters or in science, at all events—the degree which our vagrant young ecclesiastics desired—is that of *licencié*. *Licencié* or *licenciée*, I should rather say, for under all faculties of the higher education in France, men and women are received on completely equal terms.

In the educational system, this degree of *licencié* has supreme importance. Though a teacher may qualify for employment in primary schools by passing examinations designed for that special purpose, something like civil service examinations in England or in America, no one who has not taken the de-

gree of *licencié* is allowed to teach in secondary schools. But this degree, which opens a career of secondary teaching, is not enough for a teacher whose ambition soars higher. To take part in the higher education—in what we Americans are accustomed to call university teaching—he needs further credentials.

The next normal degree, like the highest regular degree almost everywhere, is that of doctor—in letters, in science, and so on. According to the French system, however, this degree demands exceptionally prolonged work. A successful candidate must present two original theses, one of which is usually in some other language than French. Both of these must be accepted as solid contributions to the department of learning in which he professes to excel. And at least the principal one must be a book of importance, not only in substance, but in scale and in style. The late Professor Beljame's well-known treatise on the "Public and Men of Letters in England during the Eighteenth Century," for example, was one of the theses which earned him the degree of doctor of letters many years ago. And among the theses accepted at the Sorbonne within the last few years are the best studies in existence of Poe and of Hawthorne. The chance that I was American brought me the pleasure of personal acquaintance with the authors of these works—M. Lauvrière, who received the degree of doctor four or five years ago, and M. Dhaleine, who received it in 1905. The fact that neither of these gentlemen was precisely young implied what is generally true of those who attain the highest French degree in letters. The work demanded for it can hardly be accomplished before a candidate is well past thirty years of age. The degree is actually granted, to all appearances, on the strength of theses, which are subjected to the closest scrutiny. Nominally, however, it is conferred only on candidates who have publicly defended their theses with success; and even though this process of defence be only a matter of form, it looks portentously serious.

On an appointed day, the candidate for the doctorate in Paris presents himself in a large hall at the Sorbonne, something like a court-room, which will accommodate three or four hundred spectators. This is absolutely open to the public; and on the several occasions when I happened to at-

tend such a ceremony, there were always a good many spectators. The candidate takes his seat at a desk facing a raised bench, which is occupied by the professors who have certified to the quality of the thesis he is to defend. Each of them is provided with a printed copy of the thesis; and during two or three hours they attack it in turn. The attack generally begins with words of cordial praise, which are followed, in due time, by every adverse comment, general and detailed, which has presented itself to learned and ingenious critical minds. To these comments the candidate must instantly reply—intelligently, fluently, and in unimpeachable French. Generally he answers stoutly, though with extreme formal politeness; sometimes—particularly when detected in some slight error of fact—he accepts the correction, with thanks, and mentions that he shall proceed to make it in the next edition of his work. Finally, at least in every case which came to my knowledge, his defence of the thesis is pronounced adequate, after a formal consultation of his examiners. And his labors are thereupon crowned with the degree of doctor, which entitles him to be employed, if he can secure the employment, as an instructor in any institution of higher education, and which makes him eligible for appointment as professor in a faculty of the highest rank.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, he has generally got well toward middle life. Obviously it is desirable that competent people should be employed in giving the higher instruction at an earlier age. To meet this difficulty a happy device exists. Any *licencié* is entitled to present himself at Paris for a special competitive examination in his chosen subject. The fact that this examination is held only at Paris emphasizes its importance. Though the degrees of Paris are generally held in so much higher esteem than others that most candidates for the doctorate go thither, the degree of doctor may regularly be conferred by any of the universities. This competitive examination, on the other hand, occurs nowhere else; and although it is open to candidates from any part of the country, it is so arduous that preparation for it in Paris is more than desirable. At least until very lately such preparation has been the special task of that admirable institution of the higher learning, the *École Normale*. Some conception of the

severity of the test may be formed from the final phase of it, as it existed a few years ago. A candidate was summoned to appear, at a given hour, before a professor of the Sorbonne, who handed him a paper, drawn at random from an urn. On this was written the title of some subject in the department with which the candidate was concerned. Precisely twenty-four hours later he was required to present to the same professor, at the same place, a complete written lecture on this subject, with due bibliographic notes. Some such final test as this decides the question of success in a competitive examination where candidates present themselves in considerable numbers, and where only ten or fifteen per cent. of them are accepted. These fortunate persons receive the degree of *agrégé*. This is so highly esteemed that, in practice, few who have not won it can hope for responsible employment even in secondary education. None without it, unless they become doctors, can instruct under the higher faculties. And it is so much harder to attain than any other French degree that it is really the most important. You will hardly find a professor anywhere who has not become an *agrégé* before he has proceeded, with due deliberation, to the regular degree of doctor, without which he cannot aspire to a full professorship in a faculty of letters, science, law, or medicine.

Such, in brief, was the university system in which, for the year following my kind friend's explanation of it, I was to hold an exceptional position. So far as degrees went—though I had the prudence not to mention the circumstance—I was only a Harvard bachelor of arts; I had never troubled myself with the task, practically superfluous at home, of studying for anything nominally higher. Yet, as a professor delegated from Harvard to lecture in France, I was temporarily the equal of professors in the University of Paris, addressed by them as *collègue*, and by inferior university officials as *maître*. In order to regulate my behavior, it was necessary that I should understand my status, almost as if my position had been in a diplomatic system or a military. This was why my cordial colleague with the blackboard devoted the first hour of our intercourse to the lecture which I have tried to remember and to summarize. No friendly service could have been more opportune.

Throughout my stay in France it threw constant light on my official relations and duties.

In France these duties were as regular as any teaching in class-room or laboratory. At all French universities—at least in the department of letters—two distinct kinds of instruction are invariably offered. One, precisely similar to that customary in our own country, consists of what are called *cours fermés*—that is, of exercises in class-rooms open only to registered students. The other consists of public lectures, open, like divine service, to anyone who chooses to attend, and known as *cours publiques*. They are probably the direct successors of the public lectures which formed the basis of instruction in mediæval universities. Such courses are often attended by very considerable audiences. Among these are a certain number of students, interested either in the subject discussed or in the personality of the lecturer. The greater part of the attendance, however, consists of people in no way connected with the university, including a good many women who come as a matter of curiosity, or occasionally of fashion. Yet this agreeable feature of such audiences in France is less salient than the number of mature men of serious intelligence who faithfully follow a course of public lectures. Such a course was the duty with which I was charged, both in Paris and later in the provinces.

This duty, meanwhile, involved others, of personal character, far more exacting than would have been the case at home. In the first place, I was bound to make official calls on my academic superiors—the rectors and the deans—at the earliest possible moment. In the second place, whenever I had the good fortune to be presented to an academic equal—a professor, a *collègue*—I was bound to leave my card at his door within twenty-four hours, on pain of being held barbarously deficient in good manners. With people in a position of academic inferiority, on the other hand, these pleasant duties were less stringent.

Thus my actual knowledge of France began. Trying to play my part punctiliously, I was aided throughout by the punctilious kindness with which my superiors and my colleagues—and, indeed, everybody else—played theirs. The truth is that social intercourse anywhere is something like comedy; and that the French conduct the comedy of life more skilfully than we do. They

know their cues, and lure you unawares into mastery of your own. In comparison, we Americans are like amateurs, stumbling through the good-natured confusion of impromptu charades.

Here and there the methods of the French universities seemed to me a little old-fashioned. One of the chief officials of the Sorbonne, for example, who received me with the greatest kindness, expressed a desire that during my stay in Paris I should enjoy every possible privilege; consequently, he went on to say, he had given directions that I should have access, whenever I chose, to the catalogue of the library. Without this advantage, it appeared, I should have been obliged, in case I desired a book, to ask an attendant whether the library possessed it; or, in case I desired authorities on any given subject, to request him to make me a little bibliography, at his convenience. In various other places, I subsequently found out—at the Collège de France, for example, and at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques—libraries of rather special range are at the disposal of scholars duly introduced. Generally speaking, however, books seem less accessible in France than you would expect; and consequently anyone who needs many finds that he must buy more than is the case at home.

When it came to the conduct of lectures, however, the arrangements were refreshingly pleasanter than anything which I had known before. A comfortable little room is at the disposal of the lecturer, where he is expected to arrive a few minutes before the hour named for his public appearance. At precisely the hour in question, an impressive being in dress clothes, with a silver chain about his neck, presents himself, holding a tray on which are a glass, a spoon, a decanter of water and a saucer containing a few lumps of sugar. With these in hand, he precedes the lecturer to the platform of the hall where the audience is already assembled. He places the sugar and water on the desk—and, as I did not personally have recourse to this refreshment, it is possible that the ingredients remained unchanged from November till March—and withdraws for an hour. At precisely the end of the hour, the *appariteur*, as this functionary is called, reappears at the little door behind the platform. You thereupon bring your lecture to a close. Whether he have authority,

in other event, to remove you forcibly I never ventured to inquire. At New Year's time I gave him five francs, by the counsel of one of my colleagues, who represented that he would be displeased with less and disconcerted with more.

In the little waiting-room, both before and after lectures, I was free to receive anyone whom I chose. The *appariteur* served as watch-dog, duly warning away people without credentials. Thus particularly I came to meet a certain number of students interested in what I was discussing. Here, at once, I found myself in an unfamiliar atmosphere. Whoever has had much to do with American students must agree, I think, that their abundant energy is apt to exert itself in other fields than those where they are brought into professional contact with their teachers. French students seem of different stripe. They are alertly intelligent, serious to a degree which shames you into consciousness of comparative frivolity, intellectually energetic beyond reproach; but somehow, when you have been habituated to academic intercourse at home, they seem a shade inhuman. One can soon see why. It is not that they lack humanity; in private life, they are said to maintain the convivial tradition of ancestral France. But humanity and work are separate things; and to them university work is a really critical matter. They are not playing through three or four years which shall ripen them into something sweeter than they might grow to be without this happy interval between the drudgery of school and the strife of responsible existence; they are assiduously preparing themselves for a career of intense competition. Their spirit seems quite to lack the amateurish grace so engagingly characteristic of undergraduate life in America; in contrast, they seem intensely, startlingly professional.

In the best sense of the abused term, no doubt. It is not that French students impress you as disposed to trickery or subterfuge. It is only that, in their whole relation to university work, they take for granted that they are occupied not in the acquisition of that vague thing which we call "culture," but in a very palpable phase of the struggle for existence. Their business, as students, is to inform themselves as widely and as accurately as possible; and above all, to gather their information in some comprehensive

and comprehensible system. That is why they are at the university; and they are enrolled under the faculty of letters, because they aspire, in due time, to become members of such a faculty, if possible ultimately in Paris. So far as my observation went, there is nothing at any French university which takes the place of undergraduate life in England or in America. The relation of any student to his teachers or to his fellows may be cordially friendly, or it may quite lack human quality. The situation is like what would exist at home between fellow-practitioners of a profession.

In some of the institutions not directly under my observation, I was given to understand,—particularly at the *École Normale*,—a stronger feeling of fellowship exists. Even there, however, this fellowship is based on a common professional purpose and on eager and honorable competition. The higher phase of education in France, in short, has a different function from that to which American tradition accustoms us. Technically, the French training is better; in some respects, despairingly so. For it is not only intensely earnest; it so admirably combines precision with generalization—accurate attention to detail with constant effort to keep general principles in mind—that it seems much more vital than any other training which has come to my knowledge. But, on the other hand, an American boy, no matter how careless of his studies, who has passed three or four years at college, will find himself as a human being the better for life in consequence—the more sympathetic, the richer in human quality. Which is really why our American reverence for our colleges is so wholesome. This human quality seemed quite lacking in the university life of France.

To some extent, this impression remains true when you turn from students to professors. In general, the professors of the French universities are not only sound and accomplished scholars; they are men with considerable knowledge of the world, men of social tact, men of animated charm in private life. But in their professional character they are as serious, as if pleasure had never brightened the world. They are less burdened than we with routine teaching; but they may never relax their effort to extend and solidify their learning. My previous experience had never revealed to

me anything like such a spectacle of concentrated and unceasing intellectual activity as seemed a matter of course among my temporary colleagues at Paris. Foreign prejudice is apt to suppose the French light-hearted, frivolous, and at best superficial. When you live among French men of learning engaged in the work of their lives, you begin to wonder whence this grotesque misconception arose. For you could never have found on earth industry more unremitting, and, though cheerful, more intense.

Professional, again, is the word which comes to mind. Just as the student life of France lacks the human quality which goes far to justify the shortcomings of American students, so the life of a professor in France lacks the social element so pervasively admirable in the universities of England, and not unknown among ourselves. At least in Paris there seems little necessary personal fellowship among these busy fellow-workers. They know each other, of course, and if they chance to find each other congenial, they may be bound by close ties of friendship. But such a state of things seems no more necessary than it would be among fellow-members of the bar or fellow-practitioners of medicine. Perhaps the most conspicuous evidence of what I mean is the punctilious politeness with which they always treat one another. My first impression was that the formal courtesy, invariably shown me as a visitor, indicated a shade of difference between my position and the normal comradeship among themselves. The longer I stayed in France, the more convinced I became that this impression was mistaken. I was in a world, in short, where learning is not an accomplishment, but an honorable and arduous profession, with all its trials, all its heart-burning competition, all its pitiless disdain of weakness, all its stimulating rewards.

The normal career of a French professor, in brief, is somewhat as follows: Almost from the time when he enters a secondary school, he contemplates the profession to which he shall devote his life. Certainly by the time when he becomes a bachelor, his purpose is determined. At the university he devotes himself assiduously to the subject which he proposes to master. Once equipped with the degree of *licencié*, he is eligible for employment as a teacher in some secondary school. If in need of support, he is apt to take up this work for a while; if

more fortunate, he is apt to proceed immediately to higher study, usually under the direction of the most eminent specialists in Paris. In either event, unless circumstances prove benumbing, he prepares himself, with unflagging energy, for the competitive examination which may win him the degree of *agrégé*. When he has achieved this, he is eligible for appointment as professor in some secondary school, or as a lecturer—*maître de conférences*—under some faculty of the higher education. Before he can become full professor in such a faculty he must wait for his doctorate; of this, however, he can be pretty confident, in due time. The laggards have been left behind.

Accordingly, he becomes as soon as possible professor in the chief *lycée* of some university centre, and offers courses of instruction under the faculty to which he is attached. And, usually, his first appointment is rather remote from the centre of the system and the goal of his ambition—Paris. He is sent, to prove his quality, somewhere in the provinces. There, of course, he sometimes remains; and always works hard and well. Anyone who has glanced at the title-pages of serious French books must be impressed by the quality of those which frequently proceed from teachers in what seem obscure and outlying regions. In every case, however, he hopes for promotion, which means not so much advancement in local rank—though this, of course, counts for something—as advancement to a position nearer Paris.

This state of affairs was brought vividly to my notice more than once at provincial universities. In one instance, I found a distinguished professor of history receiving hearty congratulations on all sides. Beyond question the most eminent local antiquarian who had ever written about the deeply interesting region which he had inhabited for twenty years, he had just been called to a chair at the Collège de France, in Paris—an institution supplementary to the Sorbonne, where the instruction is of the highest order, and the body of instructors of the highest distinction. There was not an instant of hesitation or of doubt that he would proceed at once from the city which had so long been his home—and where, for one thing, every detail of local genealogy for a thousand years was on the tip of his tongue—for surroundings where, personally, he would be almost as strange as I.

In Paris, too, his professional dignity would be far less instantly obvious than in the city he was about to leave; at best, he would be lost to sight there, in the crowd of other than learned interests which infests every great capital. Yet, so far as I could perceive, he felt no shade of such sentimental regret as, under similar circumstances, would have arisen in the mind of an American professor thus called from the habitual surroundings of half a life-time. And on the part of his colleagues, much as they would surely miss both his eminent teaching and his winning personality, I could detect no shade of resentment. They seemed unanimous in their sentiment of generous good-will—much as men might seem at home if a favorite colleague should receive an honorary degree.

At another university of considerable importance, I found the rector in the act of packing up his library. He had had the good fortune to be called to the office of inspector-general—or some such matter—in the Ministry of Public Instruction. It transpired that this promotion came not long after his last, which had been from the rectorship of another university, some hours farther from Paris, by a less direct line. In this former position he had distinguished himself by infusing into a somewhat languid institution of learning a degree of vitality which had caused it to be widely recognized. When called nearer to Paris, however, he had felt no compunction in abandoning his nursling to a successor, who was at that moment preparing to follow him to the higher rectorship which he was about to vacate. And when, somewhat later, I visited the university from which these two rectors had been successively promoted I found it under the rectorship of a somewhat subdued gentleman, at once gratified to be at the head of a university and depressed to be sent thither from the capital, where his previous academic status had been subordinate.

The grounds on which promotions are made are undoubtedly complicated. Sound scholarship, brilliant publication, efficient teaching, count for much. Personal qualities count for something; and so, at times, do political and religious considerations. During the empire, I have been told, a professor of doubtful orthodoxy was apt to have little favor; and during the period when the government of the republic has been engaged in disestablishing the Church obvious de-

votion to the Catholic faith has not been thought wholly favorable to academic promotion. In any event, the question turns, to great degree, on those inexorable *dossiers* in the ministry at Paris. Once or twice a year, the Director of Higher Education summons all the rectors of France to a meeting at the ministry; there, I believe, the inspectors meet them, more or less officially. There, no doubt, the *dossiers* are inspected and completed. And on what happens there, I suppose, hangs what happens to hundreds of anxious scholars throughout France.

Until one fully understands this state of affairs it is not quite easy to explain two remarkable features of French provincial universities: the remarkably high quality of the instruction, and the benumbing lack of local tradition or sentiment. Under a system so strongly competitive as that which prevails in France, a man who attains the dignity of membership in any faculty of the higher education must not only possess unusual qualities, but also must exert his powers unremittingly. Accidents may postpone or prevent his promotion, indefinitely or permanently; but nothing short of despair can destroy his hopes of it. So you can go nowhere in France without finding men whose talents and accomplishments, never suffered to rust, would beadmirable anywhere. I am tempted to say that there is not a single centre of the higher education in France where a foreign student might not pass a year of stimulating work with great advantage. And so long as any professor is officially attached to the staff of any university, however remote, he conscientiously does all he can to advance the interests of that institution, as distinguished from its fellows and its rivals. I have more than once used the word *professional* to express the temper of French learning. A better word might have been *conscientious*.

All the conscience in the world, however, cannot make the intellect identical with the heart. And just as one feels among the students of Paris a startling lack of that sense of fellowship which makes the graduates of any American college comrades for life, and almost justifies the rowdy cheers of our athletic meetings, so throughout the provincial universities one feels that there is no trace of what often seems most lastingly valuable in the higher education of America—spontaneous college feeling. Any American will tell you, first of all, the college he comes

from. A Frenchman seems hardly to remember where he studied—as distinguished from what he studied, and under whom. For in French universities study is the only business of students or of teachers, and learning is the same everywhere; it is not a question of local atmosphere. And everybody engaged in it has the same goal in view—Paris, if he can attain it; if not, some station on the road thither.

When I realized this state of things the circumstances of my visits to provincial universities became clearer. In Paris I had been received as a temporary colleague by cordial French professors who had reached the summit of their professional ambition. To the provinces I came not only as a foreign visitor whom chance had converted into a temporary colleague; I came also as a man who had enjoyed for a little while the honor for which my colleagues most longed—an official appointment at the Sorbonne. It was partly this, I think, which made my welcome in the provinces somewhat more formal—I had almost said more ceremonious—than it had been in Paris. Partly, however, this phase of my provincial experience was probably due to other causes.

One of these was doubtless the traditional rigidity of provincial manners, pleasantly touched on throughout French literature. Another may be found in the relation of provincial universities to their immediate surroundings. In Paris, the university, though positively of the highest importance and dignity, is obscured by the metropolitan life which surrounds it. You might live in Paris for half a life-time without realizing that there are such things as professors or students in the world. Throughout the provinces, on the other hand, every university is a conspicuous fact in the city where it happens to be seated. As more obvious, it is inevitably more self-conscious; and as more self-conscious, it is naturally somewhat more formal—less apt to assume itself a part of the world which lives and moves around it.

At the time when I was in France, furthermore, the condition of politics gave all the universities a complexion far more obvious in the provinces than in Paris. They were government institutions; and the government was prosecuting a policy which presented itself to many Catholic minds as nothing less than a persecution of the Church. A somewhat embarrassing predicament fol-

lowed. However the regular staff of a provincial university might appear in the eyes of neighbors to whom its members were personally familiar, a foreign professor who came to discourse in a foreign language on a subject not regularly included in university programmes was inevitably presumed to be radical in sympathy, and was therefore an object of suspicion to many good people of conservative disposition.

This was particularly evident at Lille—the first of the provincial universities on my programme. The richer people of that great manufacturing city are such ardent Catholics that they support a considerable Catholic university by their gifts. The city, furthermore, is close to the frontier of Belgium, where some of the Catholic orders, forbidden to carry on their schools in France, have taken refuge. Accordingly, the clerical prejudices of Lille appeared to involve pretty strong dislike for any teaching officially sanctioned by an anticlerical government. This did not mean, however, either that many members of the regular faculties were not good Catholics or even that the Catholic religion was not officially taught in the secondary schools. Almost the first object which met my eyes during a visit to the Lycée of Lille—a very large and efficient institution—was the excellent priest who was in charge of the religious training there. He was a regular member of the teaching staff; he lived in the buildings, and acted, I believe, not only as an orthodox teacher of religion, but also as spiritual adviser to the several hundred Catholic boys in attendance at the school. In the cases of Protestant or Jewish boys, religious instruction was likewise provided by the authorities. Even under this extremely anticlerical government, it proved, there was a degree of dogmatic teaching at the expense of the state which would not be tolerated by the public opinion of any city in America.

The phase of religious education legally suppressed a year or two ago, in short, was not the teaching of tenets and principles. It was the control of secondary education by teaching orders of ecclesiastics, who established successful and fashionable schools in rivalry with the *lycées* of the regular university system, and there fitted pupils to pass the regular examinations for the degree of bachelor. The influence of these schools, conducted by monks and nuns, was held to

be unfavorable to republican principles, as well as to due freedom of thought on the part of pupils in matters not directly concerned with religion. As one Catholic of my acquaintance put the case to me, he had acquiesced with regret in the suppression of the teaching orders, for the reason that he could see no other means of saving France from the condition of Spain.

Into the actual range and nature of the religious instruction at the state schools I did not inquire. The quality of the secular instruction there seemed to me extraordinarily high. It happened, for example, that I was taken into a class-room where a lesson in English was being given to some French boys of sixteen, mostly the sons of operatives. The exercise was conducted in excellent English, on the part of teacher and of pupils alike; and the point under discussion when I visited the class was one which would have puzzled Harvard freshmen. It was the distinction in meaning between the words *priest*—a Catholic ecclesiastic; *clergyman*—an Anglican; and *minister*—a dissenter. At another provincial *lycée* I was welcomed by the performance of an English play, in blank verse, the style of which—a modern imitation of Elizabethan diction—is extremely involved. The pronunciation of the young actors left something to be desired. On the other hand, the longer I listened to them the more deeply I was surprised at the intelligence with which they had mastered the meaning of passage after passage which might well have perplexed boys to whom the English language was native. In American schools, or rather in the results of the instruction there afforded, I have never come across the teaching of any foreign language which compared in efficiency with the teaching of English in secondary schools throughout France. And, to all appearances, this was only one example of the thoroughness and the vitality of French teaching in all its branches.

Of primary-school work I saw nothing whatever, except such results of it as should be evident to any traveller. The most obvious of these is the general accuracy with which people of the working class speak and write their own language. Another is the remarkably robust and wholesome look of school-children. Statistics are said to give disquieting figures concerning the birth-rate in France. The casual observation of a

traveller, on the other hand, would lead to the conclusion that children are better cared for there than anywhere else in the world. The puny squalor of childhood, familiar to any eye in England or America, in Germany or Italy, or almost anywhere else, is hardly to be found among the French. And a comical evidence of how much this is due to the management of primary education may be found in the extraordinary personal neatness of French school-children during the months when school is in session, as distinguished from their normally juvenile carelessness of aspect in vacation.

Yet even in school-days, both primary and secondary, this thoroughness and vitality of work—this obvious efficiency of technical result—seems, on the whole, to have been purchased at the price of imperfect conviviality. Conviviality, after all, in the literal sense of the word, is among the most enduring elements of the traditional and comparatively inefficient systems of education to which we of America, like our English cousins, have been accustomed. We remember our school-mates more vividly than our teachers or than what they taught or failed to teach us. To put the matter most generally, the emotional and the sentimental life of our youthful years surges in memory and in effect above the intellectual and the technical. Trivial, frivolous, though such a confession may sound, it is not really so at the core. The whole process of our education is indirect. We are exposed to certain influences, of which the ultimate results make us what we grow to be; and what we grow to be enables us to do what we can. In comparison the whole system of French education, with its strenuous directness of method and of achievement, can hardly help impressing an American as somewhat deficient in human sympathy.

The intense, centralized, competitive system by which all instructors are selected, and to which all the students are submitting themselves, maintains meanwhile technical standards higher than ours. I recall a remarkable instance of this. Chancing to enter the library of a professor of Sanskrit, I noticed open on his table a book of which the characters looked so different from what I remembered of Sanskrit texts that I asked whether French scholars used a different Sanskrit alphabet from that prevalent in America. He smiled at my de-

plorable ignorance and explained that the text in question was not Sanskrit, but Chinese. In answer I regretted that I had not been aware that he was engaged in the teaching of Chinese as well. He was not, he said very simply; but in the course of his Sanskrit work he had to touch on Buddhist doctrine. And you can no more discuss Buddhism, he went on to say, without studying the standard Chinese commentaries thereon than you can discuss Christian theology without reference to the Byzantine fathers. So far as I could perceive, both of these propositions impressed him as axiomatic. So far as my observation of our own scholarly standards has gone, both of them would have seemed, among ourselves, rather utopian.

The general character of this scholar's temper, the while, was deeply impressive to any American. You might have expected such a student to have been lost in his books, or at best to have limited his energies to matters of indisputable accuracy—to the collection and verification of fact. Instead, the better one knew him the more one was impressed with the dynamic quality of his mental habit. For a fact as a fact he cared as little as if pedantry had never obscured the world. His impulse—it would misrepresent the characteristic to call it his effort—was to use every fact in his possession as part of some system. With all his learning, his intellect was as active as if it bore no burden. What to others might have been a burden, indeed, seemed in his case rather a stimulus.

In this respect he was not peculiar among his colleagues throughout France. The more I saw of them, the more I was confirmed in my belief that American learning would be greatly strengthened if more of our graduate students came under French influence. The influence of German scholarship on American during the past ninety years has been admirable, but perhaps excessive. It has taught us a respect for fact and method which our earlier learning lacked. It has tended at the same time to encourage the notion that the object and end of all learning is the methodical collection of fact. No one would for an instant pretend this error to be prevalent among the higher minds of Germany. Few can deny that it is apt to possess the minds of Americans who, having studied in Ger-

many, come home no longer American, nor yet soundly German. The elder influence of English scholarship in America, the while, has tended rather to the sustenance of tradition than to the recognition of newer learning; and thus perhaps to rather attenuated pedantry. The unmixed influence of France might perhaps tend toward premature philosophizing. To this danger, however, the scholarly minds of America seem at this moment little exposed. Could our graduate students who purpose devoting their lives to learning come more frequently under the influence of the combined industry and intelligence of modern scholarship in France, the American universities of years to come might be at once more solid and more stimulating in their atmosphere than now seems quite likely.

On the other hand, as we have seen more than once, however much such students

might benefit by the scholarly influences so strong throughout France, they would find there no such love for the regions where learning lingers as makes gracious, in a way all their own, the great universities of England and the elder colleges of America which have grown from our colonial traditions. The French are not deficient in sentiment. No one can know them even from their literature, or from the most superficial travel—still more, no one can come to know them as personal friends—without recognizing the deep, admirable genuineness of their emotional nature. This phase of their temperament as a nation is more pronounced, if possible, than the admirable intellectual phase on which our consideration of the French universities has touched. Rather paradoxically, however, it is less evident in their educational surroundings and systems than almost anywhere else.

WORDSWORTH

By Henry van Dyke

WORDSWORTH, thy music like a river rolls
 Among the mountains, and thy song is fed
 By living springs far up the watershed;
 No whirling flood nor parching drought controls
 The crystal current: even on the shoals
 It murmurs clear and sweet; and when its bed
 Darkens below mysterious cliffs of dread
 The voice of peace deepens within our souls.

Yet thou in youth hast known the breaking stress
 Of passion, and hast trod despair's dry ground
 Beneath black thoughts that wither and destroy.
 Ah, wanderer, led by human tenderness
 Home to the heart of Nature! thou hast found
 For us the Fountain of Recovered Joy.

VOLENDAM, THE ARTISTS' VILLAGE

By Florence Craig Albrecht

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMIL POOLE ALBRECHT



THE artists of sketch-book and palette discovered Volendam long ago; and each spring-time finds them coming to the comfortable shelter of the one good inn, each autumn finds them lingering to catch those intangible pearly grays and pale yellows November mists bring to those wide horizons; but of photographic work, save for a few snap-shots made hastily by eager tourists hurried off one boat at the harbor and on another at the canal each noonday, there is little trace. It is true that much of the charm of the place and its environs lies in color, but that some part could be translated in monochrome an earlier visit had convinced us; and when opportunity served us again this summer for a new vacation we had no hesitation in deciding to return to the little fishing village on the Zuyder Zee.

Once arrived in Holland and in Amsterdam, there is yet a choice of several routes, and it was not to our unmitigated delight that we discovered another had been added, a new tram line running quite to its very heart. Automobilists, too, had discovered that the flat top of the dike which rims the sea made an admirable highway for them; and the toot of the horn and jangle of the tram echoed where last year was heard but the lapping of the waves against a boat's prow. It was no longer the isolated fishing hamlet, accessible only by boat or on foot across the wide green meadows which separate it from Edam, but a somewhat popular "point of interest" to every idle tourist in North Holland. Will it be spoiled as Marken has been, its people, once so independent and dignified become importunate nuisances to every visitor with sketch-book or camera? Will it eventually win a long notice in Baedeker, a place on the maps, and a star for its inn? May the day be long postponed! A selfish wish, undoubtedly, but sure of ardent echoes from the artists who love it.

And, indeed, there is little to tempt others to tarry here. Nothing of historical interest, nothing of great commercial enterprise, no gay holiday amusements, no huge hotels with "all modern improvements," such as the traveller on the grand tour desires; though the present inn is quaint and clean and comfortable enough to tempt him, while its kindly host and hostess and their charming daughters are not least in one's pleasant memories of Volendam. But for those who love the picturesque in miniature architecture or primitive costume; who find a joy in the rippling music of a boat cutting the water or the glint of light and shadow on a heavy sail; who love to watch undisturbed the changing colors of sky and sea as dawn ripens to day and day melts into night; who like to sail over waters smooth and blue sometimes as a mountain lake, and sometimes gray and angry, foaming and frothing and struggling under the whip of the wind; who find pleasure in long walks across cool green meadows, where giant windmills raise their arms unceasingly to the sky and court the caresses of the lightest breeze, and low farmhouses hide under the shadow of tall, dense trees, where cattle roam peacefully at pasture and small boats sail lazily on quiet canals—for those Volendam has unending charm. After all, the automobiles and the tram-cars are but an incident, and carry away the disturbing, dissatisfied units as quickly as they came, leaving the little village to its usual grave, busy quiet.

We had not realized quite how famous or popular it already was, or taken the precaution to write in advance for rooms; consequently when we reached it one Saturday noonday, prepared for especial enjoyment of the one Sunday we could stay, we were considerably astonished and much disappointed to find we could not find room in the one hotel. Edam was but a pleasant half-hour's walk away, they told us, and we could find shelter for the night in its small hotel, but at Volendam, neither in the inn

nor the village could a vacant room be found. It was aggravating, for we did not want this time to be again in that vagrant tourist throng to which we had reluctantly belonged last year. We wanted to be "old residents" in a twinkling. But photographers could not afford to waste sunshiny hours in useless debate. Saturday afternoon is a busy time in Volendam for fisherfolk and for artists.

Saturday morning, sometimes before the dawn, the first sails of the fishing fleet creep over the northern horizon and slip down, like homing pigeons, to their close rows in the oval harbor, until by noonday a double or triple ring of heavy, brown boats narrows it into a tiny pool. Round and about them there is much coming and going of hurrying feet, much bustle and scurry as they are cleaned, overhauled, and restocked for the next week's cruise. Around the narrow stone dike, which locks the harbor to the great wall of basaltic blocks that checks the Zuyder Zee, and on the walls of plank and piling which fringe its inner curve, the tall, grave Volendamer fishermen and their families come and go on unceasing errands. The adults pay little attention to photographer or camera—curiosity is not their weakness and they are very busy—but the smallest children have already learned the meaning of those queer black boxes and the rain of coppers that the hurried kodaker leaves in his wake, so they follow you persistently along the dike, at every pause striking what they consider an effective pose and pleading *fotographieren*. Until very recently Volendam enjoyed a reputation for dignity and freedom from all begging or importunity of travellers, but the daily trail of tourists and the example of the money-making Markeners has demoralized the younger element and the children are sometimes most annoying. They have learned also a few English—or should we say, American—words. One small boy greeted us with a cheerful "Yankee Doodle! Skidoo!" and more than a few, after planting themselves in a fetching (?) attitude directly in front of the camera, said inquiringly "Smoke?"—not to discover your habits but to sound the prospects of exchanging a pose for a cigar.

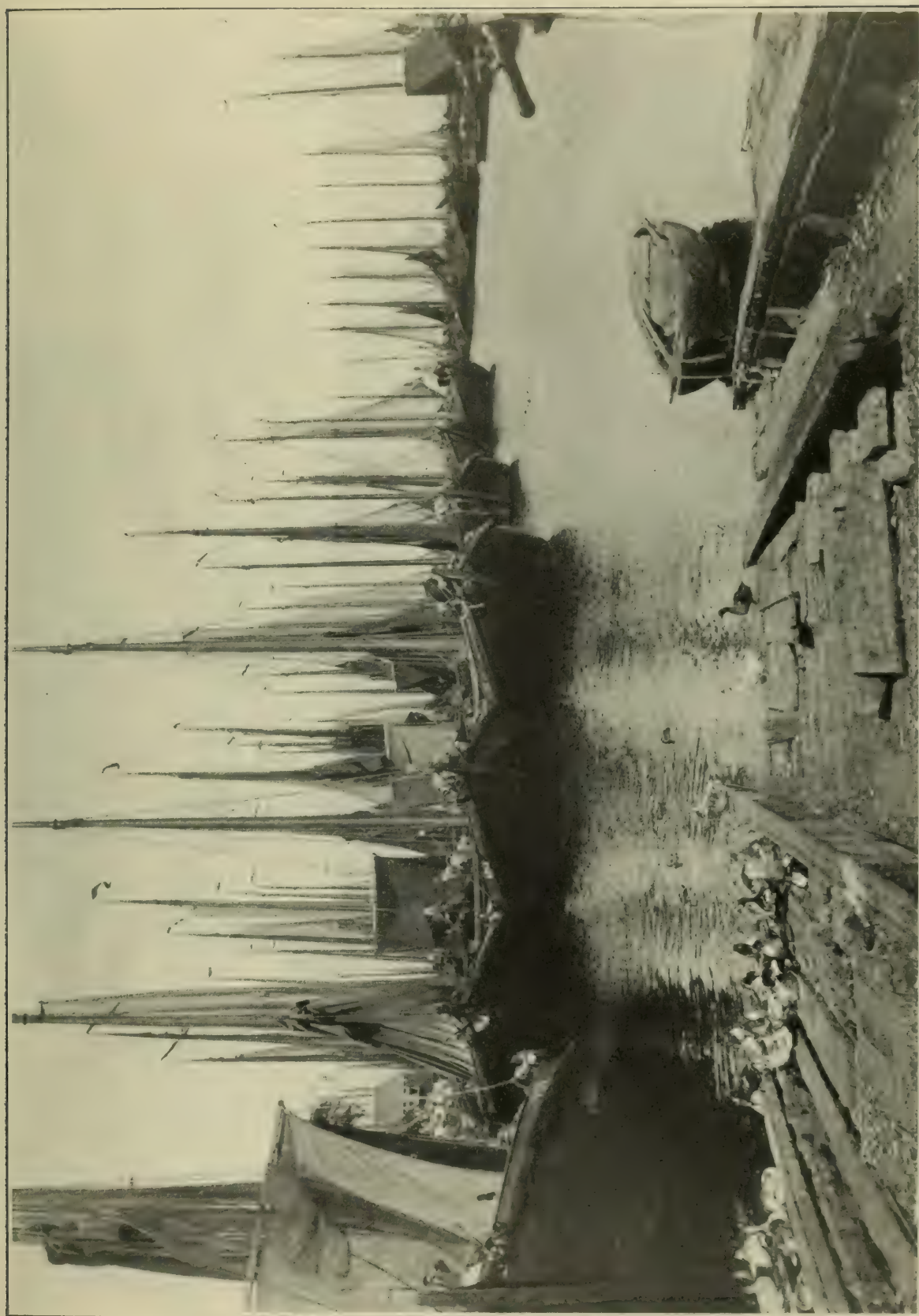
The number of a photographer's pictures at Volendam is apt to be limited only by the number of his plates. You may choose a

spot on the dike, whose top forms the main street of the little village, and from it secure a dozen plates with as many different views differing not only in composition but in character of subject—a study of fishing boats at close range for detail of spars or sail, an open marine with a few tiny sail in the distance, a figure study of a lone fisherman at his nets or mending his sail, some boys playing leap-frog, their wooden *klompen* clattering on the klinker pavement, a busy group at some cottage door or white-capped women gossiping at a corner. Turn your back to the sea and a landscape greets you, wide pasture lands dotted with huge black and white cattle or groups of big white sheep, small farmhouses reached by tiny bridges and hidden under tall trees, ribbons of blue water separating great blocks of meadow as fences would at home, and narrow, brick-paved dikes, smooth, hard, and clean, in place of our dusty roads and paths.

Great brown windmills here swing their sails unceasingly against an azure sky, fluffy white clouds float lazily from horizon to horizon, trailing purple shadows over the green of the meadows and the blue of the glittering waterways, altering the effect from moment to moment. Not in finding views lies the difficulty, but in selecting them.

On the seaward side of the dike is the harbor, and a few houses with the one comfortable hotel are perched on piles above the flood tides; on the landward, for a mile or more, is an up-and-down row of more small houses, some on pilings, their door-sill level with the brick pavement of the dike, others crouched close behind it on the land it protects, their gabled roofs just peering over the top at the sea they dread. Directly back of the harbor a cluster of these same tiny tile-roofed cottages crowds narrowly together on bits of canal-bound land, in their midst a big barren-looking church reached by many bridges over sluggish waterways. Behind this lie the wide green meadows and ribbon-like canal stretching away to the towers of Edam.

The Volendamer, masculine and feminine, has clung persistently to the costume of his forebears, and who shall say that it does not serve him well both for comfort and adornment? Here are those veritable Dutchman's breeches of your childish imaginings, but bigger, broader, baggier than ever wildest fancy painted them; and where



The harbor and fishing fleet, Volendam.
The masts still rose like a winter forest in the harbor.

can be found a more picturesque combination than they and the magenta shirts of working days? Sunday is the time, perhaps, to see the fisherman in his finest costume, but Sunday is yet to come for us, and we cannot imagine anything more fascinating for color than these work-a-day shirts, originally brightest magenta, but faded and patched and faded again until they betray every tone of that oft maligned color, softened and blended by sea-mists and sun and rain to indescribably charming lavenders

greeted our first visit. The mackintoshes which we had carried all over Holland, to the exasperation of our tempers on those sunny days, solely because "everyone" assured us that "it always rains in Holland," we had sent back to Edam along with our other luggage when we heard we must return there to sleep. Surely, surely, no hard-hearted landlord would turn us out in such a storm, and the storm, which ended our pictures, might yet prove our benefactor. One could not see fifty feet through the gray



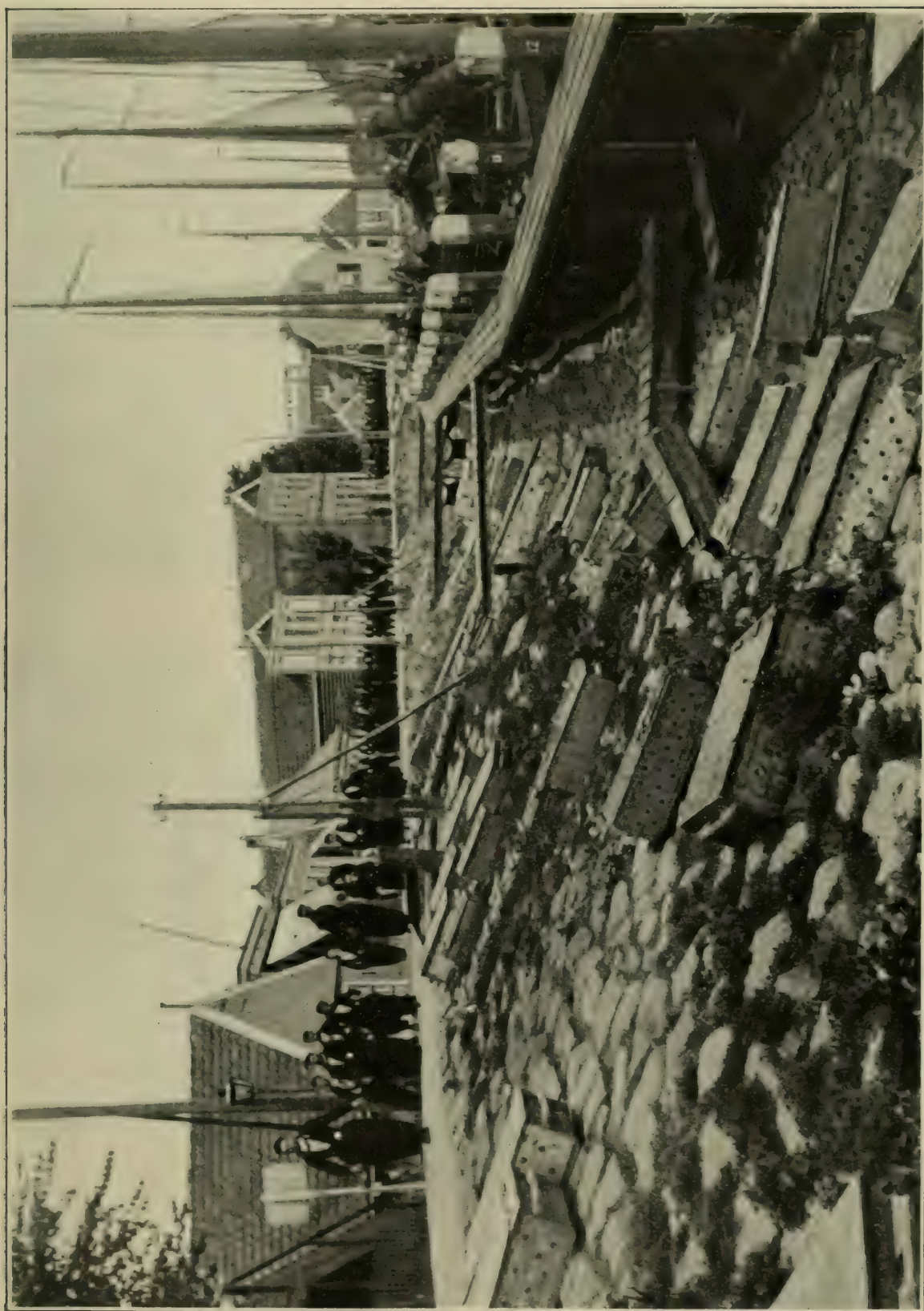
The first from church.

and grays. The camera fails lamentably in the color, but there is not the least doubt it can render every patch with remarkable fidelity. We have a little theory, all our own, that the Holland fisherman buys but one work-day suit in a lifetime, re-enforcing and renewing it by patches on patches until even its owner could discover little of the original cloth. To be ragged is a disgrace unknown, to be much patched an honor to the housewife's skill and thrift.

In the midst of our photographic frenzy, the sun slipped into a bank of clouds, and down on Volendam and us descended one of those violent summer storms, such as had

wall of rain, and the last tram had gone! But the house-boat would make the trip in its leisurely fashion and utter disregard of schedule in about half an hour, and by that time the rain would have ceased!

The rain did cease almost as suddenly as it began, the sun peeped out above the horizon for one last mischievous glimpse, just as the inquisitive gables peer over the dike at the sea. It found a reflection in every tiny pool of water left by the rain and sent a golden pathway across the wet meadows and shining canal. The house-boat cabin looked uninvitingly close and crowded in spite of its proffered opportunity for a close



After church.—A long, black-garbed procession swinging the town's length.



The Volendamer *Pad*.

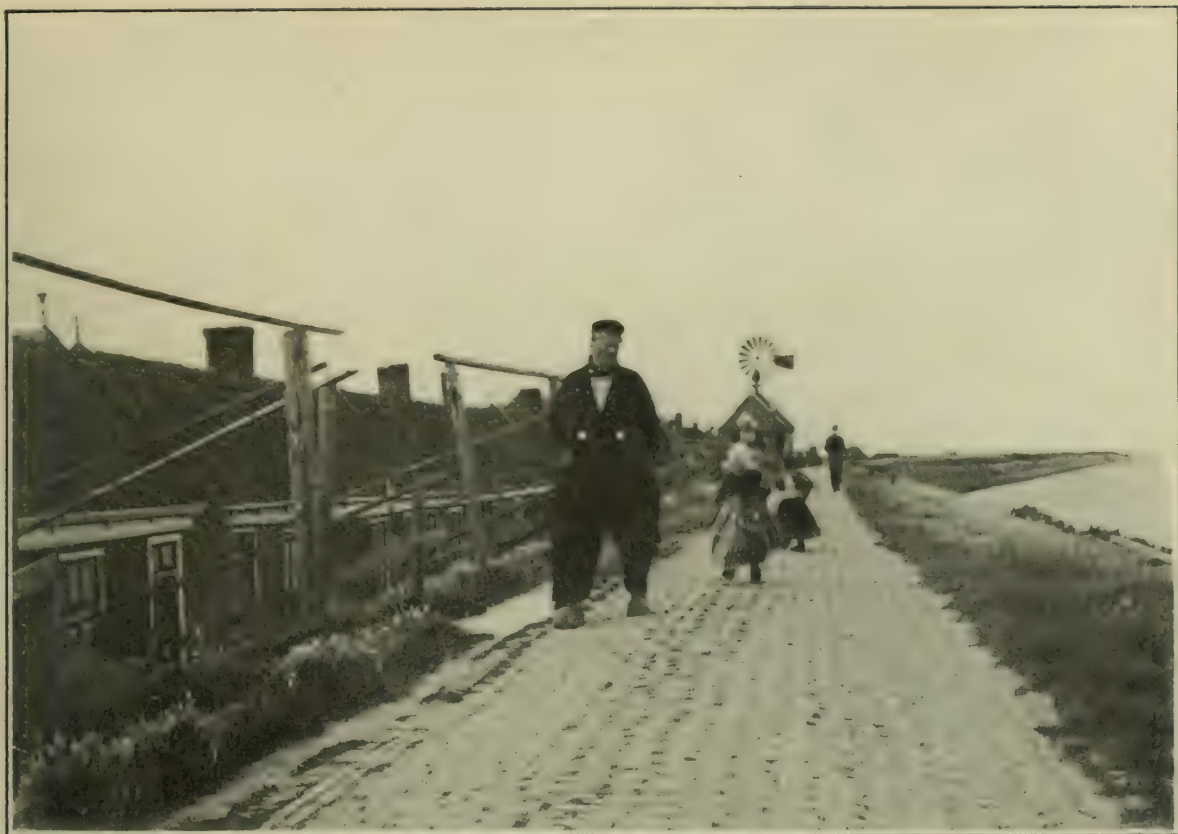
study of those remarkable white lace caps, and the brick pathway beside the canal, which leads to Edam, shone alluringly in the half-light. The walk at that hour was compensation for our banishment.

Sunday morning found us early on the Volendamer *Pad*, but not too early to meet some of the fisher folk, already on the way for a holiday at Edam, or even perhaps Amsterdam, though it is rarely one notes their costume on the streets of that busy city only an hour or two distant from them. Arrived on the top of the dike, we found it deserted save for a few little children playing on its stone steps, and a stray dog or two and sleepy kitten that refused to "make friends." The masts still rose like a winter forest in the harbor; the people had not, then, sailed away overnight, yet there was no suggestion of the busy scene of yesterday. The boats rocked ever so lazily and lightly, the ducks prinked and preened on the water's edge, the dike was empty of idlers or workers, the narrow lanes between the huddled houses were silent, the doors all closed, as slowly we took the winding way to the church. Coming out in the small open space before the bridge which leads to its main doorway, the mystery was solved for us—de-

vout Volendam was at prayer. The church—a Roman Catholic one and something of a surprise to the traveller full of memories of Motley and expecting a very Protestant Holland—had looked large yesterday for the size of the village. To-day it was small for the population, and some of the worshippers kneeled on the broad low step.

Evidently the place was a vantage-ground for irreverent artists and photographers, for every sheltered corner held an artist busily sketching, or a photographer patiently waiting, with black box perched in a favorable nook. Two young English students—feminine, of course, for what mere man would dare it—had poised their kodaks on the very posts of the bridge, somewhat to the distraction of the doorstep congregation, and peering earnestly and anxiously into their respective "finders," were eagerly awaiting the critical moment when the great throng should stream from the building—totally unconscious that behind them an artist was sketching the scene mischievously and zealously, and a fellow-photographer wickedly perpetuating them and their summer finery—caught in the act.

Within the church a bell rings, a cloud of incense floats from the open door, a voice



On the dike.

and silence, then a low murmur and a bustle as of many people moving slowly. Service is over and the photographer's moment has come. Out they pour from the open doorway and clatter, clatter, over the brick walk and wooden bridge come wooden *klompen* and leather Sunday *schoen*, the men in the lead, as custom is in all lands and creeds. Young lads these, with smooth, boyish faces, but tall as their stalwart fathers, striding along swiftly with hands thrust deep in trousers' pockets and a saucy tilt to the high blond head. Churchly duties are all over and a long sunny holiday in prospect. Behind these their elders, family men undoubtedly, for many lead a tiny son by the hand, a miniature copy to the tiniest detail of costume, and closely after them the slow, uncertain steps of the very old and feeble mingled with the hurrying pace of the women now on housewifely cares intent. Rapidly they go up the narrow wooden steps and along the dike, their main thoroughfare. Quietly, except for the noise of wooden shoes, and with little conversation apparently, each on his own thoughts and plans intent. A long, black-garbed procession, swinging the town's length, and one has time to note that the Sunday dress of masculine Volendam is

not so gay as the magenta of his working days. Maybe his breeches are a bit broader and baggier than yesterday, but they are always black, of heavy cloth or velvet, fastened on either side of the waist-band with huge silver buttons—made from old coins most frequently, and prized heirlooms handed down through generations from the days of some long past dynasty or vanished mint. A short black jacket hides the shirt completely, but is sometimes open at the throat to show a huge green cloth cravat or muffler; a cap of fur or felt, hot and heavy looking, and low black leather shoes drawn over thick woollen stockings complete the costume. The younger boys wear wooden shoes in place of leather, but otherwise there is no difference for young or old.

The women's costume is a trifle too complex for verbal description, as feminine belongings usually are; but the white lace cap which covers the head from eyebrows to nape of neck and from ear to ear, curving out in rounded wings on each side of her cheeks is always a conspicuous and inevitable portion of a woman's attire. It may possibly be that on Sunday this cap is a trifle whiter or stiffer or daintier than on weekdays, but the difference is not very apparent.

The ladies assure us there is a vast difference in the quality of the net and the amount of handiwork employed, but the lens made no special note of that. In shape and outline the camera finds great distinction between these caps and those of Katwyk or Marken or Bois le Duc, but between Sunday and Monday caps in Volendam it records none whatever. For the rest of the costume feminine Holland asks above all things, apparently, a very flat, narrow chest, surmounting enormous hips, and Volendam

usually hidden, and at Volendam is cut quite close and entirely covered by a tight-fitting thick black silk cap, concealed beneath the snowy white lace. The younger girls, from the tiniest toddler to the young *meisje*, old enough to wed, wear dresses and caps the exact counterpart of their grave mothers, no less full of skirt or narrow of chest, but much gayer in color. A group of tiny maidens in a stiff breeze on the dike resembles nothing more than a swarm of butterflies.

Volendam spends most of Sunday, after

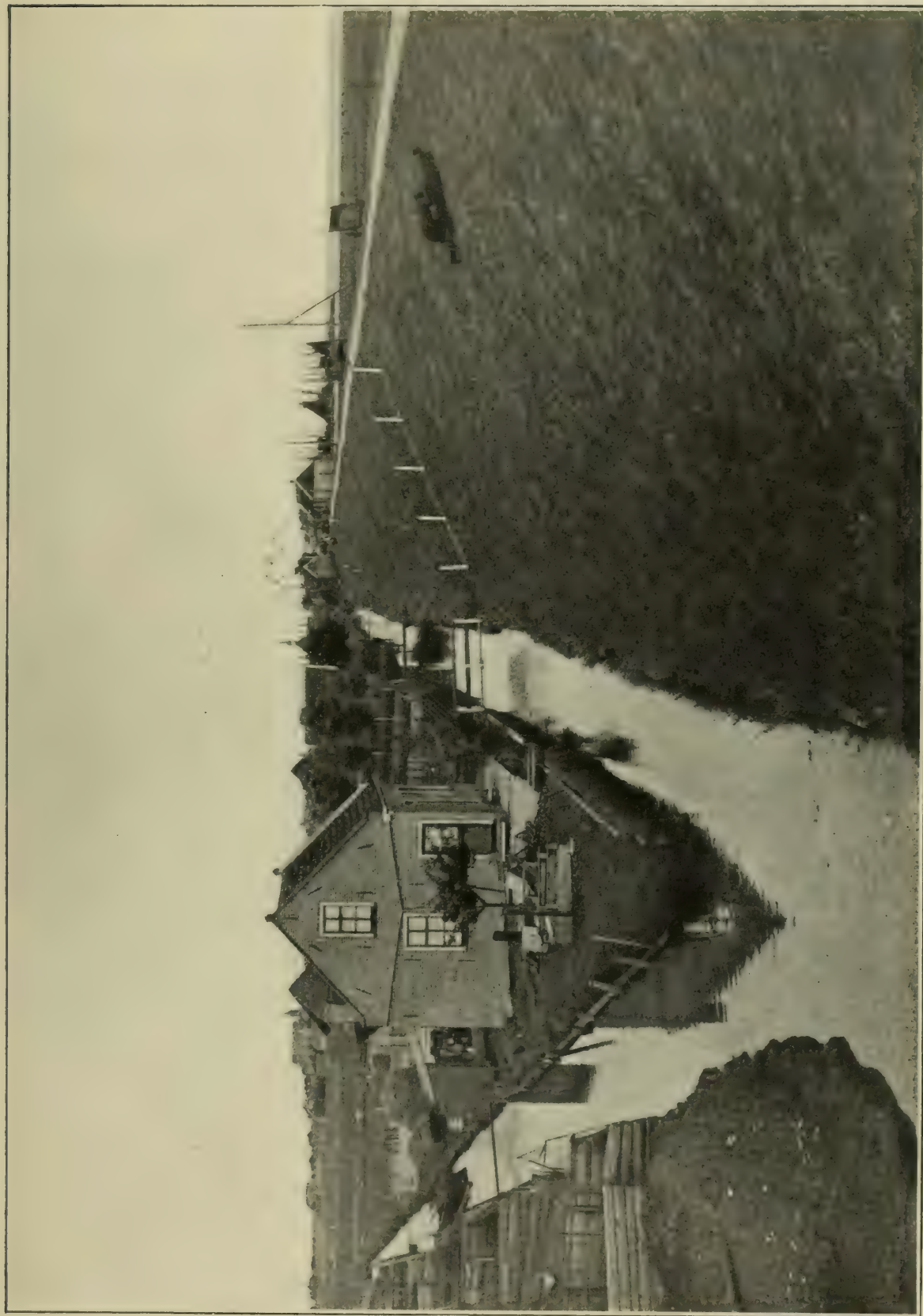


On the dike.

The women's costume is a trifle too complex for verbal description.

is no exception to this fashion rule. The invariable black "best waist" of the elder women is usually brightened by a square yoke of lighter color and material, and the dark apron or overskirt is topped by six inches or more of gay plaid, or bright colored band, worn over an underskirt of dull blue striped or black material and uncountable petticoats. About the throat a collar formed of many rows of heavy, dark red coral beads is fastened by huge silver clasps, and the number of rows, the size and quality of the beads are matters for feminine pride. Long hair is not the glory of woman in Holland save, perhaps, at Marken. It is

service, in the open air. Up and down the long dike-street, singly and in groups, chatting in open doorways, lounging about the harbor or on the grassy slope of the dike, you may see and study the people, costume and face, at leisure. Beautiful in outline, in grace of movement or in feature, the women certainly are not, though occasionally, here as elsewhere, one meets the exception which proves the rule. The lens takes no note of rosy cheeks and fair complexions, of bright blue eyes or red lips, and if there be real beauty in the Volendamer maid, it must be left for portrayal to the artist's colors and brushes. He can juggle a bit with



Behind the dike.

a harsh angle, a bad line, but the lens is uncompromisingly, sometimes exaggeratedly, honest, and like the person we all know well, who "invariably says just what he thinks," it suffers for its too great frankness by a loss of popularity.

But the men are magnificent photographic subjects. Not regular of feature, perhaps—one doesn't expect to find Apollo a fisherman—but big, fine-looking fellows, tall,

rounded by a group of little children, but boys and girls quite separated in groups of twos and threes, arm in arm, and chatting gayly as they go; stopping now and then at an open window or doorway, hushing their laughter and stepping softly as they cross the heavy sail-cloth spread over a thick bed of sand before a house where someone lies desperately ill, for illness and accident come also to gay Volendam as elsewhere; paus-



The dike, the main street of Volendam.

broad of shoulder, straight of back, grave and dignified in face and movement, as are so many men who look longest at the sea. Scarce one of them can enter his own doorway without stooping low—no difficult task for these stalwart men apparently, for one sees many a heavy six-footer double up his long length in many folds and squat in what seems the most tiresome of positions for hours as he chews his cud of tobacco and swaps stories with his fellows on the harbor dike.

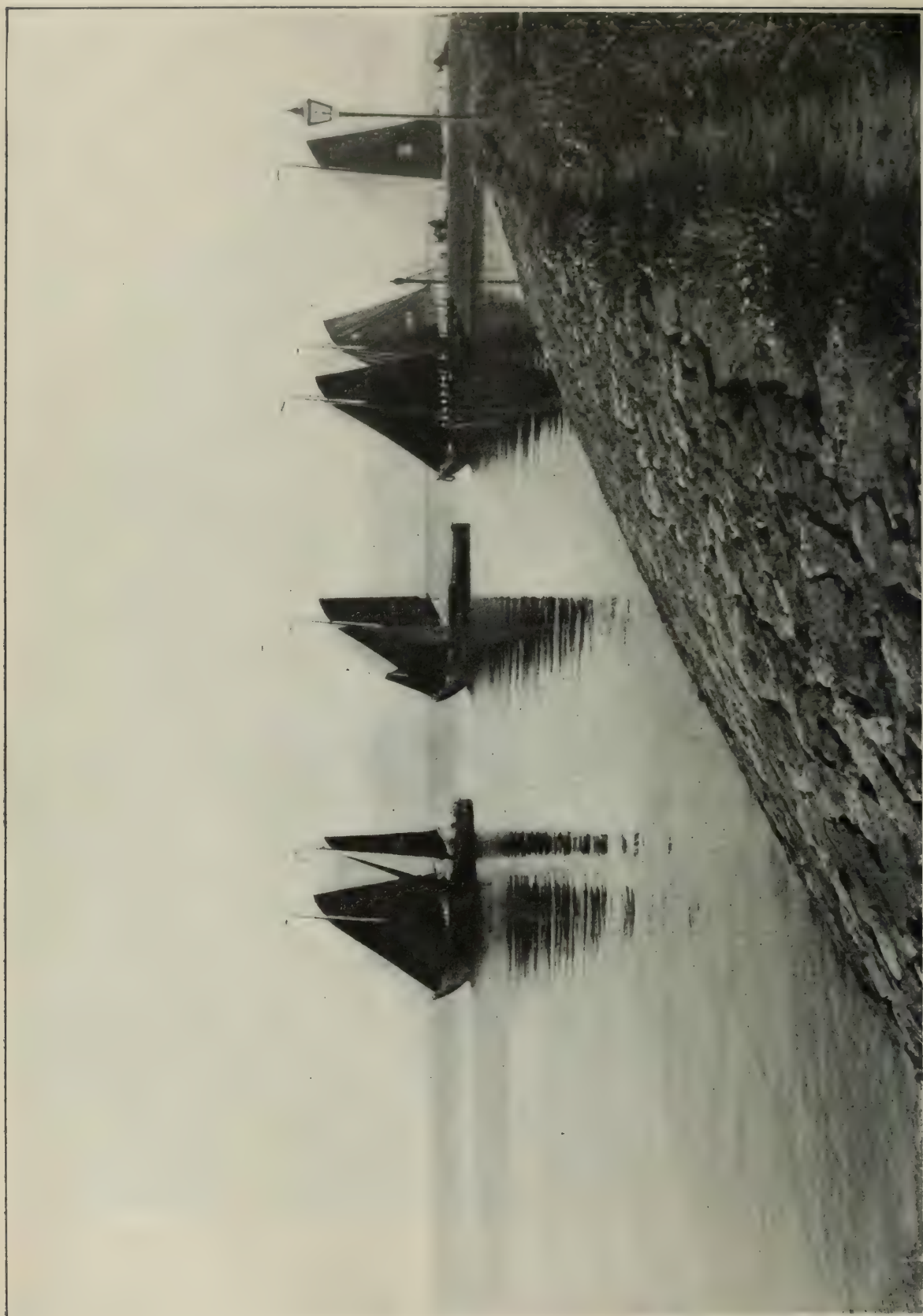
All the long summer Sunday afternoon some of them crouch there as if afraid to leave the vicinity of their beloved boats; and all the sunny hours the younger people saunter up and down the brick path, never apparently man and maid together, though you meet frequently a married couple sur-

ing on the dike edge amid the grasses to watch the slow sails drift along the sea, or the black and white cattle lazily crossing a distant pasture.

You may follow their footsteps if you will, but you are apt to find yourself soon back at the harbor watching those big brown boats and their sturdy owners. You know very well that in the morning men and boats will all be gone. At luncheon you had heard a newly arrived artist bewailing his fate. He had found "such an extraordinarily fine model" the day before and had his work "all blocked in now," but the exasperating man had told him he would leave before morning and not be seen for another week. And if the artist desired sympathy he got none of it, for all the others said,



A fisherman of Volendam.



Off for the fishing grounds.

"Why, certainly," and smiled as those do who have already learned their lessons.

Somewhere between angelus bell and matin call, and the hour is left for wind and tide alone to decide, all these boats will slip, one by one, from the little harbor and hasten to their week's work on the breast of the open sea. When they return *we* shall be outward bound on the Atlantic.

The angelus sounds, caps come off, and lips move in silent prayer, even as laggard feet carry their owners to church or home. One by one the tall black figures disappear in the low doorways and soon emerge, brisk and business-like, in the magenta shirts of working days. Evidently there are final preparations to be made for the morrow, and many of the men sleep in their boats.

Disconsolately we go to bed. Shall we or shall we not get a glimpse of those dusky sails trailing out over a silver sea? Will they vanish in the darkness and silence, or shall we find some still waiting for us at dawn? Fate is kind. A glance from our window at daybreak reveals, above the intervening roofs, the pennants still floating from innumerable mast-heads, and a very few minutes thereafter sees two enthusiastic photographers hurrying, single file, along the outer dike to the harbor opening, each armed with a camera and on the alert for any opportunity, the swing of a boat from its mooring, the hoisting of a sail, the drift of the heavy craft with the outgoing tide, the ripple of lazy water from its prow. Faster and ever faster they are creeping

from the harbor; already some are trailing out across the glittering pathway the low sun makes through the morning mists, as it peeps over the edge of the world. They pass and repass, jockeying to catch the first light wind, now close overlapping prow and stern, now separating as, one by one, they catch, in varying degrees, the lift of the breeze or the pull of the tide. Out from the narrow entrance in single file, the maroon and umber sails catching a glint of orange and amber on their folds from the golden sun, the hard, dark wood, smooth from long service, reflecting, at times, the rays which caress it, the tall, black figure of the captain silhouetted sharply against a gray-blue sea and sky, as he stands at the prow scanning the distant horizon, the long line passes us until finally the last "Good luck," the last farewell, is called and the harbor lies empty save for the ducks, who always tenant it. Volendam is again a village of old men, women, and children.

Lonely and quiet it seems in spite of the busy women industriously scrubbing and rubbing, in spite of the little children playing on the steps of the dike. A little later, perhaps, one will settle to definite work again, out on the breezy meadows, perhaps, or in the quiet studio, but not just yet with the memory of all those boats and those warm brown sails. Our own gay young *schipper* sails over most opportunely from his home at Marken and we gladly step into his boat and drift out of the harbor into the enticing reaches of the Zuyder Zee.





Drawn by Olive Rush.

H U N G E R

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVE RUSH

IT'S a queer thing, anyway," said Eleanor, with sober eyes. She dropped down on the club-house steps, and pulled absently at the scarlet leaves in her belt.

The pale October sunlight struck gold sparkles from her ruffled curly head; her sun-browned childish face was grave with thought. "Do you ever do that, Ned?"

"Do what, old lady?"

"Dream the same thing, over and over. I've dreamed this one three times now in the last four months, just since we were married, and dozens and dozens of times before. I can remember it as far back as the winter Grand-aunt Isabel took me to Italy with her. I was only five then. And it was always coming when I was with the sisters. I used to wake up and think it was one of them bending over me—the gray dress and all, you know. But one day I asked Sister Hyacinthe, who had charge of us minims, and she said that I always slept like a dormouse——"

"I'll wager."

"And that she hadn't gone to my alcove a single time in all the four years I'd stayed there. So it must have been just that same dream."

"Very likely." Her husband considered the wide, undulating green with placid gaze. "Watch Jimmy Curtis wallop that ball. He plays golf like a pleased Comanche."

"I can't help wondering why it keeps coming back," Eleanor went on, half to herself. "It makes me feel so dissatisfied, somehow; for I know that she's longing to ask me some question; and I can't answer."

"Why don't you wake up and talk back?"

"I do, goosey! That's what makes it so exasperating. My eyes are just popping out, wide awake, every time; but my tongue won't budge. I can't talk a bit, not a solitary word."

"Be sure it's a dream." Ned's wide

blue cherub eyes lifted pensively to the tinted hills; his left shoulder lifted, too, in swift prescience of the wrath to come. But for once his ear escaped unchastened. Eleanor went on, unconscious of his gibe.

"She's always so eager! She stoops over me as I lie there, and peers down into my face as if she wanted to look clear through me, body and soul. I never see her so very clearly; she has long brown curls, and they blow across her face. But I don't need to see her, to know how curious she is. Her body leans over, as if it tried to see, too. Her hands are eager; they're warm and soft, and all sweet with some queer old-fashioned perfume, and they sort of flutter, she's in such a hurry, and I can always feel her eyes just begging me to tell her, quick, before she must go away. She's always hurrying—and yet she wants so to stay."

"He won't get out of that ditch if he digs till Christmas," murmured Ned. "Yes, it is queer, how dreams tag after you. I used to have 'em myself, when I was playing on the team. Used to wake up in a cold sweat, always in the last half, with the score a tie—and me fumbling the ball! Ugh, I wouldn't get over it all day! If it worries you, don't think about it, nor talk about it. Then it'll go away."

He scrambled up and drew her to her feet. Shoulder to shoulder, boy-husband and girl-wife might have posed as noble fragments from some antique shrine, miraculously copied in warm young flesh and radiant bloom. The girl, for all her dryad fairness of white-rose coloring and rounded lines, was moulded to a strength as poised and exquisite as that of the splendid body beside her. The boy's eyes met hers tranquilly. Their level gaze mirrored the lucent innocence of her own.

"I wish I knew what she wants," she pondered, as they sauntered down the wide, empty piazza, brown fingers interlaced and swinging. "If only——"

"Oh, dreams are all tommy-rot, any-

way. Don't be so quiddly, Nell. You'll be shaking me awake to meet your gray lady every night in the week."

"My gray lady isn't half as quiddly as your falling down on a football play." Eleanor rammed her arms belligerently into her white coat. "And I'll wager I can beat you down to the gate. Let's start on this crack. Pig, don't you *dare* put your foot past it! One—two—three—a-ah!"

With a breathless spurt, she gained the high arch, half a yard ahead.

"I just let you beat to please you," puffed Ned, with large masculine indulgence. "Say, sis, I can stop that dream for you." He looked down at her, his eyes rippling. A charming, shamefaced pink flared in his tanned cheek. "Look sharp, now, I'm giving orders. You're not to dream about anybody or anything on the face of the earth hereafter, world without end, except—Me. Promise, now."

Eleanor considered.

"Turn about's fair play. How's that?"

"Sure thing."

They halted in the shadow of the gateway to crook ceremonious fingers upon their compact, their faces set in solemn grins. Then, instinctively, they leaned to each other. Shielded in vine-bound shadow, they kissed like royal children, serenely blind to the unfathomable riches of their heritage, unknowing and content.

For all her promises, her questing dream followed Eleanor and clung in her thought until it came to be a part of life, an ever-recurring figure in the fabric of her days. In time, she came to take a fanciful delight in it; for it drifted, a haze of mystery, across the happy, monotonous surface of her world; and with it fled, like melting iridescence upon a bubble blown, vague, gleaming recollections of other scenes where it had shadowed forth to her. The wide, cool, frescoed room, all faded Loves and tarnished Graces, its carven windows each a setting for a far blue jewel of Italian sea; the narrow, cloistered niche, one maiden candle burning white before the little shrine; the dim, home chamber where she had slept, the night of her betrothal, in Grand-aunt Isabel's tender arms; all these dear images blurred and blent until they flowed, a luminous aura, about the clearer image of her dream.

It was never a weird vision; it brought no thought of pain. Always it wore but the one gentle semblance. She would fancy herself in her own bed, lying broad awake in the gray day. Every sense would be aroused and eager; the assurance of reality would be so strong that, days after, she could recall the broadening path of light through the narrowed shutter, the faint cold morning smell of the rain-wet garden beyond. Yet her eyes never paused to prove their vision; for always beside her leaned the Vision itself; and every power strained with aching effort to meet its plea.

The figure was that of a young girl, younger than herself, beautiful with a beauty that glowed like a pale star through the twilight mist of dreams. Brown, heavy hair lay in great soft curls on her fair shoulders, and blew in airy rings around her face. A long majestic gown of velvet, ashen gray in shadow, paling to silver, dragged on her slender body and sheathed her little arms. Her hands were strung with jewels and smothered in falling lace; broad dulled chains of cameos shone on her neck and bound her tender wrists. In all her wide-flowing magnificence, she looked like a child playing at queen. For the first moment, Eleanor would feel herself patronizingly old and wise before her. Yet the eyes were never the eyes of a child. Nor was the answer that she had come to win a childish thing.

She hung over Eleanor, strung taut in every delicate muscle, her round throat tense, her young breast quivering. Her little hands hovered and groped, entreating; her body leaned and besought. Her brown eyes seized upon Eleanor's, clung to them, searched them with a gaze so urging and so passionate that Eleanor, bound and helpless in her net of silence, would fight for speech until her very soul rose up, in frantic, impotent aid. There was no anger in those dark, peering eyes; their look held neither wonderment nor fear. But all her beautiful, mysterious being throbbled with that one mighty impulse—that utter eagerness, that desperate curiosity which fuses body and soul into one flaming effort, leaping unavailingly upon the miracle which it will understand.

Shaken to consciousness by her longing to help, Eleanor would find herself awake in truth; and as her eyelids lifted to real day, the little pleading shape would glim-

mer from her sight. Yet the illusion was so strong, so clear, that she could feel that slender, hovering palm against her hair, the sweep of hurrying, scented robes against her knee. And always there lingered, like an echo of far bells, the ghost of a dim, sweet perfume, laden with mystic remembrance; the very perfume of dreams.

At length the vision came less frequently: and presently even the memory of it faded from her thought. For now her life had flushed awake, in sudden morning radiance, and her new day, so crowded and so joyous, held no more room for dreams. Yet she herself was not awakened. For all her days were dream days now, glorified, expectant, enthralling. The hours slipped through her waiting hands like beads upon her girlhood rosary. And all her dawns were rose-blown; and all her dews were pearl.

Once only, during her short, happy convalescence, the vision came to her again. As ever before, she roused to feel the fall of the light hand against her cheek, cool as wind-tossed apple-blossom, to see the frail, gray shape hovering near. But now those eager, questioning eyes were not for Eleanor alone. For as Eleanor awoke, she turned from her side and caught the baby up from his pillows, then drew back, glowing and triumphant, the tiny, yielding body cradled high in both slim arms. And from the beautiful searching face that bent above the child, there streamed an ecstasy that lay as white as joy upon the little face.

"Isn't he splendid!" Eleanor's heart of pride beat out the rapturous up-blown words. But even as she spoke, she knew again her dream. For the night-nurse dozed by the shaded lamp and the baby lay as he had lain, in her own breast.

The boy grew and flourished. He was a square, adorable princeling, brown-eyed, golden-headed, with a cheek like a pussy-willow bud, and the disposition of a well-bred puppy. His father, overgrown boy himself, alternately worshipped him and tinkered with him as if he had been a fascinating wound-up toy. Eleanor, for all her strange new mother-wisdom, hardly believed in him; he was entirely too good to be true. The months of his life lengthened past a year, and she still walked softly before the glory of her child.

It was easier for Ned to grow used to him than for her, she thought sometimes, a little wistfully. He had his father and mother and a phalanx of adoring sisters to share his transports; he could strut and boast to his heart's content, sure of an audience even more shamelessly exultant in its pride than he. Eleanor, on her side, stood alone. Her girl-mother had died in her babyhood; her father's name brought no recollection. Out of all her house, not one of her own blood remained to rejoice with her but the Grand-aunt Isabel, whose patient love had always been her refuge. So to Aunt Isabel she went, secure in an understanding that could never fail her. But the elder woman's largess of sympathy was tempered with gentle amused indulgence for her vain delight; and she owned herself still unsatisfied.

"If I just had somebody my own age, to show him to!" she longed. "Someone who didn't care which side he took after, nor whether he was going to have Grandfather Coleman's gout or Grandfather Underwood's nose, or would grow up High-church Presbyterian or Low-church Unitarian, but could just look at him and rave over him, and see how absurd and cunning and gorgeous he really is! If only——"

Her wistful eyes brightened with sudden tender laughter. "I just wish I could show him off to that dear little dream I used to have! *She'd* know how splendid he is! She thought he was the whole thing, that one time she did look at him. I almost——"

"Where did the kid go, Nell?" Her husband, lounging on the warm turf beside her hammock, cocked a drowsy eye.

"He posted off down the porch a while ago. Where are you, Neddy, son?"

The baby trotted ponderously around a corner of the piazza. His dumpling cheeks puffed with beatific smiles; his tight-curved head shone like a dandelion against the vivid grass.

"Where have you been, young man? Who have you been larking with, to make you look so cheerful?"

"Lady," said Neddy affably. Lady was his gallant term for everything in petticoats, from his stately grandmother to the giddy young thing in tissue frills who hung from his father's shaving-stand.

"What lady, my lamb?"

Neddy puckered crescent brows.

"Gone-away lady," he formulated pres-

ently, podgy hands outstretched to speak illimitable distance. "Way-way by. All gone!"

"The gone-away lady, is it? He's forever chortling about her," yawned Ned. "When I went up to the nursery last night he was standing at the window in those bear-cub pajamas of his, throwing juicy kisses to his gone-away lady. Somebody who stops outside to make love to him over the hedge, I suppose. It's disgusting, how daffy this entire neighborhood gets about him; and he nothing but an every-day common or garden child, you might say. Don't squeeze him so tight, Nell. You're scrouging his nose all to one side. Oh, I don't know that he's so dead common, after all. He does pretty well, for the likes of us. What is it, sis?"

Eleanor set the child on her knee. Slow wonder deepened in her eyes.

"Nothing. I was just thinking——"

Her voice trailed away in bewildered silence. She gathered her baby tightly into her arms, and laid her face against his dimpled shoulder. The lace and lawn against her cheek were faintly redolent of soft, mysterious perfume, unknown, yet keenly, poignantly familiar. She groped for recollection; but this fleeting phantom token, too evanescent to be called a fragrance, held for her no conscious memory. Only she glimpsed the shimmer of wan dawnlight upon a misty, gray-robed form. For an instant, she felt the hurrying touch of slender fingers upon her own.

"Come to your stern parent," commanded Ned, stretching out mighty arms. "Upon my honor, Nell, he's grown three inches since yesterday, lengthwise and crosswise and straight through. He must measure just about a yard each way. Twenty-seven cubic feet of angel infancy! Sounds like a baby hippopotamus. Here, you cannibal, are you eating grasshoppers again? Shame! Nice manners to gobble your little playmates like that!"

It was perhaps a fortnight later when Eleanor went again to spend a dutiful hour with Grand-aunt Isabel. Her afternoons there were always a happy interlude. The old house was her comrade; every turn in the deep, ancient staircase welcomed her; every tarnished mirror and wide-swinging door gave her familiar greeting. Aunt

Isabel herself, imperious, merry, keen of sight, and keener still of tongue, was the ethereal spice that gave the final delicate zest to her atmosphere, and made its aroma of gracious age and high tradition a savor, not a cloying sweet.

As Eleanor entered, she turned from her heaped sewing-table with a brisk nod of her silvery capped head.

"You're just in time, child. March over here and sort those silk pieces for me. I'm planning an hereditary slumber-robe for that incomparable infant of yours, and it's to have bits of every wedding-gown and brocaded vest and damask petticoat that's peacocked through the family in four generations. You needn't smile, Miss Impudence. True, I'm piecing scraps, instead of cutting my days out of a full pattern, like you. But never mind. You'll be rising eighty in a year or so yourself, and you may well be proud if you turn out as neat a stent as mine.

"Put the stamped velvets all to themselves, dear. They're sniffy bachelor aristocrats, anyway; they won't like to rub elbows with the limp lady-silks, nor even the dowager damasks. Yes, they're magnificent fabrics, and just as masculine as if they wore side-whiskers and fat gold chains. That black piece with the little red lozenges standing up on their toes was the vest Uncle Dudley Coleman wore the day they tried to hiss him down in the Senate for his speech against the Dred Scott decision. I'll wager Uncle Dudley was standing on his toes just about then, too. The Colemans had faults enough and some to lend to the neighbors, but cowardice wasn't in the family motto. That pale-blue piece with the brocaded pink curlicues was Cousin Amariah Bradbury's. Do you remember when Amariah proposed to me? N-no, I suppose not. It was the spring of '42, I think. Amariah wore that very vest, and I recall how the blue matched his eyes, and the pink was just the shade of his little sprouting curly mustache——"

"Aunt Isabel, aren't you ashamed!"

"Indeed, I'm not, Sissy Pert. I'm proud of my memory. When I consider how many there were of them, that spring alone, I wonder that I can recall their names, even. That brown piece with the autumn leaves in raised work was Gran'ther Davenport's fourth-wedding vest. I always

felt that Gran'ther showed a rare poetic spirit in choosing that pattern. The puce satin was father's. I've gone to sleep in church with my head on the watch-pocket many's the time. The silvery stripe with the embossed cherries—that was your Uncle Richard's. No, dear, I don't remember whether he wore it the night he proposed to me or not. I wasn't interested in velvet waistcoats just then. I was so afraid one minute that he *would* ask me, in spite of all I could do, and so terrified the next for fear that he *wouldn't!*"

Her transparent face sparkled with April laughter.

"Ah, well, he sputtered it out at last, though I had to prod him on shamefully. But I've been thankful for sixty years that I did. Those plain velvets should go in a separate pile. The lilac one I wore when I danced with old Admiral Von Deyn at the Embassy, and he trod on the edge of my hoop and nearly tilted me over. The cinnamon was Augusta Chandler's; it was hideously unbecoming, and not at all what she wanted, but it was a great bargain, and Augusta never could resist a bargain. I sometimes think that was why she married Philemon. The peach-blow your Uncle Richard brought me from Paris. I had blond undersleeves, and a large Honiton bertha, and your Uncle Richard used to say——"

The sweet old voice rambled on contentedly. Eleanor did not hear. In the midst of the pile before her lay an odd exquisite bit—a velvet, ashen gray, gleaming silver as she turned it to the light. She picked it up eagerly. The downy fibres seemed to catch and cling upon her fingers. She laid her cheek against the luminous folds. Again that vague wonder encompassed her; for, as if woven into the glinting warp, there breathed forth a far, dim perfume—the wan, elusive perfume of her dreams. It swayed her like a wind of magic; it swung her past her broad, familiar world, into another world, star-distant.

"What have you found, Eleanor? Oh!"

She put down her work and looked at the girl for a moment, without further speech. Then she took the velvet tenderly from Eleanor's hands. A shadowy pink warmed her soft withered cheek.

"That was one of Evelyn's dresses, child. I don't believe you ever saw it before. It

was part of her trousseau—the most ridiculously unsuitable thing for a girl of nineteen. But she always loved such sumptuous, solemn clothes, the little dear! And your father loved to see her trail around in them; he'd have dressed her in cloth of gold, if he could. She loved her jewelry, too; I never saw her dressed for a party that her little neck and arms weren't decked with the cameo chains your grandfather bought for her. Perhaps it was childish of her to care so much for things to wear. But then she was only a little girl, younger by four years than you are now.

"Sometimes I can't help wondering what the Lord was thinking about to let her die. You two would have had such good times! I don't believe she ever would have grown up; and as for mothering you—you'd have been the mother, not she. But she was so cunning and winsome and whimsical and sweet! She had the oddest impatient curiosity about things, just like the child she was. She couldn't bear to read a story through; she must know how it ended before she was half-way down the first page. She hated a concert or a play—'Because you can't skip.' She was forever hurrying. Happy? Yes, dear. The happiest little creature that ever drew breath. But sometimes when I remember how eager she was, how she used to snatch at life, I wonder if—perhaps—she knew.

"She was curious about you, too, in that same whimsey way. She used to pick you up and kiss you and beg you to make haste and grow up, 'Oh, hurry, *hurry*, mother's love!' she'd say, over and over, 'so I can see what you're going to be like.' She used to beg you to be sure and have your father's eyes, 'But you can have my mouth, if you want it,' she'd assure you politely. And she was forever fretting about such nonsensical things, whether there might be some awful chance that you'd grow up to have shiny black hair, like Cousin Augusta's, or what if you should like cup-custards. 'Think of it, Aunt Isabel!' she'd wail, and she'd laugh, but with those curly lashes of hers all blazing with tears, 'Think of a child of mine liking them, actually *liking* them!' Oh, she was the dearest little foolish lovely thing!"

She laid the velvet on Eleanor's knee, and turned to her stitchery once more with a slow, tremulous sigh.

Eleanor worked on steadfastly, her heavy lashes drooping. The many-colored tangle yielded to flawless order beneath her flying hands. The long, fair afternoon waned; the two still sat together, speaking now and then a peaceful surface word, but for the most part in the tranquil silence of content.

"I'll have to run home to the boy, now," said Eleanor at length. She folded the last roll and bent her tall head for good-by. "Mind you don't sew too hard on this quilt, even if it is for the Incomparable. And," her strong young voice wavered with a sudden wistful thrill, "I wish you'd put all the pieces in."

"I will, child." The elder woman kissed her abruptly. Her keen eyes never lifted from her work; her tone fluted with swift understanding. "Be sure I'll put all the pieces in."

The new moon traced its gleaming par-aph above the darkling elms as she went up the path to her own door. A belated robin piped importunate confidences to the daffodils; the garden breathed deep in balmy April dusk. Eleanor pushed by its loveliness unheeding. Her eyes were dark with shadowing thought. For the first hour in all her brooded, shielded life, she found herself bewildered and alone. Through even the white glory of her happiness it clouded upon her; the pitiful, unknowing loneliness of the motherless child.

She climbed the stairs to Neddy's room. The nurse brushed past her in the dark hall. She turned with a quick word of surprise.

"Why, Mrs. Underwood! Why, I didn't know that you had gone out again! Did your friend want to stay with Neddy?"

"My friend? I've been gone all afternoon, Miss Trescott; and I brought no one home with me. Who do you mean?"

The nurse looked back at her helplessly.

"Why, the lady who is in the nursery with him now. I started to go in a while ago, but they were having such a lovely romp, I hated to spoil it. No, I only caught a glimpse—a slender little thing."

Eleanor thrust past her to the door. Her body throbbed with frantic haste. Intolerable hope surged through her veins. Her soul leaped within her in a terror of anticipation. She urged toward the door as one long blind might urge toward the promise of sight.

Neddy lay curled in his crib, rosy as anemones, his fists shut tight, the lashes golden on his milky cheek. She bent and snatched him up with trembling arms. The nursery lay hushed in fire-lit peace; she stood alone with her child.

Yet, for a breath, as she entered the room it had flickered upon her sight. The sweep of long gray gown, the bronzed hair, the clasp- ing, hovering hands.

Neddy opened a brown, sleepy eye.

"Gone-away lady," he murmured, with a chuckle of content. His fat hands lifted and clung around his mother's neck. "Way-way by. All gone."

Then, with the weight of the warm little body against her arm, the joy of the silken head against her breast, great understanding came upon her. And she cried out, with an exceeding piteous and tender cry:

"Oh, you poor little love! You poor little hungry, eager thing! He's yours, too, dear. Yours and mine. I know all about it now. You'd waited till you were just starved, you wanted to have him so. And you couldn't stand it any longer. You just *had* to see him, and love him—and know."

"Lady," sighed Neddy. His petal cheek tucked down warm against her neck; and in a breath he slipped away, far on a sea of dreams.



THE DISCIPLINING OF PETER

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL J. MEYLAN



SOMETHING in the way Peter looked at her as he came in from the office just before dinner attracted his wife's attention. "What mischief has he been in now?" was her swift thought. It was not that she feared any great calamity, nor did he seem to be reassuring her about anything; only the slightest hint of propitiation in his eye made her think of a nice doggie who comes in wagging his tail quite hard when he has done something he knows he is likely to be scolded for, gently.

Mrs. Peter Wyckoff made no pretensions to clairvoyance, but any woman comes to understand her husband's idiosyncrasies much better than he does himself, after only two or three years of married life, and even in modern times of detachment and "individuality"; and she took no more credit to her own powers of penetration in knowing Peter like a book than in her instinctive perception of guile in the butcher or the grocer—it was all part of her daily experience. All she had to do was to keep quiet, and after a bit everything would be revealed to her—fairly tumbled out upon the floor. So she smiled gayly at Peter, and gave no sign.

"Any news?" she asked presently, in the usual form of her question which meant, if expanded to its full dimensions: "Did you hear any gossip around the office to-day about any of those big stories, political or social, which never get printed because it wouldn't do, but which are the most interesting things in the world because they show the network of strings and pulleys that moves the whole panorama, and which the great public never sees, but only the people in diplomacy and the people who make the newspapers?"

"No," said Peter, lightly, yet with that almost imperceptible something in his tone which Edith had noticed when he came in. "Nothing at the office. But I did strike something on my way home."

Edith waited, silently preparing her batteries of remonstrance for action, for she somehow felt that it would be necessary for her to disagree with her husband, whatever he had to tell her.

"I found three of the most corking old bureaus you ever saw"—Peter hastily discharged his cargo of intelligence—"one of 'em a swell-front with the original glass handles, and the other almost as good, and for about one-third of what John would ask for 'em. They were standing on the sidewalk in front of a new place—just opened, I guess, and the man was anxious to make a sale—and I knew if I didn't take 'em when I saw 'em, some dealer or other would come along and snap 'em up, so I told him to send 'em around to-morrow."

"But Peter!" she said in dismay, "where are they to go? You know there's no room for three more bureaus in this apartment!"

Peter's enthusiasm was dashed, but he held his ground. "Oh, can't you try to work 'em in somewhere?" he pleaded. "Why, it was like finding 'em in the street, at the price he asked for 'em—I haven't paid him anything yet. But I should feel I had committed sacrilege if I didn't buy such a bureau as that with the curved front, inlaid, too—with the glass handles still on it, for eight dollars!"

"Now you're talking like a dealer," she said. "Are you an old furniture dealer, or a newspaper man? Anyway, it's a choice for you between sacrilege and murder, then, for I shall die with discomfort if you keep on. I'm very serious, Peter; this thing has got to stop. It's all very well to be a collector, but you haven't got the money to collect the really precious things—they cost too much, nowadays. And so, you're only a magpie. You buy things and things and things, just because—oh, I don't know why you do get them, I'm sure. And you're spoiling all the artistic value of our pretty apartment by getting too many things in it. I don't want to live in a shop, but in a home where everything means something. And

three more bureaus would be quite out of place, even if we had room for them, which we haven't." She knit her smooth brow into a network of lines. "There's a little table in the small bedroom that we don't care about," she went on, one or two of the lines fading out in the concession. "We can give that away and put one bureau in its place, I suppose, but the other two must not come."

Peter capitulated easily, when it came to the point, for he really did love his wife and prefer her comfort rather than bureaus, or porcelain of Cathay. "Oh, well, I can tell Casey I don't want but one, of course, if it will make you any easier in your mind," he said.

"And you must promise me now, Peter," went on his wife, quietly rivetting his fetters, "that you won't buy anything more unless I know all about it beforehand. Will you? Promise me, now!"

"All right," assented Peter, rather hastily and without great enthusiasm; "I'll promise, so cheer up. Don't take it so hard, dear. And now let's talk about what we're going to have for dinner."

While Peter was sitting at his desk in the office the next morning, his eye fell upon the date line at the top of the newspaper in his hand. June third. He had read it unconsciously a dozen times before, that day, but suddenly it meant something to him. Four days more, and then, the Seventh of June. And what was the Seventh of June? Why, the fifth anniversary of his wedding day!

The newspaper was still held before his eyes, but his eyes looked through it—back through five years—the happiest five years of his life. He remembered that he had thought he loved Edith with a perfect adoration on his wedding day, and yet each following year had shown him how to adore her more completely. He recalled the various anniversaries—the first, when they spent the day together in the country; the second, when they went shopping for a sideboard and six dining-room chairs, and didn't get them (but the sideboard had come later, Peter reflected in parenthesis); the third anniversary, when they had been separated by force of circumstances; the fourth, last year, when they had reflected, together, upon what old married people they were, yet how surprisingly young they

felt in spite of their great age; and now the fifth anniversary was at hand—how could he mark it for them both? He had always given her a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley on those days because she had carried them for her bride's bouquet, and he had written her a little verse each time, and she had liked the verses, amazing as it might seem!

But the fifth anniversary—that was different, wasn't it? Peter seemed to remember some sort of decimal—or half-decimal—classification in wedding anniversaries. Five years, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five—yes, a fifth anniversary had some special significance, certainly; and he wouldn't let it go with any lilies-of-the-valley and machine-made poetry. She should have something entirely different. What would she like best?

Now, marriage is a great mystery, and the spiritual osmosis that takes place between two whom God hath joined together is a phenomenon as wonderful as the drawing and withdrawing of the tides. Peter's mind projected itself into Edith's head, and he considered it from her point of view. But inasmuch as Edith was wont to do the same thing, her mind absorbed Peter's ideas, and his preferences seemed to be her own. And then each, conscious of this ebb and flow between them, tried hard to turn their ideas around again, so that each might be sure what the other would really prefer without the subtle influence from outside. And the result was such an inextricable tangle of what he would like because he thought it would please her, and what she preferred because it might be his own secret wish, that Peter and Edith usually found themselves on a finer point than the needle of the theological disputants.

Out of it all emerged the clear idea that if he should find anything that pleased him extravagantly, it would please her just as surely, because they had reduced their perplexities to their lowest terms, on several occasions, by this simple rule of selection, which might seem to the blind glance of the outsider to be pure selfishness. Therefore, with all this complex formula winding its convolutions in his mind, Peter decided to search for some ornament for the house as a proper gift for the fifth anniversary. Thus may the simplest egotism rest upon an elaborate foundation of altruistic subtlety. Oh, yes, marriage *is* a great mystery.

So Peter made a flying visit to several of the old furniture shops that afternoon. He felt that he should recognize the exact, ideal, inevitable gift if he should see it. He went to the head waters of Fourth Avenue and dropped down stream as swiftly as he could, touching at all the landings where spoils of antiquity more or less remote were displayed; but never had the quest seemed more discouraging, never did so many expensive banalities offend his faith in the existence, somewhere, of exactly the right gift for Edith on their fifth anniversary. Tommy Shea, that shrewd Irishman who always might be depended on to have at least one bit of bric-a-brac worthy of a Bond Street shop, could only offer a pair of exquisite crystal girandoles (Edith already had beautiful old Sheffield candelabra) and a little goose-necked, backless seat which, though wonderfully fine, was held at a price so wonderful that Peter shook his head. Old Mrs. Siebold's shop was a desert; Bostwick's and Bouvier's emporiums were equally wastes of glittering and extravagant stupidity. Aaronson, it would appear, must have taken the whole product of the factories where the Neo-Adam painted chairs and the Parisian Lowestoft and Worcester come from. The little Italian dealer who had lately shouldered himself into the neighborhood had a deadly array of what Peter classified as Philadelphia-Victorian furniture, and a few old plates and teapots which would have disgraced a country dealer's stock. The big Italian shop across the way was full of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, in copies assorted to suit any taste, but Peter rebelled; and he entered old John Rorke's shop, at last, in a pretty bad temper.

It was a quarter of six and John was filling his pipe, anticipating the gracious hour when he might exchange his surroundings of Napoleon, the combined Georges and Louis', and the American colonies, for tobacco and the evening newspaper in a chair on his door-step. Still, fifteen minutes remained, and the pipe slipped into his trousers pocket. "How d'ye do, Misther Wyckoff," he said, patiently.

"John, have *you* got anything fit to look at?" asked Peter, sadly. "I want to get some little thing different from anything else, for Mrs. Wyckoff," he added, in fine reliance upon John's receptive intelligence.

"Th' place is full o' thim," replied John, gently. "There's scarce wan thing alike—niver two, in arl th' shop. W'u'd it be a foor-posther now? Or a Bhoxer spear? Or a snuff-box gyaranteed to hav' been carried by wan o' th' laadies o' th' coort o' th' Graand Monarky? Why, we've naught but rarities, Misther Wyckoff. Ye'll find ut, no fear, av only ye'll luk around."

Thus John, half in formula, half in good-humored mockery of Peter's disconsolate air. Together they penetrated the labyrinth of the shop.

"W'u'd it be china?" ventured John, reaching over the back of a chair and bringing up a great blue wash-bowl, made in Staffordshire for what the British manufacturer had still thought of as the "colonial trade." "Washin'ton weepin' at th' tomb o' Layfayette, or Layfayette weepin' at th' tomb o' Washin'ton, I disremember which," he admitted. "Luk at th' daark blue—ye know how scaarce it's gettin'."

Peter grumbled dissent. "Oh, no, that old blue makes your house look like a bathroom if you hang much of it up," he said. "Besides, I want something different, I told you. What's in that case?"

"Ah, a bit of a fan, now?" sighed John. "Sure 't was th' proide o' th' old sea-captain's sweetheart—this wan," he said, pushing aside a coppery Sheffield toast-rack and a discolored miniature or two, and lifting a tiny Chinese painted paper fan, its blues and greens and rose-pinks doggedly vivid after many years. The dusty wisp of ribbon, faded from purple to pale gray, broke with the slight strain, and the slender sticks fell apart.

Peter's eye lingered regretfully. "No-o," he said, "it's too ricketty, and pathetic."

John's philosophy was more lightly affected by the plaintive fragrance of forgotten keepsakes. "Av ut's a raal heirloom ye'd like," he suggested, as his eye roamed to a cumbrous object against the farther wall, "taake a squint at tthat oold bit beyant. Ah! ut may have come fr'm th' Deserted Village itself—ut may be th' very same wan—'conthived a dooble dibt to paay, a bid be night, a chist o' dhrawers be daay'—w'u'dn't Mrs. Wyckoff like to have Gooldsmith livin' in th' house wid her? Ut's not iv'ry daay ye c'n find a fooldin' bid o' th' eighteenth cint'ry!"

Peter laughed. "Mrs. Wyckoff's down

on folding-beds, John, even if we haven't a big house. But there must be something different—what's that thing in the little frame?" he demanded, pointing to something almost hidden in the shadow of an "ancestor." (John was accustomed to refer to all the wonderful gallery of dingy old portraits which covered his walls, as "ancestors.") "They're arl authentic poor-traits," he said, "an' how do I know but their actule discindants is among my cuthomers?"

John's eye settled on the little frame. "Ah, there's your treasure," he declared. "An' th' ignobilly vulgus p'raadin' past ut f'r five years!" he added, reflectively, as he reached it down. "Misther Wyckoff, ye've th' divil's own eye f'r a barrgain!"

Peter held the little print, framed in simple strips of old moulding, and examined it carefully. It was about the size of a wedding card, and showed a mourning figure leaning upon a carved stone sarcophagus surmounted by a palette and brushes and a heap of bay leaves. The draped figure was full of lovely curves, and a chubby little torch-bearer hid his face beside his extinguished flambeau. A panel upon the sarcophagus bore the inscription:

SUCCEDET FAMA
VIVUSQUE PER ORA
FERETUR

and upon the broad base of the sculpture ran the legend:

"The Executors and Family of Sir Joshua Reynolds return thanks for the tribute of respect paid to departed Genius and Virtue, by your attendance at the funeral of that illustrious painter and most amiable man, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Saturday, March 3, 1792."

In the lower left-hand corner minute letters showed "E. F. Borney del." and at the right, "F. Bartolozzi R. A. sculps." And below, upon the margin of the little brown print, the good black ink of the personal inscription was clear: "To Richard Clarke, Esq^{re}."

Peter's admission came, slowly. "Well, John, this *is* different. Yes—it must be genuine—nobody would take the trouble to imitate this particular thing. And I should

think it was probably engraved by Bartolozzi himself—he would scarcely have let one of his pupils do Sir Joshua's funeral cards. . . ."

"'Tis as raare a bit as I iver had in th' shop," affirmed John, solemnly. "Ah, 'tis a far cry fr'm St. Paul's an' Sir Joshua's funeral to Foorth Avenyer! I moind, now, there was an arrtist man in here last winther, an' I thought he'd buy ut; he was tellin' me he'd seen th' companion piece, an invitation to th' funeral, in a foine collection in England. But he didn't taake ut, so here ye find ut still. An' f'r an oold song—sixteen dollars. Sure; I ought to raise that price—'twas maarked so long ago."

"I'll take it," said Peter, briefly. "I daresay you gave about a dollar for it, but never mind that. It's just the sort of thing I wanted, and I know Mrs. Wyckoff will be delighted with it. Now, I want you to hold it here for me until next Tuesday, the seventh, and deliver it at my apartment on that day. It's a surprise for her. Will you remember the right day?"

"I'll do ut, sir," said John.

Peter glanced at his watch. "Gracious! I've been here almost an hour, John, and kept you from your dinner. And I shall be late for my own if I don't go this minute. Put that thing on my account, John, and don't you forget to deliver it on the seventh."

On the following Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Wyckoff heard her Mary in animated conversation with the butcher boy through the medium of the dumb-waiter shaft, and remembered she had told the maid to give the said butcher boy careful instructions relative to certain supplies. At the same moment the door-bell rang. Edith, unwilling to have the conference interrupted, opened the door herself. There stood the familiar figure of the red-headed errand boy from John Rorke's antiquity shop, with a paper parcel in his hand. She backed away instinctively.

"Something for you, Mrs. Wyckoff," said the boy.

Edith's heart sank. Peter had been doing it again, and after he had promised her he wouldn't! He had been buying something without consulting her. Whatever might be in that parcel, she hated it. While the boy extended it to her she made up her mind. Peter stood in need of a little discipline, and she must inflict it on him.

"No," she said to the gaping boy, pushing away the parcel. "I haven't bought anything. It must be a mistake. Take it back to John and say Mrs. Wyckoff doesn't want it and sends it back."

When Peter came inside the door that evening his first impression was that there had been a change in the weather while he had been coming up stairs—and he had come up with his mind so full of the surprise he had planned for Edith on this, their fifth anniversary. He went to the open window and felt the same mildness of early June through which he had been walking home. But what *was* the matter? Slowly he became conscious that it was Edith. Her voice and manner were different—constrained; her thought did not flow into his own with the usual smoothness; it was as though other persons were in the room. She spoke no word of reproach, yet Peter perceived, with that sixth sense which is given to husbands after a short experience, that somehow he had offended again. Surely she could not still be cherishing ungenerous wrath over the matter of the bureaus? No; that wasn't Edith's way. When a matter had once been fairly "had out" between them, she lived up to the reconciliation. And yet this air of sweet resignation under injury was distinctly significant.

"I don't know what's the matter," thought Peter, somewhat at bay in his own mind. "And if I ask, it will only make it worse. This is a fine way to keep a wedding anniversary! Well—suppose I just say nothing, and maybe the air will clear itself, pretty soon."

But the fog did not lift all through the evening, and in this unwonted atmosphere of detachment from each other Peter and his wife lived for three days. Peter, with his philosophical temperament, stood the strain better than Edith, who, in her secret soul, was growing more and more resentful of what she called his "callousness." As she thought it over and over, she began to believe that now she was beginning to understand how most married people live in that dry relationship of the matter-of-course which, she had promised herself, would never be her lot to endure. That he should be so indifferent to her reserve, so unconscious apparently of her withdrawal from the mutual understanding, even in trifles, which

was their normal state of existence—ah! Edith began to feel herself an Injured Wife.

On the evening of the third day in this æon of bitter emptiness, Edith remembered an invitation which had come the preceding day, and had been disregarded in the general sense of dismal vacuity in which she had been living. It must be acknowledged at once, and she went to her desk. As she wrote the date line, after a glance at her calendar, her cup spilled over.

"O Peter!" she quavered, her eyes brimming, "we *are* old married people now, who don't care any longer. For this is the tenth, and we have both forgotten the Seventh! O Peter! It's the first time!"

He was at her side in an instant. "Why, dear, what does it all mean?" he said softly. "What has happened to us in the last few days? And if you forgot the Seventh, I didn't. But you never said anything about the little gift I sent to surprise you, and it was all so queer and wretched—how did it happen? And what has been the matter for three days?"

Edith lifted her head from his neck. "What little gift?" And then, in a flash, "Oh, was *that* it? Peter! And I was so stupid and sent it back without looking to see what it was! For I thought you had been buying more things without telling me, and—and——"

And plunged in such chagrin, self-accusation and penitence as usually pursue mistakes rather than sins, she lay upon his shoulder in childish penitence after the long strain and emptied out her woe in confession.

"And I'm *so* ashamed, Peter, and it was all my fault. I oughtn't to have doubted you. But, oh, how are we going to get it back?"

"Why, that's easy," he said. "I'll stop in at John's and bring it over myself to-morrow night."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I can't wait. I'll go over myself to-morrow morning!" And directly after breakfast over she raced to John Rorke's shop.

She found that experienced old connoisseur in bric-a-brac and human nature reading the boxing news in a newspaper with black headlines. As she whirled into the shop, John rose with a bow from a great gilded Venetian arm-chair against whose faded crimson velvet and embroidery his rugged gray head looked imposing, and aloof, and stern.

"O John, I want that print you sent over the other day. It was sent back by mistake," she fluttered.

John turned grave eyes of reproof upon the young lady.

"Why, ut's not here, mum," he said. "Ye sint ut back an' sid ye didn't want ut. Mrs. Eliphalet Jinkins Brown come in just whin I had ut unwrapped an' she w'u'd have ut. I toold her ut might be carled f'r be a gintleman that said he'd buy ut, but she w'u'dn't taake no refusal, so I sint ut up to her. 'Tis soold an' gahn," concluded John with an air of doomsday.

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried Edith. "Indeed, John, I just *must* have it again. It was only sent back to you by a stupid mistake."

John looked at her intently. He had no notion to displease such a valuable customer as Mrs. Brown with her long purse and her fancy for bric-a-brac, even though he would have been glad to oblige so old an acquaintance as Mrs. Wyckoff. The old man liked to see her flitting about the shop, although she and her husband brought him more friendly chaff than money. He regretted having mentioned Mrs. Brown's name; it had only escaped him in the surprise of Edith's attack.

"But ye sint ut back yersilf, mum," he returned, quite decidedly, "an' with th' missage that Mrs. Wyckoff hadn't bought ut an' w'u'dn't have ut. Didn't ye, now?"

"Yes, but——"

John took up his paper as a judge might turn to the next case.

"'Tis soold, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said, "an' tthat's th' ind of ut."

"No, it isn't John," said Edith, quietly, as she walked out of the shop. Quietly she consulted the nearest directory, under the B's. And with unfaltering faith she made her way uptown to the imposing portal bearing a door-plate, in the old fashion preserved in modern times by a few New Yorkers, inscribed with the formidable name of Eliphalet Jenkins Brown.

The door was opened by a man-servant with a fine Church-of-England face, who took in her card, and while Edith sat in the big drawing-room overfilled with the most expensive furniture and ornaments, she tried to compose a little speech which should appeal to the heart even of the affluent collector. Surely, with all these things, Mrs.

Brown wouldn't wish to keep a little print that didn't belong to her, and Peter's anniversary gift, at that. But, of course, she couldn't speak of such a thing to——

Mrs. Brown, entering with Edith's card in her fingers and a very rich expression upon her face, seemed to be bigger than almost any single object in the room—even the Italian cabinets or the great round crystal chandelier; she crowded the room perceptibly as she paused just inside the door.

"Mrs. Wyckoff?"

"Yes, and you are Mrs. Brown. I trust your interest in the subject I have come to ask you about may excuse the call of a stranger."

Mrs. Brown waited very stolidly, scenting a charity subscription, while Edith rehearsed her story, but at the end she stood as impenetrable as that heathen deity who had no ears, yet to whom the people had to pray, just the same, lest he should visit them with wrath for presuming to neglect his worship.

"I never heard such a preposterous story in all my life," she said, at last, speaking down from the great height of her irregularly invaded domestic seclusion. "And I certainly never heard of you, Mrs.—a—Wyckoff. Your name misled me for a moment; I thought it possible you might be somebody I knew. I presume you are a—dealer in bric-a-brac yourself, but how you came to know about my buying a print from John Rorke I can't fancy. I suppose you must have been in the shop while I was there. But you'll find you can't take advantage of *me*."

Edith was crimson with wrath and mortification, and her voice trembled as she said:

"But I am not a dealer at all, Mrs. Brown, and I have told you the exact truth about the whole thing, and I cannot understand why you should speak to me as you do."

Mrs. Brown rang the bell. "Oh, I know your tricks, you dealers! It's as much as one's life is worth to go into your places. But I've been collecting too long to mind most things you try to do to me because you know I'm a rich woman, but I never did have one of you follow me into my own house before!" The butler appearing, "Andrew, show this person out," concluded Mrs. Brown, relieving the general congestion by sweeping from the room, and Edith,



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan.

"Well, John, this *is* different."—Page 350.

with blazing eyes and tears on her lashes, ran down the steps and got home she never quite knew how.

Peter was very wrathful when he heard of her adventure. "What an outrageous old woman she must be!" he reflected. "Well—never mind. I'll take a hand now. It looks to me as if she needed a little plain talk from a man—oh, polite, of course"—in response to Edith's look of apprehension—"polite, but very plain. I've known her husband, in the course of my work, for several years, and he's a very square old chap, even if he is in the money business in Wall Street. He's a very human kind of man. I could *talk* with him. Of course, an old lady who's got something which doesn't exactly belong to her is different, but I think I can manage it."

At ten o'clock the next morning Mr. Peter Wyckoff rang the bell at Mr. Brown's, and asked for Mrs. Brown. Yes, she was at home. The man took his card and he walked into the drawing-room where, as he remembered the rudeness Edith had suffered in that place, his jaw grew very square and he did not sit down.

Presently the servant's hand drew aside the heavy curtain at the end of the long room, and Mrs. Brown sailed in, looking as big as an old-fashioned frigate in her light colored morning gown, with its successive tiers of ruffles mounting above each other like so many gun-decks cleared for action.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown," said her visitor, advancing. "I have called to see you in relation to the Bartolozzi print which John Rorke sold you by mistake the other day."

Mrs. Brown stood in ominous silence as he paused, so he went on:

"I bought the print myself from John some days before, as an anniversary gift for my wife, and left it to be delivered on a certain day. Mrs. Wyckoff sent it back through a—a misunderstanding, and only day before yesterday did we learn that John had had the assurance to sell it to you."

"Oh, I've heard that foolish story before," broke in Mrs. Brown. "Somebody came in here yesterday—fairly forced herself into my house——"

"I beg your pardon," said Peter quickly. "I think you are mistaken about that."

"What do you mean, sir, by coming here and insulting me?" demanded the lady in a voice almost louder than Peter's impulse.

"How do I know who you are that I should listen to your absurd stories? What do——"

"Hey, what? what?" came a fat voice from the back room. "What's all this, Maria?" The curtain was flung aside and a short, solid, pink old gentleman waddled into the room, newspaper in one hand and eyeglasses in the other. "What's the trouble now? Who's this young—why, it's Mr.—a—why, yes, it's Mr. Wyckoff! Well, well, what seems to be the matter now?"

Mrs. Brown's astonishment checked her wrathful flow of words. "Do you know this man?" she said.

"Why, yes, know him very well," answered her husband, staring. "You've got his card there, haven't you? It's Mr. Wyckoff, of the *Elector*—comes down to my office very often. But what's he want o' you, Maria? Have you been gettin' your name in the papers—hey, what?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Brown," interposed Peter, "I don't come to see Mrs. Brown from the paper—simply on a personal matter of business. I didn't expect to have the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh, got a touch of influenza and my doctor is one o' the worryers, and wants me to stay in the house for two days. It's 'most killin' me, but I s'pose I've got to do it. So you came to see Mrs. Brown on business, hey? Well, I didn't know she'd gone into business, but I've told her she'd better, with all this truck around here," relaxed Mr. Brown jocularly. "She's got the house so I tell her it looks like an old furniture shop, and I'm glad if she's goin' to trade a little."

Mrs. Brown became rigid again. For a few moments the silence was awkward when the banker blurted out:

"Sounded to me as if Mrs. Brown wasn't quite satisfied about somethin', so I came in. What's it all about, Maria?"

Mrs. Brown's face grew more angry, but she hesitated and still hesitated. Her husband was frankly puzzled, but he turned to Peter and said:

"Well, Mr. Wyckoff, suppose you tell me. You're used to puttin' things in few words. Let's have it."

So Peter told the story, beginning with his purchase of the print and ending with Edith's call of the day before. He couldn't bring himself to spare Mrs. Brown that final detail, in laying the case before the old gentleman's tribunal. "And because I was

sure Mrs. Brown could not really wish to take advantage of Mrs. Wyckoff's misunderstanding," he concluded, "I came here to tell the whole story of how the print happened to be in John's shop the day she saw it there, and ask her to help straighten the matter out."

Mr. Brown looked very serious. "Well," he said, rubbing his nose with the rim of his glasses, "looks to me as if you'd been buncoed by that dealer, Maria, and you've got to make the best of a bad job. Mr. Wyckoff's entirely in the right, as you can see, and you must send the picture back."

"Didn't I buy it, I should like to know?" demanded his wife, her pride against the wall.

"Why, I think likely—you'd buy 'most anything," returned the banker, grimly. "But John had no business to sell it to you—it wasn't his to sell—didn't belong to him. How'd I look sellin' Northern Pacific twice over, just because I thought I could make money by doin' it? I'd get into jail, and that's where John ought to be. The picture had been bought once by Mr. Wyckoff, and John couldn't sell it over again."

"But I didn't know that," protested Mrs. Brown more feebly, "and I must say——"

"Well, you know all about it now," returned her husband, inexorably, "and that old rascal of a junk-seller, John Whatyemaycall'im, must give you back your money. You'd better sit right down now and write him a letter and tell him to send up and get the picture that wasn't his to sell. Lord! they talk about Wall Street bein' a den o' thieves!" exploded Mr. Brown. "I tell you, there's no place in New York where they play so square a game. Think o' that old scoundrel sellin' his junk to two people, and takin' their money, without turnin' a hair! Yes, Maria, you sit right down and send him a letter askin' him how he dared to swindle you like that. You tell him to send up quick for the picture, and to give you credit for what he charged you for it, and to send the thing over to the lady it was originally bought for, Mrs. Peter Wyckoff. That's the way to talk to him."

Though Mrs. Brown saw her Bartolozzi print disappearing, she grasped at the chance to pour out her wrath on somebody, and departed into the library with a frigid bow to Peter.

"Oh, I tell you, Wyckoff, those an-tique

dealers beat the Dutch. They're the worst set o' swindlers in town, I do believe. Have a cigar, won't you?" He produced a substantial roll of tobacco like that which he was smoking. Peter took it in order that the rapid stream of the banker's oration might not be diverted.

"They're awful, I tell you," he went on. "One of 'em sold Mrs. Brown a writin'-table the other day that he said used to belong to Lady Hamilton; said it came from his brother's shop in Dublin, where they never told lies, and there was no doubt about it's havin' belonged to her, because there was a torn sheet o' paper in a secret drawer with Lord Nelson's autograph on it, and he'd throw in the autograph. He charged that poor woman *three hundred dollars* for it, and she swallowed the story whole. My wife's an awful good woman, Wyckoff, but she does get hung up by those fellows to beat the band. Seems 's if she'd believe any story they tell her."

Peter laughed a little. "If anybody buys old things on account of the stories, I'm afraid they stand a good chance of paying high for romance," he assented.

"But your wife isn't gettin' wound up with this sort o' stuff, is she, Wyckoff?" went on Mr. Brown earnestly. "Because it's a disease, I tell you, this 'collectin',' as they call it; a regular bug they get into 'em, and it's dangerous—dangerous. If you see any signs of it, you'd better take a high hand with her right now, for it grows worse'n weeds."

Peter's smile was sheepish. "Oh, no, Mr. Brown," he said. "My wife's a very sensible woman—doesn't lose her head. She likes old things, but we live in a small apartment and there isn't room for very many old tables and chairs—and bureaus," he added reminiscently. "Besides, we haven't got the money to go into this thing very hard. It costs too much."

"Lord, yes, it does cost a pile o' money," returned the banker. "Mrs. Brown has got the whole place stuffed so full I declare I can't find room to take off my boots anywhere. You ought to see our bedroom! And look at this parlor—I don't begin to know how much these things cost."

Peter cast a rapid glance about the drawing-room, and decided tacitly that it was just as well Mr. Brown didn't know too much of the amount of money represented



by its cluttered splendor. The banker turned back into the library and threw the end of his cigar into the fire with a sigh.

"But Mrs. Brown'll straighten out this business o' yours for you all right," he went on, lighting a fresh cigar. "And you watch out sharp for that old thief that sold it to her. Never heard o' such a job," he growled. "But we've caught him, and Mrs. Wyckoff'll get her picture all right. Mrs. Brown'll make it clear to him, just's as I told her to. Oh, she's a good enough business woman, Mrs. Brown is, except when it comes to buyin' Lord Nelson's autograph, or things like that."

Peter thought it quite possible that Mrs. Brown would forgive him if he did not make his adieus to her in person, so he left the banker over his newspaper and proceeded to the office, whence he informed Edith by telephone of his successful attack upon the spoiler of her happiness. She passed a blissful hour in the knowledge that Mrs. Brown had been obliged to disgorge her plunder, and after luncheon walked solemnly over to John's shop, filled with lofty reproof which she proposed to visit upon that wicked old gray head.

She found John very glum. Mrs. Brown had sent down the print with her very sharp note, and the old man was reflecting upon the uncertainties of the bric-à-

brac business where ladies were concerned. Edith began with the calmness of triumphant virtue:

"You know I told you, John, when I saw you yesterday, that you hadn't heard the last of the print. Was I right?"

John leaned both elbows on the back of a carved Flemish chair, and his grim chin broadened in a quizzical smile. "Th' laadies is always roight, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said quietly. "'Tis their inayleenable privilege."

Edith found herself laughing. "But you know you did wrong in selling it twice."

"'Tis hoodooed, I tthink," said John calmly. "I've had ut f'r five years, an' nobody'd buy ut. Th' English arrtist man said he'd take ut, an' didn't. Misther Wyckoff tuk ut, at last, an' thin ye w'u'dn't have ut, an' sint ut back. Mrs. Brown tuk ut, an' now she sinds ut back. Arr' ye sure ye'll kape ut, av I sind ut over, ag'in? Ah! ut's th' laadies that change their moinds! 'Uncertain, c'y, an' hard to plaze,' as Sir Walther siz. An' they wuz that way, aven in classicle toimes—'Varyoryorum it metabilly simper' was sid o' thim be th' pote whin Room was young. Ye'll get th' print in an hour or two, Mrs. Wyckoff, an' I hope ye'll lave ut stay in th' house this toime. Av ut comes back ag'in to me, I'll taake ut t' Father Burke, me spiritule gyardeen, an'

ask him to put holy wather on ut, so I will.
'Tis a hoodoo, I do belave."

That evening they studied the print together. "What lovely curves in that bending figure!" said Peter, "and how it carries one back to the gentle, old-world leisure—those old-fashioned phrases of thanks to the gentleman who had honored the family of 'departed Genius and Virtue'!"

But Edith sat very still, and something in her quiet struck through Peter, silent yet vibrating like a deep note. Suddenly, to both of them, came a sense of what it all stood for—the carved stone, the mourning

figure, the inverted torch, the classical epitaph, the formal phrases of courtesy at the passing of a soul. The greatest painter of his time, his honor and joy and life burned out, and the pale ash transmuted for them here, sitting in the first circle of their terrestrial dream, into a faded brown print. "*For us also the trap is laid.*" They looked solemnly into each other's eyes.

"It wasn't worth while, was it, dear?" said he.

She clung close to him as she murmured, "Three whole days gone out of our life!"

MINIVER CHEEVY

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.



A mangrove key.

One of the ten times Ten Thousand Islands. The regions marked on the maps as Whitewater Bay, Shark River, and even the south-west coast of the peninsula, are merely myriads of these islands, from yards to acres in extent.

THE PASSING OF A WILDERNESS

By A. W. Dimock

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

“**T**HE next act, ladies and gentlemen, will be the shooting out of the lights by Mr. J. E. Wilson, of the Ten Thousand Islands.” The speaker was a well-known Key-Wester, and his companion the most picturesque character on the west coast of Florida. He was a genial man, but mothers made use of his name to scare their babies into good behavior, and men who were looking for trouble found him most accommodating. On the occasion referred to, although the lights did not go out the audience did—with precipitation.

Some years previous the Key-Wester, as deputy sheriff, had visited Mr. Wilson at his plantation in the Ten Thousand Islands with a warrant for his arrest, but when he attempted to execute it was promptly disarmed and set to work in the cane-field. He was so impressed by Mr. Wilson’s resourcefulness that when, two days later, he was released and his gun, unloaded, restored to him, he departed with professions of friendship for his host, and returning to Key West, reported that Mr. Wilson was the only man on the west coast who was doing anything, and ought to be let alone. Conditions in South Florida are primitive. Much of it

has changed little since its recesses enabled the Seminoles to prolong a resistance to the United States Government that never was fully overcome. Three counties—Lee of the Big Cypress Swamp, Dade of the Everglades and Lake Okeechobee, and Monroe of the ten times Ten Thousand Islands—contain the most that is left in this country of uncharted territory and wilderness available for exploration. Outside of their county seats the population of these counties averages less than three-quarters of an inhabitant to each square mile of territory. Census statistics give ninety-five per cent. of the population of Monroe County to its county seat, which is about ten per cent. less than the estimate of the average Key-Wester, who looks upon the Ten Thousand Islands as of negligible importance. Throughout these islands society is as loosely organized as it is sparsely distributed.

One of the principal men on the coast told me that court justice was too expensive and uncertain for that country, and that people were expected to settle their own quarrels—a homicidal custom that has cost me four guides during the years of my own explorations. Sometimes these settlements started little feuds which soon ran out for lack of material, and occasionally the par-

ticipants violated the code of ethics of the community, which was apt to be bad for them. One man shot his enemy, who had assaulted him frequently, threatened to kill him, and was a bad man with one life already to his debit.

The murder itself was considered commendable, but its method was criticised, in that he crept upon his victim and shot him in the back. Public sentiment acted through the authorities, and the homicide found him-

ficed his claim to credence, but there is independent evidence of the criminality of the system through which he suffered. An employee of my own who had served as guard to the prisoners in both turpentine and phosphate camps resigned his position because he feared being called upon to kill a prisoner and because he was afraid of being killed by a relative of some prisoner. "For," said he, "if a brother of mine were to be treated as those men were treated, I'd sure



A modern Seminole.

self in the chain-gang working for a turpentine company. He subsequently escaped and has for years lived as a fugitive in the Ten Thousand Islands. I have occasionally met him in the wilderness and listened to his story. He says, in a gentle voice, "I will go dead, but I will not go back." If the half he tells of the atrocities perpetrated in the name of justice on the helpless criminals of the chain-gang is true, the State of Florida might, as a matter of mercy, substitute the torture-chambers of the Spanish Inquisition for the methods pursued under its auspices. The man, by his crime, sacri-

kill somebody. I'd rather be burned at the stake than go to the chain-gang in either of those camps."

The mazes of the Ten Thousand Islands have proved a sanctuary for the pursued since before the War of the Rebellion, during which they harbored deserters from the Confederate service, some of whom continue their residence within its boundaries in apparent ignorance that the need therefor has passed. Often in the cypress or mangrove swamps which border the Everglades you will meet men who turn their faces away, or, if they look toward you,

laugh as you ask their names. After they have passed, your boatman will mention names that will recall to your memory stories of tragedies. These men trap otters, shoot alligators and plume birds, selling skins, hides, and plumes to dealers who go to them secretly, or through Indians, who often help and never betray them. When I asked an Indian whom I knew well, when

sibly by some third outlaw, tempted by their wealth of skins. The country in which they live is a labyrinth. The big rivers fork into smaller streams which divide and subdivide into creeks that, although deep, will for miles give passage only to skiffs for which a way must frequently be cleared with knives through vines and overhanging bushes. Often these creeks branch out into hun-

dreds of shallow channels, making a thousand tiny mangrove keys in each square mile. Within these mazes are occasional blazed trails, upon one of which I found hanging to a tree an old shoe containing a bit of paper on which was pencilled "*ef u want Sum grub tom has got it.*"

There is fertile land on the rivers leading from the Everglades to the Gulf of Mexico, which is especially adapted to the cultivation of sugar-cane, but plantations on them have been generally deserted because of menacing mortality statistics. On Rogers River, the most beautiful of these streams, are three plantations, all abandoned, all for sale, and all with-



The cane-field where the deputy sheriff was set to work.—Page 358.

he had last seen a certain one of these refugees, his "*Um-um, no see, long time,*" together with an earnest shake of his head, would have been convincing if I had not happened to know that he was with the man inquired of on the previous day. Sometimes these outlaws kill one another, usually over a bird rookery which two or more of them claim. I passed the camp of two of them beside which hung a dozen otter skins, and a few days later learned that both had been killed, probably in a quarrel, but pos-

sibly by some third outlaw, tempted by their wealth of skins. The country in which they live is a labyrinth. The big rivers fork into smaller streams which divide and subdivide into creeks that, although deep, will for miles give passage only to skiffs for which a way must frequently be cleared with knives through vines and overhanging bushes. Often these creeks branch out into hundreds of shallow channels, making a thousand tiny mangrove keys in each square mile. Within these mazes are occasional blazed trails, upon one of which I found hanging to a tree an old shoe containing a bit of paper on which was pencilled "*ef u want Sum grub tom has got it.*"

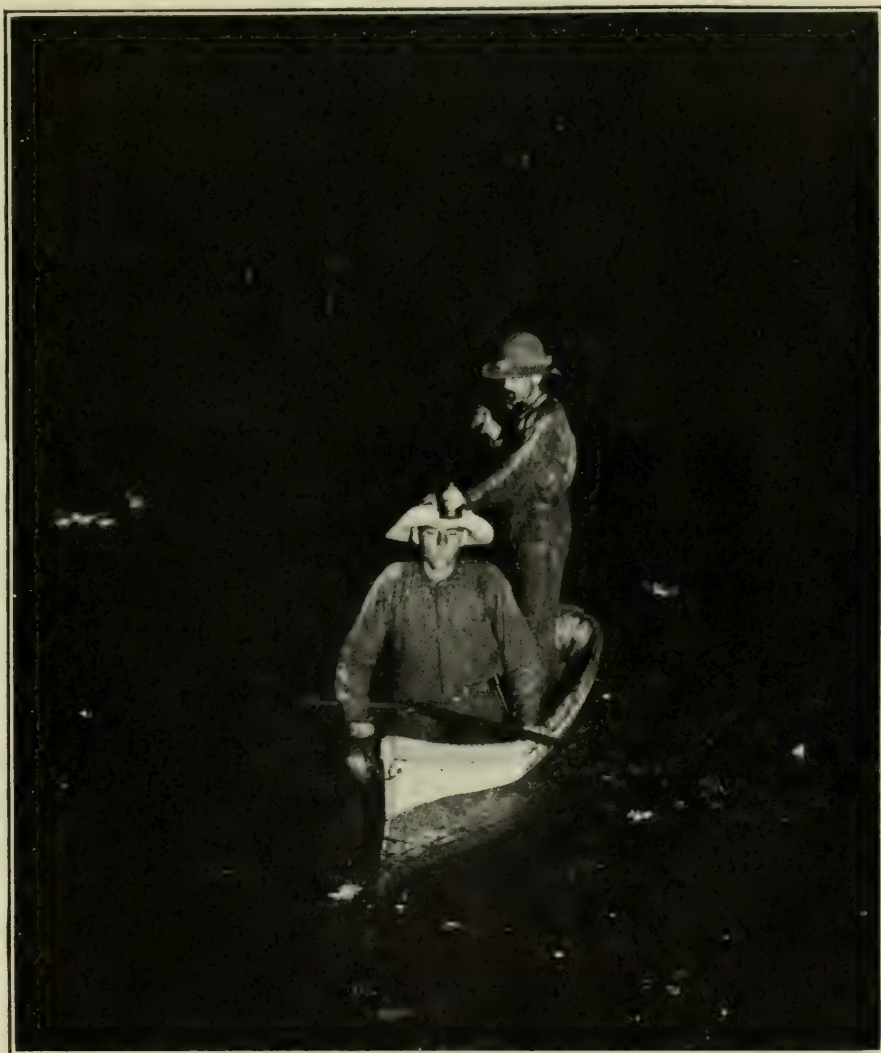
There is fertile land on the rivers leading from the Everglades to the Gulf of Mexico, which is especially adapted to the cultivation of sugar-cane, but plantations on them have been generally deserted because of menacing mortality statistics. On Rogers River, the most beautiful of these streams, are three plantations, all abandoned, all for sale, and all without purchasers. On them are splendid royal and date palms, palmettoes and tamarinds, but occupants have found skull and crossbone notices upon these trees, which latterly they have obeyed, influenced thereto by seven mysterious deaths which have occurred in the vicinity. The story of the murders, and the names of those who doubtless committed them are upon the lips of even the children on the coast, but positive proof is lacking. The killing of a game warden at Cape Sable was re-

sented by his neighbors to the extent of firing a few shots at night through the house of the assassin, while his family hid behind pieces of furniture, and subsequently burning it down, but these acts were accounted for upon the ground of his general unpopularity rather than the specific deed which they were supposed to resent. His activity in matters religious and educational seemed never to suggest incongruity to the community, and indeed I have listened to a tale of homicide from the lips of one concerned therein which was interrupted that the narrator might ask a blessing upon the food placed before us. The continuation of the story was spliced on to the "amen" without appreciable pause or other indication of lack of harmony between the narration and the petition.

Sometimes in the wilderness a modest shack may be seen, surrounded by a field of cane. In its final stage the cultivation of this crop is conducted by the light of the moon and its product attracts its own market. Hunters come openly, outlaws furtively, and the noble red man brings his family and camps for weeks in one gloriously prolonged drunk which swallows the proceeds of a season's alligator hunting and otter trapping. Tragedies sometimes accompany this debauch, but these belong to the story of the Indian, who is learning to make fire-water for himself, in crude stills which he constructs from old iron cans and pipes.

The fauna of South Florida is passing away. The habitat of the disappearing

Florida crocodile has shrunk to a narrow strip of land on the southern coast of the peninsula, scarcely ten miles long. Within that territory, before every crocodile cave a picket fence tells of an attempt to capture its occupant. Alligators are being slaughtered so rapidly that upon rivers frequented by them I saw ten last year for every one I could find twelve months later. So many



The jack-lantern is the alligator hunter's deadliest weapon.

of the inhabitants of the wilderness, both white and red, depend upon alligator hunting for their food and clothing that even the small prices, of from ten cents to one dollar each, paid for their hides probably insures the extermination of the reptile. An alligator cannot resist a bull's-eye lantern at night, but will lie fascinated upon the surface of the water with eyes shining in its glare while the hunter slowly paddles toward him. In the whole Ten Thousand Islands, filled with numberless small creeks, I seldom or never

found a channel through which I could force a canoe that failed to show by marks of hatchet or knife that at some time an alligator hunter had preceded me.

The egret and long white have been taught to fly high and far on their way to their nests, but the curse of their plumes clings to them and they will soon be classed with the dodo. Of the plume-bird rookeries which I visited a year ago, every one has since been destroyed. The mother birds have been shot from their nests by either white men or Indians, the difference being

wiped out, you can't find a flamingo in the country, and there is only one roseate spoon-bill where a few years ago were ten." He replied:

"We don't kill spoonbills. They haven't got plumes to sell to your people, and *we* don't kill birds fer fun. It's you New York fellers that do that. Most tourists bring with 'em an automatic shotgun and a Gatling rifle and bang away at everything that flies or crawls. Two Northern men are at Cape Sable now with climbers and nets and a couple of cracker boys they've hired to



A prairie fire.

Hunters set these to lure the deer. At the same time they destroy many snakes.

that the Indian leaves enough of the old birds to feed the young of the rookery, which they will do to the limit of their strength, the egret being especially prompt in her response to the pitiful cries of the orphans from other nests. The white man kills the last plume bird he can find, leaving the young ones to die in their nests, and then returns a few days later lest he might have overlooked a few birds. I was denouncing the slaughter of birds to a bright cracker friend and got "What for?"

"Why do your people destroy your best asset? Your big crop is the tourist, and nothing attracts him like the bird life that you are working overtime to exterminate. The egrets and long whites have been nearly

help 'em find spoonbills' eggs for specimens. Every egret and long white in the country that's shot is killed on orders from New York. Your rich traders send agents down here, on the "q. t." to hire hunters and Injuns to get plumes for 'em. Sometimes they grub-stake poor men to go into the swamps and break the law by shootin' plume birds. They find a feller cuttin' buttonwood in the swamps and haulin' it out fer three dollars a cord, while sweat runs out of him and a million skeeters eat him, and they tempt him with an easy job and I don't blame him fer takin' it. I don't blame the Injuns, either. Look at that bare-legged one there. He's poled that heavy dugout forty miles, with a load of alligator hides to trade fer



Marco Point.

Proposed site of a fashionable hotel.

bacon and grits. You've seen him at Tommy Osceola's camp up Lossmans River, where he's got twelve mouths to keep full. By and by he'll rob a rookery, and some Northern woman's hat will buy shirts for his family. Did I tell you there's a big order from New York for ibis wings—fer hats, I s'pose? So they'll go next."

The deer of the Big Cypress and the Everglades is in no present danger of extinction. He wears no plumes and the labor of

following him over boggy meadows and through mangrove thickets is too strenuous for the tourists. When the dweller in the wilderness needs *echu* (venison) he fires the prairie, and before the ashes are cold deer will be walking over them. The splendid field for exploration offered to amateurs as well as scientists by the great maze of the Ten Thousand Islands is being recognized and every year increasing scores of launches churn the intricate channels for fifty to one



In the Big Cypress.

Trees festooned with Spanish moss and covered with brilliant-hued air plants.

hundred miles each, daily. I thought to cruise this year in a hidden river, leading from a far corner of Whitewater Bay to the Everglades, the entrance to which I believed was known only to the Indians and a few alligator hunters. As our boom brushed the bushes that masked the narrow channel leading to the river we nearly ran into a New England colony which had been established within its mouth. There was a floating house with canaries and cats, ladies from Commonwealth Avenue sewing on the upper balcony, a State Street man smoking on the front steps, and an orchestration giving through the parlor windows free music to the alligators and moccasins which uplifted restless heads from the river's banks. A power yacht anchored near by supplied motive power to the building and a naphthalaunch with two or three dingies completed the flotilla. As we crossed the bows of the house, a voice, hailing us from the street door, inquired if we had any late Boston or New York papers, and one from the second story asked for the latest quotations of Atchison common and coppers. In other rivers and bays hitherto sacred to solitude we found house-boats and cruising boats, yachts and launches, parties of pleasure and of exploration, piloted by old hunters who had learned that the biggest Florida game and the easiest bagged was the Northern tourist. The greatest diameter of the unredeemed portion of the Florida wilderness is little more than a racing automobile of the east

coast could cover in an hour. In the southeast portion, where a year ago were impassable mangrove swamps, may be seen camps of several hundred men each, grading the road that, straight as an arrow, stretches as far as the eye can reach on its way to that Key West where it is scheduled to arrive before the close of the coming year. On the west side, near the mouth of Shark River, a big camp has begun the work of collecting the bark, rich in tannin, of the red mangrove which covers the land with its impenetrable thickets. Already in the hummock lands of the Big Cypress Swamp important plantations are being established, while lumbermen are treading on the heels of sluggish land companies which are showing symptoms of awakening from their Rip Van Winkle slumber. The State is pledged to the draining of the Everglades, and cannot long be thwarted by obstructionists. Property in favored sections has increased greatly in value. A small key in Charlotte Harbor that was once offered to me for \$200 has since sold for \$10,000. A big hotel is promised in the latitude of Cape Romano, a railroad is already planned to pierce the Big Cypress Swamp and the Ten Thousand Islands, and there are symptoms of railroad extension down the west coast.

When the locomotive and the tramp have intersected from the west the Key West line of the east coast, civilization will have rounded up South Florida and the wilderness will have passed.



The wilderness is passing surely as the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

Cape Sable in the distance.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE

By Mary B. Mullett



OGLESBY shut his watch with a satisfied snap.

"Ferris," he said to his secretary, "it's two o'clock and I'm going over to the club. Don't send for me

for anything short of a run on the bank."

Turning to me and clapping an affectionate hand on my shoulder, he added:

"I mean to have more than twenty minutes with you, Carter, after having had twenty years without you."

"Would you please sign these letters, sir, before you go?" asked the secretary, and Oglesby sat down at his desk and went at it.

I watched the long, white hand, traveling with curious little hitches through the characteristic signature and thought of the old college days when I had dubbed him "Gogglesby" for his eyeglasses and had known him to be in a state of chronic impecuniosity which gave no indication of the future bank president. We had been good chums in those old days, but the dividing of our ways had come at the very foot of the class-tree, around which we had marched singing, and they were touching again now for the first time.

Twenty years! That was a good long pull. I think I sighed a little as I glanced idly over the array of handsome desk appointments and reflected that Oglesby had done more with that twenty years than I had. The usual things were there, but my attention was especially attracted by a peculiar oval case of leather, richly bound and clasped with silver, which puzzled me until I happened to think that it doubtless contained a picture of Oglesby's wife. This idea rather stirred my curiosity, and as he laid aside the last of the letters I nodded toward the case.

"Haven't you a picture of your wife there?"

Oglesby's glance followed mine.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "No, not my wife."

He seemed to reflect a moment, then slipped the case into his pocket.

"I'll show it to you after luncheon," he said, and closed the desk.

It was when we were settled in a corner of the smoking-room and I had just determined to remind Oglesby of his promise that he drew the case from his pocket, studied it a moment, then handed it across to me.

Absurd though it may have been to have such a notion, I confess now that I thought Oglesby was going to confide to me some affair of the heart, and I fully expected to find a woman's face looking at me when I took the case from his hands. I smiled, somewhat sheepishly perhaps, when instead of a miniature of some pretty woman, I found a daguerreotype of a young man of the period of the fifties.

It was a fine face, with its wide, clear eyes, its straight, delicate nose, its broad brow under the thick dark hair, and its sensitive mouth with a humorous twist at one corner. I had no idea who the original might have been, but the picture was so full of charm and of promise that, coming as it did on top of our talk of old days, it made my heart ache with perhaps the worst of the pains which come to us with age—the pain of longing for an irrecoverable youth.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"My father," said Oglesby, and in his voice there was something else, something more, than the pride of a son in the memory of a distinguished father.

"Ah!" said I. "I'm not surprised. The face promises what the years fulfilled."

Oglesby looked at me rather queerly.

"Doesn't it?" said he.

"Do you know;" I went on, "it never occurred to me, somehow, that *the* Dr. Oglesby was your father until the time of his death? Then, through the papers, I found out that I had been hobnobbing with the son of a genius without knowing anything about it. Why didn't you ever tell us?"

"Why—because—when we were hobnobbing—I didn't know it myself."

I stared rather blankly at Oglesby while my mind made futile guesses at what he meant.

"Didn't know it!" I echoed.

Oglesby settled himself deeper into his chair and smoked thoughtfully for a moment.

"Never suspected it," he said at last. "But there was some excuse for me. I was young, and there was no one to tell me."

This simply added to my bewilderment, which must have been very evident, for Oglesby smiled as he went on.

"When I was at college," said he, "my father was a general practitioner out in Indiana. He had gone there soon after his marriage and had settled in a town which, though small, was chirping pretty loud under the impression that it had a great future before it. To-day it is still a little town and the great future is still imperceptible in the distance.

"You know, though, how things go. The increase in population was not all that had been predicted; but our family at least did what it could. It trebled its numbers with all proper despatch. My three sisters and myself tried, though with indifferent success, to swell the size of the town; but where we did succeed was in tying a dead weight of cares and responsibilities around father's neck.

"Most men would have broken the fetters as soon as they realized that the place was a living tomb for ambition. They would have kicked loose somehow. But father wasn't that sort. He was a great physician in every fibre of his heart and brain—but he was that and that alone! He didn't think about himself even enough to know that he *was* a great physician. He simply went ahead being one.

"As for the commercial side of the profession, it was not in him to consider that. People who paid their bills generally did so on their own initiative. Father grieved more, I fancy, over the defection of a single patient than over the loss of a hundred fees. He did his work—I afterward realized it—with the intense delight of a master in his craft. He never stopped to think that he was doing marvellous things, and there was no one in that little place to realize it for him.

"On the contrary, his very gentleness and modesty, his very lack of assertiveness, made him a sort of dim figure even in the quiet run of affairs at Plainville. Youngsters just out of medical school came to

town and smiled patronizingly at the sight of 'old Dr. Oglesby' jogging around in his muddy buggy.

"These youngsters called him 'old Dr. Oglesby' before he was forty years old! And they 'patronized' him out of one patient after another until, with the loss of some who did pay and the deplorable loyalty of some who did not pay, his income sometimes dwindled uncomfortably close to the vanishing point. Of course, I was growing up to a serviceable age, but father's heart was set on my going to college. We used to have a family council once in a while, to discuss ways and means, and it sticks in my heart like a knife to this day the look that would come into father's eyes as he would say:

"'Donald, boy, your father doesn't amount to much, does he?'"

Oglesby was silent for a moment, and I, for my part, was too puzzled to say anything.

"Perhaps you won't understand or—it may not appeal to you," he said at length, somewhat apologetically; "but the wonder of it has never quite worn off for me. I wish I could make you see father as he must have seemed to others at the time I was in college—for we finally scraped together the least possible sum that would take me there. You could find his apparent prototype, I imagine, in almost any little town. Rather shabby, slightly stooping, likely to pass you without seeing you, but always kindly, saying little—poor father! his mind was bent on his work, and nobody wanted to hear about that.

"Oh, of course I was nice to father!" Oglesby's lip curled. "Can't you see me? I've seen other young cubs being 'nice' to their father and I've wanted to take them by the heels and shake their ideas into some sort of order. I 'patronized' him too. To me he was an unsuccessful man who had achieved just about one really good thing. Needless to state," Oglesby waved his hand, "that good thing was the possession of a gifted son who would do great things in due season.

"In the meantime I was 'nice' to father in an off-hand, superior fashion. I didn't encourage him to talk about his work. I 'didn't care for medicine.' Mother—well, mother was dear and all that, but *she* didn't care for medicine either, and my sisters

shared the family indifference. In fact, the subject, as I remember, was rather tabooed because it was not pleasant. I shouldn't wonder if you've seen the same sort of thing in other families," Oglesby said, and I nodded reflectively.

"Well," he went on, "I pegged through college, as you know; and then I went into a bank at Plainville. Thanks to some luck and a good deal of plugging, I got to be cashier in a few years, and I guess I thought I was very nearly the most promising young man in the country. I know father thought so. You ought to have heard him say, '*My son* thinks so and so.'"

Oglesby frowned at his cigar.

"You can't understand, Carter," he said, "how the memory of a thing like that makes a man feel hot all over. You've never taken the service and the—the homage of a better man than you were and thrown him a bone—yes, call it a bone!—in return. And that man your own father!"

I made no reply, being at that moment occupied with a sudden, sharp question. I was asking myself: "*Did I do that?*" But Oglesby went on.

"I like to think," said he, "that, little by little, I was coming at the truth. Father had a country practice which seemed extensive enough, geographically speaking, and sometimes I went with him on long Sunday rides. I afterward found out that not one in five of the patients he visited throughout the countryside was a paying one. In some cases they hadn't even asked him to come. He took all that trouble in order to study certain diseases and their treatment. It was his hospital. But the wards were miles long and the patients far apart. Perhaps you don't know that insanity and certain nervous diseases are comparatively common among farmers' wives. They seem to be among the perquisites of the poor things. Diseases of the brain, or rather diseases affecting the brain and nervous system, seemed to appeal especially to father. So he went to the farm-houses on one pretext and another, always on the alert for cases he might study—and help.

"Sometimes I've wondered which was the stronger in him, the student or the great-hearted man. I don't know that it mattered to the poor creatures with whom he established his rather extraordinary professional relations. Would you call it a professional relation where no mention of recom-

pense is made? Sometimes, of course, these people voluntarily paid. Indeed, we generally had a choice collection of farm products about the place. But there's nothing like returning health for dulling the memory. So although father was busy enough and to spare, he wasn't putting money in 'my' bank with any great rate of frequency.

"I tell myself that if father and I had kept up the rides together, I could not have failed to find him out; but just as we were sighting each other through the fog I fell in love, and of course that meant the go-by to him and to everybody else. I was married within six months. I think I knew most of the time—not quite all of it—that I had a father; but—oh, well! you've been in love yourself! There are times when even one's father is merely an incident in the landscape; a pleasant incident, of course, but not vitally interesting.

"Agnes and I began housekeeping in a little house next to father's and were so happy that the rest of the world went into a sort of total eclipse so far as we were concerned. Agnes came out of her trance oftener than I did, I guess, and she and father became great cronies. As for my Sunday rides with him there was an end of them. You couldn't *pry* me out of the immediate vicinity of Agnes. But she often went with him when I was at the bank, and gradually I began to take an interest in things she repeated from his talk to her. I don't imagine that, at the start, she 'cared for medicine' any more than the rest of us did. I suppose she assumed the virtue, and as her reward, she really did become interested—as no one could help being when father opened the doors of his experience.

"Agnes and I had been married about a year when she went for a little visit to her mother, who had moved here to the city soon after our wedding. It seems rather hard on the poor girl, but both of us have been glad it all happened as it did. If she had stayed at home, father would have noticed the beginning of the trouble and have righted it then and there; in which case," and Oglesby looked up with a sharp nod, "I might *never* have known that I was, as you say, the son of a genius."

"No," I said encouragingly, though I hadn't the faintest idea what he meant.

"Four weeks after my wife went away," Oglesby continued, "her mother telegraphed

that Agnes was ill and for me to come at once. I rushed home, threw a few things into a bag, and ran over to father's to tell them I was going. I'll never forget his calm tone as he got up, picked up his hat and said:

"We will lose no time."

"Father," I said, "*you* needn't go."

"We have no time to lose if we want to take this train," father said, just as if I hadn't spoken, and he kissed mother good-by and opened the door.

The ride on the train that day brought me closer to my father than I had ever been in my life. I was comforted by his presence and found myself appealing to him in a dozen ways. Even then, though, it was only as my father that I was knowing him better. I was as far as ever from dreaming that he was a wonderful physician. That was all to come."

Oglesby smoked in silence a while. Then he began slowly.

"I don't suppose you ever—went through the experience—of having your wife—lose her mind?"

I shook my head, surprised into emphasis.

"No!" I said. "Oh, no!"

Oglesby leaned forward a moment, his elbows on his knees. Then he looked up, smiling a rather unsuccessful smile.

"It's hell," he said. "I know."

"Why—old fellow——" I stammered.

Oglesby gave a reassuring gesture.

"It was all over long ago, thank God! Don't let's think about it—that way."

He seemed to shake off the memory with a straightening of his broad shoulders.

"When we reached Agnes," he went on, "she was in a delirium which no one had been able to quiet. The physician they had called in had at least fourteen good reasons for assuring us that the case was very serious; and when he said 'serious' with his lips he said 'hopeless' with every other part of him. At *least* fourteen reasons! And one would have been enough for me. I was so frightened I couldn't see a ray of hope anywhere, not even when father came out to me and patted my shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't worry, my boy!" he said. "Agnes is quieter now, and she will be all right soon."

"I remember the scornful impatience

with which I retorted: 'As if *you* can tell, father!' And I can see now the stung look in his eyes. He had been so happy in his knowledge that Agnes *would* be all right and had been so eager to put an end to my anxiety; and that was the way I met him—with the curtest sort of a snub.

"Well," Oglesby drew a deep breath, "I saw that he was hurt, but I said to myself that there was only one thing to be considered just then, and that was, what would be best for Agnes. So, while I tried to be kind about it, I told father that I wanted Dr. Benson called in at once. You know, Benson is one of the masters of diagnosis in this country, and I think it eased father's hurt to see that it was at least for a great man he was put aside. He was very gentle and kind with me and said no more about his own opinion of the case. He certainly was a trump, Carter.

"Well," Oglesby went on, after a pause, "Benson was sent for at once and came in the course of an hour or two. It happened that the physician who had been called in by Agnes's mother was not there, so father took Dr. Benson in charge, to explain the case to him. I don't think they expected me to be present, but I was possessed by an unreasoning terror that I might miss some chance of helping my wife. As for father's explaining the case, I was so sceptical of his ability that I really expected to become an important factor in the consultation by eking out his meagre knowledge. So I followed them into Agnes's room, and they let me stay.

"Then," said Oglesby, with a sudden lifting of his head and a ring in his voice, "then came the surprise of my life. A few questions from Dr. Benson, and my father turned, before my very eyes, from the rather apologetic man of small success to the great physician.

"I suppose the contact with a man who could understand and appreciate him was an inspiration. He had never allowed himself the extravagance of going to medical conventions, or to the city to meet other men of his profession. Instead, he would send mother and my sisters off on little vacations when he could afford it. Perhaps he may have had the chance, a few times, to talk with men like Benson, but I know he would not have had the self-confidence to approach them.

"This was different. It was his place, his duty, to give the consulting physician all the information he could, and, once launched, he was swept on by the current of his wonderful knowledge. In three minutes, Benson had ceased asking questions. In five minutes he was an absorbed listener. In ten minutes I was forgotten by both men as completely as if I had been a medicine bottle on the table in the corner.

"Half of it was Greek—worse than Greek—to me, and yet I *felt* the lucidity of it to the initiated mind. As for confidence, I had a queer wish that I could get into physical touch with my father; he seemed so much the embodiment of sure, calm knowledge. I didn't have any anxiety about Benson's verdict. I suppose I could see that he agreed with my father, but, anyway, I was sure that Agnes would be all right. *Father* had said so. There were tears of relief in my eyes as we went into the next room and he talked on and on, in that new vibrating voice, while Benson merely threw in a sharp word or two of inquiry now and then.

"They turned me out of the room after a while, and I went; humbly, too, and willingly. I cried like a girl, I remember, when I got out. I was so glad about Agnes and so wonder-struck over the transformation in my father. When the two men finally came out together they were still talking; but at sight of me, Dr. Benson seemed to recall himself. He looked a little puzzled, as if he scarcely knew what to say. Then he turned to my father.

"'I don't think I caught your name,' he said.

"'Oglesby,' said father.

"'Oglesby,' he repeated, as if trying to place him. 'You—you haven't been practising here long, have you?'

"'I don't live here,' said father, with a touch of his old manner. 'I live in Plainville. It's a small town. You may not have heard of it.'

"'Plainville!' exclaimed Dr. Benson.

"He didn't seem able to say anything more, so I volunteered the information that Dr. Oglesby was my father.

"'Your father!' he exclaimed, and again he stopped short. 'Your father!' he repeated.

"Then he stared curiously at me.

"'Well, young man,' he remarked dryly,

'I don't know why under heaven you called me in, but I'm very much obliged to you for doing so.'

"'What is your fee, doctor?' I managed to stammer.

"'Fee?' he was pulling his gloves on and was thinking intently. 'Fee?' he repeated absently. Then he seemed to come out of his reverie. 'Eh! what? fee, did you say? It isn't customary between members of the profession,' he said.

"Then he turned his back on me, took my father by the hand and held it for a good minute, giving it a little shake now and then.

"'Fee!' he chuckled. 'I'll get my fee all right; eh, doctor? Let's see! I'm to call for you at nine to-morrow morning to go and have a look at that case I was telling you of. You'll be ready at nine?'

"'Yes,' said father—the new father I had just discovered. 'I'm pretty sure she can be helped.'

"As Benson went out of the door, he looked back at me and shook his head as if he despaired of me.

"'Fee!' he chuckled again. And then he muttered: 'Plainville! Good Lord!'

Oglesby smiled at me with a pleased light in his eyes. Then he picked up the daguerreotype.

"That was the way it happened," he said. "Wasn't it wonderful? I found this daguerreotype as I was helping to pack father's things when he came to the city to take up his new work. Even then, when his change of fortune made us all feel as if we were living in a rose-colored dream, the picture used to give me a heartache. Just think, Carter, of all those long, slow years when he could feel his ideals and ambitions being swallowed, inch by inch, in a hopeless bog of failure—at least, apparent failure.

"I remember the day I came across this picture. I opened the case carelessly, and it seemed as if all the fine, big possibilities, which had made his face so full of life and of hope then, were reproaching me with those years. Yes, it gave me a heartache when I did find it; but I wonder how I should have felt if he had died an obscure and apparently unsuccessful country doctor and I had found it *then*.

"I expect," Oglesby said thoughtfully, "I expect there are plenty of daguerreotypes like this, put away in old trunks and boxes.

Pictures full of life and hope and promise—all unrealized because circumstances have shut the door against them. I tell you, Carter, it makes a man think twice before he calls any one unsuccessful; doesn't it?"

It was a good minute before I remembered to answer.

"Yes, it does," I said slowly.

I picked up the daguerreotype and opened it again. But there was a mist between my eyes and the picture, so that I could not see it clearly. In fact, the face I

seemed to see was not the face of Oglesby's father at all. The one I saw had thin temples, tired eyes, a patient mouth, a framing of scant white hair. But there was something sweet and brave and honest in every worn line. I remembered how, sometimes, when my mother kissed the tired eyes, there would be tears in her own. If I had only——

My heart contracted with a sharp pain of regret and envy as I bent my head lower over the daguerreotype of Oglesby's father.

ELLIS ISLAND

By C. A. Price

THE Shapes press on,—mask after mask they wear,
 Agape, we watch the never-ending line;
 The crown of thought, the cap and bells are there,
 And next the monk's hood see the morion shine.

Age on his staff and infancy's slow foot,
 These we discern, if all else be disguise;
 They fix on us an alien gaze and mute,
 From the mysterious orbit of the eyes.

They come, they come, one treads the other's heel,
 And some we laugh and some we weep to see,
 And some we fear; but in the throng we feel
 The mighty throb of our own destiny.

Outstretched their hands to take whate'er we give,
 Honor, dishonor, daily bread or bane;
 Not theirs to choose how we may bid them live—
 But what we give we shall receive again.

America! charge not thy fate to these;
 The power is ours to mould them or to mar,
 But Freedom's voice, far down the centuries,
 Shall sound our choice from blazing star to star!

THE SITUATION IN MANCHURIA

By Thomas F. Millard



SINCE the war between Russia and Japan ended, Manchuria has been under the control, in some measure, of three distinct political entities, each animated by widely different purposes, yet compelled by circumstances to compromise temporarily their antagonisms and to pretend a harmony which none of them feels. These are China, Russia, and Japan; China, being the true and officially recognized sovereign of the country, feebly attempting to resume her governmental functions, while Russia and Japan are at present the actual sovereigns, basing their authority upon military occupation.

Only semichaotic conditions could prevail under such circumstances; but the efforts of the three nations each to have its own way and secure to itself the greater advantage have developed much of significance, and other interested nations, while they have abstained from action likely to annoy or embarrass the recent belligerents, have been keenly alive to what is going on. This is necessary vigilance, as it is only by accurate knowledge of the real situation, and the designs centring here, that intelligent action will be possible when the time for action comes.

So numerous, complex, and diverse are the elements through which order and stability are endeavoring to push their way in this uneasy country that only a comprehensive review of existing conditions and the conflicting forces at work can throw light on the subject. Notwithstanding that Japan's present control of Chinese territory is almost insignificant, geographically, compared to the regions directly under Russian control and influence, there are circumstances which give Japan's position the greater international significance. Chief of these is the present military and naval potency of Japan in this part of the world. Then, also, conditions are such that Japan's future action will be, to a considerable extent, a de-

cisive factor in determining the course of other powers. It is clear that should Russia, after the expiration of the evacuation interval fixed in the treaty of peace, show her old disposition to hold to what she has, she would find it exceedingly difficult to maintain such a position in the face of a complete and candid fulfilment of Japan's promises. On the other hand, should Japan "stand pat," holding to what she has gained, Russia's attitude would be substantially justified and her position become practically impregnable. Thus, in respect to the two nations, the key to the situation now rests with Japan, and gives to her policy and actions the greater immediate possibilities in influencing the destiny of Manchuria and the future of the whole Far Eastern question so inevitably involved therein.

Besides, a deep distrust of Russia's designs in this part of the world, and a suspicion of her diplomatic assurances so strong in the Western popular mind as to deprive them of power to beguile, make it certain that all her actions will be critically examined. What is not appreciated in America, in my opinion, is that there is little difference between the theory and working method of a Western diplomacy deeply grafted with Orientalism and an Eastern diplomacy which has recently found it convenient and necessary to adopt Western forms. The more I study and compare the methods of the two nations, indicated by events in the Far East, the more I feel assured that in their diplomacy and general foreign policy they are more nearly alike than any other two powers. A compromise of their differences in eastern Asia by mutual concessions is not so improbable as some imagine it to be. And if such a compromise should take the shape of an agreement to retain their present hold on Manchuria and Mongolia, it is unlikely that the world will be taken into their confidence, but will be left to learn the fact from the analogy of events.

However, at present both nations seem to be playing the game in an antagonistic spirit,

judging by their actions; and it is, after all, only by their actions that they may be fairly judged. I shall therefore, in attempting to present a *résumé* of conditions in Manchuria during the so-called evacuation period and at the present crisis, give to Japan the priority which her position demands, realizing that any elucidation of her policy and actions will also illuminate all the principal interests concerned.

In addition to the treaty of peace with Russia, the present relations of Japan to Manchuria are presumably circumscribed by a treaty defining certain relations between Japan and China which was signed at Peking December 22, 1905—some supplementary articles being added later. This treaty, in itself, merely records China's assent to those articles of the Russo-Japanese peace treaty by which Russia agrees to turn over to Japan the territory embraced in her lease of the Kwang-tung peninsula and the Manchurian Railway south of a specified point; and also to the terms for the mutual evacuation by Russia and Japan of Manchuria. When the treaty was promulgated it was announced that its chief object was to establish a definite basis for Japan's position in Manchuria, and to provide a way to work out the details of the interval of military occupation. That many important matters not specifically referred to either in the treaty or supplement would require subsequent adjustment was recognized, and these were left to be considered by a future convention, or through regular diplomatic channels. Some light is thrown upon this instrument, and what it involves, by conditions in Manchuria during the last year, which bring out, in a practical way, all the propositions involved.

Perhaps the most significant part of this treaty is embraced in those supplementary articles which deal with the restoration of Chinese political autonomy in Manchuria. Japan agreed, tentatively, not to wait upon final evacuation to begin the restoration; but to make the process gradual, as her troops were withdrawn from various localities. During the last year a calculated effort has been made, through Japanese news agencies, to show that this assurance has been fulfilled, and that the greater part of Manchuria has for some time been administered by China. There is some legitimate foundation for this contention, but the in-

formation so widely disseminated gives a very faint idea of the actual conditions.

To get at the drift of Japan's political policy in Manchuria since hostilities ended it is necessary to take a passing glance at the state of internal politics in Japan. Owing to paucity of news from Japan, and the fact that a considerable part of the news disseminated abroad originates with the government or correspondents subsidized by it, the Western world hardly realizes the bitternesses which animate political parties there, or the significance of internal dissensions. These dissensions, which were suspended, by common consent, during the continuation of hostilities, quickly revived when the victory was assured, and it became necessary to map out plans for the future. In respect to the issues raised by the settlement, a wide, even fundamentally vital, schism on a broad question of national policy soon developed. This is about Japan's policy in Manchuria. Many views are held by prominent statesmen, but, to strip the matter at once to the bone, the issue is drawn on the question whether Manchuria shall be given up.

It may be said that there is practically no divergence of desires in this matter; which means that almost all Japanese earnestly wish to keep the part of Manchuria held by their armies, and perhaps hope in time to devise a way to do so. But opinions have differed widely as to the immediate course to pursue. The purely military party wanted to declare flatly, as in the case of Korea, Japan's political and commercial paramountcy in southern Manchuria, trusting to Japan's strong naval and military position, and the unreadiness of most powers which might be disposed to dispute the issue, to prevent any decisive hostile action. There is little doubt that such a *coup* might have been at least temporarily successful. This is exactly what was done in Korea, and the powers obligingly forgot Japan's ante-bellum assurances regarding the independence of that kingdom.

But wiser and more far-seeing Japanese statesmen saw serious difficulties in the way of such a plan. The war had left the nation in severe financial straits, and an ability to further borrow in Western countries was desirable, in fact, indispensable to any solution of the grave fiscal problems confronting the government, and the resuscita-

tion of the depleted material resources of the country. To have at once cast international promises to the winds would have almost certainly isolated Japan among the nations, so far as active sympathy is concerned, and seriously crippled the national credit. The more conservative leaders pointed out that a nation cannot progress by war alone, and that Japan had, for the moment, gone about to her limit in that line. The limitations of this article forbid an enumeration of even the larger details of the prolonged struggle at Tokio between the military and conservative parties, which included two reorganizations of the ministry; a private visit of the new premier, Marquis Saonji, to consult with General Oshima, the military viceroy of Manchuria; the threatened resignation of Oshima; the retirement of Viscount Hayashi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and numerous equally significant moves. From what I could learn in Japan, this briefly summarizes the main differences in Japanese councils since the end of the war, and the discussion was none the less active and bitter because the outside world heard scarcely anything of it at the time.

To those who have come to regard political Japan as a happy family, harmoniously bending its energy for the national good, such indications of the internal disagreements common to all governments may come as a surprise. From what I know of Japan, inside and outside, I am convinced that Western knowledge of darkest Russia is as the noonday sun to the moon compared to present Western understanding of the internal forces which sway the destiny of Japan. The Russian official sphinx is garrulous in comparison with his Eastern neighbor and erstwhile foe. In no other country which pretends to broader civilization is the news about national affairs sent out for publication abroad so completely controlled by the government as in Japan. To have permitted it to become public that the government was for a moment in doubt whether to fulfil its obligations in Manchuria would have at once centred upon it a keen international suspicion, which pacific assurances and a moderate course, even if subsequently adopted, would have had great difficulty in counteracting. Evidences of the crisis were plentiful at the time in the columns of the Japanese vernacular press, although the censorship made such references extremely guarded.

A brief chronology of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria may serve to keep the chief issues in mind. The departure for Japan of Marshal Oyama, who left Moukden in November, 1905, may be said to fix the beginning of the evacuation movement and the turning into what may be termed the occupation interval. He was succeeded by General Oshima, who assumed the title of viceroy, and divided the country into districts, each under a military administrator. Soon after Oshima's arrival the movement of troops to Japan was commenced, and continued with reasonable rapidity until, by the beginning of last summer, the greater part of the vast army was withdrawn. Just how many Japanese troops remain in Manchuria is hard to ascertain. I recently asked a Japanese officer how many troops they have, and he replied: "We have no troops; only police and railway guards." It is amusing how Japanese officials of all grades, even in casual conversation, persist in adhering to the phraseology of these mild diplomatic fictions. Both powers have until April, 1907, to complete the withdrawal of troops; but for some time now Japan has chosen to represent that she has completed the military evacuation, and that such troops as remain are not in a military capacity.

Coincident with the withdrawal of the Japanese armies there has been a calculated attempt to create an impression that Chinese administrative autonomy has been restored in the regions evacuated. Various official announcements to this effect have been made from Tokio. The first specific date fixed for turning over the country to the administration of China was June 1, 1906, when the Japanese military administrator at Moukden gave a dinner to the Tartar General, and formally stated that the military occupation would be immediately terminated. The only practical effect of this announcement was to precipitate another ministerial crisis at Tokio, and for a while nothing more was heard of the matter, although it was treated by the press of the world as an accomplished fact. However, the moderate party again triumphed, and on August 1, 1906, the civil administration at Moukden was ostensibly turned over to the Chinese Viceroy. The Japanese guards were withdrawn from the Yamen and the city gates, and the Japanese military administrator turned over Japanese

interests in the district to the Japanese consul-general. Similar action was taken at Liao-Yang and Tie-ling, and a few minor towns in this locality. At the same time the regulation prohibiting foreigners from entering the country was suspended.

Since that date the presumption is that Chinese civil and military authority are restored in the part of Manchuria occupied by the Japanese, except at Newchwang, Antung, and Tsin-min-tun. However, the Japanese still retain substantial authority throughout the entire country, even in the city of Moukden. It is true that in the place of a Japanese military administrator, supported by troops, there is now simply a Japanese consul-general, supported by "railway guards" and police. But the Chinese officials soon discovered that there is little real difference in their status. It developed that the Chinese authorities can do nothing of any importance without "consulting" the Japanese consul-general. Besides, the so-called restoration is so narrow in its territorial application as to confer little more than personal liberty to the Tartar General inside the city of Moukden. Before August 1st, the Viceroy had been little more than a prisoner at the Yamen. I might give many instances of this peculiar situation, but one will serve for illustration. Eight months after the termination of hostilities a foreign consular representative, travelling in his official capacity, had great difficulty in seeing his Excellency, and when the Viceroy attempted to return the call he was arrested by Japanese soldiers at the gate of the Yamen and compelled to return. Soon after the "restoration" of his authority, except at the entry ports mentioned, the Viceroy prepared to make a trip over his territory for the purpose of ascertaining conditions and the situation of Chinese subjects, but he was privately "advised" by the Japanese consul-general to remain in Moukden, and did so. This act was subsequently made to appear as the act of the Chinese Government, and it was announced at Peking that the Viceroy's journey would be deferred; but there is no doubt that diplomatic pressure was brought to compel this announcement, and meanwhile the Tartar General has remained cooped up in Moukden. The plain truth is that while not kept under quite as rigid surveillance as formerly, his Excellency is as yet nothing but an unwill-

ing puppet in the hands of Japan, and Chinese authority in Manchuria remains the farce it has been ever since the early days of the Russian occupation.

One of the most complex questions to be adjusted in Manchuria relates to certain property rights under the new status of Japan. These alleged rights vary greatly in character, but a majority consist of real-estate and other vested interests. For purpose of classification they may be discussed under two heads—rights or interests which the Japanese claim to have inherited from the Russians, and those which they claim to have acquired since their occupation of the country. When rights inherited from the Russians are mentioned, one naturally thinks of the Manchurian Railway. But the railway and Kwang-tung lease by no means limit Japan's claims, some of which present interesting phases.

Besides the railway, Japan claims that all concessions formerly held by Russia revert to her, and has established herself in possession of them. They chiefly consist of mining and lumber concessions. Not only are all mines in southern Manchuria formerly opened or prospected by the Russians now in the hands of the Japanese, but so also are many to which the Russians never made any claim. During the Russian occupation, beside land and buildings purchased from the Chinese residents, much real property was occupied under circumstances which savored strongly of appropriation. Such actions of the Russians were strongly criticised in Japan, and the moral necessity for someone intervening in behalf of the Chinese was pointed out. The Chinese people and authorities also protested at many of these actions, and succeeded, in some instances, in compelling restitution, or securing payment for the owners. A good deal of such property fell into the hands of the Japanese when they expelled the Russians, and the former owners for a while rejoiced at the prospect of recovery. In many instances, where the Russians held title deeds to property, their validity was disputed, it being alleged that when other means failed to induce a Chinese owner to sell coercion was resorted to. These charges against the Russians were widely published before the war, and while they were usually exaggerated, they were by no means destitute of truth. Now the shoe is on the other foot, and the Japanese Govern-

ment shows a disposition to claim as a legitimate inheritance what it formerly objected to Russia taking.

Far from building any hopes of a general recovery, through Japanese occupation, of Chinese property appropriated outright or under various subterfuges by the Russians, the unfortunate residents of Manchuria now find themselves confronted by a similar and far greater acquisition of public and private property by the Japanese themselves. Of scores of instances which have been specifically brought to my notice, I select a case at Newchwang, where, owing to the presence of foreign consuls and other peculiar circumstances, moderate action has been the rule, and illustrations taken there reduce probability of exaggeration to the minimum.

When the Japanese occupied Newchwang they established a large army base at the Russian railway station, about two miles up the river from the town. As the land previously occupied by the Russians was not sufficient for Japanese purposes, large additions were requisitioned by the army, and additional sheds and godowns built. As time passed, and the probability of Russian reoccupation vanished, the Japanese authorities began extensive improvements. A fine macadamized road was built from the city to and beyond the railway station, with brick drains and curbing, and lined with shade trees. This road was first spoken of as a military necessity, although its evidently permanent character caused some comment. But when, after peace was declared, work on the road was continued and extended, and the whole of the large tract lying between the city and the station, along the river, was laid out in cross-streets along which a Japanese settlement began to rapidly spring up, the intent of the plan became clear. It then developed that during the war the Japanese authorities had acquired almost all the land about the station and lying between it and the city. The Japanese authorities contend that all this property was secured by ordinary purchase; but many of the former owners now claim that coercion was used to induce them to sell.

It is not easy to get at the truth of this matter. Investigation of the circumstances attending these transfers clearly shows that some of the property was seized by the Japanese under military law, without consulting the wishes of the owners, and after hos-

tilities ended the former owners were practically compelled to accept such remuneration as was offered. On the other hand, it seems that some Chinese sold their land willingly, and were very well satisfied with the prices received. Before the war most of this land had small value, either actual or prospective, and was usually held at a low price. Taking values as they were when the Japanese took over the property, the stated remuneration seems reasonable, assuming that the real owners got the money, and that the prices given out by the Japanese authorities are correct. But since the improvements inaugurated by the Japanese have fully developed, property in the locality has greatly advanced, and is now quoted at ten to twenty times its former value.

This whole movement is analogous to a common kind of real-estate speculation in America, where promising premises adjacent to cities are laid out in building lots, streets and other civic improvements made, and settlement invited. It now seems clear that this plan was contemplated by the Japanese administrators, if not from the beginning, from the time it became evident that Japan was to remain in temporary possession of southern Manchuria. It is probable that some former Chinese owners, who may have sold their property willingly, now realize that they were worsted in a speculative sense, and in their discontent bring accusations against the Japanese authorities, out of spite, which cannot be substantiated. In the whole affair the Japanese authorities have managed to preserve outward regularity, though the circumstances, when examined in detail, throw strong suspicion upon some of the methods employed. The real crux of the controversy is whether the Chinese owners were coerced into selling their property. In many cases, it now appears, where a group of Chinese objected to selling at the price offered, the matter was taken up between the Japanese authorities and the local guilds, and adjusted by compromise. The conditions which have surrounded the relations of the military administrators to the Chinese functionary bodies do not, however, justify any great assurance in the equity of this plan. It is known that some prominent guild leaders, then under serious charges or imprisonment by the military authorities, had such disabilities apparently removed after meeting the views of

the Japanese in this and other matters; and it is also known that some of these Chinese are open or silent partners in large contracts growing out of these improvements, which were at the letting of the Japanese authorities. And it is positively known that some of the higher Japanese officials are personally interested, in a financial way, in the speculation involved by the scheme as a whole.

The visible improvements which are the result of all this must impress any visitor to Newchwang, and the press of the world, duly notified by the Tokio news service, has favorably commented upon the benefits of Japanese administration. The benefits are obvious enough, looked at only from the standpoint of what has been accomplished. But recent action of the Chinese Government, in raising the issue of property rights in connection with the negotiations with Japan, calls attention to a matter of considerable pertinence. It appears that the money used to pay for these improvements at Newchwang and elsewhere has largely come from the customs revenue at Newchwang. The Chinese customs, as is generally known, are pledged to satisfy foreign claims upon China's revenue, and are administered by a board of which Sir Robert Hart is the distinguished head. After the Japanese took the city, the collection of the customs revenue at Newchwang went on as usual, but there seems to have been a serious divergence from the usual method of disbursement. The Chinese Government asserts that not only were many of the public improvements undertaken at Newchwang by the Japanese paid for out of the customs and local revenues, but this money was also used to purchase some of the land which now constitutes the new Japanese settlement. In the negotiations now pending for the purpose of adjusting the matters at issue concerning Manchuria between Japan and China, Japan has announced that she will expect to retain that part of the customs and other revenues collected under her administration which has been spent for public purposes, such as roads and sanitation. As by far the greater proportion of such expenditure, so far as I was able to learn, was upon roads needed at the time for Japanese military uses (although some are now convertible to public use) and upon improvement of actual or proposed Japanese settlements,

which Japan now insists that China recognize as permanent and extra-territorial, it will be seen that Japan's diversion of local and national Chinese revenues was not entirely altruistic. China has protested that she cannot consent to the retention or diversion by Japan of revenues pledged for interest and indemnity due to all the powers, nor can she recognize the validity of expenditure by Japan of local revenues in the purchase and improvement of land for Japanese occupation.

The condition obtaining at Newchwang repeats itself, in some degree, wherever the Japanese have established settlements, which is at nearly every important place in southern Manchuria, wherever the military administration has been and is applied. At Antung the Japanese settlement embraces about five square miles, and includes the railway station and yards, and the best of the river frontage. Not only has the Japanese Government, through its regular officials, acquired under equivocal circumstances a large amount of what was formerly Chinese public and private property, but hundreds of instances are known where private Japanese subjects have been supported by the Japanese authorities in acquiring the property of Chinese against the protests of the owners. Indeed, some of the cases of this nature which have come to my knowledge, through most reliable sources, show a disregard of law and equity that constitutes a reproach upon the officials who permitted such incidents to occur.

In regard to Japan's contention that she inherits all privileges, concessions, and property formerly held by Russia, China again takes issue with her, pointing out that many of Russia's alleged privileges and property rights were never recognized as valid by China, but were strenuously disputed. In this category China places (the specific exceptions have not, so far as I know, been made public, but I am informed by a high Chinese official in close touch with the negotiations) all coal and other mines formerly operated and claimed by Russia, and much of the real estate included by and adjacent to the former Russian settlements along the railway. It is somewhat edifying to see Japan, by her position in this matter, assume the attitude of championing actions of Russia which she formerly condemned, and upon which she based her chief reasons for

going to war. The importance of this question to China is far greater than the point involved in the value of this property which lies south of the line of present division between the Russian and Japanese spheres in Manchuria. It should be remembered, though I am now confining the discussion to the relations between Japan and China, that very similar issues must be adjusted with Russia regarding a far greater part of Manchuria. If China reaches an agreement with Japan by which she concedes Japan's right to inherit these desiderata of the Russian *régime*, it will be difficult, if not quite impossible, to logically refuse to recognize Russia's similar claims in the regions farther north. In much advocacy that I have noticed in the Western press in favor of granting Japan a generous latitude in Manchuria to compensate her for sacrifices in the war, it seems to have been entirely forgotten that Russia still occupies three-fourths of the country, under precisely the same terms as Japan, and that such arguments, in effect, tend to support Russia in pressing the retention of the *status quo* respecting herself.

Property disputes between Japanese subjects and Chinese residents of Manchuria, of which there are an enormous number, while presenting fewer elements of international friction than similar controversies of their governments, possess considerable humanitarian interest. There is too strong disposition in the West, it seems to me, to ignore, in discussing the recent war and its results, the effects upon the Chinese inhabitants of this region. Representing the greatest human factor in the issues at stake, they are apparently regarded in many quarters as almost a negligible quantity, to be considered only after more important matters are disposed of. On my last previous visit to Manchuria, just before the termination of hostilities, I noted the growing disgust and hatred of the Japanese among the Chinese inhabitants, and cited some of the reasons therefor. I find this feeling now intensified, if possible, although general conditions are somewhat better than a year ago. The chief foundation for this sentiment rests upon the arrogance of the Japanese military authorities in dealing with the civil and property rights of the Chinese, and the intolerance and overbearing attitude toward them of Japanese immigrants.

This immigration, which first began to

pour into the country on the heels of the armies, has continued in an increasing flood since the war ended. It is not possible to obtain accurate figures bearing on the extent of this influx, but fairly reliable estimates place it from 40,000 to 60,000 of the civilian class in the region occupied by Japan. While far the greater number of these immigrants are settled in the larger cities along the railway lines, thousands have penetrated the interior and are domiciled in the remoter towns and villages. These male settlers are almost entirely shopkeepers and artisans in so far as they have regular occupations; but a large proportion are simply adventurers, ne'er-do-wells at home, who have come in the hope of quickly making a fortune in Manchuria, which is represented in Japan as a country of marvellous wealth. The effect of their introduction is having interesting commercial developments, but I will here refer only to political and social phases resulting from their presence.

In discussing some moral aspects of the Japanese occupation recently with a British missionary of world-wide reputation, who has resided in Manchuria for many years, through the entire period embracing the Russian occupation and the war, I found him in rather a gloomy frame of mind. Among other things, he said:

"I am very much disappointed at some results of the Japanese administration. Its general effect has been to decidedly lower the moral tone of Chinese life. The conditions under which the people have been compelled to exist, the necessity for constant evasion and lying to save their lives and property, the deteriorating commercial influence of the Japanese traders, who are supported in their pretensions by the military authorities, the uncertainty of obtaining justice from the Japanese military courts, and the presence of thousands of Japanese men of low character and immoral Japanese women, who openly ply their avocation in the streets of the cities and towns, are corrupting influences new to the country, or only felt before in a limited degree."

Since the moral betterments presumed to follow an extension of Japanese influence and authority in Asia have been kept prominently to the fore in Western discussion of probabilities, this opinion of an unprejudiced observer has considerable interest and significance. That the general condition ar-

raigned by this observer exists cannot be doubted; and when the circumstances which have attended immigration into Manchuria during and since the war are considered, it is difficult for the Japanese Government to acquit itself of complicity in the matter. It is idle to pretend that it could not have prevented the introduction of these objectionable elements.

While China, in fencing for diplomatic points, lays some stress upon this special condition, I think Chinese statesmen are far more concerned about certain political aspects of the Japanese immigration. The last treaty with Japan provides for the opening of a number of new ports, where foreigners may reside, and it is fair to presume that a majority of Japanese immigrants will settle in these places by choice. Many, however, are already established in other localities, where they show every disposition to remain. China insists that after the period of Japanese occupation has expired, Japanese shall be permitted to reside only at treaty ports, as in the case of all foreigners elsewhere in China; or if they do reside outside such ports extra-territorial jurisdiction over them by Japan shall not locally apply. Japan seems to be reluctant to concede this, and apparently desires to retain jurisdiction over all her nationals who may choose to live in Manchuria. Here is a matter which touches China's vitals not only in Manchuria, but in the whole empire.

Another propensity of Japanese procedure is worrying the Chinese in connection with the opening of new treaty ports. There is delay in determining the location of some of the new foreign settlements, for which the Chinese are chiefly blamed in current comment. It appears, however, that this is partly due to an indisposition of the Japanese residents to segregate themselves within specified limits, they preferring to remain where they are, scattered here and there. It is clear that no exact division of jurisdiction is possible without geographical limitation, and the Chinese fear that such a status would result in the extension of foreign jurisprudence over the entire country, creating endless opportunity for interference in Chinese local affairs. So China is disinclined to proceed with the opening of the new foreign settlements until the period of occupa-

tion has expired, and is advancing various petty and usually immaterial excuses for delay. Here, again, it should be kept in mind that any adjustment must, in reason, also apply to the territory now under Russian control.

Before dismissing Japan's political position in Manchuria, a glance should be taken at the situation as it now exists. Although there has been a show of restoring Chinese autonomy at a few interior points, Japan still retains full control, under military rule, including the courts and postal service, of all ports of entry into southern Manchuria. At Newchwang and Antung there has not been any modification of the Japanese administration, and Japanese occupation of Tsin-min-tun, in China proper, which gives an outlet into North China, still continues. Russia's position is also practically unchanged. Russian troops have occupied a number of places in Mongolia, and there is no perceptible diminution of Russian activity in the regions where her influence predominates. While there is a disposition in the West to think of Russia as being permanently crippled in the Far East, her position is still really superior to Japan's, both territorially and politically. She is merely sitting tight, and quietly holding to what she has. To crystallize Russia's attitude, it need not be expected that it will differ materially from what it has been in the past, except that it will be more amenable to outside opinion and influence. Russia will watch Japan, and as Japan is forced to move she may reluctantly follow. Should Japan retain her hold, Russia will also. This is conclusively indicated by the present status of the negotiations between Russia and China. With nearly as many matters to be adjusted as in the case of Japan, absolutely no progress is being made, the Russian minister at Peking continually deferring the sittings with the Wai-wu-pu on the plea of indisposition, or other excuses.

The time limit fixed for the complete evacuation of Manchuria by both Russia and Japan, in their treaty of peace, expires in April, 1907. In view of the enormous international interests at stake in preserving the integrity of China, any disposition by these two powers to adopt dilatory tactics cannot be too closely scrutinized.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE danger of deterioration to an average, a danger increasing proportionately as the average is raised, is a recognized menace of modern life. In other words, excellence may become impossible where all may do equally well. This is the doctrine of a recently published essay of Frederic Harrison. "Perhaps the perfections in Tennyson's art," it suggests, "are among the causes that we have no perfect poetry." Tennyson's perfections, Mr. Harrison holds, are imitable up to a certain point, whereas "Milton and Shakespeare are not imitable." This theory of the average, not often put with the same concreteness of illustration, in part explains an often expressed fear lest modern conditions may prove fatal to the generation of genius. This fear, indeed, goes further and includes the possibility that we may drift out

The Conditions
of Genius.

of touch with the genius of the past as embodied in the great classics.

The age, it is said, is so obsessed by science and the practicalities and mechanism of living as to blight the "brooding patience" of which great work is born; perhaps even to blunt appreciation of the great work which has been transmitted to us in trust for the future.

The contention, of course, is not new, so far as it rests on the concurrence of favoring circumstance in the production of genius. This, in the case of Shakespeare, the typical example, has been convincingly discussed by Lowell. "Had Shakespeare been born fifty years earlier," says Lowell, "he would have been cramped by a book language not yet flexible enough for the demands of rhythmic emotion, not yet sufficiently popularized for the natural and familiar expression of supreme thought, and not yet so rich in metaphysical phrase as to render possible the ideal representation of the great passions." On the other hand, had Shakespeare been born fifty years later, "his ripened manhood would have found itself in an England absorbed and angry in the solution of political and social problems from which his whole nature was averse." Even Milton was a poet out of place

in the seventeenth century, so wholly given over to theology. He is "saved from making shipwreck of his large-utteranced genius on the desolate No-Man's Land of a religious epic only by the lucky help of Satan and his colleagues, with whom, as foiled rebels and republicans, he cannot conceal his sympathy." Milton, however, could live the life withdrawn in a world peopled by his own imaginings, the easier, doubtless, for his blindness, as Lowell ingeniously suggests. This would have been impossible for Shakespeare with his sensitiveness to nature and his responsiveness to the life about him. This, again, Sir Thomas Browne, "our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare," did find impossible. So he "soon descended to occupy himself with the exactitudes of science"—as if for all the world, one is quick to note, he had been born in this twentieth century, unlike as it seems to the seventeenth.

Lowell's vivid picture of the uncertainties attending the evolution of genius has a counterpart in that of the uncertainties attending its appreciation. Even Shakespeare, saved for universality of appeal in his plays, as their interpretation still marks the achievement of the highest histrionic art, is nevertheless coming to share the fate of the popularly neglected classic. The common complaint of examiners in literature, that Shakespearean, like biblical, allusions are no longer understood, is enforced by a bit of contributory evidence from Dr. Goldwin Smith. In a somewhat recent minor essay he apologizes for quoting supposedly familiar passages through fear that these are no longer as familiar as once they were. On the other hand, devotion to what may be called the sacredness of the Shakespearean text is a comparatively modern form of appreciation. Like "the new regard for mountains in nature," it marks, says Horace E. Scudder, "the change in the consciousness of Englishmen which took place at the time of the French Revolution." Recognition of his unique greatness, once established "by the

great contemporaneous judgment of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt and De Quincey," was followed naturally by successive attempts to rescue what Shakespeare really said and meant from the substitutions of those who had tampered with his words and meaning, from Dryden and Davenant down. The resulting literature of notes in restoration, comment, and conjecture leads Mr. Scudder to predict a radical departure. "The time will some day come, for a new and interesting study of Shakespeare—namely, the study of Shakespeare as reflected in successive generations of men. Acute minds will set themselves the problem of discovery, not of what Shakespeare was by himself, but of what he was in the consciousness of other men—the men of his own time, the men of Pope's time, the men of Coleridge's time, the men of Matthew Arnold's time." Such a study would give us the differing Shakespeares of the past; but what of the Shakespeare of the future? The trend toward democracy brings closer and closer a world with which the Master is out of touch. "The absence of the democratic in Shakespeare," to quote Mr. Scudder again, "is simply a witness to the limitations of the society which Shakespeare represented. It hints at one of the great silent changes in the constitution of humanity which will one day cause readers to see Shakespeare with different eyes from what men here and now look at him." Then Shakespeare will be comprehensible "only to the mind trained to imaginative activity and possessed of historical knowledge"—the same equipment which is needed to-day for appreciation of a masterpiece of the Greek drama.

Mr. Scudder's distinction between what genius is in its possessor and what it is in the consciousness of others touches the heart of its evanescence. It reveals the secret of its frequent elusiveness at close hand. The conventional person and the personality apart may coexist in a seeming complete detachment the one from the other. "If Shakespeare the man had been as marvellous a creature as the genius that wrote his plays, would his contemporaries," asks Lowell, "have left us so wholly without record of him?" The interesting story of a similar case

of our own immediate time is given in a recent magazine article, which describes a search of Geneva for possible impressions of Amiel's genius. On his own immediate world, Scherer almost alone excepted, Amiel made no impressions to reward the search. In that world, this "embodied Hamlet," as he is so often called, this pathologist of his own intellectual impotence and despair, was known as the painstaking conventional professor, the genial companion, the kindly friend, the enthusiastic traveller, and the author of "Roulez Tambours," the Swiss "Marseillaise," which for twenty years before his death was—as it still is—constantly played and sung in town and country alike. And Amiel was content to acquiesce in the popular estimate, even in the intimacy of the family circle. Although in that circle he was given to reading from his own writings, the diary itself was absolutely ignored. That even to himself it contained aught that was precious can only be inferred from "the line he had written upon the box in which the manuscript was found after his death: 'I give no one authority to destroy a single page of this Journal.'" Thus out of almost posthumous secretiveness came forth a world-book, an offspring of genius despite its ill-starred nativity; and that, too, it should be remembered, under modern conditions.

A few months prior to his death Walter Appleton Clark painted for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE a buccaneer of the end of the eighteenth century. It is a silhouetted single figure in color against a flat, warm background which makes it decorative in effect. It has been faithfully reproduced and appears as the frontispiece of this number. In looking at the picture one is conscious of the pleasure derived by the artist from the doing of it. It is admirable in character, and there is evidence of a spontaneity in the handling of the figure which has characterized Mr. Clark's work from the beginning. All through his illustrations, from the earliest up to the last, his knowledge of the figure was everywhere apparent in the strong, vigorous drawings of types. Often one of his single figures has occupied a page more satisfyingly than many a composition by another.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

PAINTINGS AT THE CARNEGIE ART INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG, PA.

IT is significant that one finds in Pittsburgh, for years regarded as given over to material interests, a great centre for the manufacture of steel and the many appliances in which iron is used, where great fortunes have grown up and the hustling spirit of the money-getter has been the most obvious characteristic of the place, that one finds there, I say, a great museum devoted to art. This possesses a significance that it may be well to consider. For this museum that has developed within the past eleven years is perhaps as remarkable in its way, considering its environment, as the wonderful industries for which the city has become noted.

Is there a poetic justice in this? Has Pittsburgh become so hide-bound to utilitarian exactions that it has experienced a rebound? Not precisely, perhaps, but, as it seems to do nothing by halves, it is on the road—well on the road—to prove that it has other demands than the sordid one of making money, and asks now for those things which appeal to the spirit. How this urgent desire in matters of art is likely to be satisfied it will be the business of these paragraphs to disclose.

To quote from some pamphlets concerning the institution, I find: "The Carnegie Institute was founded by Andrew Carnegie on the 2d day of March, A. D. 1896"—and further: "It aims to be an educational power equal to the Library and second only to the Public Schools. It aims to be an epitome of nature and man, history, geography and invention."

Of these varied interests, it is of the art side of the Institute we shall speak, for it is rapidly forging to the front as an art museum.

The Carnegie Institute is peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of so able a man as John W. Beatty as art director, one whose policy is broad and whose judgment and taste are keen. The very aspect of the galleries testifies to the high standard which controls the selection of, presumably, the board of trustees and the director.

Although the art department includes architecture and sculpture as well as painting, it has directed its expenditures and energies more particularly in obtaining masterpieces of modern painters than other forms of art expression.

More and more the art of painting is leaving the field of anecdote and seeking to reveal to the mind and eye the beauties of the natural world, stirring other emotions than those that more properly belong to narrative and story. The splendors of the sky, the stillness and expectancy of spring with its tender color and opalescent air, the mystery and rest of twilight, the wonder of the night, the brilliancy of noon, the sparkle of the sea as well as its volume and power, overwhelming energy and ruthlessness—light on varying substances and textures, the noble planes and modelling, sinuousities and structure, that mark the form of man; with the color which habit of life and thought leaves upon the countenance or impresses upon the figure under certain conditions of lighting chosen for the effective and picturesque display of this noblest of subjects, potential man—these are some of the problems which preoccupy the hand and brain of the painter of the present, more, perhaps, than at any other period in the history of graphic art; these are the legitimate and inspiring motives that urge the artist to perfect himself in that wonderful craft named painting. There must be sufficient competency in drawing not to divert the observer by slovenly contour or proportion, but not so obvious as to distract the attention from that effective quality of *chiar 'oscuro* in which nature stands bathed by the beneficent sun or, deprived of it, is merged in the dramatic and massive shapes of gloom. These are the aspects, the appearances, that appeal strongly to the emotions which it is the task of the painter to excite; these offer tonal qualities that delight not only the painter, but also the observer of pictured themes.

In looking about these galleries one is im-

pressed by the fact that this sentiment is the general inspiration of the painters here represented, and it is the recognition of this fact that seems to have been the impulse which has brought these works together; this sense that "nature seen through a temperament" gives for a resultant a work of art. It appears to be the distinguishing note of this collection, and one wonders why this quality of distinction is so marked, for it is as marked as it is unusual. In this dusky, smoky Pittsburg there is light. In a city so exposed to the not always unalloyed blessing of the munificent citizen there appears to have been a quiet, unobtrusive but controlling breakwater, protecting the people from the inrush of faulty taste in things of art.

It is rare to find in a collection of similar extent so little of which to disapprove. The reason for this will not be a matter of surprise when we are told that the first picture acquired for the collection, by purchase, was the "Portrait of Sarasate," by Whistler. This fact removes the Philistine in museum affairs quite into the background.

The canvas is a very characteristic one. A small figure thrown well into the interior of the room, or rather gloom—for the picture is low-toned and Spanish in type and reminiscence. The musician's eyes look out at you over the beautifully subdued white of the evening shirt and cravat with a glassy insistence, which, if insistent, is also subdued—it is a poetic and fragile figure emanating *temperament* in both painter and subject. The light line made by the violin bow in the upper third of the canvas is balanced by the Japanese device of the Whistler butterfly in the centre of the right side of the picture, and this distinctly becomes a part of the composition; for it is so enlarged as to be a feature in the scheme.

To turn from this to "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester," by E. A. Abbey is—shall we say it?—to pass from a temperament, a born painter, to one *made*, not without a good measure of success, with perhaps less of that joy in "things seen" as they exist for their own sake, but "arranged" here for the sake, perhaps, of others. The work possesses good qualities of color and a certain archaic interest agreeably felt, but not that breadth and directness of presentation which seizes one and tells the story with force.

Inness is seen here in a canvas, "The Clouded Sun," a subtle mood of day, belong-

ing probably to his Montclair series, characteristic and really fine.

"Arques at Ancourt," by the so recently lamented Fritz Thaulow, represents an eddying stream reflecting the light of waning day, but at an hour early enough to illumine and reveal the structure of the borders of this winding brook or river. Delicate, if not very broad in treatment, and fine and sensitive in color, to which this painter added a lightness and fluency of brush stroke most agreeable.

Quite another story than this placid scene is "The Wreck," by Winslow Homer, Homeric in more senses than one. Trouble at sea under a leaden sky viewed from the back of the dunes—nothing visible of the wreck but what the imagination sees by observing the huddled, watching and anxious groups silhouetted against the white-tossed surf thrown higher than the line of sand which shuts out the ocean itself, and the devastation it is causing. The hail for help and the tugging at the life-boat in the immediate foreground among the dunes that screen the disaster manage to convey to the mind its imminence and havoc. The taste, the judgment, which have contrived this arrangement, this *mise en scène*, so to say, are as unusual as they are artistic. If the color is sombre, so, too, is the theme. The plastic sense with which the affrighted, agitated groups over the crest of the dunes is depicted is worthy of a sculptor with a distinguished feeling for the bas-relief, so classical are they in the quality of quantity and varied surface. The work is essentially a graphic presentation of a psychic and elemental moment in life and, being without great color, would enter rather, one would suppose, the field of literature were it not for the distinction of line and the fine management of spaces which give to the composition the element of *design*, a sense of perfect disposition of parts, so that the mind is satisfied by the harmonious structure of the representation. When this is done, no great matter how unbeautiful the color, the work, as portrayal, enters the realm of art.

This Winslow Homer has done; this he always does even when he fails in color, which he is also known to do. His spontaneous, or apparently spontaneous invention is so logical, so natural, so cohesive as a whole, so "felt," that the thought of any "arrangement" never occurs to one, as in the case of others. His art is of the man—unartificial, natural, and appealing. These are the can-

vases that reveal the controlling mind of the painter; these possess "the art which conceals art." To offer such works for public contemplation and study is to furnish the people a rare means of education and enlightenment.

It is a pleasure to walk through these rooms and discover the pace that has been set in this collection of current art.

To move from the Homer to the peaceful "Le Paysage et les Vaches" of Anton Mauve is in itself to be surprised at the marvellous possibilities of paint—in the hands of a master, be it understood. This picture is a sketch, an unfinished canvas; but if by finish we understand that which has received the significant touch, it would be ungrateful to call for more in this work of sparkling brilliancy, where the bright light of day gleams on the surfaces of things, and cows, and land and figure are bathed in the beams of the sun. The shadowed white on the foremost animal is a demonstration of the potency and vitality of unworried color; and while displaying this mastery of materials, the composition is of the simplest.

Eugène Boudin was one of those Frenchmen who, born on the coast, never lost his love for effects to be found in seaport towns, the dunes, the misty sky toning to delightful grays the landscape by the sea. His "Trouville" shows a line of the town with vessels in the harbor at low tide. The restrained and harmonious tone of this little masterpiece is worthy of all admiration; the sky, subdued by clouds and broken by the blue, is of distinguished quality, and the character of the broken line of buildings bordering the quay is full of fine observation.

Here, too, is a life-size figure of "A Peasant," which Bastien-Lepage may have made as a study with his Joan of Arc in mind. There is the same square conformation of jaw, and the figure is painted with much of the same touch in brushwork that we mark in his well-known work depicting the French heroine hearing her country's call, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A canvas by Gari Melchers, entitled "Sailor and His Sweetheart," is strong in color and expresses a sentiment with directness and force. It is well painted and well felt.

"May" is a poetic emotion in the presence of spring by Dwight W. Tryon, dignified in composition and tender in color. The touch is loose, flicked on as lightly as stir the

leaves on the budding trees. By doing this the painter has given the fragility of aspect which characterizes the season, and secured by his method a purity of color that a more vigorous manipulation might have lost. The hint of running water through the meadow is given with a discrimination that is distinguished by its fine subserviency to the whole. Another American painter offers us a winter scene of rare quality. J. W. Twachtman in his "Greenwich Hills" depicts a dim, mysterious snowy vision of a half-buried farmhouse and snow-filled road and fields. Something of the same emotion in looking out on the appearances of wintry objects has been felt by him as that which stirred Tryon in his rendition of spring, and he has given, by a kind of confusion of touch, the misty aspect of snow-filled air. These are paintings of pure feeling undisturbed by conventional and academic formulas for the representation of a given scene; they are beyond commonplace portrayal, for they depict a mood that nature in a certain moment may call up—these men paint the *feeling*, not the thing; and in the measure that the feeling of the painter is of distinguished quality his work reveals it.

The antitheses of these emotional transcripts of nature is the large work by Lucien Simon entitled "Evening in a Studio." (See page 268.)

From a technical standpoint this canvas is a consummate exposition of the painter's craft. Essentially a painter's picture, powerful in color and showing fine respect for values and envelope, it recalls when examined the great traditions of painting. It combines, with all its *brio*, a restraint and unity of aspect that is masterly. I remark in this connection that the talent of a lesser man is expressed with more thinness of touch, less robustness of tone, and less fulness of pigment. The power of this work resides not in its drawing, which is adequate and sufficiently strong, but in the undaunted, unhesitating application of a virile *impasto*, resonant in its vigorous and varied hues. Seen close, in its audacious painting appear passages almost muddy; looked at from a distance where all falls in place, it glows as a homogeneous whole of effective and rich color. Finer indeed in color than Manet, it is Manetesque in power. In brushwork it is touched and left, half-tones are rounded well on passages that turn, while the planes are preserved with impressive security.

It is a splendid demonstration of sustained and controlled intention, where varying objects, from the personages themselves to the bric-à-brac which surrounds them are each given the just importance in plane, tonality, and structure that nature imparts to them under the same conditions of lighting and place. It is a liberal education in sound workmanship of the painter's art to study the sane method of this admirable work.

There are few painters of to-day who unite with such competency of handling so perfect a control of the pictured area they set out to present.

To be capable of such a work something of the experiments of impressionism, the fire of the Spaniards, the sumptuousness of the Venetians, the wholesomeness of the Dutch, and the distinction of the Renaissance must have found appreciative harbor in the mind of the painter who produced it.

Puvis de Chavannes has probably painted few easel pictures of finer quality than his "Vision Antique," which one finds here. It is as if he projected his vision to those early days when the world was young; there is, if one may so express it, the freshness of the past in all that he touches. The scene is classic in its hills, its sea in the middle distance, along the shore of which is passing a procession of what might be Parthenaic horsemen; this, forming a background for the disposition of various female figures in attitudes of contemplation and repose, and over all the immemorial sky of traditional azure and calm.

With these materials the artist has transported the beholder far into the past. It is indeed a *vision antique* shining from the canvas in radiant purity of color.

We now pause to admire a decorative arrangement of great sweetness of color and of line, "The Mirror in the Vase," by Edmond Aman-Jean. Against a subdued and bosky background rising high in the composition, with a rift of sky breaking its umbrageous mass, is placed a huge fountain-like vase, over which, on the right, leans a youthful and opulent life-size female figure at an

angle to discern her face in the brimming pool, while on the left, and at the foot of the vase, with head pressing against the uplifted arm which the knee supports, sits an indolent and dreamy figure of another young woman. These two modern houri-like forms are tied together in this ingenious design by the whorl of the standard and base of the huge vase that parts them. The lighting is of no time of day or night, but a harmonious, quiet gray invests the scene, and gives to it a tone of much distinction. It is a picture full of charm.

One might go on enumerating and commenting upon the treasures here, but space forbids. We are conscious that many valuable works are left unheralded. Enough perhaps has been said, however, to indicate the range and standard established by the director and those associated with him.

The character of this aggregation of pictures predicates indeed the sentiments of the director, who, in conversation with the writer on the subject of museums in general, proved, from his talk, how closely his thought and work are allied. He said: "Indeed it is the mission of the museum to bring to bear upon every work offered the highest expert judgment at its command, and to offer its collections with its approval. More than this no organization can do; less than this would, I think, be false teaching."

I recall two more remarks of Mr. Beatty which struck me as peculiarly sapient, namely: "Good works of art are no more difficult of understanding than inferior ones; and if the people, especially young people, are given a high standard they will ultimately measure up to it. They will return again and again to the collection established on this principle for knowledge and inspiration, and may readily find inferior works elsewhere for purposes of comparison." These are sound words.

That there are no lapses in the standard thus fixed, it cannot be said, but it can be said that they are so few as to be a negligible quantity in this noble repository of art.

FRANK FOWLER.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. NEW YORK CITY.

Rendered from the architects' plans.

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THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE (NEW YORK)

By C. Grant La Farge



QUESTION perhaps more often asked than any other about the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is, "What is its style?" And a very natural corollary, this question being answered by any definition, is the succeeding one of *why*—that is, why this, and not some other; or yet again, why can it not all be referred to some precise moment of the historic past, or better still, some one existing monument. For the average individual, at least the average American, with all his love of untrammelled freedom, and his hankering after originality, seems, for some inscrutable reason, to be quite satisfied as to the excellence of any great building—I had almost said any work of art—if he can be assured that it is just like one or another European original.

These questions, important and entertaining though they are, cannot be discussed here; we may barely touch upon them inferentially, as it were, in the course of a descriptive account, and in the giving of reasons for the salient features of the present design. But we may say that within the boundaries of the Gothic, or its recognizable precursors, will be found those major types of ecclesiastical structure that most wholly satisfy us as the concrete embodiment of the spiritual beauties and mysteries of the Christian faith, and that also are most nearly possible of execution with the means at our command.

It is trite to say that tradition must be followed, that precedent must guide; without this we shall not avoid anarchy and confusion; the rules of grammar and the basic principles of art are no hindrance to freedom of thought or expression. But be-

tween respect for the past and an understanding of the lesson of its great example on the one hand, and on the other the servile, thoughtless imitation, the making of dull, lifeless archæological copies of the works of long-dead hands, lies, not the *Camin Real*, but a path, strait and narrow at times, yet clear to those that have eyes to see and hearts to follow, and it leads to the solution of the problem. Every new building is a new problem and every successful work of art a problem solved; the solution will be found through the comprehension of underlying principles and their application to the end in the spirit of our own time, and just in so far as this is the case will the work have merit, and beauty, and originality—be, in short, a work of art.

In the planning of a metropolitan cathedral certain fixed needs may be assumed if it is to meet the requirements of the present day. Briefly these are:

1. Largest possible unobstructed space for congregational worship near the sanctuary, and hence naturally in the crossing.
2. Suitable choir and dignified sanctuary.
3. Space for memorial monuments.
4. Nave of such dimensions as to give dignity of approach and space for additional seating.
5. Accessories: Vestries, baptistery, chapels, etc.

Besides these, which are principally considerations of plan, is the broader question of the general type, the way in which that plan is to be expressed in the whole edifice.

In the present case we are dealing with a building of first-class dimensions and importance in every way. It is to have a length of 520 feet (almost exactly the length of Canterbury), which is exceeded only by the



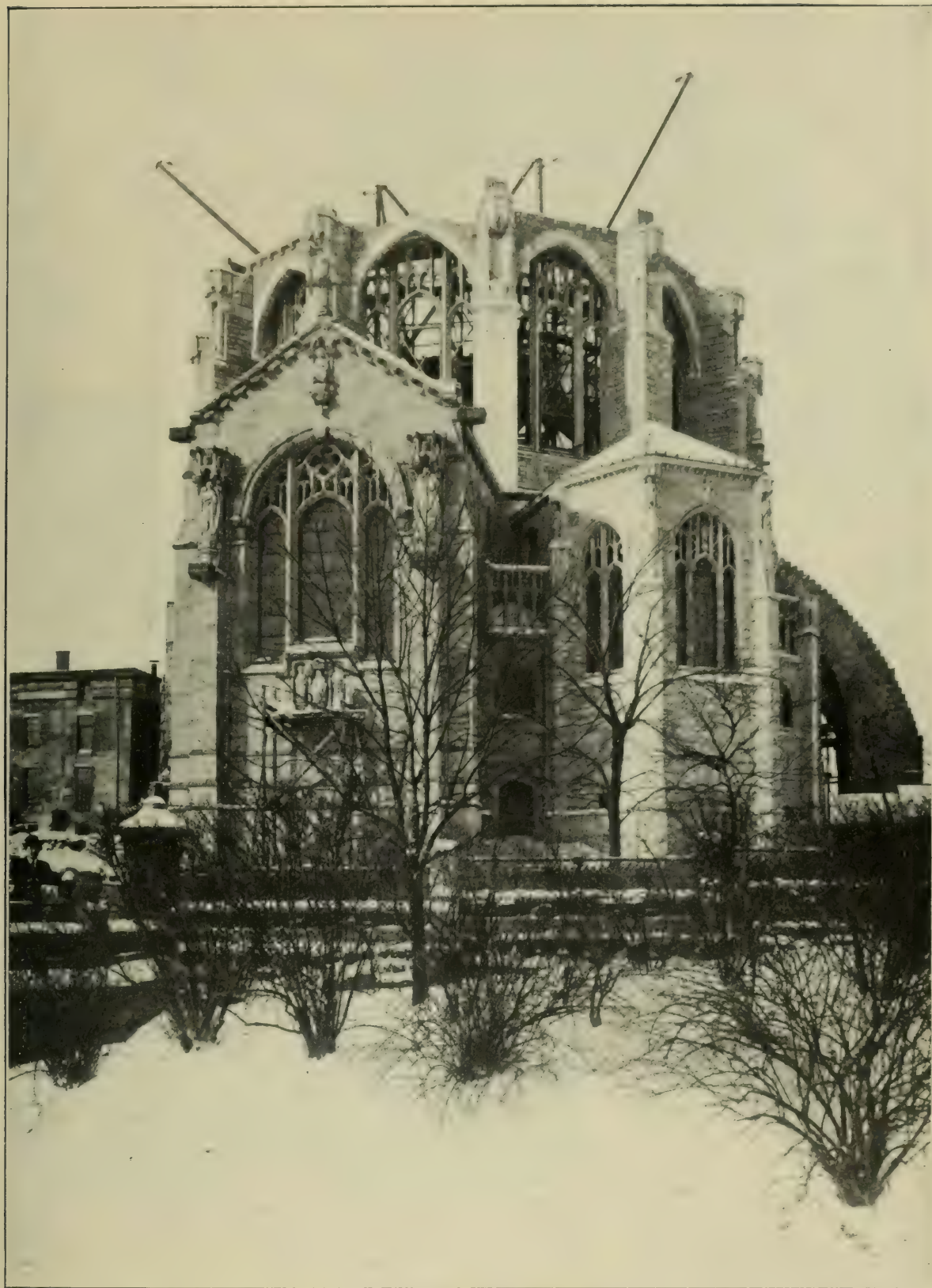
The cathedral, showing chapel, columns of apse, and eastern great arch.

longest; these are chiefly the very long, but not very high English cathedrals. Its area will be about 100,000 square feet,* making it fourth in size among the cathedrals of the world. Mere size, of course, is not everything, but with unusual size come great difficulties as well as great opportunities, and here also there comes a clear demand. This obviously is that both in structure and design the monumental quality must prevail. As to structure, this quality can be insured only by the use of imperishable materials in visibly massive construction. Any such device as the modern steel frame, commercial and of unknown duration, is instantly to be dismissed; so, too, the indiscriminate use of the hasty and half-understood concrete, treacherous, but dear to the engineer. A building of masonry, with true vaulting, is the only possible thing. Many charming types, suitable for smaller churches, are here unavailable; to give one instance only, the whole exquisite series of open timber roofs of the Middle Ages.

* Since writing this my attention has been called to the proposed area of the new Liverpool Cathedral, 100,191 square feet. It is not at all improbable that in the development of those portions of our cathedral not yet under construction variation in the dimensions now proposed may become desirable.

Monumental design, as indicated above, is not a product of mere size; the surest resource of the architect is *scale*, which is relative size, but the larger the absolute size, the greater the range of relative dimensions, and hence the possibility, as well as the necessity, for resultant scale.

The plan of St. John's (page 394) shows a porch with western towers, a broad nave of two wide and two narrow bays, with narrow side-aisles, the width from centre to centre of the aisle columns being sixty feet. The crossing is an open square of ninety-six feet clear, taking in the whole width of nave and aisles, and thus affording the maximum area for the massing of a large congregation. Apsidal, or round-ended transepts, give fitting and ample space for memorial monuments. The baptistery is in its traditional place. Chapels and vestries are grouped along the sides. The choir is 115 feet in length, exclusive of ambulatory, of the same width as the nave and terminated at the east end by an apse of the *chevet* form. Here eight huge granite columns stand in a semicircle and carry the high vault above. Around the choir is an ambulatory, corresponding with the side-aisles of the nave.

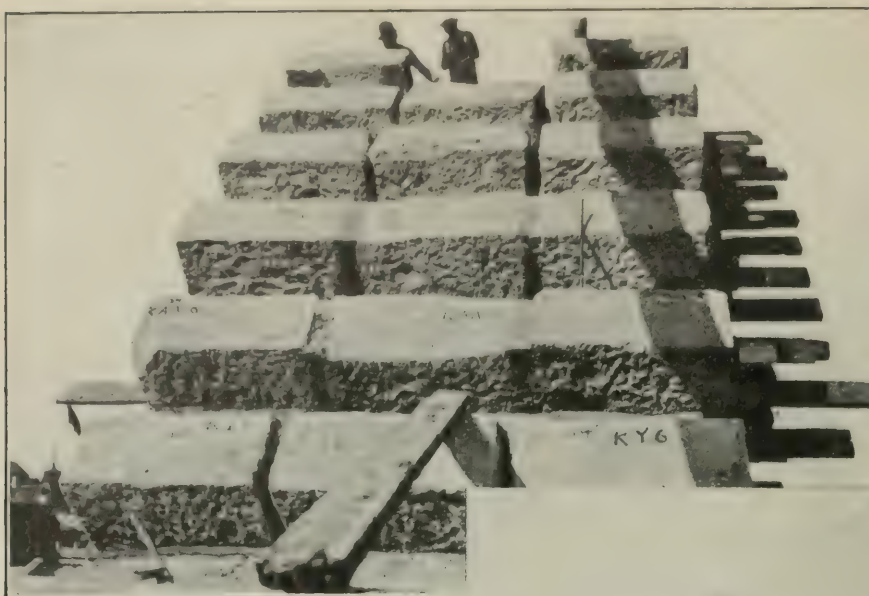


The cathedral at the present time.

Surrounding the east end is a ring of seven chapels, called the Chapels of the Tongues, in wise recognition of the diversity of races composing our nation. Entrances are at the centre and both sides of the west end and

under each of the four flanking towers at the corners of the crossing.

In comparison with the general disposition of this plan, let us examine that of Rheims Cathedral (page 401), which can be fairly



At work on the arch.

taken as a representative of the Gothic type, as also it is one of the noblest. The nave is forty-seven feet wide in the clear, about the normal width of the period. The crossing is of the same dimensions as the span between the columns of the nave. Without any failure to appreciate the supreme beauty of this great example, we surely cannot feel that this long, narrow nave, these encumbering rows of columns and piers, this lack of any great open space for congregational seating, meet our present-day needs. It would be interesting to review the manner of use of the mediæval church, and its successive developments, did space permit. But we might well find ourselves wondering if, as more provision was made for the assembling of the laity and when at last the singers' choir was moved eastward beyond the crossing, no Gothic builder felt the need to enlarge the space where the congregation would naturally crowd. And indeed one of them did.

In 1322 the central tower of Ely fell, and in its rebuilding Alan of Walsingham produced what Mrs. Van Rensselaer calls "the freshest and finest architectural idea that

ever took shape on English soil." The plan of Ely (page 401) was originally of the usual type, the crossing limited in area by the width between the nave columns, and still further restricted by the necessity of making the four angle-piers heavier to support



Eastern great arch and buttresses.

the tower. Alan cleared these away, building eight angle-piers instead of four. Eight arches spring between these piers, the wider four opening into the nave, choir, and transepts, the narrower four diagonally into the aisles. He thus constructed an octagon of sixty-five by seventy feet, taking in the whole

width of nave and aisles and enlarging the central space to more than three times its former area. The illustration (page 397) shows the appearance of the famous and beautiful Octagon of Ely. The vaulting and lantern above are unfortunately of wood, not stone, but there is good reason to believe that stone was intended, though we do not know why, whether through poverty or timidity, this obviously temporary expedient was adopted.

The idea of Alan's plan was not infrequently used in churches of other and later

in a church of the cathedral type. That it did not find imitators during the remainder of the Gothic period is probably explained by Fergusson, who says: "This octagon is in reality the only true Gothic dome in existence; and the wonder is, that being once suggested, any cathedral was ever afterward erected without it. Its dimensions ought not to have alarmed those who had access to the domes of the Byzantines or Italians. Its beauty ought to have struck them as it does us. Perhaps the true explanation lies in the fact that it was invented



At work on the buttress.

styles, as at S. Maria delle Grazie in Milan; St. Peter's, Rome; St. Paul's, London. At an earlier period it is suggested by various smaller churches, as in Santa Fosca at Torcello and San Lorenzo at Milan; it is seen in the cathedrals of Florence and Siena; while St. Sophia and its derivatives give the first importance to this feature. It would seem as though the artistic Byzantine Greeks were far too clever not to see the advantage of marking a change of function by a change of plan, affording an opportunity as well as giving a reason for sufficient variety of *motif* to express the purpose of the chief components of the design, inside as well as on the exterior.

Ely, however, is the only Gothic example

late in the style. New cathedrals or great churches were very rarely commenced after the death of Edward III; and when they were, it was by masons, not by educated gentlemen, that they were designed." If any criticism is to be made upon the plan itself, it is that the diagonal openings into the aisles are awkward, and that it does not yet give the whole of the available area, as would a square.

Our own plan uses the whole square, its size being of course determined by the combined width of nave and aisles. While it is desirable that this space should be as large as possible, the nave span is already much wider than the normal Gothic nave and the whole width comparable with that



Landing a section of one of the columns.

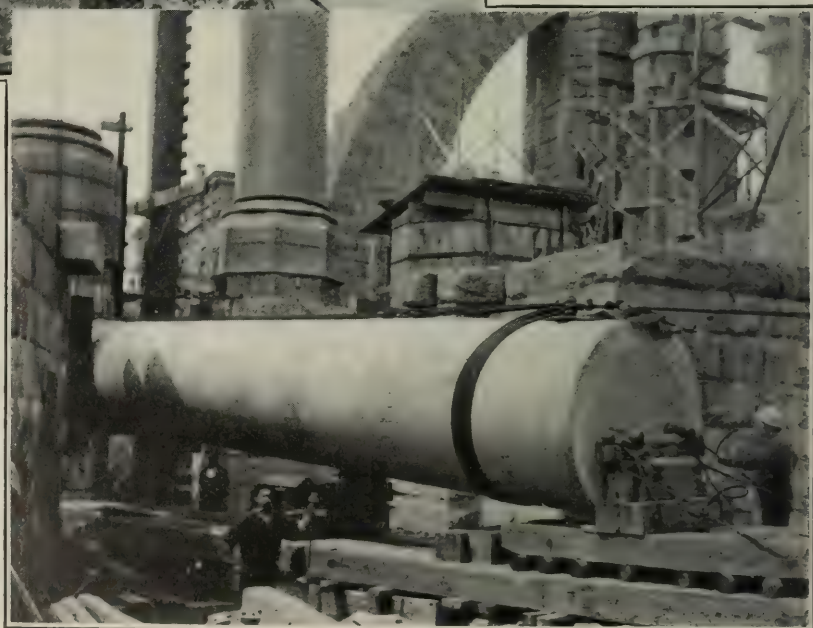
of the greater French cathedrals. With a further widening of the nave, the maintaining of a proper proportion of the width to the height and length would run us into excessive total dimensions.

It will be seen, then, that through this central idea of a great crossing we strike, as it were, the keynote of the present design, and for this there is more than one reason. The practical utility of the space has been spoken of, but not the manner of its enclosing. The small constricted lantern of the English churches, opening out of the junction of low and narrow vaults, despite its height, is ineffective, and it is in its escape from this that lies one of the great merits of the Ely Octa-

gon. The unbroken ranges of lofty vaults in the French cathedrals are indeed splendid, and their builders felt no need of piercing them by any lanterns. But if we consider the masterpieces of a later day we must surely discover the tremendous impressiveness of high vaults opening again into still higher spaces, and we may well ask whether, if Alan of Walsingham's crossing had come during the great cathedral building time, and especially if it had come in France, we should not have had some glorious examples of vast lanterns pouring their floods of light from far above down into the central area, between the dimmer illumination of the nave



A section of one of the columns in front of St. Luke's Hospital.

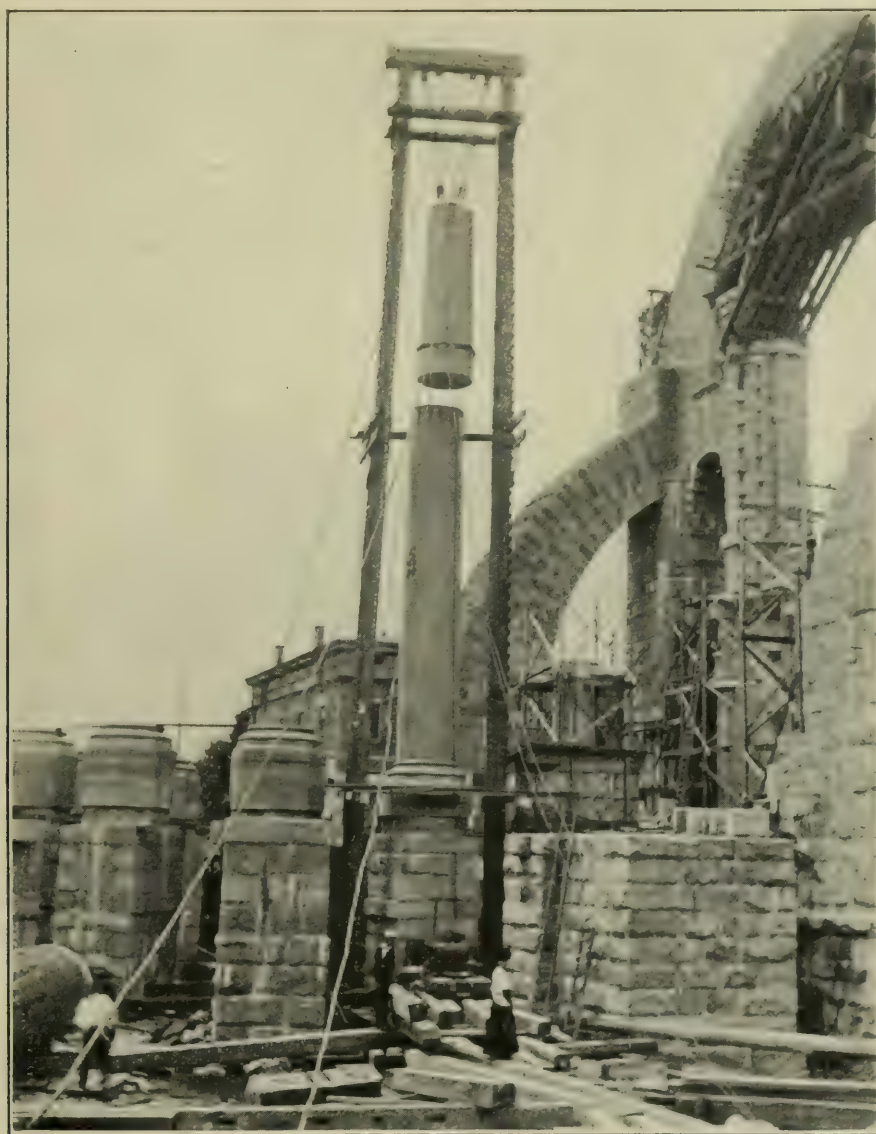


Ready to hoist into place.

and choir, rich with stained glass of glowing hues, and whether the "Gothic dome" would not have been something more than a phrase.

When we contemplate the actual execution of this idea we naturally seek some light—some notion of the way in which the mediæval builder might have approached

squares 73×160 feet. Considering that forty feet is about the normal width of the largest French and English cathedrals, such a span is gigantic, though, with the internal buttresses of the side chapels, it presented no great difficulty of construction. Indeed, when we remember that in their vaulted halls, the Romans had adopted eighty feet as



Lifting the top of one of the columns into place.

a similar problem. How would he have opened his three aisles of nave and choir into a central square? Our search will lead us to Gerona, in Spain, where is one of the most remarkable vaults of the Gothic period. The choir was erected in the early fourteenth century, of the usual Gothic three-aisled type. In 1416 a nave was added, the full width of the choir, but without pillars (see picture, page 396).

"It consists of a hall practically of two

the normal span of their intersecting vaults, it is not its novelty or mechanical boldness that should surprise us so much as its appropriateness for Christian worship.

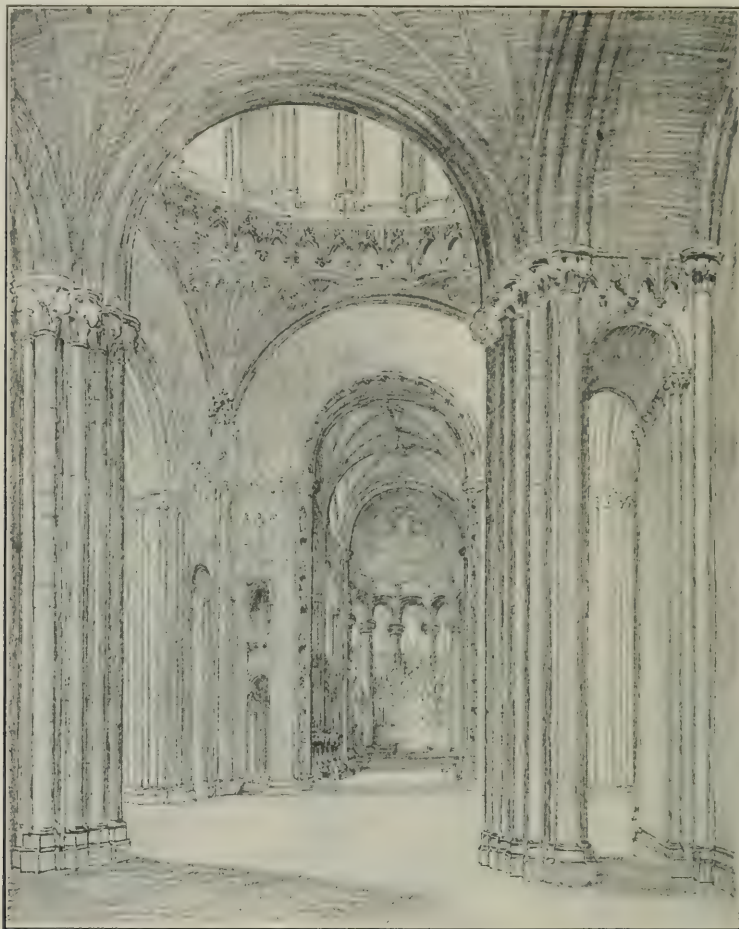
"It is easy to see what an opportunity the eastern end of the great nave offered to a true artist, and how a northern architect would have availed himself of it, and by canopies and statues, or painting, made it a masterpiece of decoration. But even as it stands, the church at Gerona must be looked

upon as one of the most successful designs of the Middle Ages, and one of the most original in Spain.”*

If now we imagine this great nave of Gerona become a crossing, opening into transepts and its vaulting pierced for a vast lantern, we shall see a certain resemblance to the *motif* of our own design.

The sketch of our crossing (page 398) ex-

standing in the open and upon a height. Though no Gothic building has a tower approaching this in mass, still it grows naturally from the plan below, and there can be no question of its importance as a landmark of our city. The English builders felt the importance of accenting this central feature, as at Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Wells, Win-



The crossing and choir from end of nave.

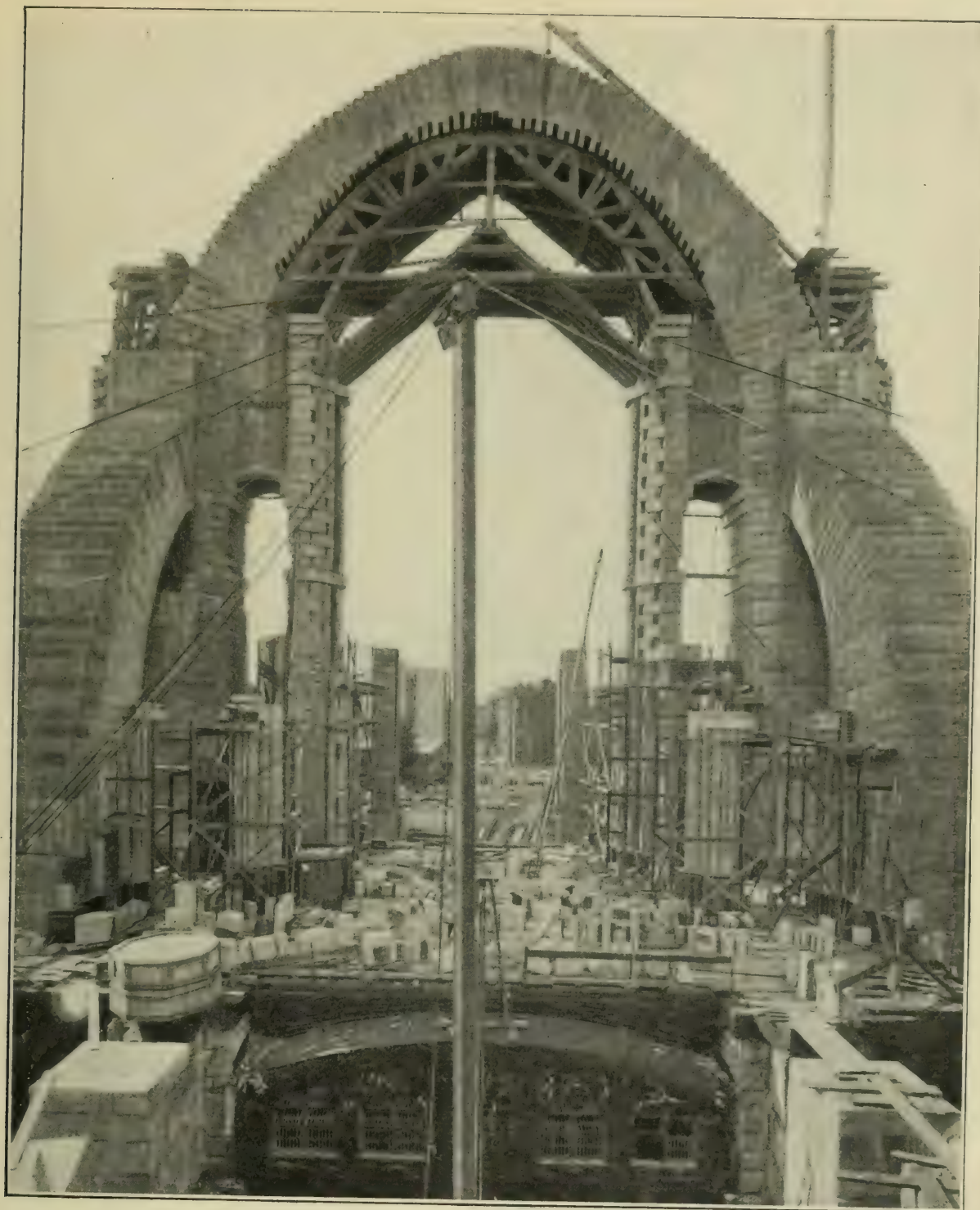
hibits this, and indicates the manner of passing from the square plan below to the sixteen-sided lantern above by a sort of pendentive vaulting.

On the exterior, the logical outcome of this element of the plan is a central tower. So far as precedent goes, the choice is open between the use of front towers only, groups of towers, or the chief accent placed upon the central tower. To the authors of this design it has always seemed incontestably true that of all the outward forms of expression that which laid strong emphasis upon one single great dominating feature was the noblest, especially in the case of a church

chester, Gloucester, York, Norwich, and Westminster. And though in France it was not so common, it occurs at Coutances and at St. Ouen, and was originally intended in other cases; we find it again in Spain, at Burgos, Salamanca, Toro, Tarragona, and Valencia.

One of the most important determining factors of the design is its cross-section. The diagrams (page 398) show the section of the cathedral nave, and alongside, for comparison, an imaginary section as it would be if, with the same height and width, it were to be constructed in the typical Gothic fashion, with flying buttresses, a method which reached its full development only in

* Fergusson, "History of Architecture," vol. ii, p 269.



The eastern great arch, showing the crypt.

France. It may not be amiss here to say a word in explanation of the constructive function of the flying buttress. When a load is placed upon an arch there is developed what is called a thrust—*i.e.*, a tendency of the arch to push its supports outward, and thus to collapse. One way of meeting this, and it is the oldest way, was employed by the Romans, who opposed to the thrust of the arch a mass of solid masonry too great for it

to move. The Gothic builders met thrust by thrust. Against the outward pressure of their great masonry vaults (which are arches) they opposed the inward pressure of the other arches, called flying buttresses; the contrary forces were balanced, producing equilibrium, and the load fell vertically upon the nave columns.

If now we compare these two sections we shall at once see certain striking differences

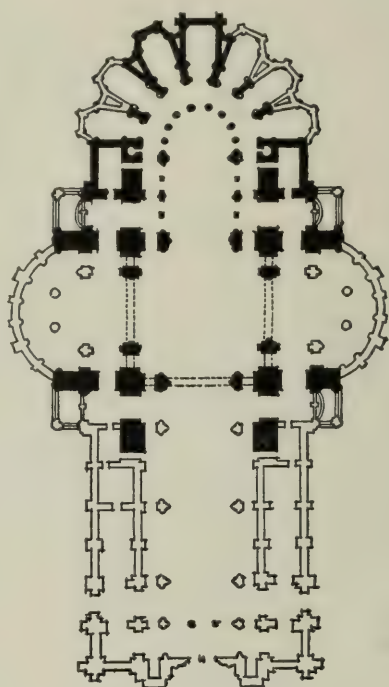
between them. The first of these is in the enclosed area, much greater in the section of St. John's. This loss of interior space in the Gothic section is due to the carrying of the upper or clear-story wall on the arches dividing the nave and aisle. Above these arches is the triforium gallery, covering the space occupied by the aisle vaults with their roofs, and in the wall above, the clear-story windows. The enclosing walls are thus in two divisions, the lower at the outside of the aisles, the upper on the interior line of the nave arcades. Outside the clear-story walls and over the aisle roof are the flying buttresses, entirely exposed.

In the section of St. John's, the nave arcades are carried free to the full height of the walls. Between their arches and the outer walls runs a series of longitudinal vaults, springing from cross-arches, and these perform the function of flying buttresses by abutting the thrusts of the high vaults, while they are entirely under the cover of the main roof, which extends over the whole section. The outer walls rise in one unbroken plane, with the clear-story windows occupying all the space in them above the roofs of the chapels outside, the space otherwise necessary for a triforium thus becoming available for the window openings. This important gain in the width of the nave for its whole height, the lofty nave arcades, the springing of the high vaults directly from those above the aisles, the setting of the clear-story windows in these outer walls, ought surely to give an interior of considerable interest and a marked effect of spacious freedom. And there is a strictly practical side to this arrangement, as well. It is sometimes contended that the use of the flying buttress as a visible external device is an essential part of any Gothic scheme. However this may be, whether with Viollet-le-Duc we feel that it is not only a triumph of the builder's logic, but a manifest element of charm and interest; or with Taine that the buttresses of a Gothic cathedral resemble

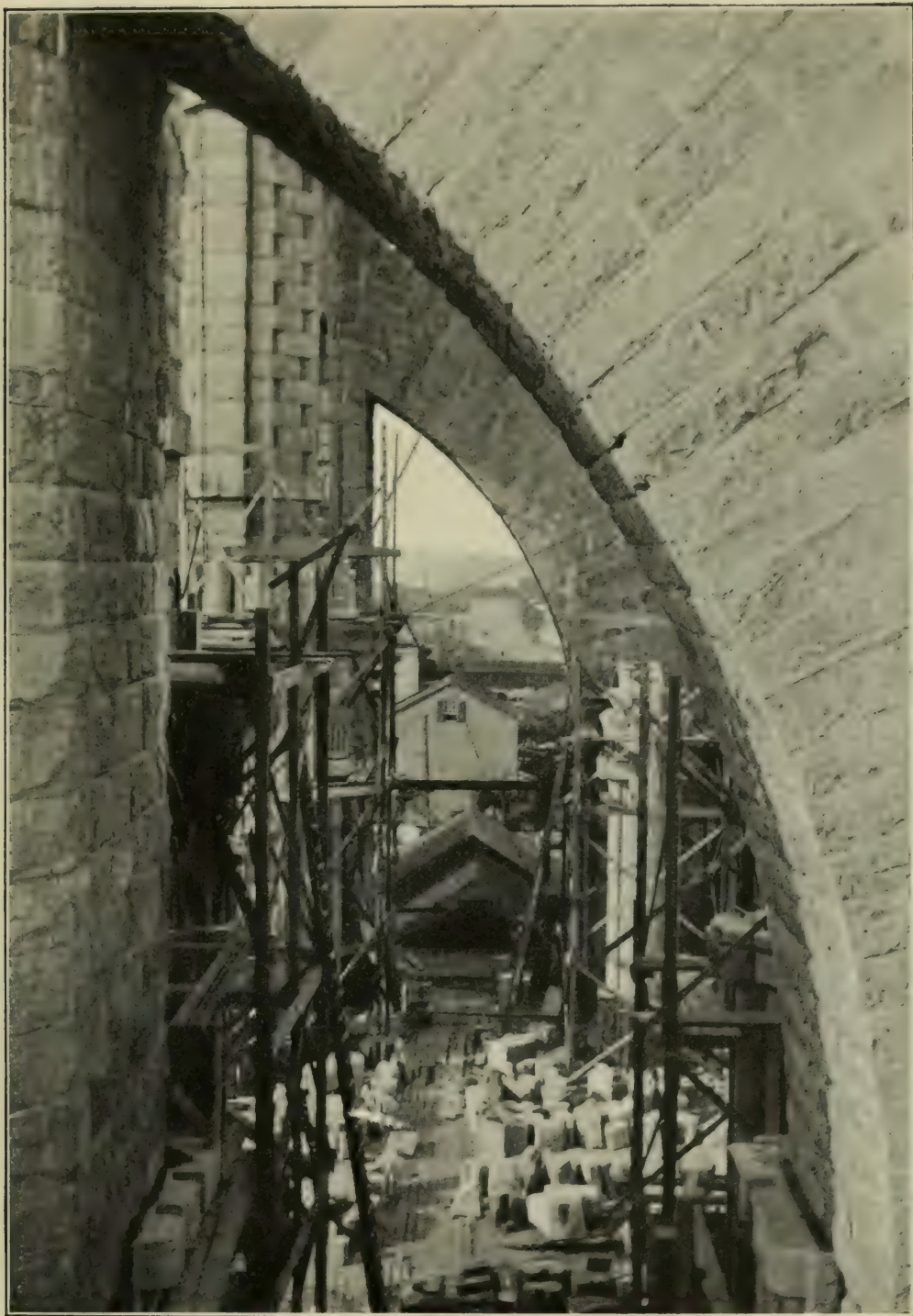
the claws of a crab, we certainly have grave reason to doubt the permanence of this constructive expedient under the ferocious attacks of our climate throughout the centuries to come. For it must be remembered that upon the integrity of the buttresses depends the stability of the vaulting. The alternate freezing and thawing of our winter, and more especially of our early spring days, is what is most to be feared. Rain will come, soaking into the joints between the stones and into the stones themselves. Then the frost, penetrating all, and again the freezing, and the insidious but invincible forces of nature will do their work of rack and ruin, and the same thing that blasts our abortive efforts to grow tender evergreens in an impossible climate will more slowly, but just as surely, disintegrate and destroy the props upon whose failure the whole superstructure will come crashing down.

But in southern France the plan of internal buttresses was extensively used through the Gothic period, the most remarkable example being the cathedral at Alby, begun in 1282 and not dedicated until 1476. The ground-plan (page 401) shows the arrangement. The thrust

of the nave vaulting, which has a span of fifty-five feet, is received against buttresses which form the divisions between the chapels and are wholly internal. The chapels are in two stories, the upper making a sort of gallery over which are vaults sprung between the buttresses. The outer walls rise sheer to the roof. Owing to the depth of the internal chapels and their two-storied arrangement, the windows are a good deal cut off from view and the outer walls not much seen; the lower chapels have almost no light, the whole result, according to Fergusson, being an extraordinary appearance of repose and mysterious gloom. He says: "This character, added to its simplicity and the vastness of its vault, render Alby one of the most impressive churches in France, and a most instructive study to the philosophical



The ground-plan of the cathedral.
Parts in black are now under construction.



Looking north through the buttresses across the choir.

inquirer into the principles of effect as being a Gothic church built on principles not only dissimilar from, but almost diametrically opposed to those which we have been usually accustomed to consider as indispensable and as inherent requisites of the style."

Viollet-le-Duc, on the contrary, while characterizing Alby as certainly the most imposing pointed-arched edifice of the southern provinces, denies its right to membership in the Gothic family and points out what is

undoubtedly the fact, that its constructive principle is derived from the Roman methods, and recalls the basilica of Constantine. But Viollet-le-Duc is arguing here closely upon points of style, and we are not to be bound by any such narrow limitation. A splendid mediæval French cathedral with a noble system of vaulting, which, moreover, suggests the answer to our practical need, is good enough precedent. We do not want our floor encumbered with a multitude of

small chapels; we do not want our clear-story windows obscured, and we do want the traditional aisles. So if we set the chapels outside the walls, as in the northern cathedrals, spring the nave and aisle vaults from arcades carried upon free-standing piers instead of solid buttresses, and space those piers far enough apart to give bays of good proportion, we shall have kept as much as we need of the constructive principle embodied in the church of Alby, while freeing ourselves of its encumbrances.

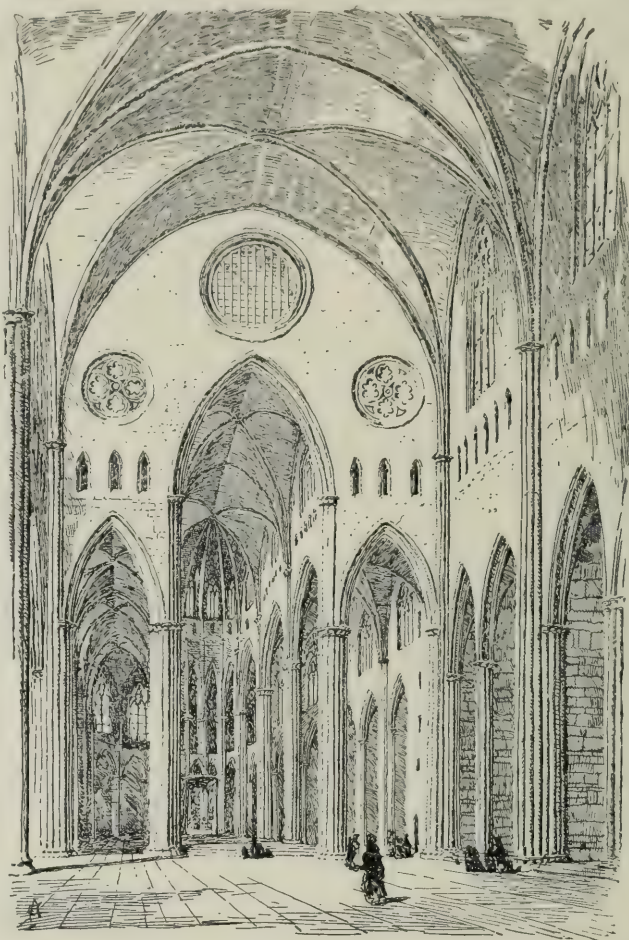
All this is not to say that we have nowhere made use of the flying buttress. The ground-plan shows four very large square piers standing at the corners of the crossing. Next to each of these, and set at right angles with them, are two smaller piers—eight in all. Between the larger piers spring the four great arches

which bound the crossing and carry the central tower. From the outer piers spring buttress arches meeting the great arches about at their point of springing. The drawing of the choir arch on page 398 explains the arrangement, and the succeeding photograph shows this part of the work in execution. These buttress arches balance the thrust of the great arches under the load of the tower, causing that load to fall vertically upon the massive corner piers. They are flying buttresses, and not only that, are by long odds the most colossal flying buttresses that have ever been built. Their novelty lies in their

use solely as a constructive expedient, covered by the walls of the building and invisible after its completion. Both piers and arches are of the most solid granite blocks throughout, because of the enormous weight they have to bear. The load upon the base

of each of the four corner piers will be, in round numbers, thirty-five million pounds. With such weights as these an absolutely sure foundation is of course necessary, and this has been obtained by excavating through all rock of poor quality to underlying solid strata nowhere less than twenty feet in thickness. It is not likely that these huge bones of the cathedral structure will move, unless that whole section of Manhattan Island starts the motion.

Let us now consider the design of the choir. The two bays are of the same general arrangement as in the



Interior of cathedral at Gerona, looking east.

nave, though the vaults are sprung from a level some twenty-four feet higher. The high vaults are of more complex pattern, giving not only greater enrichment as the sanctuary is approached, but also permitting, by penetrations, the introduction of windows very high up, receiving light from openings in the roof above. This light is of value in illuminating the high vault, which otherwise would be very dark. The clear-story windows in the eastern bays (the first bays are opposite the flanking towers and have no windows) afford the chief source of light for the choir, since those in the turn of

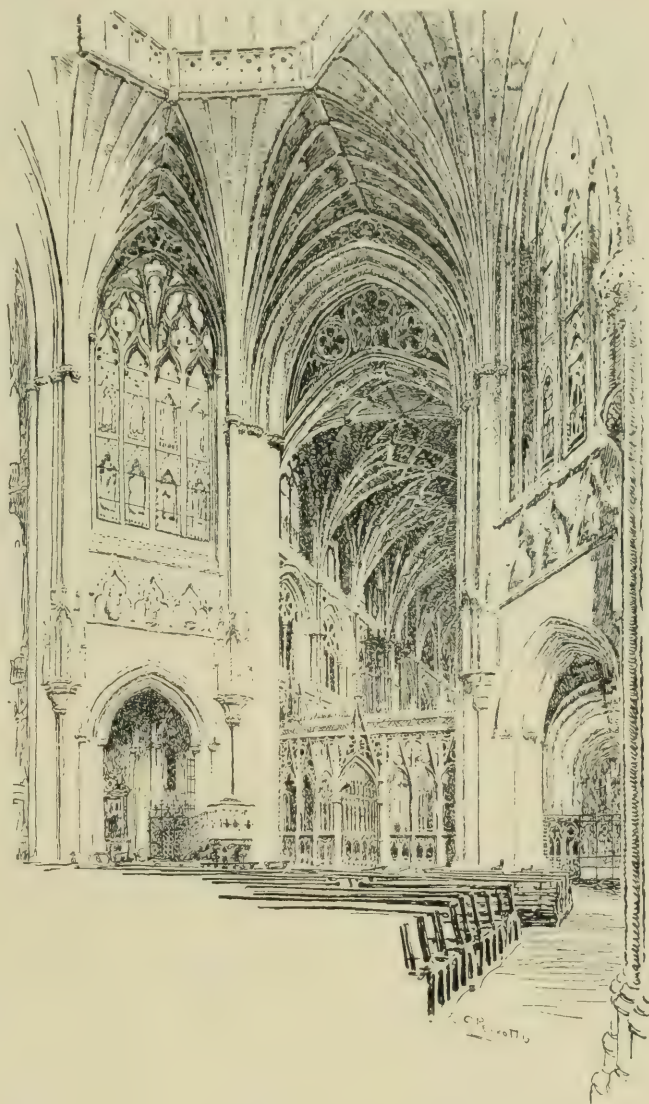
the apse should have glass of considerable depth of color, as most of them face the seating area. About midway of the height of the choir arcade on each side is a gallery, in which the organ will be placed. This extends through the two bays, but is not carried around the apse. The sanctuary is enclosed by a semicircular apse, or *chevet*.

Historically, the choice between that and a square end is absolutely open. The round apse was typical of Christian architecture from the earliest days of the basilica, and it obtained almost universally in the French cathedrals, the one notable exception being Laon. Substantially all the Norman cathedrals of England had apsidal ends, but those of the early English and latest Gothic period were usually square.* The comparative merits inherent in the two methods is a relative, not an absolute question. The superiority of the square end manifests itself in the opportunity it affords for a vast and splendid window; where this is used, as at York or Gloucester, so that the whole east wall is a screen of beautiful glass in tracery of exquisite design it would be hard to imagine anything finer. But where eastern chapels cut off all the lower portion of the wall, this effect is lost, and the square end, moreover, does not lend itself to any happy planning of these chapels, as the *chevet* form exactly does.

*Norwich, Wells, Canterbury, and Westminster Abbey have apsidal ends.

There is yet another point, one of the very first importance, and it must be made notwithstanding that to state it involves the temerity of a somewhat sweeping criticism of the most famous Gothic cathedrals of the Continent. Yet the defect in question must

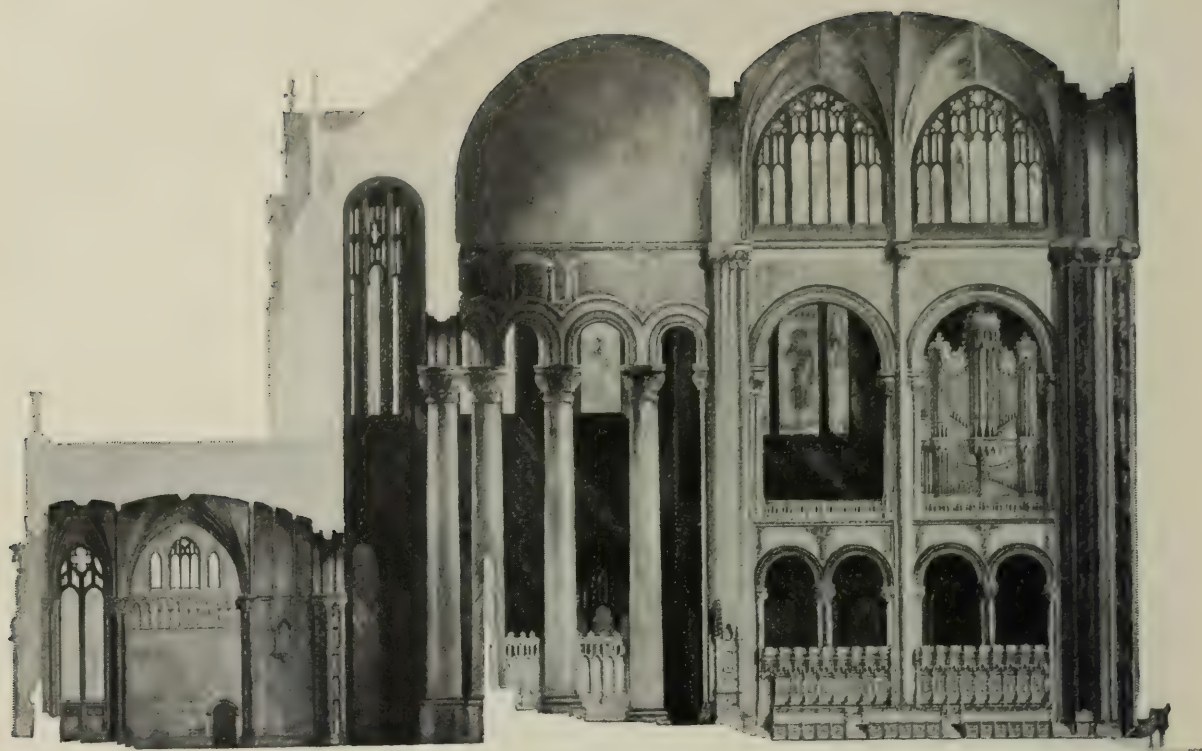
have been apparent to many who have studied these illustrious examples. This is a sort of bathos due to the way in which the long and high ranges of unbroken continuous vaulting terminate in the smaller scale of the arches enclosing the sanctuary, where the supports are necessarily crowded together by the circular plan. At the very point in the church where, for æsthetic reasons, as well as those of sentiment, there should be the greatest dignity and solemnity, the whole scheme sinks away, as it were, into unimportance, and what should be the splendor of a long perspective



Octagon at Ely Cathedral.

is defeated. Here is the triumph of the east window in the English square end; the magnificent uplift it achieves just where that is most needed. The question, then, is how to overcome this defect of the *chevet* form required by our need for eastern chapels, while still retaining its advantages.

First, let us note on the longitudinal section, page 400, that starting with the nave, all the levels lift as they go to the east; the transept arches are higher than those of the nave, the choir arch is higher yet, the levels of the choir arcade lift toward the sanctuary, and at the end of it all are placed the



Longitudinal section of choir.

objects of largest scale of any element in the entire visible interior, the great granite columns enclosing the sanctuary and by their huge bulk, their dominating presence lifting it into that supreme importance which its sacred character demands. A departure from tradition—yes—and without precedent in Gothic building, although in the famous abbey church of Cluny “the semi-dome of the chevet was supported by eight noble columns, through which was seen in perspective a circle of five apsidal chapels.”

Well, it is not too much to say that if all the Gothic builders had been afraid ever to make so radical a departure as this, there would have been no Octagon of Ely.

This idea of the lifting levels—the constant rise of the lines of springing as they go eastward—is most conspicuously exemplified in that wonderful and unique product of the fusion of three different races, invading Norman, conquered Saracen, and skilful Greek—the cathedral at Monreale, in the ancient wonderland of Sicily. Like some



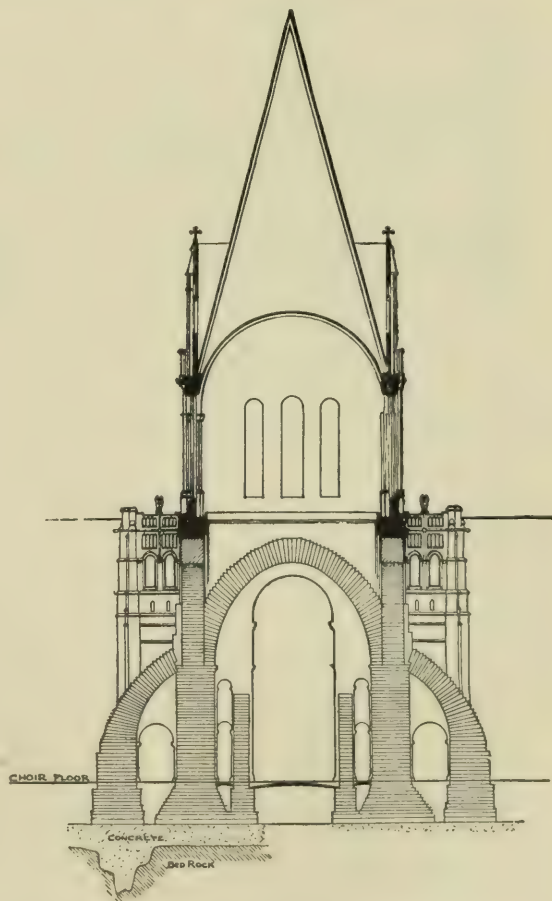
Comparative cross-sections.



Transverse section through choir.

marvellous chemical crystallization, this exquisite creation stands alone among the work of human hands; not Byzantine, despite its unparalleled mosaics; not Gothic, though the pointed arch is used throughout, and certainly not Moorish, notwithstanding some of its detail. Its simplicity of plan, the purity and elegance of its ornament, its splendid wealth of color, its nobility and devout Christianity, leave the critic dumb. The richness of decoration is so striking that we are quite likely to lose sight of one of its most remarkable qualities, the singular majesty of effect, due in no small measure, it is true, to the arrangement and scale of its mosaics, but even more to the bold subtlety with which the succeeding arches rise one after the other, to the springing of the half-dome of the sanctuary, in which is the colossal mosaic bust of Christ. There is a very valuable lesson to be learned as to freedom of design from this meeting-ground of the opposite Eastern and Western styles.

Within the last few years a large number of careful measurements have been made of all sorts of mediæval buildings, and very suggestive theories been deduced therefrom;



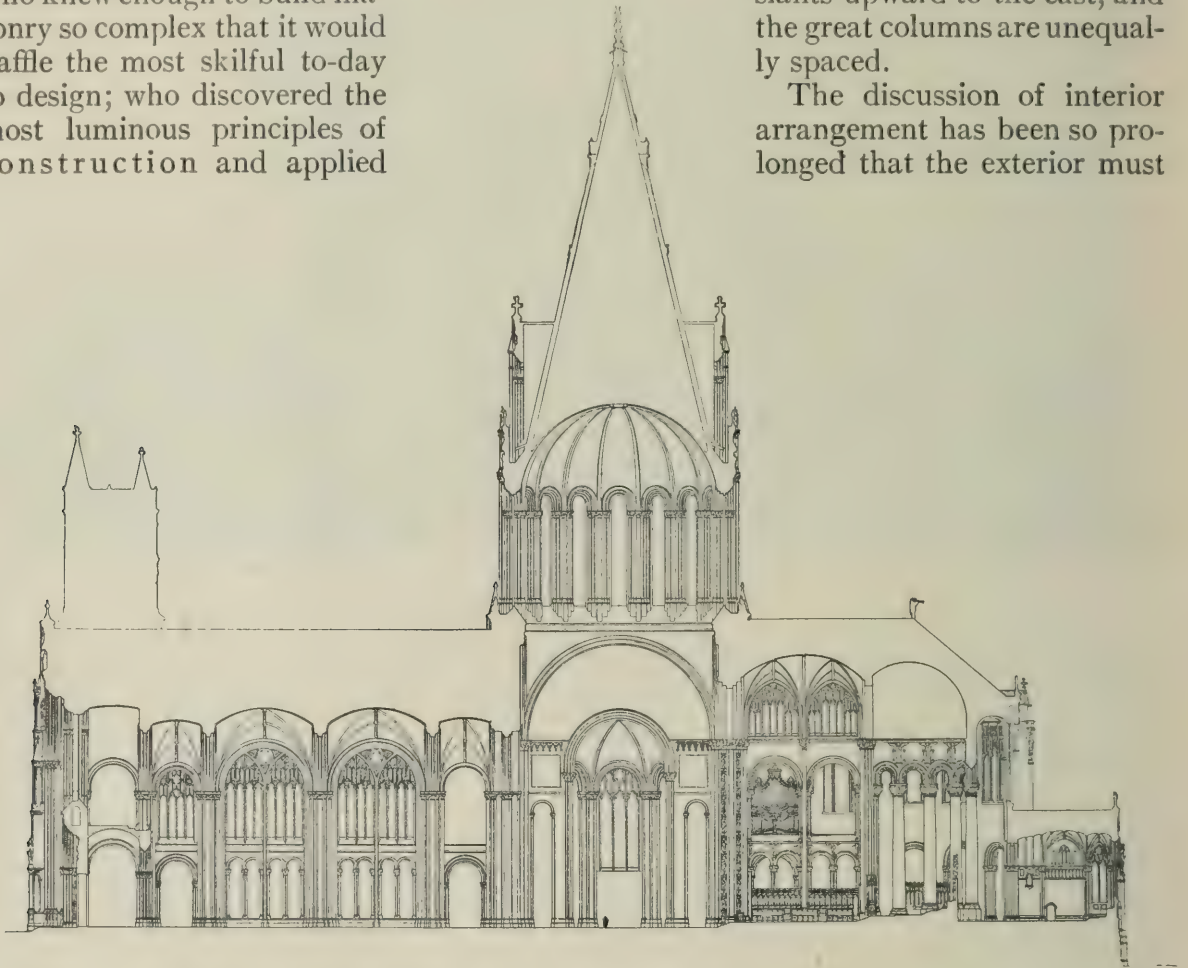
Section showing great arch and buttress arches.

theories which have been hotly discussed on both sides of the water. There is no intention, as there is no space, here to add to the volume of the discussion or to decide whether the innumerable and sometimes startling irregularities in nearly all such work were mainly accidental or a conscious and calculated element of design. But we may well ask why it is reasonable to believe that men who knew enough to build masonry so complex that it would baffle the most skilful to-day to design; who discovered the most luminous principles of construction and applied

tion that straight lines and equal measurements possess any intrinsic superiority.

It is with the desire to avoid to some extent the banal aspect of mechanical regularity that certain refinements are practised in the cathedral. The choir arcades are not parallel, but converge slightly; their springings are not level; the spacing of the arches of choir and ambulatory is uneven; the floor slants upward to the east, and the great columns are unequally spaced.

The discussion of interior arrangement has been so prolonged that the exterior must



Longitudinal section.

them in the noblest manner; who left works of such transcendent beauty that the world ever since has been lost in admiration, should at the same time have been such feeble incompetents that they could not build straight. If they had rules, these are lost in the mist of time and probably we shall never know them, but is it not at least a tenable hypothesis that these giants of old worked in the great mass with the same sensitiveness that guided their detail; that they knew how to give to the whole vast structure the personal charm of a successful sketch? Let us rest assured they were no slaves of the T-square and triangle fetich, nor of the *chic* drawing; no victims to the idiotic no-

be treated with brevity, and the illustrations allowed to speak for themselves. The rounded transepts, common in Romanesque churches, are not a characteristic of Gothic design, though we find them at Noyon, Tournai, and, in a curious way, on one side only of Soissons.

With the *chevet* end and its clustering ring of chapels, the round transept makes a more harmonious composition on plan than the square; it unites more firmly and agreeably the square towers that flank the central mass and carry it to the ground; in its relation to the vast dimensions of that broad and lofty tower it is more compact. There being no entrances through the transepts, their circu-

lar sweep gives the greatest sense of enclosure, and fittingly repeats the curve of the round arches that open into all the arms.

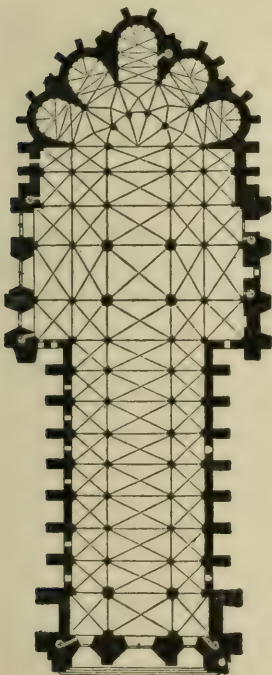
For be it understood that the constructive scheme is not based upon the use of the pointed arch. All those that are an integral part of the structural organism are round. The Gothic architects employed the pointed arch not because of any vagrant fancy for its shape, but because it solved for them certain essential problems of their vaulting. To insist upon the form without the accompanying structural reason is an anomaly; the modern world is full of silly so-called Gothic designs whose only claim to the title is that the pointed arch is used where anything else would have done as well. The true Gothic vault is a difficult affair and, as we are not considering lath and plaster shams, it is, all things considered, beyond our means on any such scale. Fortunately we have at hand another method, and it no-wise detracts from its interest and appropriateness that after centuries of employment in Spain, this lineal descendant of the era of Roman building should be alive here to-day. It most admirably fits the constructive scheme already described as imposed by our climate.

So far as the cathedral, in the larger sense, is Gothic, it is the Gothic, then, of a very early period; the time of transition from the simpler Romanesque to the more

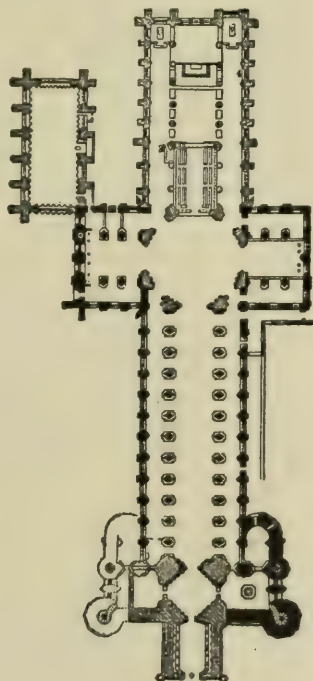
complex organism. Certain details are later, but it will be noticed that they are chiefly in subsidiary features, such as the chapels, and again where the great size of window openings has made it most eminently desirable to subdivide them by tracery.

In the works of the mediæval past it is not the few finished examples, in which the last word has been spoken to the point of dryness, that most excite our imagination. It is rather those in which successive styles appear together, in which incongruities even are manifest, in which experiments are tried. The old adage is as true of these monuments of the great days of living art as it fails to apply to the more obviously understandable products of a later academic time, that it is the unexpected that always happens. We may as well realize that the continuous tradition is broken, dissolved into thin air; that our work to-day must be a conscious groping among the outward evidences of long-vanished schools. The best we can do is to try to understand the thought that lay beneath some of the trials that never reached their full development.

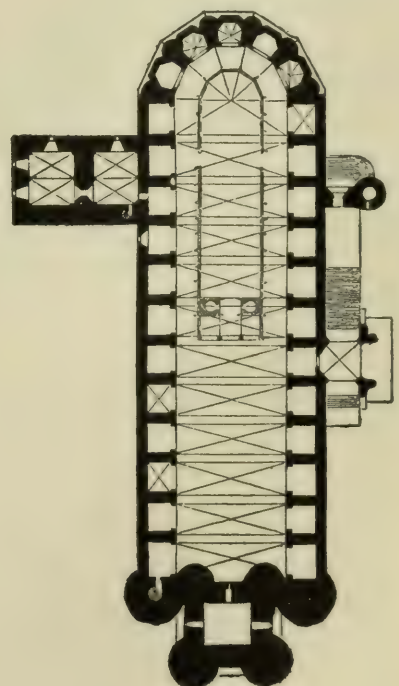
When the Cathedral of St. John the Divine shall stand a completed monument of our time let the mature judgment of an enlightened people say whether the long effort of its architects has produced an assemblage of unrelated parts or the logical expression of a coherent idea.



Plan of Rheims Cathedral.
VOL. XLI.—39



Plan of Ely Cathedral.



Plan of Alby Cathedral.

THE SMUGGLERS

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

I



UP to Oliver Shepherd's Sam Leary was shining like a great light. He looked now about the room. "All good friends of yours here, Oliver? Well, here's how it was. I'd been havin' a hell of a good time, Oliver, this night at your old friend Antone's in Sain' Peer. Yes, he's still runnin' the Caffay Lomprer—and he'd been acting like a gen'lleman clear up to the last, which every caffay-keeper, you know, don't after a man's money's gone. And goin' away owin' for a few rounds of drinks I was telling Antone how I'd settle with him when I got to Sain' Peer again, when 'Tuh, tuh,' says he. 'Tuh, tuh, mong amee—tuh, tuh, mong amee doo coor, my ver' dear fren'. What mattairs two, t'ree dollairs among o'l fran's?' And we had another drink, and Antone goes on, 'Sam-mee, I have long time in min' to ask you one favor.' 'Command me, my bong Antone,' says I, and he rolls out two little barrels of rum and asks me would I take them over to Bay of Islands for him, and of course I said I would.

"Well, the skipper ketches me and Gillis as we were hoistin' 'em aboard the vessel. 'Didn't I tell you, Sam, I wanted no contraband stuff on this vessel?' says he.

"'Sure you did, skipper, but they're for Oliver Shepherd, skipper, over to Bay of Islands—a good fellow, skipper.'

"'Yes, I know,' says he; 'but will Oliver pay the fine if we're caught tryin' to smuggle the stuff in?'

"'Oh, you leave it to me, skipper, and there won't be any fine to pay,' I says, and there warn't, though somebody must 've tipped the cutter people off, for we'd no sooner dropped our anchor here than she sent a boat to overhaul us. And she'd have got the stuff, too, only just as her people came over one rail Gillis and me dropped over the other rail in the dory, and in the dark we rowed ashore, and you right there to take it from us, Oliver. But now let's

have a little touch o' that same rum," and from a decorated barber's bottle marked 'Hair-Oil,' produced from the pocket of his ulster, he proceeded to mix hot punches, making clear meanwhile what beauty and simplicity were in the operation.

"Aye, Oliver, a child could mix it. A little of the good stuff, so, and some hot water—not too much, though—so. And then a little sugar—not too much either—and a touch of lemon if there's one handy, and if not, no matter—a taste more o' the rum instead—and there y'are, a drink that wouldn't jar one o' the wise virgins, and yet a drink a man'd row a dory seven mile through a snow-storm to get a sniff of any day, let be a fine big tumblerful like this. That's what, Oliver. And have another while your throat's warm and the pores are open. 'Tis most soothin' when the delicate membrane's relaxed, I've heard the doctors say. But ain't that somebody to the door? If it is, in God's name, let him in. To keep a man outside in the cold t'night, when there's somethin' to thaw him out inside, it's a crime again' humanity."

Shepherd admitted a stranger. "Sammie, this be Mister Stapkins, of Saint Johns."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Leary."

"Captain, eh? A promotion, but no matter—men that tend to business same's I do ought to get promoted. I'm off that Gloucester'm'n out in the stream."

"The *Arbiter*? I was noticing her yesterday evening coming in—a fine, able vessel. And came to anchor rather smartly."

"Why shouldn't she? A smart crew. And if Gillis was here now—him I'm training in the way he should go—and that other peaceable, delightful citizen, his new-found chum, Ollie Fowler, Mister Shepherd's nephew here—they don't either of 'em care any more for a drink o' rum than they do for a man's life, and—now, isn't that the everlasting way of it? Talk of angels, you know. Here, you image of Cupid, you two-winged messenger o' love—you gay Don Jon o' the Bay of Islands."

"Who's calling me names, hah?" Young Gillis stood in the door.

"Who? Why, me! You tongue-twisted castaway—me!"

"Oh, you, Sam Leary? Well, you can, but nobody else. You're all right, Sammie. I thought maybe it was——" He picked out one after the other of the pairs of eyes around the room, till he met those of the stranger. "And who's this? Who're you? What name—Stapkins? Of Saint Johns? And buyin' herrin', of course? You must be new in the business for certain—I never heard mention o' you before. But let's have a drink. Hah, Sammie, a drink on me?"

"No, Gillie, but on me. I'm buying all the drinks to-night. I've got some stuff here—look, the good old rum of Sain' Peer." Leary drew another decorated bottle from his ulster, and held it up for the company's inspection. "There was a barber in Sain' Peer. 'Shave-O!' says I. 'Wee, wee, shave-oo,' says he, and I drops off for a nap in the chair. When I woke up I had a hair-cut, and wanted to charge me fifty cents. So coming away I took those bottles."

"You have an easy conscience, Captain Leary."

"No easier than the barber's, Mister Stapkins. And no sin to recover stolen goods."

"Stolen?"

"Sure he did. Where'd he get hold o' bottles with United States words on 'em, if he didn't steal 'em? From off some steamer put in there, most likely. H-m. Hair-oil? But there's no hair-oil in 'em now. I fumigated 'em. But the stuff in 'em now 'd grow hair on a college professor—yes, even if 'twas professor of—what's it now?—cuts up the bodies of little creatures and gets at the souls of men thereby? By-ol-ogy, yes."

"Huh, here's one, too. And for all the duty it paid!" Gillis also produced and slammed a bottle on the table. "The red rum of S'Peer, too. Have a drink everybody. Mister Stap—Stap—what's it?—never mind, have a drink."

"I never drink, Mister Gillis—doctor's orders."

"H-m—a queer reason that. If we all did everything the doctor tells us, it would be queer livin', wouldn't it, Sammie."

"Aye, 'twould be like head winds all the time, Gillie."

"And a man 'd find it slow goin' not to let run before it once in a while, hah, Sammie?"

"He cert'nly would, though there's fun in beating, too. But where you off for?"

"Oh, just down the beach aways, me and Ollie Fowler."

"H-m—goin' girlin', hah? The poor slobs o' girls that gets either o' you— Well, jog along."

Leary gazed after his departing ship-mate. "There's cert'nly been a lot of liquor turned loose in this place lately. But you're not goin', too, Mister Staplins?"

"Yes, I've got to write some letters home."

"Well, that's right. I s'pose we all ought to be writing letters home, too, but if I did they'd be some surprised in Gloucester when they got 'em. Good-night to you, sir."

The stranger passed out. Leary closed the door after him.

"Not what you'd call a magnetic creature that, is he? But I s'pose he has his uses. A peaceable sort, anyway, with not too much to say, and I s'pose that's a good point when men like me stand 'round ready to do all the talking. But his goin' needn't bother the rest of us. Here y'are, Oliver, another little touch for you. And for you that's got to keep the fiddle busy—got to keep you well oiled. That's the boy—never in all your life did you renege. Slide it down—it'll never go a dustier road, I'll bet. But where's the dance we were goin' to have? Where's your daughters, Oliver? In the other room waitin'? Man, you don't say? Call 'em in. Ah, there you are. Hello, Bess. Hello, Sue. Come on, now, all hands pair off while he's tuning up that fiddle. Don't be shy, you Black-eye—I'm talkin' to you. And you with the corn-hair, you know you're dyin' to dance. Pitch in all, that's the way. Drive her now! Drive her, boys—that's it. Hang tight now, Bess, and I'll swing you so you'll think your heels 'll never find the floor again."

II

GILLIS and Fowler were walking the beach this cold night, after a protracted siege of courting at Morton's, a notably dry household.

"Whew, but it's a cold night, Ollie!"

"Aye, Gillie. And on such a night a little somethin' warmin'——" and flapped his hands across his chest, and fervently wished he could get hold of a drink somewhere.

Curious the effect of mental suggestion. Both young men, sniffing, fancied they caught in the air a faint whiff of that which they just then most desired, the red rum of old Saint Pierre, and seemingly without any further wilful thought of their own found their feet taking them toward the ruin of an old barn on the road to Oliver Shepherd's house. What was the surprise of young Fowler to discover on examination that it was a barn purchased lately by his uncle, and of Gillis that it was the same barn wherein Leary and himself had hid the two kegs which had come off the *Arbiter*. Oddly enough, too, Oliver Shepherd had been on the spot to direct the storing of them. A fox, that same old Oliver, who hugged his rum altogether too close, considering that it never paid duty and cost him nothing to have it brought from Saint Pierre.

Gillis blew down his fingers: "A pity now a man don't get one lonesome drink from two whole ten-gallon kegs. A great pity."

But he would look further into the matter, which he did, with Oliver's aid, and found the door secured by the heaviest padlock he had ever seen on a door in all his life. They lit a match, several matches, to make sure.

"There was no such monstrous lock as that last night, Ollie?"

"As if we couldn't be trusted, Gillie! Might's well call us all thieves and be done with it."

The scent of the liquor was patent enough now. It must still be there. Well they knew the brand, the good old rum of Saint Pierre, no less. And kegs of it in there, perhaps, and they dying of a thirst. And not themselves alone, but every young fellow in the Bay. It must have been the thought of the multitude of longing ones which violently aroused their sense of hospitality. And why be selfish with it, anyway? If the old man was stingy with his liquor, no reason they should. Gillis put the question to Ollie, and Ollie offered generously to find a dozen good fellows who would be only too delighted to help them out.

It was from there on that the man known as Stapkins found it easy enough to hold the trail of young Oliver, who, walking not

overfast and singing intermittently as he went, and failing not to knock up acquaintances to help them in his expedition, soon had quite a company: a gay, blithe young company, prepared for anything in the line of nocturnal adventure.

Oliver led them back to where Gillis was guarding the treasure. It mattered little now that the door was securely locked. With a half-dozen lads at their back, a stout timber, a good rush, a blow, and again a blow, how could the door resist? And who could hear, with the surf booming so loudly?

Surely nobody could hear? Surely not where should be most concern, at old man Shepherd's down the road, where blazed the late lights, and whence came roaring indications now of dancing and feasting. And soon the band came swaying down the beach again, each with his keg to a sagging shoulder, for the liquor brought by the *Arbiter* was not Oliver Shepherd's sole store; and when the burden seemed overheavy they halted to draw the bung and swallow a strengthening mouthful, and to remark how wonderfully the load lightened after each stimulating draught.

To track so careless a crew was not a difficult matter for the Government agent; nor did it require any strategic genius to capture one keg abandoned by its fatigued bearer, roll it to the edge of the beach and whistle to the alert cutter.

And so was inaugurated Sam Leary's real trouble. Not till next morning did he know aught of that midnight adventure. He and Gillis were dipping herring on to the *Arbiter's* deck. "O Lord," interjected Leary, "what a difference! A pity a man has to leave it, the dancing and the squeezing, the grip of the hand on your arm! A great girl that Bess Shepherd. Why didn't you come back and take it in, Gillie?"

Whereupon Gillis related the adventure of the rum, failing not to include all those details that his usually tolerant mate might enjoy it also. But Leary did not enjoy it. He even took Gillis to task.

"And you that glories in smuggling!" exclaimed the mortified Gillis.

"Man alive! Are you comparing stealing and smuggling. Smuggling's adventure. You're up against a powerful Gover'nment. The Gover'nment half expects it from us. You see, Gillie, men like us to sea most of the time are but little bother to any gover'-

ment. They don't have to run expensive fire and police and——"

"I dunno 'bout the police, Sammie."

"Let me go on—police and banking systems for you and me. And no great harm if we pay off other ways to sort of bring up our average. Besides smuggling's a recognized institution. And you take a chance smugglin'. If you're caught you're slapped into jail, which makes legitimate adventure of it. But you were stealing—and from a friend—a friend of mine, anyway, and I'm a friend of yours. If you'd pounced on it accidentally, not knowin' who owned it, 'twould been no great harm—'twould been so temptin', and the Lord himself has to allow for natural impulses. But takin' stuff from a man's barn when he's not around to watch, and where you'd never known it was if he hadn't let you in himself—why that's not right, Gillis, not right, and no luck will come of it. And—now what in hell does that chap want?"

It was the cutter's boat approaching, and in the stern the commander himself.

"Captain Leary?" queried the cutter's commander.

"What? Captain again? But all right—yes, I'm Captain Leary.

"You're in charge of this vessel—agent and so on?"

"Acting as agent, yes.

"We thought so. You're wanted."

"For what?"

"Smuggling."

"Smuggling! Quit your fooling—it's too cold a mornin'."

"Fooling! Fooling! With whom do you think you are dealing? I'm quite sure I'll put you through now. Some of you American fishermen act at times as if you thought we were some old water-boat. You in particular were well described. 'Jovial,' our agent said. After we get through with you I'll warrant you won't be so jovial," and the revenue cutter's commander permitted himself to smile. "Come on, now. You can take counsel, if you wish," and the commander smiled again.

"I'll be my own counsel, but I want a witness. Come on, Gillis," and whispered to him, "Stand by and put in a word at the right time."

The appearance of Stapkins in the cabin of the cutter, to which they were taken, somewhat discomposed Gillis, but not Leary.

"Well, Mr. Staplins, how's herrin' in Saint Johns?" that self-possessed adventurer inquired slyly.

Upholstered chairs are comforts which fishermen always appreciate. With heads far back and legs stretched out across the carpet, the pair took note of things. A young man with a note-book and typewriting machine caused Gillis to remark, "Not like our courts in America, Sam, is it?"

Stapkins, overhearing, fixed on Gillis a threatening eye. "No, not like an American court, but it will serve our purpose. And now you"—he nodded at Leary—"listen. We've got all the evidence we want, and——"

Sam sat up. "Evidence? Of what?"

"Evidence of the rum you smuggled from Saint Pierre. You can stand trial here or you can come back with us to Saint Johns and there wait in jail till your appearance in the high court? Which will you do?"

"H-m—you know how much time the master or mate of an American vessel has to waste on a trip to Saint Johns. I'll stand trial here, although the Lord knows I haven't the most far-away notion of what it's all about."

"Well, you'll know soon. Here are some facts," and Stapkins read from several sheets of paper.

The details were precise. To wit: That the *Arbiter* left Saint Pierre on such a day with two ten-gallon kegs of rum, which rum was not found entered on her manifest; that on the evening of her arrival, at 5.30 post meridian to be exact, of the second day previous, a dory bearing the name of the *Arbiter*, of Gloucester, landed on the beach abreast of the vessel aforesaid; that two men took from the dory a keg or kegs of liquor of some kind and carried the said keg or kegs up on the beach and hid it or them in a barn said to be owned by Oliver Shepherd. And further, that liquor from one of the kegs was drunk at Shepherd's on the night following, "all of which," concluded Stapkins, "we have witness to prove."

Sam grinned. "That there was some liquor drunk in Oliver's you won't have to go far to get a witness to, for you ought to know one at least who was asked to have a drink of it"—he bowed ironically to Stapkins—"but how you're making out it came from any particular keg beats me. I used to think I was a connesoor in the rum line, but whether rum comes from this keg or

that, if it's all of the same makin', is past me. But where's your proof for all this?"

"Time enough for proof. Perhaps you know that if this thing is continued too far the vessel is likely to be captured?"

"Confiscate a fourteen-thousand dollar vessel for a few dollars duty, even if your charge is true! No, sir, you're not going to get away with that, though 'tis so much a custom as to become common law almost to bleed American vessels at every chance down here."

"I might warn you that there is a Gloucester vessel serving as a lightship over to Miramachi way even now for smuggling."

Above all else Sam feared for trouble to the skipper or vessel, but to him it looked yet as if they were still shrewdly guessing, no more. So he replied calmly enough: "But what's a confiscated vessel to do with me?"

"Mister Stapkins." Here, to Sam's amazement, Gillis jumped to his feet.

III

YOUNG GILLIS possessed not Sam's outlook on life. To him the law, at close quarters, was a terrible thing; and here it seemed to him that it was about to get Sam, the vessel, and the skipper in its clutches. And to these three he was devoted; to the master by respect, to the vessel by instinct of duty, to Sam by ties of wondrous admiration. Here was his chance. Sam had told him to stand by.

"Mister Stapkins, I want to confess."

"Confess? You? Confess what!"

"Let me speak. It is true that there was a couple of ten-gallon kegs of rum put aboard the *Arbiter* in Saint Peer. I know, because 'twas me brought 'em aboard and hid 'em in the hold. 'Twas me, when we dropped anchor yesterday, that stowed them in the dory under a bit of canvas, so's nobody noticed; and then, while all hands were busy with the collector and Captain Curtin there, 'twas me, it being dark, rowed ashore, without anybody seein' me, and hid 'em in Shepherd's barn."

The magistrate, who heretofore had taken no more active part in the proceedings than to listen calmly, and whom the fishermen had barely noticed, now leaned forward, and again settled back, and once more leaned forward. Steadying himself—he

had evidently come for the purpose of advising also—he remarked to Stapkins: "H-m—but I can't see how this alters the case. The charge remains against the vessel." He addressed Gillis, "You're one of the crew, of course?"

There was a gleam in the magistrate's eye which Leary's intuition interpreted in a flash. "Him one of the crew," and laughed derisively. Gillis stared at Leary, who, shaking his fist at him, exploded again, "Don't you dare to tell this court you're one of the crew."

The court looked from one to the other. "Not one of the crew? Is this true, Captain Leary?"

Leary, who had been expecting some small action from Gillis at the critical moment, but no such romantic tale as this of the keg, was beginning to glow with the possibilities. He sought to gain a little time now. He affected not to hear the question until it was repeated with emphasis, "Is this the truth or a lie, sir?"

To Leary's brain came a glimmering of where it might lead to, but no need to hurry yet. "You don't notice me calling anyone a liar, do you?"

"Not a member of your crew? Aha!" The magistrate rose triumphant: "Then how came he aboard your vessel? How came you to bring this man from a foreign country, which the United States is, to this country, in plain violation of the law?"

Unexpected that, but Leary felt equal to it. Pausing no longer than was needful to give his most serviceable imagination a running start, with no notion at the moment of where he would finish up than the men who were listening to him, he began; and his tone was most judicial, as befitted the surroundings. "It does seem to be against the law, and yet it is not. There's a provision of law in every country, I suppose—in every civilized country, I mean—there is in ours, anyway—for bringing home the sick and the—indigent, is it?—and wrecked seamen, bringing them to their home port. This man, gentlemen, is from Gloucester. He shipped in a Gloucester fisherman, the *Mollie Butler*, Captain Arthur Morrow—look her up in the register, if you want to—for a fresh halibutin' trip—and was taken sick. What was it you were sick of, Mister Gillis?"

"Consumption." Gillis coughed weakly.

"Consumption!" The magistrate glared

at Gillis. Stapkins and Curtin had another look at that individual. "H-m!" grunted Curtin.

"Yes, sir, they made me sleep in a tent on the rocks," affirmed the now inspired Gillis. "I was in the first stages, and could be cured that way, they said. Outdoor treatment, the latest. But I think myself they put me up on the rocks because they thought I was an Englishman."

"How could they think that?"

"It may be, your honor," Sam bowed gravely to the magistrate, "because he talked United States, which is a good deal like English."

"Sure, that was it." Gillis seized on that. "For they told me to my face they had no use for the English. You remember me telling you that, Mister Leary?"

"I do, Mister Gillis. Only this morning you were telling me again, if you remember, and how they sent you off at last in a French fisherman——"

"Sent you off? What for?"

"Why—why——"

"Such foolish questions!" interposed Sam hastily. He knew that his shipmate's inventive faculties sometimes failed. "How does he know what those high-handed despots shipped him off for? And what does it matter? The real thing is he was run off and the vessel was wrecked, and the *Arbiter* came along and picked up Mister Gillis."

"And the French crew? Were they drowned? Sh-h—Captain Leary—I'm questioning Mister Gillis now."

Gillis was gamely trying to follow the more active movement of the more active Leary. "Every blessed soul of 'em," he managed to get out.

"H-m—but that's a fine tale to have to piece out," murmured Leary. "They'll be lookin' her up in the marine tragedies."

"Serves 'em right." It was the magistrate who thus commented as he leaned back and glared at whoever might disagree. Stapkins and Curtin regarded the prisoners with less complacency.

"And"—Sam was now carelessly resuming the tale, his eyes on the portly justice. He ran on smoothly—"we couldn't do less than take him along now, could we, your Honor? Though if he did serve the vessel this mean trick—" he glared at Gillis; but softening suddenly: "But did you really do

it, Mister Gillis? Tell the truth now, for his Honor is listening to you."

The brain of Gillis was in a whirl, but he thought to stare contritely at the floor, and, after a decent interval, to sniff, "I did."

Sam gazed at the man. "You did? Gawd! you sit there and not ashamed to say those words! To me, your rescuer, and in a way your captain now? You knew what might come of it, didn't you? You hear what his Honor says? Why, if the truth weren't forced out of you by his eloquence, by his legal—h-m—acumen, my vessel might be confiscated. As it is, I suppose I'll have to pay a few dollars fine on your account. O Gillis, when I think how we risked the vessel and the crew's lives that day picking you off the wreck! A wild day, your Honor—a wild day, gentlemen—mountain-e-ous seas, and wind to peel the scales off a herrin'. We had to pour oil over the side of the vessel afore the skipper would allow a dory to be launched. And if you had heard the cries of him, gentlemen, this man who has just confessed his iniquity, who has admitted how he deceived us and rendered the vessel liable—if you'd heard the agonized cries of him! They fair bit into us, his cries—we couldn't stand it, and the crew knew 'twas almost sure death; but, the brave fellows, when the skipper calls out, 'Who'll volunteer to save him, a fellow-being?' says he. 'No degenerate Frenchman, but speaks the same great Anglo-Saxon language as we do ourselves—who'll volunteer?' If you only heard Captain Clancy saying that, your Honor! And did they draw back, your Honor? Or even hesitate? Not them. 'Me, captain!' 'Me!' 'Me!'—and they leaps up and fights for the privilege of goin' in that dory. And the two the captain picked thanked him with tears in their eyes. 'If I don't come back, captain,' says the first brave fellow, 'send word to my parents in Birmingham and tell them how I died,' for he was of sturdy English stock, your Honor. 'I've no wife, but my savin's-bank book for forty-two dollars and forty-four cents, and whatever interest's due on it, is in my bunk. Give it to the widows and orphans,' says the other, and over they go. But they warn't drowned, not them, the brave fellows. Their guardian angels was busy that day, though. And when they came back, after incredible exertions, they had him—had this man, gentlemen, half-frozen,

faintin'—but I suppose he don't remember it now?" Sam's voice reeked with what he meant for the very essence of sarcasm.

Gillis had been gaping in wonder at Leary—indeed, he was almost in tears as he conjured up the picture painted by his gifted shipmate, himself a craven. For a moment he could not take the cue; but an offside wink from Leary pointed the way.

"I do remember it, I do remember it. Forgive me, I do." And, holding one hand to his face and uttering, "Forgive me, forgive me," Gillis sought to clutch Sam's sleeve with the other.

Sam spurned the groping hand. "Tuh! go away."

"But, captain"—Gillis held a handkerchief to his eyes—"Captain Leary, forgive me, O captain!"

"For-give yuh! How can you expect forgive-ness! The treachery of you, a man we'd saved from a watery grave and taken to our bosom—" and Sam, drawing out his handkerchief, passed it lingeringly over his eyes, then fell desperately to blowing his nose. All this before he felt strong to continue: "But what's the good of harboring wicked, revengeful feelings? And, your Honor, what did the smuggling mean, anyway? A little feeling of adventure on Mister Gillis's part. I used to be like him in my young days, thoughtless, reckless, careless of the owner's interests. Which of us isn't careless in his—I mean of us ignorant fishermen, your Honor, who haven't had the educational advantages? And yet I didn't think he would do such a thing. Only the other day"—he faced Gillis—"I was speaking of you to Captain Clancy—you seemed to be so earnest and good, that I asked him if he couldn't put you on the ship's papers soon. And now this trick you come to play!"

"I know, but I'll never do it again."

"Never!"

"Never, never."

"Well, I dunno what to say. When I come to think now how near the vessel came to being pinched! Your Honor, I have nothing more to say," and Leary sat down.

The court breathed hard, gazed long from one prisoner to the other; and finally took counsel with Captain Curtin and Stapkins.

"I'm sure I don't know what to think of that fellow," whispered the magistrate to Stapkins. "An ignorant fisherman like him,

he couldn't have made it up on the spur of the moment."

"I wouldn't be too sure he's so ignorant. But you can fine them on their own testimony."

"But this isn't real testimony, this isn't court."

"What odds about court? We've got to have a conviction recorded. You are the magistrate. You can convene court, and we are the witnesses to what they confessed."

IV

THE final decision was to manage it in some way to fine both Leary and Gillis, but it was also agreed that appearances would be better served if a regular court was held. So ashore they all went; and, pressing into service a constable, an aged native who loved the trappings of the judiciary, they convened court in the informal but sufficiently effective fashion of the more primitive regions of Newfoundland.

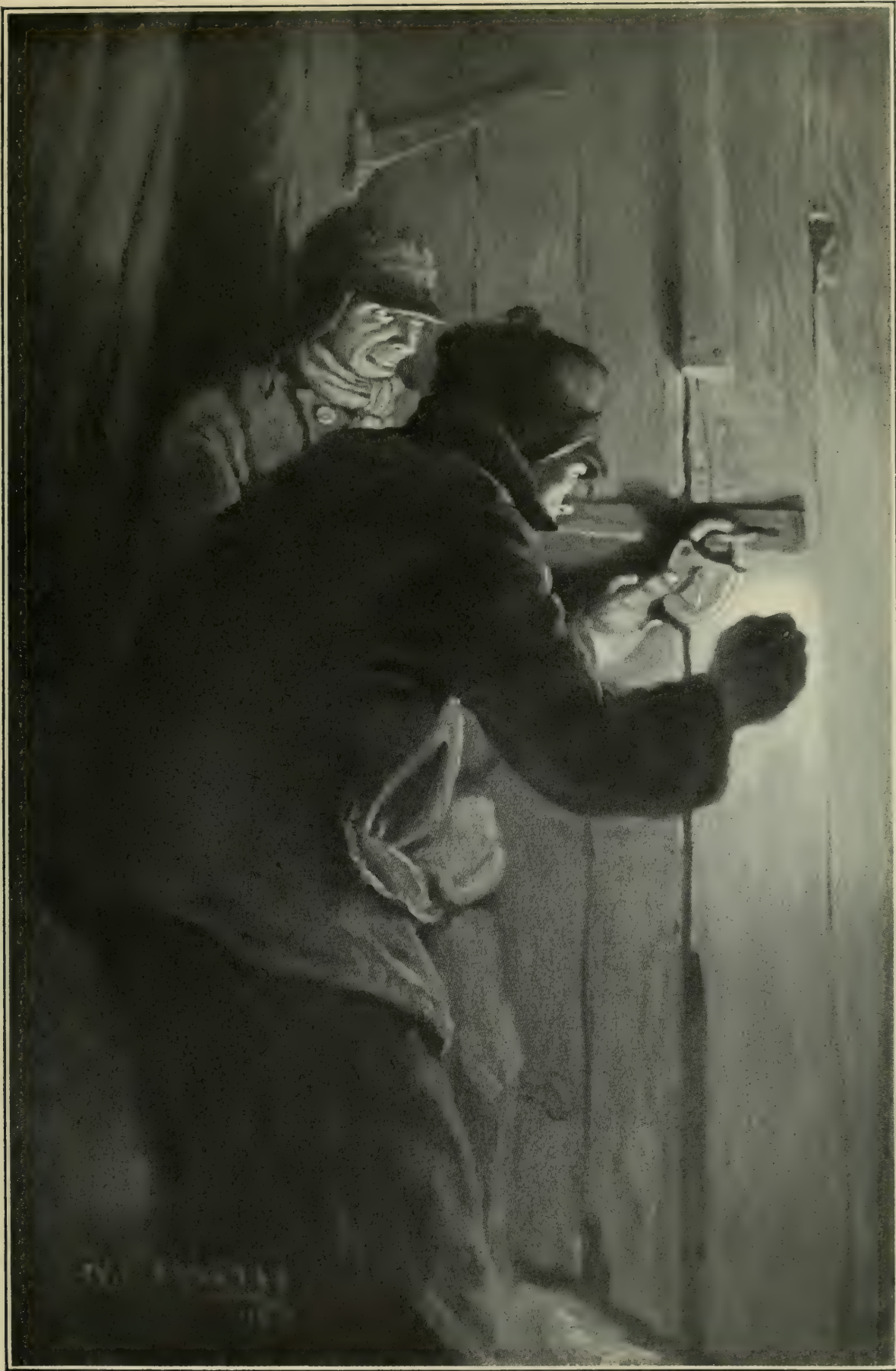
Stapkins, after rereading the evidence, turned to the solemn gentlemen on the platform: "And now the Crown prays the judgment of this honorable court on the facts aforesaid." And the honorable court accordingly rendered its finding, going over the facts minutely, repeating for the fourth or fifth time the gist of the whole case. "And the prisoner must understand," and the way he turned down his spectacles at Gillis was so impressive to that free-born adventurer that he whispered to Leary, "If ever I get to be a judge, I'll know how to throw my lamps on a man that ought to be hanged."

"You must know," resumed the judge, "that your offence is most heinous and makes you liable to a most severe penalty. By the language of the law you are not alone liable to be sent to prison for an indefinite term——"

"How long is that, Sammie?" Gillis's whisper could have been heard the length of an ocean liner.

The judge heard it. "Eh, what? Silence, silence!" he roared, and motioned to the ancient retainer, who also roared, "Silence, silence!" and thumped the floor with the fresh-cut birch sapling which served as a mace.

The judge glared at Leary also ere he continued. "Not alone to prison, but your vessel is also likely to be confiscated. Ves-



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"There was no such monstrous lock as that last night, Ollie?"—Page 404.

sels have been confiscated to the Crown before this. You are aware of that, doubtless. There is not only that lightship at Miramichi——”

“A fine little vessel, Sammie, too—I know her,” whispered Gillis.

“The prisoners will pay attention. The confiscation of a vessel is no light matter. What have you to say, Captain Leary?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing? Do you fully realize what the consequences may be? It does not add to your case that you have not testified in your own behalf.”

“What’s the use! You’ve got it all framed up to suit yourselves. Here’s a man, a passenger on the vessel, charged with smuggling a few gallons of rum, and you talk about confiscating a vessel worth fourteen thousand dollars. And you haven’t proved your case. You say it’s now regular court. If it is, then bring on your proof.”

Stapkins jumped to his feet. “I don’t see as we need any further proof. What more evidence is required than the confession of your partner a while ago in the cabin of the cutter?”

“But does that commit a man? Does a man talking careless like——”

“Do you deny he said it? Or deny the story of the rescue?”

Sam threw up his hands. “What’s the damage?”

“That is for the court to say.” Stapkins bowed deferentially to the law.

The court puffed up roundly. “As the prisoners plead guilty—you do plead guilty?”

“Yes,” replied Sam wearily. “We plead guilty to a couple of kegs of rum. And now you want to do the usual thing to American vessels down here—bleed us for all we’ll stand. Well, better soak us now you got us.”

The judge frowned on Leary, but went on, after much hemming and hawing, to deliver himself of various original phrases which were preliminary to a long dissertation. “Albeit the law says—and Anglo-Saxon—and fra-ternal—and ma-ternal——”

“And pat-ernal, don’t forget the old man, whoever he is.”

“Heh, heh—and mat-ernal ties—one speech and one blood,” and suddenly abandoning his involved phraseology, fined them one hundred dollars apiece.

Gillis flared up. “A hundred? No, sir—me for jail.”

“Me, too,” Sam turned to Stapkins. “I’ll appeal to my Gover’nment—show you fellows up, anyway. Better cut it down.”

A conference ensued, which ended by the judge saying, after casting a look of inquiry at Sam, as if doubtful how that belligerent man would take it. “Well, twenty-five dollars apiece.”

“Twenty-five? Well, all right, though mind”—he looked defiance at Stapkins—“you never proved it.”

The worthy magistrate eyed almost tearfully the great roll which Sam drew from his ulster pocket. “If I had known,” he whispered to Stapkins, “that he had so much money with him, I would not have taken off one penny.”

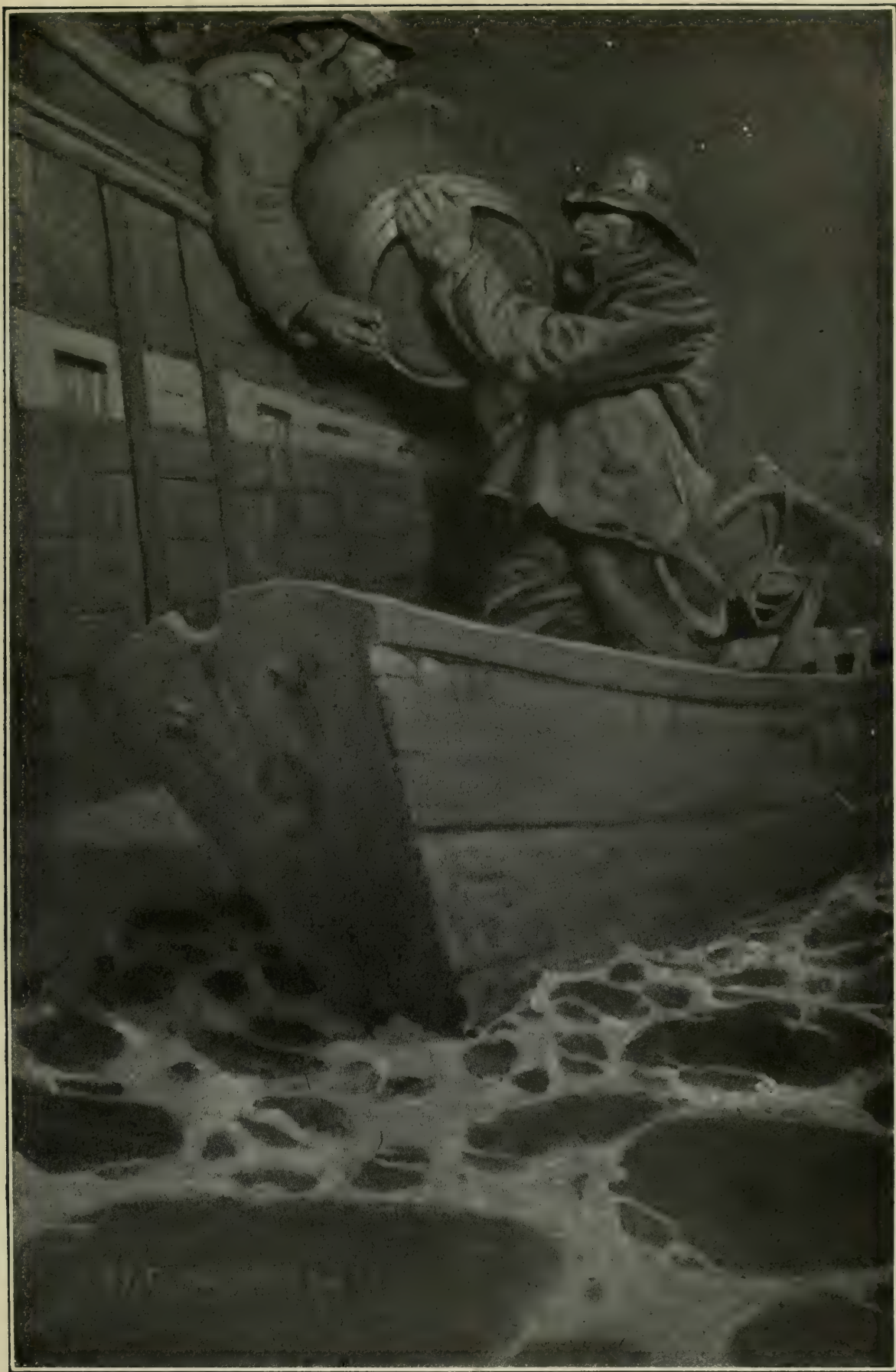
From the roll Leary skinned off two twenties. “Wages due me,” he explained to Gillis, and from an inner pocket he took ten dollars in small bills. “All I won at poker from the natives since we hit into the bay,” and sighed as he passed it over. Then, turning to the magistrate, “We can go now, I suppose?”

“You are free.”

“Then, good-day,” and, pausing at the door, “To hell with you all.” And, placing his arm through Gillis’s: “Lord, after that one-tongue, one-blood speech, I thought he was going to let us off; but I guess he needed the money. He’s like a lot of others that love us till their interests take ’em another way.” Then, noticing that they were passing a window of the court-room, he raised it, looked inside, and, catching Captain Curtin’s eye, to him he tipped a most illuminating wink, at which Curtin looked at Stapkins and Stapkins looked at Curtin, and a great light broke in on them both; and together they looked at the judge. But that honorable was recounting the money, whereat Stapkins and Curtin shook their heads and smiled, but with mouths somewhat awry.

The late prisoners resumed their road to the vessel. Sam wore a most pensive look. Finally he spoke up.

“Gillis, this ought to teach you not to be going and getting drunk with other people’s rum. Paying that fine raised the devil with my pile. I had in mind to buy Bess a little present. A fine girl, that Bess Shepherd. You haven’t got a spare ten or twenty, have you?”



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"'Twas me that stowed them in the dory."—Page 406.

"Me a ten or twenty? I got a five, though. But I had it in mind to buy a little present for somebody, too."

"You buy presents! Don't you think you ought to rest on your laurels for a little while? Let me have that five-spot, and I'll borrow five more from the skipper. There's a pearl necklace at the jewelry store up in Birchy Cove, and the man said he'd let me have it for nine seventy-five. All the girls in the bay have been eyein' it, but it'll look best on Bess. O Lord, the things I could 've done with that fifty!" Then, sighing thoughtfully: "Blessed if I don't believe, Gillis, it does pay to be honest. You see, Gillis, honesty's the one game that everybody's playin', good people all the time, but

bad people sometimes, for their own interest, if nothing else. Buckin' against honesty's like tryin' to sail into the eye of the wind, and you can't do it—you have to beat."

"'Less you got steam-power, Sammie."

"Then you're not sailin'. You're like a man then with an inside pull. Yes, sir, I'm beginnin' to believe it's best to be honest in everything. Do you know, Gillis"—Leary became very confidential—"but sometime I doubt that even smugglin's quite the right thing."

"And I've often had my doubts, too, Sammie."

And thus two reflective gentlemen, recreating ancient philosophies, climbed soberly down the rocky hillsides.

POET AND KING

By Charles Buxton Going

ILLUSTRATION BY W. T. BENDA

OUT of a desolate night,
 Into the pride of the court
 Flooded with color and light,
 A wandering singer was brought.

And there, at the foot of the throne—
 A weary and pitiful thing
 That begged for a crust or a bone—
 He sang at the nod of the king.

The king and his courtiers are gone;
 Clean gone out of mind is their fame;
 The fields where their glory was won
 Are only a date and a name.

The singer, alone of the throng,
 Lives on through the death of the years—
 For men still remember his song
 And sing it, with love and with tears.



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

He sang at the nod of the king.—Page 412.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK II

IX

"**B**UT, Justine——"

Mrs. Harry Dressel, seated in the June freshness of her Oak Street drawing-room, and harmonizing by her high lights and hard edges with the white-and-gold angularities of the best furniture, cast a rebuking eye on her friend Miss Brent, who stood disposing in a glass bowl the handful of roses she had just brought in from the garden.

Mrs. Dressel's intonation made it clear that the entrance of Miss Brent had been the signal for renewing an argument which she had perhaps left the room to escape.

"When you were here three years ago, Justine, I could understand your not wanting to go out, because you were in mourning for your mother—and besides, you'd volunteered for that bad surgical case in the Hope Hospital. But now that you've come back for a rest and a change I can't imagine why you persist in shutting yourself up—unless, of course," she concluded, in a higher key of reproach, "it's because you think so little of Hanaford society——"

Justine Brent, putting the last rose in place, turned from her task with a protesting gesture.

"My dear Effie, who am I to think little of any society, when I belong to none?" She passed a last light touch over the flowers, and crossing the room, brushed her friend's hand with the same caressing gesture.

Mrs. Dressel met it with an unrelenting turn of her plump shoulder, murmuring: "Oh, if you take *that* tone!" And on Miss Brent's gaily rejoining: "Isn't it better than to have other people take it for me?" she replied, with an air of affront that expressed itself in a ruffling of her whole pretty person: "If you'll excuse my saying so, Justine, the fact that you are staying with *me* would be enough to make you welcome anywhere in Hanaford!"

"I'm sure of it, dear; so sure that my horrid pride rather resents being floated in on the high tide of such overwhelming credentials."

Mrs. Dressel glanced up doubtfully at the dark face laughing down on her. Though she was president of the Maplewood Avenue Book-club, and habitually figured in the society column of the "Banner" as one of the intellectual leaders of Hanaford, there were moments when her self-confidence trembled before Justine's light sallies. It was absurd, of course, given the relative situations of the two; and Mrs. Dressel, behind her friend's back, was quickly reassured by the thought that Justine was only a hospital nurse, who had to work for her living, and had really never "been anywhere"; but when Miss Brent's verbal arrows were flying, it became more vividly present to her hostess that she was fairly well-connected, and lived in New York. No one placed a higher value on the abstract qualities of wit and irony than Mrs. Dressel; the difficulty was that she never quite knew when Justine's retorts were loaded, or when her own susceptibilities were the target aimed at; and between her desire to appear to take the joke, and the fear of being ridiculed without knowing it, her pretty face was apt to present an interesting study in perplexity. As usual, she now took refuge in bringing the talk back to a personal issue.

"I can't imagine," she said, "why you won't go to the Gaines's garden-party. It's always the most brilliant affair of the season; and this year, with the John Amhersts here, and all their party—that fascinating Mrs. Eustace Ansell, and Mrs. Amherst's father, old Mr. Langhope, who is quite as quick and clever as *you* are—you certainly can't accuse us of being dull and provincial!"

Miss Brent smiled. "As far as I can remember, Effie, it is always you who accuse others of bringing that charge against Hanaford. For my part, I know too little of it to have formed any opinion; but whatever



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"By Jove, here he is now——"—Page 421.

it may have to offer me, I am painfully conscious of having, at present, nothing but your kind commendation to give in return."

Mrs. Dressel rose impatiently. "How absurdly you talk! You're a little thinner than usual, and I don't like those dark lines under your eyes; but Westy Gaines told me yesterday that he thought you handsomer than ever, and that it was intensely becoming to some women to look overtired."

"It's lucky I'm one of that kind," Miss Brent rejoined, between a sigh and a laugh, "and there's every promise of my getting handsomer every day if somebody doesn't soon arrest the geometrical progression of my good looks by giving me the chance to take a year's rest!"

As she spoke, she stretched her arms above her head, with a gesture revealing the suppleness of her slim young frame, but also its tenuity of structure—the frailness of throat and shoulders, and the play of bones in the delicate neck. Justine Brent had one of those imponderable bodies that seem a mere pinch of matter shot through with light and colour. Though she did not flush easily, auroral lights ran under her clear skin, were lost in the dusk of her hair, and broke again in her eyes; and her voice seemed to shoot light too, as though her smile flashed back from her words as they fell—all her features being so fluid and changeable that the one solid thing about her was the massing of dense black hair which clasped her face like the noble metal of some antique bust.

Mrs. Dressel's face softened at the note of weariness in the girl's voice. "Are you very tired, dear?" she asked drawing her down to a seat on the sofa.

"Yes, and no—not so much bodily, perhaps, as in spirit." Justine Brent drew her brows together, and stared moodily at the thin brown hands interwoven between Mrs. Dressel's plump fingers. Seated thus, with hollowed shoulders and brooding head, she might have figured a young sibyl bowed above some mystery of fate; but the next moment her face, inclining toward her friend's, cast off its shadows and resumed the look of a plaintive child.

"The worst of it is that I don't look forward with any interest to taking up the old drudgery again when I feel fit for it. Of course that loss of interest may be merely

physical—I should call it so in a nervous patient, no doubt. But in myself it seems different—it seems to go to the roots of the world. You know it was always the imaginative side of my work that helped me over the ugly details—the pity and beauty of it that disinfected the physical horror; but now that feeling is lost, and only the mortal disgust remains. Oh, Effie, I don't want to be a ministering angel any more—I want to be uncertain, coy and hard to please. I want something dazzling and unaccountable to happen to me—something new and unlined and indescribable!"

She snatched herself with a laugh from the bewildered Effie, and flinging up her arms again, spun on a light heel across the polished floor.

"Well, then," murmured Mrs. Dressel with gentle obstinacy, "I can't see why in the world you won't go to the Gaines's garden-party!" And caught in the whirlwind of her friend's incomprehensible mirth, she still persisted, as she ducked her handsome blonde head to it: "If you'll only let me lend you my dress with the guipure, you'll look smarter than anybody there. . . ."

Before her toilet mirror, an hour later, Justine Brent seemed in a way to fulfill Mrs. Dressel's prediction. So mirror-like herself, she could no more help reflecting the happy effect of a bow or a feather than the subtler influence of word and look; and her face and figure were so new to the advantages of dress that, at four-and-twenty, she still produced the effect of a young girl in her first "good" frock. In Mrs. Dressel's festal raiment, which her dark tints subdued to a quiet elegance, she was like the golden core of a pale rose illuminating and scenting its petals.

Three years of solitary life, following on a youth of confidential intimacy with the mother she had lost, had produced in her the quaint habit of half-loud soliloquy. "Fine feathers, Justine!" she laughed back at her laughing image. "You look like a phoenix risen from your ashes. But slip back into your own plumage, and you'll be no more than a little brown bird without a song!"

The luxurious suggestions of her dress, and the way her warm youth became it, drew her back to memories of a childhood nestled in beauty and gentle ways, before her handsome prodigal father had died, and

her mother's face had grown pinched in the deadening struggle with poverty. But those memories were after all less dear to Justine than the grey years following, when, growing up, she had helped to clear a space in the wilderness for their tiny hearth-fire, when her own efforts had fed the flame and roofed it in from the weather. A great heat, kindled at that hearth, had burned in her veins, making her devour her work, lighting and warming the long cold days, and reddening the horizon through dark passages of revolt and failure; and she felt all the more deeply the chill of reaction that set in with her mother's death.

She thought she had chosen her work as a nurse in a spirit of high disinterestedness; but in the desolate hours after her mother's death it seemed as though only the personal aim had sustained her. For a while, after this, her sick people became to her mere bundles of disintegrating matter, and she shrank from physical pain with a distaste the deeper because, mechanically, she could not help working on to relieve it. Gradually her sound nature passed out of this morbid phase, and she took up her task with deeper pity if less exalted ardour; glad to do her part in the vast impersonal labour of easing the world's misery, but longing with all the warm instincts of youth for a special load to lift, a single hand to clasp.

Ah, it was cruel to be alive, to be young, to bubble with springs of mirth and tenderness and folly, and to live in perpetual contact with decay and pain—to look persistently into the grey face of death without having lifted even a corner of life's veil! Now and then, when she felt her youth flame through the sheath of dullness which was gradually enclosing it, she rebelled at the conditions that tied a spirit like hers to its monotonous task, while others, without a quiver of wings on their dull shoulders, or a note of music in their hearts, had the whole wide world to range through, and saw in it no more than a frightful emptiness to be shut out with tight walls of habit. . . .

A tap on the door announced Mrs. Dressel, garbed for conquest, and bestowing on her brilliant person the last anxious touches of the artist reluctant to part from a masterpiece.

"My dear, how well you look! I *knew* that dress would be becoming!" she ex-

claimed, generously transferring her self-approval to Justine; and adding, as the latter moved toward her: "I wish Westy Gaines could see you now!"

"Well, he will presently," Miss Brent rejoined, ignoring the slight stress on the name.

Mrs. Dressel continued to brood upon her maternally. "Justine—I wish you'd tell me! You say you hate the life you're leading now—but isn't there somebody who might——?"

"Give me another, with lace dresses in it?" Justine's slight shrug might have seemed theatrical, had it not been a part of the ceaseless dramatic play of her flexible person. "There might be, perhaps . . . only I'm not sure——" She broke off whimsically.

"Not sure of what?"

"That this kind of dress might not always be a little tight on the shoulders."

"Tight on the shoulders? What do you mean, Justine? My clothes simply *hang* on you!"

"Oh, Effie dear, don't you remember the fable of the wings under the skin that sprout when one meets a pair of kindred shoulders?" And, as Mrs. Dressel bent on her a brow of unenlightened perplexity—"Well, it doesn't matter: I only meant that I've always been afraid good clothes might keep my wings from sprouting!" She turned back to the glass, giving herself a last light touch such as she had bestowed on the roses.

"And that reminds me," she continued—"how about Mr. Amherst's wings?"

"John Amherst?" Mrs. Dressel brightened into immediate attention. "Why, do you know him?"

"Not as the owner of the Westmore Mills; but I came across him as their assistant manager three years ago, at the Hope Hospital, and he was starting a very promising pair then. I wonder if they're doing as well under his new coat."

"I'm not sure that I understand you when you talk poetry," said Mrs. Dressel with less interest; "but personally I can't say I like John Amherst—and he is certainly not worthy of such a lovely woman as Mrs. Westmore. Of course she would never let any one see that she's not perfectly happy; but I'm told he has given them all a great deal of trouble by interfering in the management of the mills, and his manner is so

cold and sarcastic—the truth is, I suppose he's never quite at ease in society. *Her* family have never been really reconciled to the marriage; and Westy Gaines says——”

“Ah, Westy Gaines *would*,” Justine interposed lightly. “But if Mrs. Amherst is really the Bessy Langhope I used to know it must be rather a struggle for the wings!”

Mrs. Dressel's flagging interest settled on the one glimpse of fact in this statement. “It's such a coincidence that you should have known her too! Was she always so perfectly fascinating? I wish I knew how she gives that look to her hair!”

Justine gathered up the lace sunshade and long gloves which her friend had lent her. “There was not much more that was genuine about her character—that was her very own, I mean—than there is about my appearance at this moment. She was always the dearest little chameleon in the world, taking everybody's colour in the most flattering way, and giving back, I must say, a most charming reflection—if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor; but when one got her by herself, with no reflections to catch, one found she hadn't any particular colour of her own. One of the girls used to say she ought to wear a tag, because she was so easily mislaid.— Now then, I'm ready!”

Justine advanced to the door, and Mrs. Dressel followed her downstairs, reflecting with pardonable complacency that one of the disadvantages of being clever was that it tempted one to say sarcastic things of other women—than which she could imagine no more crying social error.

During the drive to the garden-party, Justine's thoughts, drawn to the past by the mention of Bessy Langhope's name, reverted to the comic inconsequences of her own lot—to that persistent irrelevance of incident that had once made her compare herself to an actor always playing his part before the wrong stage-setting. Was there not, for instance, a mocking incongruity in the fact that a creature so leaping with life should have, for chief outlet, the narrow mental channel of the excellent couple between whom she was now being borne to the Gaines garden-party? All her friendships were the result of propinquity or of early association, and fate had held her imprisoned in a circle of well-to-do mediocrity, peopled by just such figures as those

of the kindly and prosperous Dressels. Effie Dressel, the daughter of a cousin of Mrs. Brent's, had obscurely but safely allied herself with the heavy blond young man who was to succeed his father as President of the Union Bank, and who was already regarded by the “solid business interests” of Hanaford as possessing talents likely to carry him far in the development of the paternal fortunes. Harry Dressel's honest countenance gave no evidence of peculiar astuteness, and he was in fact rather the product of special conditions than of an irresistible bent. He had the sound Saxon love of games, and the most interesting game he had ever been taught was “business.” He was a simple domestic being, and according to Hanaford standards the most obvious obligation of the husband and father was to make his family richer. If Harry Dressel had ever formulated his aims, he might have said that he wanted to be the man whom Hanaford most respected, and that was only another way of saying, the richest man in Hanaford. Effie embraced his creed with a zeal facilitated by such evidence of its soundness as a growing income and the early prospect of a carriage. Her mother-in-law, a kind old lady with a simple unquestioning love of money, had told her on her wedding day that Harry's one object would always be to make his family proud of him; and the recent purchase of the victoria in which Justine and the Dressels were now seated was regarded by the family as a striking fulfillment of this prophecy.

In the course of her hospital work Justine had of necessity run across far different types; but from the connections thus offered she was often held back by the subtler shades of taste that civilize human intercourse. Her world, in short, had been chiefly peopled by the dull or the crude, and hemmed in between the two she had created for herself an inner kingdom where the fastidiousness she had to set aside in her outward relations recovered its full sway. There must be actual beings worthy of admission to this secret precinct, but hitherto they had not come her way; and the sense that they were somewhere just out of reach still gave an edge of youthful curiosity to each encounter with a new group of people.

Certainly, Mrs. Gaines's garden-party seemed an unlikely field for the exercise of

such curiosity: Justine's few glimpses of Hanaford society had revealed it as rather a dull thick body, with a surface stimulated only by ill-advised references to the life of larger capitals; and the concentrated essence of social Hanaford was of course to be found at the Gaines entertainments. It presented itself, however, in the rich June afternoon, on the long shadows of the well-kept lawn, and among the paths of the rose-garden, in its most amiable aspect; and to Justine, wearied by habitual contact with ugliness and suffering, there was pure delight in the verdant setting of the picture, and in the light harmonious tints of the figures peopling it. If the company was dull, it was at least decorative; and poverty, misery and dirt were shut out by the placid unconsciousness of the guests as securely as by the leafy barriers of the garden.

X

"**A**H, Mrs. Dressel, we were on the lookout for you—waiting for the curtain to rise! Your friend Miss Brent? Juliana, Mrs. Dressel's friend Miss Brent——"

Near the brilliantly-striped marquee that formed the axis of the Gaines garden-parties, Mr. Halford Gaines, a few paces from his wife and daughters, stood radiating a royal welcome on the stream of visitors pouring across the lawn. It was only to eyes perverted by a different social perspective that there could be any doubt as to the importance of the Gaines entertainments. To Hanaford itself they were epoch-making; and if any rebellious spirit had cherished a doubt of the fact, it would have been quelled by the official majesty of Mr. Gaines's frock-coat and the comprehensive cordiality of his manner.

There were moments when New York hung like a disquieting cloud on the social horizon of Mrs. Gaines and her daughters; but to Halford Gaines Hanaford was all in all. As an exponent of the popular and patriotic "good-enough-for-me" theory he stood in high favour at the Hanaford Club, where a too-keen consciousness of the metropolis was alternately combated by easy allusion and studied omission, and where the unsettled fancies of youth were chastened and steadied by the reflection that, if Hanaford was good enough for Halford

Gaines, it must offer opportunities commensurate with the largest ideas of life.

Never did Mr. Gaines's manner bear richer witness to what could be extracted from Hanaford than when he was in the act of applying to it the powerful pressure of his hospitality. The resultant essence was so bubbling with social exhilaration that, to its producer at any rate, its somewhat mixed ingredients were lost in one highly flavoured draught. Under ordinary circumstances no one discriminated more keenly than Mr. Gaines between different shades of social importance; but any one who was entertained by him was momentarily ennobled by the fact, and not all the anxious telegraphy of his wife and daughters could, for instance, recall to him that the striking young woman in Mrs. Dressel's wake was only some obscure protégée, whom it was odd of Effie to have brought, and whose presence at the feast it was quite unnecessary to emphasize.

"Juliana, Miss Brent tells me she has never seen our roses. Oh, there are other roses in Hanaford, Miss Brent; I don't mean to imply that no one else attempts them; but unless you can afford to give *carte blanche* to your man—and mine happens to be something of a specialist . . . well, if you'll come with me, I'll let them speak for themselves. I always say that if people want to know what we can do they must come and see—they'll never find out from *me*!"

A more emphatic signal from his wife arrested Mr. Gaines as he was in the act of leading Miss Brent away.

"Eh?—What? The Amhersts and Mrs. Ansell? You must excuse me then, I'm afraid—but Westy shall take you. Westy, my boy, it's an ill-wind . . . I want you to show this young lady our roses." And Mr. Gaines, with mingled reluctance and satisfaction, turned away to receive the most important guests of the day.

It had not needed his father's summons to draw the expert Westy to Miss Brent: he was already gravitating toward her, with the nonchalance bred of cosmopolitan successes, but with a directness of aim due also to his larger opportunities of comparison.

"The roses will do," he explained, as he guided her through the increasing circle of guests about his mother; and in answer to Justine's glance of enquiry: "To get you away, I mean. They're not much in them-

selves, you know; but everything of the governor's always begins with a capital letter."

"Oh, but these roses deserve to," Justine exclaimed, as they paused under the evergreen archway at the farther end of the wide lawn.

"I don't know—not if you've been in England," Westy murmured, watching furtively for the impression produced, on one who had presumably not had that advantage, by the great blush of colour massed against its dusky background of clipped evergreens.

Justine smiled. "I *have* been—but I've been in the slums since; in horrible places that the least of those flowers would have lighted up like a lamp."

Westy's guarded glance imprudently softened. "It's the beastliest kind of a shame, your ever having had to do such work——"

"Oh, *had* to?" she flashed back at him disconcertingly. "It was my choice, you know: there was a time when I couldn't live without it. Philanthropy is one of the subtlest forms of self-indulgence."

Westy met this with a vague laugh. If a chap who was as knowing as the devil *did*, once in a way, indulge himself in the luxury of talking recklessly to a girl with exceptional eyes, it was rather upsetting to discover in those eyes no consciousness of the risk one had taken!

"But I *am* rather tired of it now," she continued, and his look grew guarded again. After all, they were all the same—except in that particular matter of the eyes. At the thought, he risked another look, hung on the sharp edge of betrayal, and was snatched back, not by the manly instinct of self-preservation, but by some imp of mockery lurking in the depths that lured him.

He recovered his balance and took refuge in a tone of worldly ease. "I saw a chap the other day who said he knew you when you were at Saint Elizabeth's—wasn't that the name of your hospital?"

Justine assented. "One of the doctors, I suppose. Where did you meet him?"

Ah, *now* she should see! He summoned his utmost carelessness of tone. "Down on Long Island last week—I was spending Sunday with the Amhersts." He held up the glittering fact to her, and watched for the least little blink of awe; but her lids never trembled. It was a confession of social blindness which painfully negated Mrs. Dressel's hint that she knew the Am-

hersts; if she had even known *of* them, she could not so fatally have missed his point.

"Long Island?" She drew her brows together in puzzled retrospection. "I wonder if it could have been Stephen Wyant? I heard he had taken over his uncle's practice somewhere near New York."

"Wyant—that's the name. He's the doctor at Clifton, the nearest town to the Amhersts' place. Little Cicely had a cold—Cicely Westmore, you know—a small cousin of mine, by the way—" he switched a rose-branch loftily out of her path, explaining, as she moved on, that Cicely was the daughter of Mrs. Amherst's first marriage to Richard Westmore. "That's the way I happened to see this Dr. Wyant. Bessy—Mrs. Amherst—asked him to stop to luncheon, after he'd seen the kid. He seems rather a discontented sort of a chap—grumbling at not having a New York practice. I should have thought he had rather a snug berth, down there at Lynbrook, with all those swells to dose."

Justine smiled. "Dr. Wyant is ambitious, and swells don't have as interesting diseases as poor people. One gets tired of giving them bread pills for imaginary ailments. But Dr. Wyant is not strong himself and I fancy a country practice is better for him than hard work in town."

"You think him clever, though, do you?" Westy enquired absently. He was already bored with the subject of the Long Island doctor, and vexed at the lack of perception that led his companion to show more concern in the fortunes of a country practitioner than in the fact of his own visit to the Amhersts; but the topic was a safe one, and it was agreeable to see how her face kindled when she was interested.

Justine mused on his question. "I think he has very great promise—which he is almost certain not to fulfill," she answered with a sigh which seemed, to Westy's anxious ear, to betray a more than professional interest in the person referred to.

"Oh, come now—why not? With the Amhersts to give him a start—I heard my cousin recommending him to a lot of people the other day——"

"Oh, he may become a fashionable doctor," Justine assented indifferently; to which her companion rejoined, with a puzzled stare: "That's just what I mean—with Bessy backing him!"

"Has Mrs. Amherst become such a power, then?" Justine asked, taking up the coveted theme just as he despaired of attracting her to it.

"My cousin?" he stretched the two syllables to the cracking-point. "Well, she's awfully rich, you know; and there's nobody smarter. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know; it's so long since I've seen her."

He brightened. "You *did* know her, then?" But the discovery made her obtuseness the more inexplicable!

"Oh, centuries ago: in another world."

"Centuries—I like that!" Westy gallantly protested, his ardour kindling as she swam once more within his social ken. "And Amherst? You know him too, I suppose? By Jove, here he is now——"

He signalled a tall figure strolling slowly toward them with bent head and brooding gaze. Justine's eye had retained a vivid image of the man with whom, scarcely three years earlier, she had lived through a moment of such poignant intimacy, and she recognized at once his lean outline, and the keen spring of his features, still veiled by the same look of inward absorption. She noticed, as he raised his hat in response to Westy Gaines's greeting, that the vertical line between his brows had deepened; and a moment later she was aware that this change was the visible token of others which went deeper than the fact of his good clothes and his general air of leisure and well-being—changes perceptible to her only in the startled sense of how prosperity had aged him.

"Hallo, Amherst—trying to get under cover?" Westy jovially accosted him, with a significant gesture toward the crowded lawn from which the new-comer had evidently fled. "I was just telling Miss Brent that this is the safest place on these painful occasions—Oh, confound it, it's not as safe as I thought! Here's one of my sisters making for me!" he broke off in comic alarm.

There ensued a short conflict of words, before his feeble flutter of resistance was borne down by a resolute Miss Gaines who, as she swept him back to his filial duties under the marquee, cried out to Amherst that her mother was asking for him too; and then Justine had time to observe that her remaining companion had no intention of responding to his hostess's appeal.

Westy, in naming her, had laid just

enough stress on the name to let it serve as a reminder or an introduction, as circumstances might decide, and she saw that Amherst, roused from his abstraction by the proffered clue, was holding out his hand with a tentative gesture.

"I think we haven't met for some years," he said.

Justine smiled. "I have a better reason than you for remembering the exact date;" and in response to his look of enquiry she added: "You made me commit a professional breach of faith, and I've never known since whether to be glad or sorry."

Amherst still bent on her the gaze which seemed to find in external details an obstacle rather than a help to recognition; but suddenly his face cleared. "It was you who told me the truth about poor Dillon! I couldn't imagine why I seemed to see you in such a different setting. . . ."

"Oh, I'm disguised as a lady this afternoon," she said smiling. "But I'm glad you saw through the disguise."

He smiled back at her. "Are you? Why?"

"It seems to make it—if it's so transparent—less of a sham, less of a dishonesty," she began impulsively, and then paused again, a little annoyed at the over-emphasis of her words. Why was she explaining and excusing herself to this stranger? Did she propose to tell him next that she had borrowed her dress from Effie Dressel? To cover her confusion she went on with a slight laugh: "But you haven't told me."

"What was I to tell you?"

"Whether to be glad or sorry that I broke my vow and told the truth about poor Dillon."

They were standing face to face in the embowered solitude of the garden-walk, forgetful of everything but the sudden surprised sense of intimacy that had marked their former brief communion. Justine had raised her eyes half-laughingly to Amherst's, but they dropped before the unexpected seriousness of his look.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked.

She made an effort to sustain the note of pleasantry. "Well—it might, for instance, determine my future conduct. You see I'm still a nurse, and such problems are always likely to present themselves."

"Ah, then don't!"

"Don't?"

"I mean—" He hesitated a moment, reaching up to break a rose from the branch that tapped his shoulder. "I was only thinking what risks we run when we scramble into the chariot of the gods and try to do the driving. Be passive—be passive, and you'll be happier!"

"Oh, as to that—!" She swept it aside with one of her airy motions. "But Dillon, for instance—would *he* have been happier if I'd been passive?"

Amherst seemed to ponder. "There again—how can one tell?"

"And the risk's not worth taking?"

"No!"

She paused, and they looked at each other again. "Do you mean that seriously, I wonder? Do you——"

"Act on it myself? God forbid! The gods drive so badly. There's poor Dillon, for instance . . . he happened to be in their way . . . as we all are at times." He pulled himself up, and went on in a matter-of-fact tone: "In Dillon's case, however, my axioms don't apply. When my wife heard the truth she was, of course, immensely kind to him; and if it hadn't been for you she might never have known."

Justine smiled. "I think you would have found out—I was only the humble instrument. But now—" she hesitated—"now you must be able to do so much——"

Amherst lifted his head abruptly, and she saw the colour rise under his fair skin. "Out at Westmore? You've never been there since? Yes—my wife has made some changes; but it's all so problematic—and one would have to live here. . . ."

"You don't, then?"

He answered by an imperceptible shrug. "Of course I'm here often; and she comes now and then. But the journey's tiresome, and it is not always easy for her to get away." He checked himself, and Justine saw that he, in turn, was suddenly conscious of the incongruity of explaining and extenuating his personal situation to a stranger. "But then we're *not* strangers!" a voice in her exulted, just as he added, with an embarrassed attempt to efface and yet justify his moment of expansion: "That reminds me—I think you know my wife. I heard her asking Mrs. Dressel about you. She wants so much to see you."

The transition had been effected, at the expense of dramatic interest, but to the ob-

vious triumph of social observances; and to Justine, after all, regaining at his side the group about the marquee, the interest was not so much diminished as shifted to the no less suggestive problem of studying the friend of her youth in the unexpected character of John Amherst's wife. Meanwhile, however, during the brief transit across the Gaines greensward, her thoughts were still busy with Amherst. She had seen at once that the peculiar sense of intimacy reawakened by their meeting had been chilled and deflected by her first allusion to the topic which had previously brought them together: Amherst had drawn back as soon as she named the mills. What could be the cause of his sudden reluctance? When they had last met, the subject burned within him: her being in actual fact a stranger had not, then, been an obstacle to his confidences. Now that he was master at Westmore it was plain that another tone became him—that his situation necessitated a greater reserve; but her enquiry did not imply the least wish to overstep this restriction: it merely showed her remembrance of his frankly-avowed interest in the operatives. The fact that so natural an allusion should put him on the defensive struck Justine vividly. She did not for a moment believe that he had lost his interest in the mills; and that his point of view should have shifted with the fact of ownership she rejected as an equally superficial reading of his character. The man with whom she had talked at Dillon's bedside was one in whom the ruling purposes had already shaped themselves, and to whom life, in whatever form it came, must henceforth take their mould. As she reached this point in her analysis, it occurred to her that his shrinking from the subject might well imply not indifference, but a deeper preoccupation: a preoccupation for some reason suppressed and almost disavowed, yet sustaining the more intensely its painful hidden life. From this inference it was but a leap of thought to the next—that the cause of the change must be sought outside of himself, in some external influence strong enough to modify the innate lines of his character. And where could such an influence be more obviously sought than in the marriage which had transformed the assistant manager of the Westmore Mills not, indeed, into their owner—that would rather have tended to simplify the problem—but

into the husband of Mrs. Westmore? After all, the mills were Bessy's—and for a farther understanding of the case it remained to find out what manner of person Bessy had become.

Justine's first impression, as her friend's charming arms received her—with an eagerness of welcome not lost on the suspended judgment of feminine Hanaford—the immediate impression was of a gain of emphasis, of individuality, as though the fluid creature she remembered had belied her prediction, and run at last into a definite mould. Yes—Bessy had acquired an outline: a graceful one, as became her early promise, though with, perhaps, a little more sharpness of edge than had been predicable of her youthful texture. But the side she turned to her friend was still all softness—had in it a hint of the old pliancy, the impulse to lean and enlase, that at once woke in Justine the corresponding instinct of guidance and protection, so that their first kiss, before a word was spoken, carried the two back to the precise relation in which their school-days had left them. So easy a reversion to the past left no room for the sense of subsequent changes by which such reunions are sometimes embarrassed. Justine's sympathies had, instinctively, and almost at once, transferred themselves to Bessy's side—passing over at a leap the pained recognition that there *were* sides already in the case—and Bessy had gathered up Justine into the circle of gentle self-absorption which left her very dimly aware of any distinctive characteristic in her friends except that of their affection for herself—since she asked only, as she appealingly put it, that they should all be “dreadfully fond” of her.

“And I've wanted you so often, Justine: you're the only clever person I'm not afraid of, because your cleverness always used to make things clear instead of confusing them. I've asked so many people about you—but I never heard a word till just the other day—wasn't it odd?—when our new doctor at Rushton happened to say that he knew you. I've been rather unwell lately—nervous and tired, and sleeping badly—and he told me I ought to keep perfectly quiet, and be under the care of a nurse who could make me do as she chose: just such a nurse as a wonderful Miss Brent he had known at St. Elizabeth's, whose patients

obeyed her as if she'd been the colonel of a regiment. His description made me laugh, it reminded me so much of the way you used to make me do what you wanted at the convent—and then it suddenly occurred to me that I had heard of your having gone in for nursing, and we compared notes, and I found it was really you! Wasn't it odd that we should discover each other in that way? I daresay we might have passed in the street and never known it—I'm sure I must be horribly changed. . . .”

Thus Bessy discoursed, in the semi-isolation to which, under an overarching beech-tree, the discretion of their hostess had allowed the two friends to withdraw for the freer exchange of confidences. There was, at first sight, nothing in her aspect to bear out Mrs. Amherst's plaintive allusions to her health, but Justine, who knew that she had lost a baby a few months previously, assumed that the effect of this shock still lingered, though evidently mitigated by a reviving interest in pretty clothes and the other ornamental accessories of life. Certainly Bessy Amherst had grown into the full loveliness which her childhood promised. She had the kind of finished prettiness that declares itself early, holds its own through the awkward transitions of girlhood, and resists the strain of all later vicissitudes, as though miraculously preserved in some clear medium impenetrable to the wear and tear of living.

“You absurd child! You haven't changed a bit except to grow more so!” Justine laughed, paying amused tribute to the childish craving for “a compliment” that still betrayed itself in Bessy's lovely eyes.

“Well, *you* have, then, Justine—you've grown extraordinarily handsome!”

“That *is* extraordinary of me, certainly,” the other acknowledged gaily. “But then think what room for improvement there was—and how much time I've had to improve in!”

“It is a long time, isn't it?” Bessy assented. “I feel so intimate, still, with the old Justine of the convent, and I don't know the new one a bit. Just think—I've a great girl of my own, almost as old as we were when we went to the Sacred Heart. But perhaps you don't know anything about me either. You see, I married again two years ago, and my poor baby died last March . . . so I have only Cicely. It was

such a disappointment—I wanted a boy dreadfully, and I understand little babies so much better than a big girl like Cicely. . . . Oh, dear, here is Juliana Gaines bringing up some more tiresome people! It's such a bore, but John says I must know them all. Well, thank goodness we've only one more day in this dreadful place—and of course I shall see you, dearest, before we go. . . ."

XI

AFTER conducting Miss Brent to his wife, John Amherst, by the exercise of considerable strategic skill, had once more contrived to detach himself from the growing throng on the lawn, and, regaining a path in the shrubbery, had taken refuge on the verandah of the house.

Here, under the shade of the awning, two ladies were seated in a seclusion agreeably tempered by the distant strains of the Hanaford band, and by the shifting prospect of the animated groups below them.

"Ah, here he is now!" the younger of the two exclaimed, turning upon Amherst the smile of intelligence that Mrs. Eustace Ansell was in the habit of substituting for the idle preliminaries of conversation. "We were not talking of you, though," she added as Amherst took the seat to which his mother beckoned him, "but of Bessy—which, I suppose, is almost as indiscreet."

She appended the last phrase after an imperceptible pause, and as if in deprecation of the hardly more perceptible frown which, at the mention of his wife's name, had deepened the perpendicular lines between Amherst's brows.

"Indiscreet of his own mother and his wife's friend?" Mrs. Amherst briskly protested, laying her trimly-gloved hand on her son's arm; while the latter, with his eyes on her companion, said slowly: "Mrs. Ansell knows that indiscretion is the last fault of which her friends are likely to accuse her."

"*Raison de plus*, you mean?" She laughed, meeting squarely the challenge that passed between them under Mrs. Amherst's puzzled gaze. "Well, if I take advantage of my reputation for discretion to meddle a little now and then, at least I do so in a good cause. I was just saying how much I wish that you would take Bessy to Europe; and I am so sure of my cause, in this case,

that I am going to leave it to your mother to give you my reasons."

She rose as she spoke, not with any sign of haste or embarrassment, but as if gracefully recognizing the natural desire of mother and son to be alone together; but Amherst, rising also, made a motion to detain her.

"No one else will be able to put your reasons half so convincingly," he said with a slight smile, "and I am sure my mother would much rather be spared the attempt."

Mrs. Ansell met the smile as freely as she had met the challenge. "My dear Lucy," she rejoined, laying, as she reseated herself, a light caress on Mrs. Amherst's hand, "I'm sorry to be flattered at your expense, but it's not in human nature to resist such an appeal. You see," she added, raising her eyes to Amherst, "how sure I am of myself—and of *you*, when you've heard me."

"Oh, John is always ready to hear one," his mother murmured innocently.

"Well, I don't know that I shall even ask him to do as much as that—I'm so sure, after all, that my suggestion carries its explanation with it."

There was a moment's pause, during which Amherst let his eyes wander absently over the dissolving groups on the lawn.

"The suggestion that I should take Bessy to Europe?" He paused again. "When—next autumn?"

"No: now—at once. On a long honeymoon."

He frowned slightly at the last word, passing it by to revert to the direct answer to his question.

"At once? No—the suggestion does not carry its explanation with it, as far as I can see."

Mrs. Ansell looked at him hesitatingly. She was conscious of the ill-chosen word that still reverberated uncomfortably between them, and the unwonted sense of having blundered made her, for the moment, less completely mistress of herself.

"Ah, you'll see farther presently—" She rose again, unfurling her lace sunshade, as if to give a touch of definiteness to her action. "It's not, after all," she added, with a sweet frankness, "a case for argument, and still less for persuasion. My reasons are excellent—I should insist on putting them to you myself if they were not! But they're so good that I can leave you to

find them out—or to find your own, which will probably be a great deal better.”

She summed up with a light nod, which included both Amherst and his mother, and turning to descend the verandah steps, waved a signal to Mr. Langhope, who was limping disconsolately toward the house.

“What has she been saying to you, mother?” Amherst asked, returning to his seat beside his mother.

Mrs. Amherst replied by a shake of her head and a raised forefinger of reproof. “Now, Johnny, I won’t answer a single question till you smooth out those lines between your eyes.”

Her son relaxed his frown to smile back at her. “Well, dear, there have to be some wrinkles in every family, and as you absolutely refuse to take your share—” His eyes rested affectionately on the frosty sparkle of her charming old face, which had, in its setting of recovered prosperity, the freshness of a sunny winter morning, when the very snow gives out a suggestion of warmth.

He remembered how, on the evening of his dismissal from the mills, he had paused on the threshold of their sitting-room to watch her a moment in the lamplight, and had thought with bitter compunction of the fresh wrinkle he was about to add to the lines about her eyes. The three years which followed had effaced that wrinkle and veiled the others in a tardy bloom of well-being. From the moment when she had turned her back on Westmore, and established herself in the pretty little house at Hanaford which her son’s wife had insisted on placing at her disposal, Mrs. Amherst had shed with a childish lightness all traces of the difficult years; and the fact that his marriage had enabled him to set free, before it was too late, the pent-up springs of her youthfulness, sometimes seemed to Amherst the clearest gain in his life’s confused total of profit and loss. It was, at any rate, the sense of Bessy’s share in the change that always softened his voice when he spoke of her to his mother.

“Now, then, if I present a sufficiently unruffled surface, let us go back to Mrs. Ansell—for I confess that her mysterious reasons are not yet apparent to me.”

Mrs. Amherst looked deprecatingly at her son. “Maria Ansell is devoted to you too, John—”

“Of course she is! It’s her *rôle* to be devoted to everybody—especially to her enemies.”

“Her enemies?”

“Oh, I didn’t intend any personal application. But why does she want me to take Bessy abroad?”

“She and Mr. Langhope think that Bessy is not looking well.”

Amherst paused, and the frown showed itself for a moment. “What do *you* think, mother?”

“I hadn’t noticed it myself: Bessy seems to me prettier than ever. But perhaps she has less colour—and she complains of not sleeping. Maria thinks she is still fretting over the poor baby.”

Amherst made an impatient gesture. “Is Europe the only panacea?”

“You should consider, John, that Bessy is used to change and amusement. I think you sometimes forget that other people haven’t your faculty of absorbing themselves in a single interest. And Maria says that the new doctor at Clifton whom they seem to think so clever, is very anxious that Bessy should go to Europe this summer.”

“No doubt; and so is every one else: I mean her father and old Tredegar—and your friend Mrs. Ansell not least.”

Mrs. Amherst lifted her bright black eyes to his. “Well, then—if they all think her health requires it—”

“Good heavens, if travel were what she needed!—Why, we’ve never stopped travelling since we married. We’ve been everywhere on the globe except at Hanaford—this is her second visit here in three years!” He rose and took a rapid turn across the deserted verandah. “It’s not because her health requires it—it’s to get me away from Westmore, to prevent things being done there that ought to be done!” he broke out vehemently, halting again before his mother.

The aged pink faded from Mrs. Amherst’s face, but her eyes retained their lively glitter. “To prevent things being done? What a strange thing to say!”

“I shouldn’t have said it if I hadn’t seen you falling under Mrs. Ansell’s spell.”

His mother had a gesture which showed from whom he had inherited his impulsive movements. “Really, my son—!” She folded her hands, and added after a pause

of self-recovery: "If you mean that I have ever attempted to interfere——"

"No, no: but when they pervert things so damnably——"

"John!"

He dropped into his chair again, and pushed the hair from his forehead with a groan of weariness.

"Well, then—put it that they have as much right to their view as I have: I only want you to see what it is. Whenever I try to do anything at Westmore—to give a real start to the work that Bessy and I planned together—some pretext is found to stop it: to pack us off to the ends of the earth, to cry out against reducing her income, to encourage her in some new extravagance to which the work at the mills must be sacrificed!"

Mrs. Amherst, growing pale under this outbreak, assured herself by a nervous backward glance that their privacy was still uninvaded; then her eyes returned gravely to her son's face.

"John—are you sure you are not sacrificing your wife to the mills?"

He grew pale in turn, and they looked at each other for a moment without speaking.

"You see it as they do, then?" he rejoined with a discouraged sigh.

"I see it as any old woman would, who had my experiences to look back to."

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

She smiled composedly. "Do you think I mean that as a reproach? That's because men will never understand women—not even sons their mothers. No real mother wants to come first; she puts her son's career ahead of everything. But it's different with a wife—and a wife as much in love as Bessy."

Amherst looked away. "I should have thought that was a reason——"

"That would reconcile her to being set aside, to counting only second in your plans?"

"They were *her* plans when we married!"

"Ah, my dear——" She paused on that, letting her shrewd old glance, and all the delicate lines of experience in her face, supply what further comment the ineptitude of his explanation suggested.

He took the full measure of her meaning, receiving it in a baffled silence that continued as she rose and gathered her lace mantle about her, as if to signify that their confidences could not, on such an occasion, be farther prolonged without singularity. Then

he stood up also and joined her, resting his hand on hers while she leaned a moment on the verandah rail.

"Poor mother! And I've kept you to myself all this time, and spoiled your good afternoon."

"No, dear; I was a little tired, and had slipped away to be quiet." She paused, and then went on, persuasively giving back his pressure: "I know how you feel about doing your duty, John; but now that things are so comfortably settled, isn't it a pity to unsettle them?"

Amherst had intended, on leaving his mother, to rejoin Bessy, whom he could still see, on the lawn, in absorbed communion with Miss Brent; but after what had passed it seemed impossible, for the moment, to recover the garden-party tone; and he made his escape through the house while a trio of Cuban singers, who formed the crowning number of the entertainment, gathered the company in a denser circle about their guitars.

As he walked on aimlessly, under the dense Juneshadows of Maplewood Avenue, his mother's last words formed an ironical accompaniment to his thoughts. "Now that things are comfortably settled——" he knew so well what that elastic epithet covered! Himself, for instance, ensconced in the impenetrable prosperity of his wonderful marriage; herself too (unconsciously, dear soul!), so happily tucked away in a cranny of that new and spacious life, and no more able to conceive why existing conditions should be disturbed than the bird in the eaves understands why the house should be torn down. Well—he had learned at last what his experience with his poor, valiant, puzzled mother might have taught him: that one must never ask from women any view but the personal one, any measure of conduct but that of their own pains and pleasures. She, indeed, had borne undauntedly enough the brunt of their earlier trials; but that was merely because, as she said, the mother's instinct bade her heap all her private hopes on the great devouring altar of the son's ambition; it was not because she had ever, in the very least, understood or sympathized with his aims.

And Bessy—? Perhaps if their little son had lived she might in turn have obeyed the world-old instinct of self-effacement—

but now! He remembered, with an intenser self-derision, that, not even in the first surprise of his passion, had he deluded himself with the idea that Bessy Westmore was an exception to her sex. He had argued rather that, being only a lovelier product of the common mould, she would abound in the adaptabilities and pliancies which the lords of the earth have seen fit to cultivate in their companions. She would care for his aims because they were his. During their precipitate wooing, and through the first brief months of marriage, this profound and original theory had been gratifyingly confirmed; then its perfect surface had begun to show a flaw. Amherst had always conveniently supposed that the poet's line summed up the good woman's rule of ethics: *He for God only, she for God in him*. It was for the god in him, surely, that she had loved him: for that first glimpse of an "ampler ether, a diviner air" that he had brought into her cramped and curtained life. He could never, now, evoke that earlier delusion without feeling on its still-tender surface the keen edge of Mrs. Ansell's smile. She, no doubt, could have told him at any time why Bessy had married him: it was for his *beaux yeux*, as Mrs. Ansell would have put it—because he was young, handsome, persecuted, an ardent lover if not a subtle one—because Bessy had met him at the fatal moment, because her family had opposed the marriage—because, in brief, the gods, that day, may have been a little short of amusement. Well, they were having their laugh out now—there were moments when high heaven seemed to ring with it. . . .

With these thoughts at his heels Amherst strode on, overtaken now and again by the wheels of departing guests from the garden-party, and knowing, as they passed him, what was in their minds—envy of his success, admiration of his cleverness in achieving it, and a little half-contemptuous pity for his wife, who, with her wealth and looks, might have done so much better. Certainly, if the case could have been put to Hanaford—the Hanaford of the Gaines garden-party—it would have sided with Bessy to a voice. And how much justice was there in what he felt would have been the unanimous verdict of her class? Was his mother right in hinting that he was sacrificing Bessy to the mills? But the mills *were* Bessy—at least

he had thought so when he married her! They were her particular form of contact with life, the expression of her relation to her fellow-men, her pretext, her opportunity—unless they were merely a vast purse in which to plunge for her pin-money! He had fancied it would rest with him to determine from which of these stand-points she should view Westmore; and at the outset she had enthusiastically viewed it from his. In her first eager adoption of his ideas she had made a pet of the mills, organizing the Mothers' Club, laying out a recreation-ground on the lower slopes of the Hopewood property, and playing with pretty plans in water-colour for the Emergency Hospital and the building which was to contain the night-schools, library and gymnasium; but even these minor projects—which he had urged her to take up as a means of learning their essential dependence on his larger scheme—were soon to be set aside by obstacles of a material order. Bessy always wanted money—not a great deal, but, as she reasonably put it, "enough"—and who was to blame if her father and Mr. Tredegar, each in his different capacity, felt obliged to point out that every philanthropic outlay at Westmore must entail a corresponding reduction in her income? Perhaps if she could have been oftener at Hanaford these arguments would have been counteracted, for she was tender-hearted, and prompt to relieve such suffering as she saw about her; but her imagination was not active, and it was easy for her to forget painful sights when they were not under her eye. This was perhaps—half-consciously—one of the reasons why she avoided Hanaford; why, as Amherst exclaimed, they had been everywhere since their marriage but to the place where their obligations called them. There had, at any rate, always been some good excuse for her not returning there, and consequently for postponing the work of improvement which, it was generally felt, her husband could not fitly begin till she *had* returned and gone over the ground with him. After their marriage, and especially in view of the comment excited by that romantic incident, it was impossible not to yield to her wish that they should go abroad for a few months; then, before her confinement, the doctors had exacted that she should be spared all fatigue and worry; and after the baby's death Amherst had

felt with her too tenderly to suggest an immediate return to unwelcome questions.

For by this time it had become clear to him that such questions were, and always would be, unwelcome to her. As the easiest means of escaping them, she had once more dismissed the whole problem to the vague and tiresome sphere of "business," whence he had succeeded in detaching it for a moment in the early days of their union. Her first husband—poor unappreciated Westmore!—had always spared her the boredom of "business," and Halford Gaines and Mr. Tredegar were ready to show her the same consideration; it was part of the modern code of chivalry that lovely woman should not be bothered about ways and means. But Bessy was too much the wife—and the wife in love—to consent that her husband's views on the management of the mills should be totally disregarded. Precisely because her advisers looked unfavourably upon his intervention, she felt bound—if only in defense of her illusions—to maintain and emphasize it. The mills were, in fact, the official "platform" on which she had married: Amherst's devoted rôle at Westmore had justified the unconventionality of the step. And so she was committed—the more helplessly for her dense misintelligence of both sides of the question—to the policy of conciliating the opposing influences which had so uncomfortably chosen to fight out their case on the field of her own poor little existence: theoretically siding with her husband, but surreptitiously, as he well knew, giving aid and comfort to the enemy, who were really defending her own cause.

All this Amherst saw with that cruel insight which had replaced his former blindness. He was, in truth, more ashamed of the insight than of the blindness: it seemed to him horribly cold-blooded to be thus analyzing, after two years of marriage, the source of his wife's inconsistencies. And, partly for this reason, he had put off from month to month the final question of the future management of the mills, and of the radical changes to be made there if his system were to prevail. But the time had come when, if Bessy had to turn to Westmore for the justification of her marriage, he had even more need of calling upon it for the same service. He had not, assuredly, married her because of Westmore; but he

would scarcely have contemplated marriage with a rich woman unless the source of her wealth had seemed to offer him some such opportunity as Westmore presented. His special training, and the natural bent of his mind, qualified him, in what had once seemed a predestined manner, to help Bessy to use her power nobly, for her own uplifting as well as for that of Westmore; and so the mills became, incongruously enough, the plank of safety to which both clung in their sense of impending disaster. It was not that Amherst feared the temptation to idleness if this outlet for his activity were cut off. He had long since found that the luxury with which his wife surrounded him merely quickened his natural bent for hard work and hard fare. He recalled with a touch of bitterness how he had once regretted having separated himself from his mother's class, and how seductive for a moment, to both mind and senses, that other life had appeared.

Well—he knew it now, and it had neither charm nor peril for him. Capua must have been a dull place to one who had once drunk the joy of battle. What he dreaded was not that he should learn to love the life of ease, but that he should grow to loathe it uncontrollably, as the symbol of his mental and spiritual bondage. And Westmore was his safety-valve, his refuge—if he were cut off from Westmore what remained to him? It was not only the work he had found to his hand, but the one kind of work for which his hand was fitted. It was his life that he was fighting for in insisting that now at last, before the close of this long-deferred visit to Hanaford, the question of the mills should be faced and settled. He had made that clear to Bessy, in a scene he still shrank from recalling; for it was of the essence of his somewhat unbending integrity that he would not trick her into a confused surrender to the personal influence he still possessed over her, but must seek to convince her by the tedious process of argument and exposition, against which she knew no defense but tears and petulance. But he had, at any rate, gained her consent to his setting forth his views at the meeting of directors the next morning; and meanwhile he had meant to be extraordinarily patient and reasonable with her till the hint of Mrs. Ansell's stratagem produced in him a fresh reaction of distrust.

SILVERHORNS

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



THE railway station of Bathurst, New Brunswick, is not a particularly merry resort at two o'clock of a late September morning, especially when there is an easterly haar driving in from the *Baie des Chaleurs*, and the darkness is so saturated with chilly moisture that an honest downpour of rain would be a relief. There were two or three depressed and somnolent travellers in the waiting-room, which smelled horribly of smoky lamps. The telegraph instrument in the ticket-office clicked spasmodically for a minute, and then relapsed into a gloomy silence. The imperturbable station-master was tipped back against the wall in a wooden armchair, with his feet on the table, and his mind sunk in an old Christmas number of *The Cowboy Magazine*. The express-agent, in the baggage-room, was going over his last week's way-bills and accounts by the light of a lantern, trying to locate an error, and sighing profanely to himself as he failed to find it. A wooden trunk tied with rope, a couple of dingy canvas bags, a long box marked "Fresh Fish! Rush," and two large leather portmanteaus with brass fittings were piled on the luggage-truck at the far end of the platform; and beside the door of the waiting-room, sheltered by the overhanging eaves, was a neat travelling bag, with a gun-case and a rod-case leaning against the wall. The wet rails glittered dimly northward and southward away into the night. A few blurred lights glimmered from the village across the bridge.

Dudley Hemenway had observed all these features of the landscape with silent dissatisfaction, as he smoked steadily up and down the platform, waiting for the Maritime Express. It is usually irritating to arrive at the station on time for a train on the Intercolonial Railway. The arrangement is seldom mutual; and sometimes yesterday's train does not come along until to-morrow afternoon. Moreover, he was inwardly discontented with the fact that he was coming

out of the woods instead of going in. "Coming out" always made him a little unhappy, whether his expedition had been successful or not. He did not like the thought that it was all over; and he had the very bad habit, at such times, of looking ahead and computing the slowly lessening number of chances that were left to him.

"Sixty odd years—I may live to be that old and keep my shooting sight," he said to himself. "That would give me a couple of dozen more camping trips. It's a short allowance. I wonder if any of them will be more lucky than this one. This makes the seventh year I've tried to get a moose; and the odd trick has gone against me every time."

He tossed away the end of his cigar, which made a little trail of sparks as it rolled along the sopping platform, and turned to look in through the window of the ticket-office. Something in the agent's attitude of literary absorption aggravated him. He went around to the door and opened it.

"Don't you know or care when this train is coming?"

"Nope," said the man placidly.

"Well, when? What's the matter with her? When is she due?"

"Doo twenty minits ago," said the man. "Forty minits late down to Noocastle. Git here quatter to three, ef nothin' more happens."

"But what has happened already? What's wrong with the beastly old road, anyhow?"

"Freight-car skipped the track," said the man, "up to Charlo. Everythin' hung up an' kinder goin' slow till they git the line clear. Dunno nothin' more."

With this conclusive statement the agent seemed to disclaim all responsibility for the future of impatient travellers, and settled his mind back into the magazine again. Hemenway lit another cigar and went into the baggage-room to smoke with the expressman. It was nearly three o'clock when they heard the far-off shriek of the whistle sounding up from the south; then, after an

interval, the puffing of the engine on the up-grade; then the faint ringing of the rails, the increasing clatter of the train, and the blazing headlight of the locomotive swept slowly through the darkness, past the platform. The engineer was leaning on one arm, with his head out of the cab-window, and as he passed he nodded and waved his hand to Hemenway. The conductor also nodded and hurried into the ticket-office, where the tick-tack of a conversation by telegraph was soon under way. The black porter of the Pullman car was looking out from the vestibule, and when he saw Hemenway his sleepy face broadened into a grin reminiscent of many generous tips.

"Howdy, Mr. Hennigray," he cried; "glad to see yo' ag'in, sah! Got yo' section alright, sah! Lemme take yo' things, sah! Train gwine to stop hyah fo' some time yet, I reckon."

"Well, Charles," said Hemenway, "you take my things and put them in the car. Careful with that gun now! The Lord only knows how much time this train's going to lose. I'm going ahead to see the engineer."

Angus McLeod was a grizzle-bearded Scotchman who had run a locomotive on the Intercolonial ever since the road was cut through the woods from New Brunswick to Quebec. Everyone who travelled often on that line knew him, and all who knew him well enough to get below his rough crust, liked him for his big heart.

"Hallo, McLeod," said Hemenway as he came up through the darkness, "is that you?"

"It's nane else," answered the engineer as he stepped down from his cab and shook hands warmly. "Hoo are ye, Dud, an' whaur hae ye been murderin' the innocent beasties noo? Hae ye killt yer moose yet? Ye've been chasin' him these mony years."

"Not much murdering," replied Hemenway. "I had a queer trip this time—away up the Nepissiguit, with old McDonald. You know him, don't you?"

"Fine do I ken Rob McDonald, an' a guid mon he is. Hoo was it that ye couldna slaughter stacks o' moose wi' him to help ye? Did ye see nane at all?"

"Plenty, and one with the biggest horns in the world! But that's a long story, and there's no time to tell it now."

"Time to burrrn, Dud, nae fear o' it! 'Twill be an hour afore the line's clear up to Charlo an' they lat us oot o' this. Climb

away up into the cab, mon, an' tell us yer tale. 'Tis couthy an' warm in the cab, an' I'm willin' to leesten to yer bluidy adventures."

So the two men clambered up into the engineer's seat. Hemenway gave McLeod his longest and strongest cigar, and filled his own brierwood pipe. The rain was now pattering gently on the roof of the cab. The engine hissed and sizzled patiently in the darkness. The fragrant smoke curled steadily from the glowing tip of the cigar; but the pipe went out half a dozen times while Hemenway was telling the story of Silverhorns.

"We went up the river to the big rock, just below Indian Falls. There we made our main camp, intending to hunt on Forty-two Mile Brook. There's quite a snarl of ponds and bogs at the head of it, and some burned hills over to the west, and it's very good moose country.

"But some other party had been there before us, and we saw nothing on the ponds, except two cow moose and a calf. Coming out the next morning we got a fine deer on the old wood road—a beautiful head. But I have plenty of deer-heads already."

"Bonny creature!" said McLeod. "An' what did ye do wi' it, when ye had murdered it?"

"Ate it, of course. I gave the head to Billy Boucher, the cook. He said he could get ten dollars for it. The next evening we went to one of the ponds again, and Injun Pete tried to 'call' a moose for me. But it was no good. McDonald was disgusted with Pete's calling; said it sounded like the bray of a wild ass of the wilderness. So the next day we gave up calling and travelled the woods over toward the burned hills.

"In the afternoon McDonald found an enormous moose-track; he thought it looked like a bull's track, though he wasn't quite positive. But then, you know, a Scotchman never likes to commit himself, except about theology or politics."

"Humph!" grunted McLeod in the darkness, showing that the stroke had counted.

"Well, we went on, following that track through the woods, for an hour or two. It was a terrible country, I tell you: tamarack swamps, and spruce thickets, and windfalls, and all kinds of misery. Presently we came out on a bare rock on the burned hillside, and there, across a ravine, we could see the animal lying down, just below the

trunk of a big dead spruce that had fallen. The beast's head and neck were hidden by some bushes, but the fore-shoulder and side were in clear view, about two hundred and fifty yards away. McDonald seemed to be inclined to think that it was a bull and that I ought to shoot. So I shot, and knocked splinters out of the spruce log. We could see them fly. The animal got up quickly, and looked at us for a moment, shaking her long ears; then the huge, unmitigated cow vamoosed into the brush. McDonald remarked that it was 'a varra fortunate shot, almaist providaintial!' And so it was; for if it had gone six inches lower, and the news had gotten out at Bathurst, it would have cost me a fine of two hundred dollars."

"Ye did weel, Dud," puffed McLeod; "varra weel indeed—for the coo!"

"After that," continued Hemenway, "of course my nerve was a little shaken, and we went back to the main camp on the river, to rest over Sunday. That was all right, wasn't it, Mac?"

"Aye!" replied McLeod, who was a strict member of the Presbyterian church at Moncton. "That was surely a varra safe thing to do. Even a hunter, I'm thinkin', wouldna like to be breakin' twa commandments in the ane day—the foorth and the saxth!"

"Perhaps not. It's enough to break one, as you do once a fortnight when you run your train into Rivière du Loup Sunday morning. How's that, you old Calvinist?"

"Dudley, ma son," said the engineer, "dinna airgue a point that ye canna understand. There's guid an' suffeecient reasons for the train. But ye'll ne'er be claimin' that moose-huntin' is a wark o' necessity or maircy?"

"No, no, of course not; but then, you see, barring Sundays, we felt that it was necessary to do all we could to get a moose, just for the sake of our reputations. Billy, the cook, was particularly strong about it. He said that an old woman in Bathurst, a kind of fortune-teller, had told him that he was going to have '*la bonne chance*' on this trip. He wanted to try his own mouth at 'calling.' He had never really done it before. But he had been practising all winter in imitation of a tame cow moose that Johnny Moreau had, and he thought he could make the sound '*b'en bon*.' So he got the birch-bark horn and gave us a sample of his skill. McDonald told me privately that it was 'nae sa bad; a deal better than Pete's feckless bellow.' We agreed

to leave the Indian to keep the camp (after locking up the whiskey-flask in my bag), and take Billy with us on Monday to 'call' at Hogan's Pond.

"It's a small bit of water, about three-quarters of a mile long and four hundred yards across, and four miles back from the river. There is no trail to it, but a blazed line runs part of the way, and for the rest you follow up the little brook that runs out of the pond. We stuck up our shelter in a hollow on the brook, half a mile below the pond, so that the smoke of our fire would not drift over the hunting-ground, and waited till five o'clock in the afternoon. Then we went up to the pond, and took our position in a clump of birch-trees on the edge of the open meadow that runs round the east shore. Just at dark Billy began to call, and it was beautiful. You know how it goes. Three short grunts, and then a long ooooo-aaaa-ooooh, winding up with another grunt! It sounded lonelier than a love-sick hippopotamus on the house-top. It rolled and echoed over the hills as if it would wake the dead.

"There was a fine moon shining, nearly full, and a few clouds floating by. Billy called, and called, and called again. The air grew colder and colder: light frost on the meadow-grass, teeth chattering, fingers numb.

"Then we heard a bull give a short bawl, away off to the southward. Presently we could hear his horns knock against the trees, far up on the hill. McDonald whispered, 'He's comin',' and Billy gave another call.

"But it was another bull that answered, back of the north end of the pond, and pretty soon we could hear him rapping along through the woods. Then everything was still. 'Call agen,' says McDonald, and Billy called again.

"This time the bawl came from the top of the western hill, straight across the pond. It seemed to start up the two other bulls, and we could hear all three of them thrashing along, as fast as they could come, towards the pond. 'Call agen, a wee one,' says McDonald, trembling with joy. And Billy called a little, seducing call, with two grunts at the end.

"Well, sir, at that, a cow and a calf came rushing down through the brush not two hundred yards away from us, and the three bulls went splash into the water, one at

the south end, one at the north end, and one on the west shore. 'Lord,' whispers McDonald, 'it's a meenadgerie!'"

"Dud," said the engineer, getting down to open the furnace door a crack, "this is mair than murder ye're comin' at; it's a buitchery—or else it's juist a pack o' lees."

"I give you my word," said Hemenway, "it's all true as the catechism. But let me go on. The cow and the calf only stayed in the water a few minutes, and then ran back through the woods. But the three bulls went sloshing around in the pond as if they were looking for something. We could hear them, but we could not see any of them, for the sky had clouded up a little, and they kept far away from us. Billy tried another short call, but they did not come any nearer. McDonald whispered that he thought the one in the south end might be the biggest, and he might be feeding, and the two others might be young bulls, and they might be keeping away because they were afraid of the big one. This seemed reasonable; and I said that I was going to crawl around the meadow to the south end. 'Keep near a tree,' says Mac; and I started.

"There was a deep trail, worn by animals, through the high grass; and in this I crept along on my hands and knees. It was very wet and muddy. My boots were full of cold water. After ten minutes I came to a little point running out into the pond, and one young birch growing on it. Under this I crawled, and rising up on my knees looked over the top of the grass and bushes.

"There, in a shallow bay, standing knee-deep in the water, and rooting up the lily-stems with his long, pendulous nose, was the biggest and blackest bull moose in the world. As he pulled the roots from the mud and tossed up his dripping head I could see his horns—four and a half feet across, if they were an inch, and the palms shining like huge tea-trays in the moonlight. I tell you, old Silverhorns was the most beautiful monster I ever saw.

"But he was too far away to shoot by that dim light, so I left my birch-tree and crawled along toward the edge of the bay. A breath of wind must have blown across me to him, for he lifted his head, sniffed, grunted, came out of the water, and began to trot slowly along the trail which led past me. I knelt on one knee and tried to take aim. A black cloud came over the moon. I

couldn't see either of the sights on the gun. But when the bull came opposite to me, about fifty yards off, I blazed away at a venture.

"He reared straight up on his hind legs—it looked as if he rose fifty feet in the air—wheeled, and went walloping along the trail, around the south end of the pond. In a minute he was lost in the woods. Good-bye, Silverhorns!"

"Ye tell it weel," said McLeod, reaching out for a fresh cigar, "fegs! Ah doot Sir Walter himsel' couldna impruve upon it. An' sae thot's the way ye didna murder puir Seelverhorrs? It's a tale I'm joyfu' to be hearin'."

"Wait a bit," Hemenway answered. "That's not the end, by a long shot. There's worse to follow. The next morning we returned to the pond at daybreak, for McDonald thought I might have wounded the moose. We searched the bushes and the woods when he went out very carefully, looking for drops of blood on his trail."

"Bluid!" groaned the engineer. "Hech, mon, wouldna that come nigh to mak' ye greet, to find the beast's red bluid splashed ower the leaves, and think o' him staggerin' on thro' the forest, drippin' the heart oot o' him wi' every step?"

"But we didn't find any blood, you old sentimentalist. That shot in the dark was a clear miss. We followed the trail by broken bushes and footprints for half a mile, and then came back to the pond and turned to go down through the edge of the woods to the camp.

"It was just after sunrise. I was walking a few yards ahead, McDonald next, and Billy last. Suddenly he looked around to the left, gave a low whistle, and dropped to the ground, pointing northward. Away at the head of the pond, beyond the glitter of the sun on the water, the big blackness of Silverhorns' head and body was pushing through the bushes, dripping with dew.

"Each of us flopped down behind the nearest shrub as if we had been playing squat-tag. Billy had the birch-bark horn with him, and he gave a low, short call. Silverhorns heard it, turned, and came parading slowly down the western shore, now on the sand-beach, now splashing through the shallow water. We could see every motion and hear every sound. He marched along as if he owned the earth, swinging his huge head from side to side and grunting at each step.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

"Billy began to call, and it was beautiful."—Page 431.

"You see, we were just in the edge of the woods, strung along the south end of the pond, Billy nearest the west shore, where the moose was walking, McDonald next, and I last, perhaps fifteen yards farther to the east. It was a fool arrangement, but we had no time to think about it. McDonald whispered that I should wait until the moose came close to us and stopped.

"So I waited. I could see him swagger along the sand and step out around the fallen logs. The nearer he came the bigger his horns looked; each palm was like an enormous silver fish-fork with twenty prongs. Then he went out of my sight for a minute as he passed around a little bay in the southwest corner, getting nearer and nearer to Billy. But I could still hear his steps distinctly—slosh, slosh, slosh—thud, thud, thud (the grunting had stopped)—closer came the sound, until it was directly behind the dense green branches of a fallen balsam-tree, not twenty feet away from Billy. Then suddenly the noise ceased. I could hear my own heart pounding at my ribs, but nothing else. And of Silverhorns not hair nor hide was visible. It looked as if he must be a Boojum, and had the power to

"Softly and silently vanish away.

"Billy and Mac were beckoning to me fiercely and pointing to the green balsam-top. I gripped my rifle and started to creep toward them. A little twig, about as thick as the tip of a fishing-rod, cracked under my knee. There was a terrible crash behind the balsam, a plunging through the underbrush and a rattling among the branches, a lumbering gallop up the hill through the forest, and Silverhorns was gone into the invisible.

"He had stopped behind the tree because he smelled the grease on Billy's boots. As he stood there, hesitating, Billy and Mac could see his shoulder and his side through a gap in the branches—a dead-easy shot. But so far as I was concerned, he might as well have been in Alaska. I told you that the way we had placed ourselves was a fool arrangement. But McDonald would not say anything about it, except to express his conviction that *it was not predestinated we should get that moose.*"

"Ah didna ken auld Rob had sae much theology aboot him," commented McLeod. "But noo I'm thinkin' ye went back to yer main camp, an' lat puir Seelverhorns live oot his life?"

"Not much, did we! For now we knew that he wasn't badly frightened by the adventure of the night before, and that we might get another chance at him. In the afternoon it began to rain; and it poured for forty-eight hours. We cowered in our shelter before a smoky fire, and lived on short rations of crackers and dried prunes—it was a hungry time."

"But wasna there slathers o' food at the main camp? Ony fule wad ken enough to gae doon to the river an' tak' a guid fill-up."

"But that wasn't what we wanted. It was Silverhorns. Billy and I made McDonald stay, and Thursday afternoon, when the clouds broke away, we went back to the pond to have a last try at turning our luck.

"This time we took our positions with great care, among some small spruces on a point that ran out from the southern meadow. I was farthest to the west; McDonald (who had also brought his gun) was next; Billy, with the horn, was farthest away from the point where he thought the moose would come out. So Billy began to call, very beautifully. The long echoes went bellying over the hills. The afternoon was still, and the setting sun shone through a light mist, like a ball of red gold.

"Fifteen minutes after sundown Silverhorns gave a loud bawl from the western ridge and came crashing down the hill. He cleared the bushes two or three hundred yards to our left with a leap, rushed into the pond, and came wading around the south shore toward us. The bank here was rather high, perhaps four feet above the water, and the mud below it was deep, so that the moose sank in up to his knees. I give you my word, as he came along there was nothing visible to Mac and me except his ears and his horns. Everything else was hidden below the bank.

"There were we behind our little spruce-trees. And there was Silverhorns, standing still now, right in front of us. And all that Mac and I could see were those big ears and those magnificent antlers, appearing and disappearing as he lifted and lowered his head. It was a fearful situation. And there was Billy, with his birch-bark hooter, forty yards below us—he could see the moose perfectly.

"I looked at Mac, and he looked at me. He whispered something about predestination. Then Billy lifted his horn and made ready



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

There he stood defiant, front feet planted wide apart.—Page 436.

to give a little soft grunt, to see if the moose wouldn't move along a bit, just to oblige us. But as Billy drew in his breath, one of those tiny fool flies that are always blundering around a man's face flew straight down his throat. Instead of a call he burst out with a furious, strangling fit of coughing. The moose gave a snort, and a wild leap in the water, and galloped away under the bank, the way he had come. Mac and I both fired at his vanishing ears and horns, but of course——"

"All abooooard!" The conductor's shout rang along the platform.

"Line's clear," exclaimed McLeod, rising. "Noo we'll be aff! Wull ye stay here wi' me, or gang back to yer bed?"

"Here," answered Hemenway, not budging from his place on the bench.

The bell clanged, and the powerful machine puffed out on its flaring way through the night. Faster and faster came the big explosive breaths, until they blended in a long steady roar, and the train was sweeping northward at forty miles an hour. The clouds had broken; the night had grown colder; the gibbous moon gleamed over the vast and solitary landscape. It was a different thing to Hemenway, riding in the cab of the locomotive, from an ordinary journey in the passenger-car or an unconscious ride in the sleeper. Here he was on the crest of motion, at the fore-front of speed, and the quivering engine with the long train behind it seemed like a living creature leaping along the track. It responded to the labor of the fireman and the touch of the engineer almost as if it could think and feel. Its pace quickened without a jar; its great eye pierced the silvery space of moonlight with a shaft of blazing yellow; the rails sang before it and trembled behind it; it was an obedient and joyful monster, conquering distance and devouring darkness.

On the wide level barrens beyond the Tête-a-Gouche River the locomotive reached its best speed, purring like a huge cat and running smoothly. McLeod leaned back on his bench with a satisfied air.

"She's doin' fine, the night," said he. "Ah'm thinkin', whiles, o' yer auld Seelverhorns. Whaur is he noo? Awa' up on Hagan's Pond, gallantin' around i' the licht o' the mune wi' a lady moose, an' the gladness juist bubblin' in his hairt. Ye're no sorry that he's leevin' yet, are ye, Dud?"

"Well," answered Hemenway slowly, between the puffs of his pipe, "I can't say that I'm sorry that he's alive and happy, though I'm not glad that I lost him. But he did his best, the old rogue; he played a good game, and he deserved to win. Where he is now nobody can tell. He was travelling like a streak of lightning when I last saw him. By this time he may be——"

"What's yon?" cried McLeod, springing up. Far ahead, in the narrow apex of the converging rails, stood a black form, motionless, mysterious. McLeod grasped the whistle-cord. The black form loomed higher in the moonlight and was clearly silhouetted against the horizon—a big moose standing across the track. They could see his grotesque head, his shadowy horns, his high, sloping shoulders. The engineer pulled the cord. The whistle shrieked loud and long.

The moose turned and faced the sound. The glare of the headlight fascinated, challenged, angered him. There he stood defiant, front feet planted wide apart, head lowered, gazing steadily at the unknown enemy that was rushing toward him. He was the monarch of the wilderness. There was nothing in the world that he feared, except those strange-smelling little beasts on two legs who crept around through the woods and shot fire out of sticks. This was surely not one of those treacherous animals, but some strange new creature that dared to shriek at him and try to drive him out of its way. He would not move. He would try his strength against this big yellow-eyed beast.

"Losh!" cried McLeod; "he's gaun' to fecht us!" and he dropped the cord, grabbed the levers, and threw the steam off and the brakes on hard. The heavy train slid groaning and jarring along the track. The moose never stirred. The fire smouldered in his small narrow eyes. His black crest was bristling. As the engine bore down upon him, not a rod away, he reared high in the air, his antlers flashing in the blaze, and struck full at the headlight with his immense fore feet. There was a shattering of glass, a crash, a heavy shock, and the train slid on through the darkness, lit only by the moon.

Thirty or forty yards beyond, the momentum was exhausted and the engine came to a stop. Hemenway and McLeod

clambered down and ran back, with the other trainmen and a few of the passengers. The moose was lying in the ditch beside the track, stone dead and frightfully shattered. But the great head and the vast, spreading antlers were intact.

"Seelver-horrns, sure enugh!" said Mc-

Leod, bending over him. "He was crossin' frae the Nepissiguit to the Jacquet; but he didna get across. Weel, Dud, are ye glad? Ye hae killt yer first moose!"

"Yes," said Hemenway, "it's my first moose, and it's your first moose. And I think it's my last. Ye gods, what a fighter!"

HARBOR

By Alice Duer Miller

I

AND will you rest at last, storm-beaten spirit,
 In this poor heart, who would your haven be,
 Will you sink down, at last, content to inherit
 The common treasures of tranquillity?
 Will you forget your high and fierce endeavor
 The hinted island and the hidden seas,
 Defeats, escapes, adventures, that forever
 Left you more sad, and never more at ease?

II

When the west wind on summer evenings blowing
 Brings to your ears the sound of sails that fill,
 And moving ships eclipse your starlight, going
 To lands unseen, and fates that beckon still,
 When you shall see beneath the moon new risen,
 The hissing wake of other vessels' foam,
 Will not this land-locked harbor seem a prison
 Where calms and shadows mock the name of home?

III

Ah, when your longing for the open ocean
 Captures your heart, and bids you set your sail,
 Feeble will be the bonds of my devotion;
 Little will love—your own or mine—avail:
 Happy to you will seem some ship-wrecked stranger,
 Keener than love the zest of being free,
 Sweeter than peace, the summoning of danger;—
 Some day at sunrise you will put to sea.

TURQUOISE AND GOLD

By Robert Fulkerson Hoffman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA



WE first saw them one evening well on in summer. The general manager's car had just come to anchor at the upper end of Harmony Spur and the old yard engine that brought us up was sputtering back between the high walls of the gorge toward Caledon Junction—on three legs, Maxon said, but the doctor's mind naturally turned to things crippled, after six years as surgeon on the mountain single-track, with the new coal-mines at Harmony lately thrown in for good measure.

Sancho and Lota were probably as good specimens of southwestern Indian as the cactus-grown *mesas* of the Rio Grande have produced. They came down through the deep windings of the canyon as silently as the lengthening shadows of the Big Ortiz, and as silently unslung their heavy packs of pink wild plums, offering them to us upon the observation end of the car. The blue-black hair of the woman, cropped square at the brows and hooded only in its own luxuriance, framed a rare oval of brown face, true Navajo. Her black eyes shone with the guarded look of an animal that would be friendly but fears abuse. Her navy-blue kilt swung free to the knees and endlessly wound leggings of coarse white muslin continued to the neat moccasins in which she stood, graceful as a young cedar.

The man's idea of color had taken a wider turn. His narrow face, in lighter hue, rose with a certain dignity above his squared shoulders. A loose blouse shirt of some brilliant red stuff hung free over canvas trousers that had been white and in his thick white brow-band a single narrow feather of changing gold and green wound twice around his head and hid its ends in the folded linen. His black hair streamed loose to the shoulder in the breeze that rustled up the canyon, and against the background of lights that riot upon the peaks of the Ortiz at sunset, the red-gold and pearl and pink that turn

the sky to living opal, the Indians stood and belonged. They were part of it, and very good to see among the crowding cliffs.

With their bartering done they bent to lift their packs, and from Lota's wrist dropped into view a broad thong of tanned rattlesnake skin upon which hung a heavy oval of turquoise, gray in spots with pieces of matrix. The immediate prospect of a two-bit silver piece gave us time to examine the stone while she shifted uneasily from side to side, with her eyes upon Sancho. His hand went slowly under the wavering field of red to his belt, and his glistening eyes never left us. Evidently we were not the first who had seen and wanted the turquoise. Its matchless blue was shaded in places to softest green from contact with the flesh, a beautiful fault, and across the face ran a narrow thread, deep-veined and yellow with pure gold. My exclamation brought the doctor closer, laughing. He was well used to the tawdry trinkets of the frontier.

"Maxon, it's a gem!" I said in ill-suppressed excitement.

"You are a gem of a young surgeon, Tom," laughed he. "And I'm hoping you will shine in this berth of mine after a while. But, barring you and me, gems are rare in this range of hills."

He ended with a low croon of delight as he turned the glinting strip of gold to the slanting rays of the setting sun and saw further that the flakes of gray matrix rock were also shimmering with points of free gold.

"You sell it?" he quietly asked of the Indians, and Sancho said softly, "No sell it."

"Are you Navajo?" Maxon asked of the man.

"*Quien sabe?*" he replied. "Who knows?"

A moment later we were looking at their receding figures as they packed down the steep slope toward the coal-breaker that hung upon the mountain, a short distance below us.

"Never saw the like of that," said Maxon. "If they would talk they could tell a tale

that would start the Argonauts this way again with a rush. They know better, you may notice. I have been in these mountains twenty years, all told, and that is the first gold-veined turquoise that has come out of hiding; accident at that. When I came out here a young man, I lived for five years like a wild man among these Navajos. Lungs. Always there has been the camp-fire tale of a place of devils, where the mountain had eyes like sun and sky, but men who went that way came back no more. The woman is Navajo, but the quetzal feather in the man's brow-band tells an older story."

"Look, doctor!" I interrupted, but while I was yet straining forward Maxon's early training had sent him bounding like a veteran stag over the boulders.

The Indian had gone into the door of the shaft-house, and as he came out he was struck in the back, turning him half around. His pack fell crushed and oozing to the ground. In a staggering half-turn he drew and sunk a long knife into the framed darkness, then went down with a branching gash from a lump of coal that shot out of the doorway and struck between his eyes. He lay there stunned, clutching the handle of the broken knife, while blood welled over his upturned face and slowly crimsoned his head-band of white and golden green. Over him stood the woman, grasping the knife-blade, which, with a panther's spring, she had wrenched from the door-frame.

We took him to the car and dressed the ragged wound while Lota stood motionless upon the car platform. When at last she ceased her searching stare at the shaft-house and came into the car it was seen that blood had dripped and pooled, unheeded, from her hand.

"There, Sancho!" said Maxon as we finished. "Good head. Get well soon now. You eat?"

The man nodded, and the doctor, turning to the general manager, who had been a silent onlooker, said somewhat tartly: "Just among old friends, Sharer, there's my thirty-thirty Winchester behind the door if you want to inject something peaceable into that breaker outfit." And the general manager grunted in a way that meant things for the breaker.

"No Winchester," said the Indian. "I kill 'em-knife next time," he said, as he turned his battered face from Maxon to Sharer.

"No kill," growled Sharer. "You don't kill here," he said, taking a quick stride toward us. The woman crouched a shade lower where she stood, near the doctor. His hand had gone into his coat pocket and come out with a start, empty.

"Careful, Sharer, careful," said he in a low voice. "You will have the squaw upon you like a fury. She don't understand all of it. Best not to corner them too close when there is blood running loose. Feed them."

They ate hungrily, Lota using her left hand only, and both smoked contentedly for a time upon the floor. Then the genial effect of food had its way and the woman suddenly extended her right hand, palm upward, toward the doctor. It showed an ugly gash from side to side, and in it lay the long, double-edged blade she had been clutching. It brought Maxon quickly to his feet and from George, the cook factotum, a shrill laugh that failed as he crumpled to the floor in a faint and flattened out upon the empty platter he was bearing away. The crash of the dish roused him like a call to battle. He gathered the fragments hurriedly and poised for flight, the Indians looking at him as though his was a regular evening performance.

Sharer, big and calm, had been regarding him in some surprise and in the eloquent silence of which Sharer is master. "George," said he, as the cook gained the swinging door, "are you going to be a railroad man or just a good cook?"

"Ah hope Ah am, suh, Mistah Sharer. Ah hope Ah am."

"Shaken, but diplomatic, eh?" said Sharer. But it went quite over George's head.

"Well, not sca'cely, suh. No, suh, Mistah Sharer. Ah didn't know Ah did. Least-ways not to mean it. Ah didn't do nothin', an' when the lady pulled huh—huh sword, Ah was thinkin' about a pahty Ah attended last week, suh, an' it disco'ven'enced me foh a few moments. Yes, suh, it did."

Sharer flushed in an effort at restraint, then snorted suddenly until the ashes from his cigar scattered wide upon the carpet, and recovering hastily, said: "All right, then, George. But remember what I told you when you came with the car. We are going to make a man of you out here, or kill you."

"Yes, suh," bowed George, as he backed through the door. "Ah hope you will, suh, Mistah Sharer. Ah hope you will."

A moment later the taunting laugh of the young secretary came, subdued, through the passage from the forward end and George's voice rose in earnest defiance. "Ah thought it was a razor, Ah tell you. An' yo' all done know mah razor was out heah on yo' desk wha Ah was a-shavin' yo' when de bell went foh dat lunch. 'Fraid! Who, me?'"

The plaguing laugh of the young secretary ran up and down the scale until Sharer, smiling, pressed a button that brought the secretary, note-book in hand, flushed but respectful.

"Just make a note, Newell," said Sharer. "Please make a note that I called you. And you might add a memorandum that George needs absolute quiet until he has finished getting supper. That's all," he added quizzically.

When the first stars were peering down over the canyon's ragged sky-line and the shadows were black among the cliffs the Indians threaded their way up among the boulders and vanished at a turn of the rock, upon paths that zigzag away into the purple mountains. As we sat down to the bright little supper-table the mournful wail of a coyote came quavering down from the rim rock far above us: key-note of life to the lonely creatures who had just passed back into their wilderness. We had seen a sidelight on the tragedy of a passing race.

Maxon turned presently to Sharer with softened face and said: "There is a saying out here that a Navajo has no more gratitude than a coyote—prowl and go. But I have always held otherwise. They care no more for gold, as gold, than the coyote does, but they have us sized up to a turn. Most of us will take gold at any cost. They want something to eat, and peace, and they are not telling what these hills hold. They know it would mean another push away from the water and into the desert for them. Look at that." He laid the lump of glinting turquoise, with its snakeskin thong, in the circle of light upon the table and smiled. "It was in my coat pocket when the squaw fronted up for war. She wanted no thanks. That isn't their way. They have given us what is evidently a very old amulet, and they know something of its value. Unless I am mistaken, many a hungry Navajo, Aztec, too, perhaps, has fumbled that bit of rock, and believed it would save him from the Hunger Spirit when the wind howled across this can-

yon in winters long gone. Gratitude, I call it, and clean strain at that."

"Bad judgment, I call it," said Sharer, as he finished a careful inspection of the stone. "Bad judgment, Maxon," he chuckled. "Those two operations of yours were finished in thirty minutes, and they cost the Navajos a thousand dollars, if I'm a judge of this raw material."

When the railroad first crossed the Glorieta Mountains in New Mexico and went down through Apache Canyon, its coming was as hateful to the natives of the Rio Grande Valley as the aggressive descent of a blue wasp upon a spider's web. Some of them stayed near the river, to resist and lose, but many scattered into the web-work of the Alameda, the San Ysidro and the Ortiz Mountains, to brood and readjust themselves to the new conditions. Thus strange partnerships were formed that linked the disordered present with the mysterious past. Sancho and his wife, Lota, were of the second generation in the Ortiz.

The old Spanish missions had set their farther outposts high up in the Gloriettas, three hundred years ago, where nothing now remains but crumbling adobe walls to mark the passing of their ambition. The coming of a railroad construction camp into the brooding silence of those secluded places awoke it like the toppling of a crag into the canyon. Abuses followed and left their mark upon the Navajos, deep as the sear of a brand: a blend of hope, fear, hatred, and resignation that can be read nowhere else as in the face of a Navajo or a Mexican Indian. Both are instinctively kindly peoples; makers of pottery of classic beauty, venders of fruit, loafers, farmers in a small way, and withal a long-suffering, patient folk.

When the Harmony spur was pushed into the new coal-fields toward the Ortiz the quiet of their life was again disturbed, and again they suffered variously.

None saw these things with deeper insight than the calm-eyed doctor and his anger had risen as quickly as his sympathy when he saw the Indian fall.

When the winter came down that year it swept the San Ysidro country with a vengeful blast and broke its crest in fury upon the Ortiz. One wild night in January we were again at Harmony with the car, chiefly, I thought, because Sharer was anxious about Maxon, who had taken his wife and chil-



Evidently we were not the first who had seen and wanted the turquoise.—Page 438.

dren to St. Louis since the summer, gone through his dark agony alone, and left his motherless little ones there in more suitable surroundings than the mountain could give.

Maxon had brightened in the genial gruffness of Sharer, and was sketching events of other winters in the mountains; of sunny open years when the air was like an elixir, and again, of bleak months when cattle lay starved in the snow for miles along the railroad. He drew modestly from the deep well of experience, and presently the talk turned to the almost impossible existence of the des-

ert Indians. From that it was but a thought to the incident of the summer.

"I have observed those Indians closely since that affair at the breaker," said he, "and their souls are as white as stars. When Ruth, my wife, fell sick before we—went East," he finished, with a catch in his deep voice, "there was nothing eatable in this country that can be had by an Indian for the gathering and packing twenty miles on foot that we did not find upon our doorstep every sun-up while Ruth stayed. And one morning last October, when she seemed

to be fading out with the leaves in spite of all I could do, I suppose they saw it. At any rate, the Indians appeared from somewhere on the mountain above the house, and came into the dooryard. There they planted a little cross of green cedar boughs under her window, and upon it, tied with snake-skin, was a rough duplicate of the turquoise and gold amulet that you saw last summer, but fresh from the rock. Queer freak of old mission work and savage fetich probably, but they were doing what they could to help me ward off the evil day, and if the time ever comes I will make good my debt to them when they need it."

"Maxon," said Sharer, "they must have the ledge that holds that stuff."

"They may have," replied Maxon. "I didn't ask. I have seen nothing of them since the snow shut down, and I fear it goes hard with them."

In the pause that followed the moaning of the wind in the canyon keyed to a shriller note, and a fierce blast struck down upon the car from the heights. Dry snow scurried and hissed against the windows and the car timbers crackled in the wrenching blast. With drawn shades, we sat around the table, settled deeper into the genial haze of smoke and warmth that comforts a smoker on a winter night, and were soothed by the purring of the road engine that stood with the car. And then came Maxon's opportunity.

As a fiercer blast swept down upon us, the end door of the car swung open a little space, then closed with a loose snap of the latch. Sharer rang a call that brought the cook from his after-supper nap. "George," said he, "set the latch on that end door, and when we get back to Chicago have it examined."

George set the door ajar, glanced at the latch, and peered into the blackness outside, then closed the door quickly and held the knob, his sleepy eyes suddenly gleaming round and white in the gas-light.

"Yes, suh, Mistah Sharer," he announced in a choking whisper. "They's a lady there, suh."

"A lady?" burst out Sharer. "Not this far from State Street, George. Are you quite awake? Does the lady seem to have a razor?"

"No, suh, Mistah Sharer, the lady don't seem to have none watevah. It's the lady wha' had the knife las' summah, suh."

"Open," said Sharer.

Lota came in wrapped in a blanket that shed snow and water like an oilskin. She covered her face with the old woollen treasure and crouched in a pitiful heap of chrome red and yellow and black in the corner just within the door.

"How now, Lota?" said Maxon, and getting no answer, said, "Come, eat." "Eat," he urged, as she made no sound. Hunger came uppermost and the famished woman ate greedily and drank of the comforting tea.

"Where is Sancho?" Maxon continued.

Then her control gave way and bursting into a low, wild, guttural of Spanish and Navajo, she poured out her tale of trouble. To Maxon it was all plain as his own tongue, and his face went white. In a moment she sprang up, saying: "He no eat. No sleep. Much sick. You come?"

"Yes. I come," replied Maxon.

Turning toward Sharer, he said: "It's black smallpox, Sharer. She had it lightly, years ago, she says. I am immune. I've got to go now or he will be over the cliff before morning. Better pull down to the Junction to-night yet and fumigate the car. You will go clear of it."

Sharer protested fiercely, but shortly the doctor bade us good-by and trudged off through the storm with his Winchester slung across his back, the woman packing ahead with medicines and food. Rough going, he called it, but added that there would be spring thaw before he came down again, if the case went right. "And let Tom patch up the division until I come," he called back at starting. So we dropped down to the Junction that night, the black canyon closing in behind our tail lights with the hoarse roar of a storm at sea.

Two months of brilliant weather, soft almost as springtime, followed close upon the rough night in the canyon, with the whimsical winter gods of New Mexico favoring the doctor. We heard from him at intervals and in the first green of spring he came down off the spur and met the general manager at Caledon. He was ready to go East, he said, and leave me as surgeon in fact, if Sharer consented. Sharer accepted his resignation, to save him from becoming a squaw-man, he said, but there was a light in his eyes that told of deeper feeling.

"The Indian? Oh, yes. He got along," Maxon said, with a far-away look, and said no more at the time.



We took him to the car and dressed the ragged wound.—Page 439.

The evening they went East we sat in the car at Caledon waiting to couple on to California express, saying little until Sharer, who had been looking narrowly at Maxon's abstracted face, said: "Tell it, Maxon, tell it. Just went up there a few miles into the cactus and rang for hot water and towels, I suppose. Nothing to it but smallpox. Lived high, didn't you? Where are the Navajos?"

"Yes," said Maxon slowly. "Yes, lived high, rather. The Indians are on a little river ranch at Algodones. At least I left them there this morning, and they promised to try it a year before back-tracking to the Ortiz. They bought it yesterday, ranch, ponies, and cattle. Ask George to bring my gripsack, will you?"

"It was rough enough that night I went up," he continued, "but most of it we travelled under the shelf-rock of the canyon. I found their shack large enough in a pinch and fairly sheltered on one of the higher benches of the Big Ortiz. Half lean-to and half cave under the cliff, we kept it fairly warm until the freeze-up passed.

"When I got to him he was wild with fever and reeking with the pest. I bound him down and trained the woman to parry his struggles, while I went the rounds of his awful body. A hundred times I broke his blackened lips apart and as often drained his livid eyes. There is nothing, living or dead, that compares with it, and the memory of it is little better.

"But he got along and we saved his eyes. When he understood it all he was so grateful that I felt ashamed of the little I was able to do. The indelible blue notch between the eyes, from that lump of coal at Harmony, shows savage as a spear-point in the odd pallor of his marred brown face, but he is white all through no less.

"Clear water from the rocks was plentiful up on the mountain and wood and coal are there for the taking. I built a stone fireplace and Lota packed provisions up from Harmony, where they were set out for her by my order. Altogether, we fared very well.

"When at last I got him peeled to normal size—peeled is the word, Sharer, nothing

else approaches it—got him bathed and on the road to new life, all that could not be cleared up with formaldehyde was burned with the shack, and I decided to loaf a while and invite my soul.

“Facing south, cut into the yellow cliff, high above the old shack, is a well-preserved cliff-dwelling, so sunny and spacious that I asked why they had not lived in it. There was no answer ready and I did not ask again, but we rigged it up and finished our stay in it.

“Once out in the sun again, he thrived like a mesquit and soon was becoming supple and restive. As we sat one sunny noon-day, not long ago, enjoying the wild beauty of canyon and crags, the lower slopes blazing here and there with crimson cypress and purple larkspur, the heights and depths thrilling with the mystery and the hushed voices of the wild—you know the feel of it—Sancho followed with his eyes the flight of a gay red tanager along the yellow wall of the canyon into the green cedars, then turning to me, said softly: ‘Him alone, you alone. You sick here,’ placing his hand upon his breast. ‘Squaw gone, papoose gone. You come. Go see papoose. You come,’ he said, and rising, went into the old dwelling.

“He thrust his arm into a cranny of the rock wall and held toward me the handles of a pair of wide-bladed knives. For the moment I thought he had gone back to fever, but looking steadily into his eyes I saw no menace there.

“‘One,’ he said, as I hesitated.

“I took a knife. He turned to Lota, who was weaving a blanket in quiet unconcern, and said ‘*Paso.*’ She arose and pushed aside a blanket that draped the back wall, thrust back with her foot a wedge of rock upon the floor, and at a touch of Sancho’s shoulder the low back wall rolled slowly into an unnoticed narrow opening in the corner of the side wall.

“Used as I am to unexpected doings, the result stunned me. In place of the flat rock whose legends I had previously tried to read from its crudely chiselled figures, there was an oriel through the thin wall of the mountain, circular, and large as the span of a man’s extended arms. The Indian stepped through and stood upon the brink in the bay of rock on the other side, scanning the black sides of a great gorge that lay revealed. The change from light to dark, from sunny yellow to frowning black, was as though one

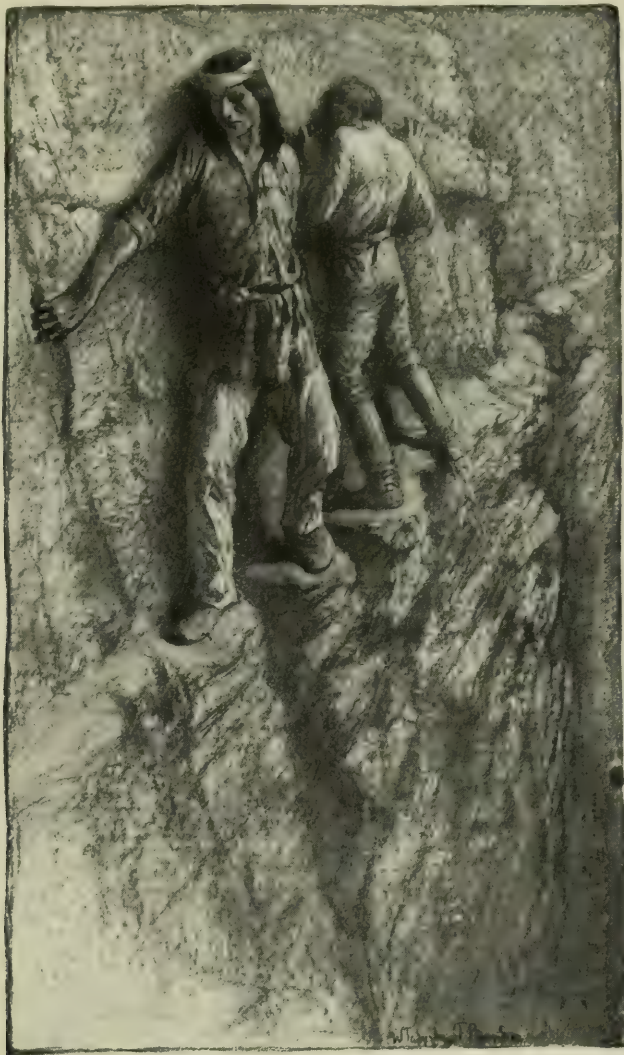


“We rigged it up and finished our stay in it.”

suddenly looked through a wide, unwinking eye, into the unmeasured depths of the earth. Among the black basaltic walls that rose to giddy heights, there was no visible opening except above, and far below lay a floor of cloud that hid a muttering torrent. A single tawny point of rock, high to the left, held the only semblance of relief from

the piercing yell of a wounded cougar. The vulture leaped and dove, swift and straight, into the depths, and through the vapor, and then the black gorge showed nothing living.

"'We go,' said the Indian, replacing the gun and stepping again into the giddy oriel. I followed. Now, I wonder why, but I followed and I'm glad of it, Sharer.



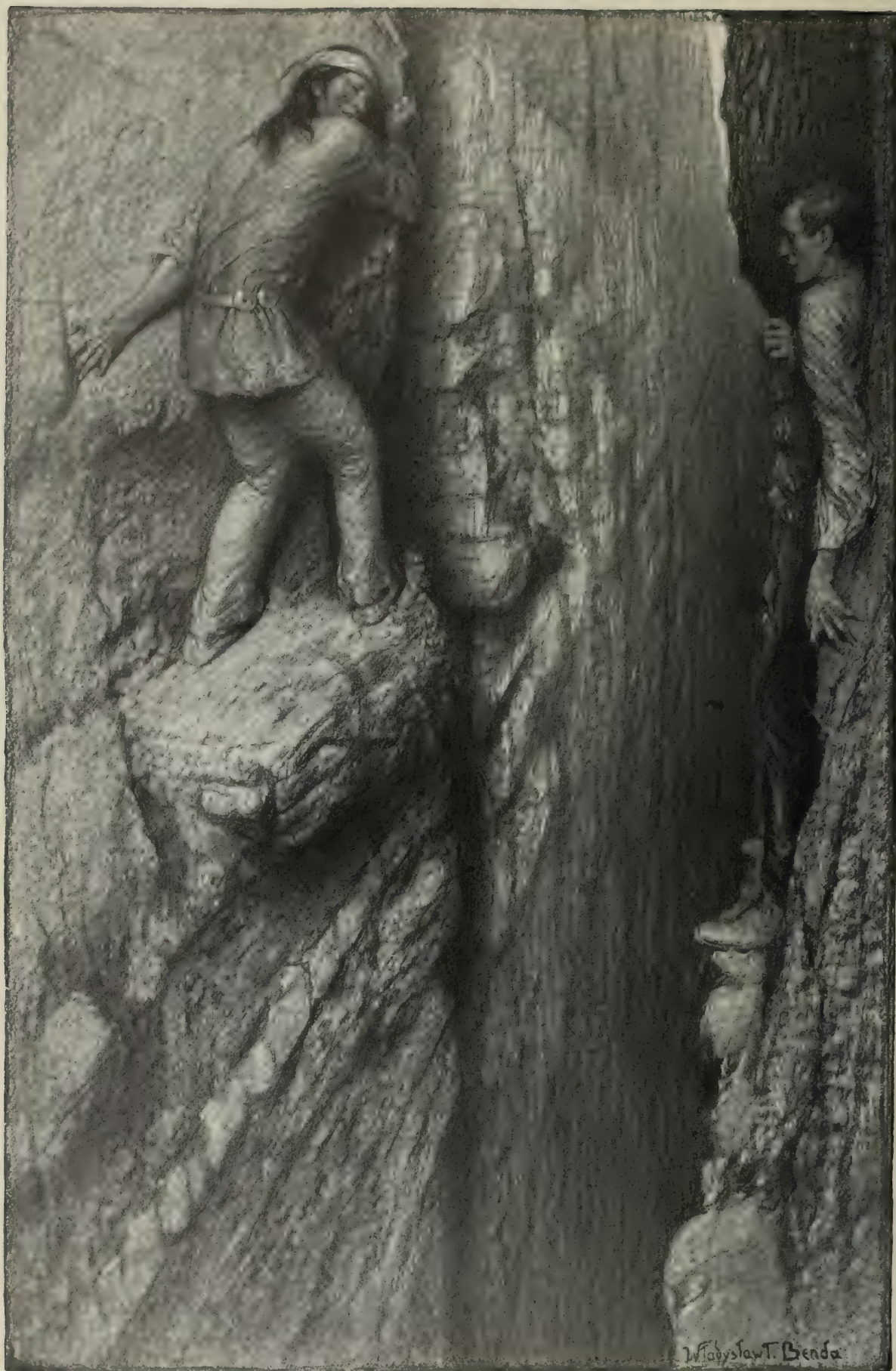
"He led me through paths that Satan must have etched."

the appalling grandeur of the dark picture, and high upon the top of a cone of rock in the centre of the abyss a vulture sat, motionless as the tip of a spire.

"With clutching hand and narrowed eyes, the Indian glided backward through the opening and grasped my rifle from its nook. Standing in the open circle, he levelled it for an instant, and the sharp crash of the gun multiplied into a volley of echoes, as the tawny rock-cap sprang into the air and hurtled, end over end, into the depths and through the vapory floor of the gorge, with

"He led me for an hour through paths that Satan must have etched into the sides of that basalt cliff, but many soft-shod feet have trodden it smooth in the long ago. Once, for a moment, the mountain sickness turned me empty and faint and I flattened, face in, toward the rock. He instantly thrust his body between me and the brink, and the contact nerved me to go on. I have clutched that rock in my sleep since then, and once yelled lustily, they tell me.

"At the last, a narrow fissure, scarce two yards in breadth, split the black wall before



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"Then he turned and said, as at starting, 'You come.'"—Page 447.

us raggedly to the top. So deep that, looking down, there was only blackness, and high above the stars shone clear in the mid-afternoon. Upon the lip of this fissure Sancho stopped and drew his knife, the mate of which I carried. Then I mistrusted that his race spirit had come uppermost and that he had darkly reasoned that I should be happier, and perhaps his secret safer, if he returned alone. And looking into the bottomless crevasse, I wondered what lapse of judgment had led me on.

"But with only a moment's halt, he leaped the yawning gap and clung upon a point of rock no wider than your desk. He fumbled, head-high, at the face of the rock, until the broad blade of his knife was forced in down to the hilt, and left its strong handle projecting like a peg from the rock. Then he turned and said, as at starting, 'You come.' He grasped the knife-handle and clung to the rock while he swung around a projection, and was gone from view, into the big fissure.

"The knife-handle still stuck from the rock, and I stood stupidly staring at it, alone and ashamed. I knew then that I carried a knife by courtesy only. My knife was not needed.

"Again his voice came, hollowly, saying, 'You come.' And, Sharer, somehow the spell of it was on me, and, trembling like a dog, I went. I leaped it, clung, and died a dozen deaths in that moment, and in the next, stood with Sancho behind the rock-point in the wall of the fissure. He was already on his knees, fumbling at a pile of broken quartz and porphyry, and then I was sure of his quest.

"From an undercut which he uncovered in the rock, he took a score of smooth hardwood sticks of graded lengths, which he assorted carefully. The shortest he dropped first, across the fissure, into niches that were hewn into the walls. Then, standing upon the slender rung, he added and climbed, one by one, returning, until, with the placing of the last, he remained above. From the ledge upon which he stood concealed, some twenty feet above me in the dusky light, he said again, 'You come.'

"I scaled that bending gossamer of ladder with my eyes upon the stars overhead, and they, twinkling in the blue above, were hardly more superb than the sparkling wealth that lies upon that shelf of rock."

"Laid?" said Sharer tensely.

"Lies," said Maxon. "There, gathered in little mounds, or studded in a ledge of gray quartz that runs like a broad ribbon in the black rock, are tons of it. A rough-hewn sun-god, with great eyes of blue and gold, smiles grotesquely from the shadows of the big niche, and the hall-marks of ancient Mexican royalty, great tufts of quetzal plumes, sway idly above it in the clear dry air that swirls in from the fissure."

Maxon smoked in quiet intentness for a few moments, and then said: "Go, if he will take you, but I would not again."

He took from the gripsack at his side two big ovals of beautiful blue and gold to which clung rough points of gray rock, and handed them to us, saying: "Some day you, too, will be leaving the high country. This is a young man's country. Keep these, then, for the blue of New Mexico's sky and the golden light of its sunshine.

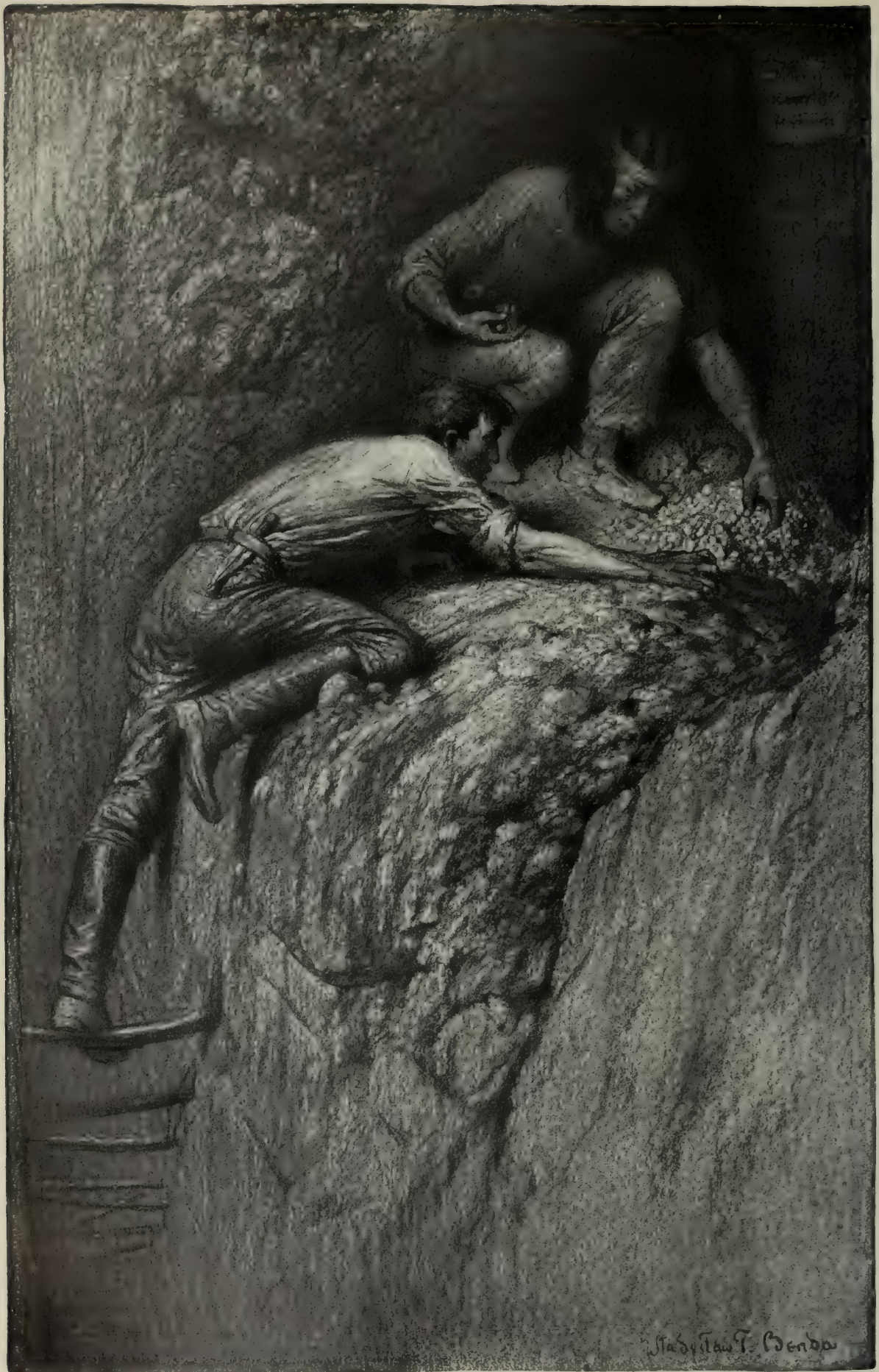
"I shipped enough of it to Denver to make the Indians comfortable and gave them the money last week. They pressed upon me more than I ever hoped to own. And now I am going home, to play with my children's children after a while, I hope, till the sun goes down. 'Once a man and twice a boy,' eh, Sharer?" he added, and laughed like the great kindly boy he is at heart.

"All of us," said Sharer musingly, as he turned the precious lobe of blue and gold idly round and round.

When California express went East that night, Donnelly in the big ten-wheeler at the front, perched up behind the broad shaft of electric light that swayed and raced on before the engine, now on the fringe of the river and now under the swaying cottonwoods that waved wide arms across the track, saw a white turbaned head thrust out from behind the adobe wall of a ranch-house close to the track, near Algodones; saw it vanish when the white light dashed upon it, and thought no more of it. When we at the rear end flashed by we saw a mute parting of friends.

A pine torch rose, and fell, and rose again against the adobe wall and Maxon swung the rear door wide, once and again, letting out a double flood of light, in answer, then turned away with smarting eyes.

When the Mississippi Valley awakes from winter, and the orioles are swinging among the first golden green of the old St. Louis elms, a sunny-faced old man sometimes sits



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"I scaled that bending gossamer of ladder."—Page 447.

placidly in his favorite nook, not far from Vandeventer Place, and rules the gambols of a merry throng of little men and women. But oftenest there is with him a little woman of five, or thereabout, whose eyes are as blue as forget-me-nots and whose sunny curls shimmer with gold. "Lota," he calls her. And again, when her fancy has decked her in a flowing train of rare old chrome-red and yellow and black, which she catches up from his knee, he says, "My little Navajo," as she sweeps by, and his smiling eyes have a dreamy depth, as Maxon plays till the sun goes down.

SEASONS

By Edward N. Teall

A CLEAR song, a cheer-song,
 When life is in its spring;
 With long thoughts, and strong thoughts,
 And will to high endeavor;
 A song of love and hope,
 When birds are on the wing—
 A song of hope and love,
 And faith in the forever.

A sweet song, full, strong,
 When life is in its prime;
 A light heart, a right heart,
 A sturdy heart of oak.
 A sweet song, full, strong,
 A deep-toned summer chime;
 A high aspiring spirit,
 And a shoulder to the yoke.

A brave song, a grave song,
 When life is in its fall;
 A song of ripened harvests,
 Of autumn's calm repose;
 Of old days, the gold days,
 Fled beyond recall,
 While drawing to the boundless deep
 Full-tide the river flows.

A grave song, a brave song,
 To speed the waning year,
 When winter o'er a weary world
 Proclaims his empery;
 A pure faith, a sure faith,
 A faith to banish fear—
 Farewell, the land-locked river! Now,
 God speed across the sea!

IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

II—THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY



AS the first American lecturer at the French universities, I was expected to enter into personal relations with as many as possible of those who for any reason felt interest in strengthening sympathy between their country and ours. Meanwhile, my official status in the university system gave me, for the moment, a definite position in the extremely systematic official society of France. These facts compelled me both in Paris and elsewhere to present myself not only to people with whom I was brought into official relation, but to those with whom, by letters of introduction or by other chance, I was brought into personal contact. The social customs of France are somewhat more punctilious than ours. It is necessary to observe them carefully, if you would have the reward of social kindness. Observance of them brings, in return, a welcome which could nowhere be surpassed in hospitality.

Whether the origin of my acquaintance with French people was official or private, it regularly began in the same way. You leave your card at the door of the person to whom you desire to present yourself, and there it is taken in charge by that peculiarly French functionary—the *concierger*. At least in Paris, the greater part of French people live in large houses, containing a number of apartments with a common entrance and staircase. Close to the entrance door, on the level of the street, are some stuffy little rooms inhabited by the *concierger*—or porter—with his family. Their duty, among other things, is to keep strict watch on whoever goes in or out; and at least one of them, often the porter's wife or half-grown daughter, is always at hand. The chief peculiarity of their temperament seems to be insatiable appetite. At whatever hour of day or evening you call on a *concierger*, you are sure to find somebody eating or

just risen from table; and the atmosphere inhabited by this bustling personage seems immortally laden with the fumes of something recently boiled. No matter whether you call on a friend who lives in some unpretentious, out-of-the-way place or on one who inhabits something like a palace, the *concierger* is always about the same. You can detect little difference between those in charge of important doors and of insignificant; they are as like as house-flies. Of course, there are private houses in Paris, with regular domestic servants such as you would find anywhere. But these, grand or simple, are so unusual that you remember the *concierger* as everywhere standing between you and further human intercourse.

In response to your card, which the *concierger* duly sees delivered, comes a card, often with a note, in return. If, as is generally the case, this acknowledgment of your existence contains an intimation of when your French acquaintance may be found at home, either habitual or for your special benefit, you make your second visit at this appointed time; and thus enter into real personal relations. Otherwise, your intercourse has limited itself to a polite exchange of cards. Generally speaking, you never expect or attempt to see French people socially except when they have asked you to one of their regular days of reception or have made a definite appointment. To call in person at any other time—to do more than leave your card with the *concierger*—would be an intrusive pretence to intimacy.

When you are really received in a French house—of whatever rank—you are conscious, at first, of a certain formality, or at least of a certain precision of custom, somewhat foreign to our usages. A little experience of French life, indeed, completely upsets your American notion of what you have assumed to be the conventions of French comedy. We have all seen on the

stage, for example, French ladies receiving their friends. The men who call enter, duly announced, with their gloves on and their hats in their hands; which we are accustomed to suppose a piece of stage business, devised for the purpose of giving the actors something to do with their fingers. In point of fact, no Frenchman would think of entering a drawing-room otherwise; to come ungloved, or to leave his hat in the hall, would be to make himself unduly at home. Again, when a scene on the French stage represents the reception of several guests at a time, you will often see a number of chairs arranged in a semicircle facing the footlights. As the characters enter each takes his duly indicated place in the circle and keeps it; when any speaks, he speaks to the footlights, the whole company, the audience. Obviously a stage convention this time, you think; yet in most French houses you find exactly this state of affairs—except, of course, that the semicircle is a complete circle, surrounding the middle of the room, and that in private life the company and the audience are identical. To talk to your neighbor, as distinguished from talking in a manner audibly addressed to all present, would be almost as eccentric a piece of manners in a French drawing-room, or even at a French dinner-table, as an obvious whisper would be at home. In brief, the social conventions familiar to us in French novels and French plays are not, as we are apt to suppose, literary; they are literal reproductions of the social conventions of French life.

When you appreciate this, the sense that you are being kept at arm's length by polite formality gives place to one of increasing content with the ease of these conventions, once you begin to know them. The comedy of French life is far more finished than that of ours. Everyone knows his stage position and his cue; and every hostess knows that part of her duty is to indicate and to give them. Perhaps the most characteristic instance of the way in which this affects social conduct is what generally happens at a dinner-party. Instead of sitting at the ends of the table, where they are far apart, the host and the hostess sit opposite one another in the middle, where the table is narrowest, and where they are able at once to keep in touch with each other, and easily to talk with three guests on either side of each. Thus a company of twelve is at once brought into a single

social group, and the outlying members of a larger party are not so far away that they cannot readily listen to the general talk, or even take part in it. And the talk is always general—addressed, no doubt, to one or another of the company, as the tact of the hosts happens to find pleasantest; but never broken into a system of separate confidential dialogues, as is generally the case at home. A French dinner is not noisy, any more than is a French drawing-room; but in either case, the deeply subdued tone of voice prevalent in England and among the better sort of Americans would be almost a breach of polite manners. Every social function in France, even to the most informal, has a social character far more pronounced than ours. The individual is there to enjoy himself; but he is also there to play his part. In consequence, all social intercourse in France has a quality less personal, less confidential, somewhat more reserved than an American is used to. Whoever, even in private places, finds himself in the presence of fellow-beings, conducts himself in many ways as if he were in public. The French are in no way conscious of this phase of their manners. It is as normal to them as it is novel to an American visitor. And it results in a general and cheerful, though not quite intimate conviviality which makes our own manners seem, in contrast, somewhat melancholy in their dual isolation.

Another detail of French manners soon became evident. In any company where the talk is thus general whoever is present may take part. There is no need of any other personal introduction to a fellow-guest than the fact that you find yourself, for the moment, under a friend's roof; but there is no need of regarding the acquaintance as more than momentary. If, as a visitor, however, you are presented by name to any of the French people present—particularly at a dinner-party—you are rather expected to recognize the courtesy by leaving your card at this new friend's door within twenty-four hours; and so leaving to him the choice of whether the acquaintance shall persist. In such cases, of course, various questions of tact may arise. The simplest way of settling them is to take some occasion of mentioning to your hostess the pleasure you have found in meeting these delightful people. If, in her opinion, they expect you to present yourself, she will incidentally

tell you where they live. If she does not afford you this information there is some reason to infer that you need not pursue the matter. A foreigner at first presses this sort of question more directly, and is most kindly and frankly answered. It is in better accordance with French tradition, however, to ask and to learn incidentally, as it were; and, after a while, you grow French enough in sympathy to feel that your earlier impulse of inquiry was almost rustically crude.

In general, visitors to France, like visitors to any other country, find themselves there in some fairly distinct social surroundings. Americans, for example, are apt to be thrown, according to circumstances and position, into diplomatic, or fashionable, or artistic circles. These they sometimes grow to know pretty intimately. It is far from usual, however, that an American should at once have considerable access to French society, and be confined to no one variety or phase of it—rather, indeed, that he should normally meet, on heartily cordial terms, people so remote from one another in circumstance and in sympathy that, more than probably, they would prefer to remain strangers to each other. This happened to be my chance. Not absorbingly engaged with any one kind of French people, I was cordially and unreservedly welcomed by some of almost every condition.

In the nature of things, however, my acquaintance had its centre in the universities. The university officers with whom I was brought into professional contact, were among the first of the friends who received me unofficially in the kindest way. One and all of them had passed through the various stages of the rigid educational system at which we have glanced together. All had attained some degree of distinction in the profession of learning. Each had his precise place in the university hierarchy, which involved, of course, a certain degree of recognition in official society—a status, on strictly formal occasions, something like that which would anywhere exist in the case of military or naval officers. In the general relations of private life, on the other hand, the social circumstances of these university officials were controlled, as would be the case anywhere, by more personal considerations. And these were perhaps more evident in France than they might have been elsewhere, for the reasons that the structure of

French society remains rather rigid, and that university life there, so admirable in its professional aspect, has so little of the convivial character which marks the university life of England, and to some degree of America as well.

My university friends, accordingly, varied widely in their social relations, according to their origin, their disposition, and their fortune. A few were of aristocratic type; a few were able and honorable men who had risen, by force of ability and industry, from the common people. Most of them, however, though not forming, in their quality of professors, a class apart, proved to be living much as their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them—to be continuing and sustaining the general social traditions in which they had been born and bred. And men of this kind, whatever their condition of fortune or the scale of their households, used a word in speaking of themselves and of their friends which foreigners are apt completely to misapprehend. As simply as Englishmen in similar circumstances describe themselves of the middle class, these French friends of mine spoke of themselves as *bourgeois*.

Despite our fondness for democratic commonplace, Americans are apt to have a weakness which makes this term—like its English equivalent—somewhat unwelcome, or even repellent to our prejudices. Our classic conviction that all men are created equal assumes in its social aspect a peculiar form; it contents itself on everybody's part with a dogmatic denial of social superiority. Every American believes that he should derogate from his personal dignity if he did not believe and assert himself to be as good as the best anywhere. By no means all of us stop to consider the conclusions obviously involved in this conviction. If we are as good as the best, it follows as the light the day that those who are not of the best are not so good as we. Wherefore any foreigner who frankly acknowledges himself secondary to any other is apt to impress us as secondary to ourselves. The result is often comical—at least in the eyes of the foreigners concerned, who cannot perceive why a good Yankee who has made an honest fortune should share the aristocratic prejudice of societies which regard the fact that a man is engaged in business as a reason why he should not be invited to dinner. But there is no doubt that he does so, which has

a good deal to do with the artless preference of American girls who marry abroad for husbands who, whatever their personal merits, are duly equipped with titles. Accordingly, we Americans are given to innocent wonder as to how self-respecting Englishmen can admit themselves to belong to the middle class—which involves admission that a class in existence is superior. And when it comes to the analogous French term *bourgeois*, we find it so far from congenial that you need not look far for examples of uses of it among ourselves as contumelious as if we were all dukes and peers.

For this prejudice of ours against the name of *bourgeoisie* there is an obvious reason, not generally remarked. Our impressions of French society are generally indirect. They are derived either from accounts of it furnished by compatriots who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing it with greater or less intimacy; or else from books written by the French themselves. In general, our compatriots who have seen French life belong to one of four classes: diplomatists, artists, people of some pretence to fashion, and residents in the American colony of Paris. All four of these classes see French society from angles not favorable to *bourgeois* sympathy. Diplomats have their own special world, closely related to the actual possessors of political power everywhere, and accustomed—whatever the personal origin of its members—to share the sentiments as well as to assist in the functions of sovereignty, whose concern with the middle classes has a quality of benevolent patronage. American artists share and rather exaggerate the prejudices against the humdrum and thrifty virtues of respectable middle-class life which have always animated the temper of Europeans devoted to the fine arts. Pretenders to fashion would sacrifice this meaning of their existence—so far as it has any—if they did not share the prejudices of the noble society to which they ingenuously aspire. And “colonists,” particularly if their access to foreign society is limited, preserve their self-respect by excessive cultivation of all prejudices which flourish at home. Americans in France, accordingly, whether diplomatic, artistic, fashionable, or colonial, are very apt to speak of *bourgeois*—people of whom their knowledge is usually external—as of inferior beings.

When it comes to the impressions of

France which we derive from French writers, the case proves similar. Broadly speaking, these writers are of two classes. The first, and the elder, consists of those writers of memoirs who have so long ornamented French literature; the second, and more modern, consists of the novelists and dramatists whose work has been so plenteous and so admirable during the last hundred years. In general, the writers of memoirs have been aristocrats, with all the prejudices of their class; in general, the writers of novels and plays have been eminent personages in the world of fine art, with equally pronounced prejudices of a somewhat different complexion. The prejudices of both agree in regarding the *bourgeoisie* externally and with imperfect cordiality. Accordingly, the more familiar French accounts of this social class harmonize with those furnished us by compatriots. They present it to us as on the whole sordid, uninteresting, and vulgar; at best they dispose us to regard it as what the cant of a few years ago used to call Philistine.

Hampered with such inevitable prepossessions as these influences involve, I was somewhat startled by the simplicity with which so many of my French friends spoke of themselves as *bourgeois*. To their minds the term evidently suggested nothing which involved the smallest sacrifice of self-respect. The word seemed to them no more invidious than the word *Yankee* would seem to an honest gentleman of Boston. It implied only what any candid man is willing to admit anywhere—a simple statement of incontestable fact. In any society which has reached the state of civilized organization there must always be various kinds of people. In most countries there have been more or less acknowledged governing classes—priestly, military, bureaucratic, noble, and the like. In all societies there have inevitably been laboring classes. In all healthy societies there have been classes between the two. Such classes exist to-day in England and in France, extending from everybody engaged in the learned professions, in finance, or in commerce, to the smallest shopkeepers. In England such people call themselves of the middle class; in France they call themselves *bourgeois*. That is the whole story.

It would be the whole story, at least, for anybody but ourselves of America. The accidents of our political and social history have prevented the growth in our country

of any rigid class system. In consequence, our professional men and our chief men of business have always flourished in regions where no military or landed aristocracy has kept their aspirations in check. They have been apt to develop, accordingly, together with the sound middle-class virtues necessary to their existence anywhere else, a rather unusual degree of that wholesome self-confidence which is among the stronger virtues of foreigners of rank. Yet anyone who knows the actual structure of American society, past and present, must admit, even among our republican selves, the existence—at any given time—of certain classes whose circumstances have allowed them a range of freedom not open to those who were less able or less fortunate. We have always had our leaders of the professions, in former times perhaps more secure of general esteem than has been the case since the Civil War. We have always had our honorable men of wealth, rather more conspicuous in our recent period of national expansion and prosperity than they used to be in simpler times. And we have always had our laboring classes, as well. Between these two extremes of our social system, there have always existed other classes, not so fortunate as the one, more so than the other. The flexibility of our system has prevented these worthy people from admitting to themselves precisely the position they perforce occupy. Yet obviously it is neither so influential as that of some compatriots nor so submerged as that of others. Like that of both the other classes, meanwhile, it is completely compatible with self-respect and with edifying conduct of life. The fact that we have no accepted name for it doubtless reveals a sensitive weakness in our national temper; but it cannot disguise, even from ourselves in honest moments, that most of us, and most of our acquaintance, are neither “captains of industry” nor “knights of labor.” And all that the term middle class implies in England, or the term *bourgeois* in France, is that such a class, inevitable in any civilized society, has the candor to acknowledge its existence. The characteristic vice of such a class is doubtless vulgarity. But this no more means that, as a class, the *bourgeois* are vulgar than the fact of any other characteristic vice comprises the whole character of the class which it tends to weaken. One might as soon pretend that all aristocracy

is heartlessly insolent, all art shamelessly licentious, all capital cynically rapacious, all labor stupidly brutal.

So far from comprehensively characteristic, indeed, is the occasional vulgarity of the French *bourgeoisie*, that anyone who should approach them without prepossession would hardly perceive it for himself. His first impression would more probably be that which is implied in the very frankness with which they describe themselves as *bourgeois*. He would hardly fail to recognize, with admiration, the general simplicity of their temper, their cheerful readiness to admit the circumstances of their lives and to adapt their lives to their circumstances, without a touch of either pretentiousness or of false shame. If they entertain him in their homes, for example, they do so according to their means. Very likely, they make an occasion of his visit; if they did not, they would be falling into the pretentiousness of making believe that such visits occurred every day, or into the worse error of aggressive neglect of hospitality. But a man whose means are limited, and whose daily life is simple, would never dream of making the circumstances of your reception inharmoonious with the surroundings in which he receives you. Everyone has his own scale of life, prudently adapted as a rule to the means at his command. Everyone lives and entertains accordingly.

The next impression of an unprejudiced visitor might well be that these new friends are remarkable for intellectual honesty. Of course they have their prejudices; if they had not they would lack one of the most profoundly attractive qualities of human nature. And their prejudices, in various ways, may not readily coincide with your own. At least, however, these prejudices are honestly cherished and fearlessly expressed, though always with courtesy. Some are matters of manners, some of conviction, some of limitation or environment, and none are inconsistent with a rather stimulating degree of intellectual activity. The French mind is alert and logical; otherwise French society and French universities, to go no further, could not persist so systematically as they do. And this alert and logical habit combines with unconscious prejudice in the candor with which the *bourgeois*, of whatever shade, consider both the details of their daily affairs and any questions which chance

to arise for discussion. The pervasive frugality and thrift of French life is implicit evidence of the quality I have in mind. More direct evidence of it anyone would find in talk with the French which should rise to the dignity of an exchange of ideas. Cherishing his prejudices as premises, a French *bourgeois* will unpretentiously, honestly endeavor either to reconcile any new suggestion with his system, or else to prove the suggestion mistaken, in fact or in reasoning. As marked as their virtue of simplicity is that of the honesty with which they confront the circumstances and the problems of earthly existence.

Meanwhile, a third quality, of inspiring strength, could hardly fail to impress you. This is one which any visitor to the universities must already have felt in the character and the conduct of both teachers and students—devoted, unremitting industry in the serious work of life. On the surface, perhaps, the French still preserve something of the gayety which has made foreigners suppose them to be agreeably frivolous. When you grow to know them, at least among the *bourgeoisie*, this characteristic is no longer salient. Rather you find yourself constantly surprised that so many people, with honest simplicity of heart, can devote themselves so assiduously to the far from alluring duties—professional, domestic, or whatever else—of daily, weekly, yearly existence. However gay a friend may be concerning trivial matters, you may be sure that he will take life, at heart, in earnest; and that when it comes to hard work, he will attack it with a persistent vigor which might sometimes set a Yankee to wondering whether our lucky compatriots have any notion of how lovingly they cherish our national aptitude for dawdling. I do not remember that I ever saw a French boy whittle a stick; I doubt whether you could quite make one understand why anybody should like to.

This honesty, simplicity, and industry of the French *bourgeois* could not help resulting in an impression so widely remote from one of vulgarity as to be rather one of dignity. And together with this comes another—a shade more precise—which if possible is further from vulgarity still. The French *bourgeois* have a quality for which I know no better English term than one which almost suggests aristocratic grace—the term good-breeding. To put the matter otherwise, there is a familiar French word which

so resembles a familiar English one that it has given rise to much misconception. This word is *gentilhomme*. It looks remarkably like *gentleman*, and indeed it literally means neither more nor less than that. In France, however, the word has retained its original meaning; it signifies *gentleman* only in that limited English sense which would confine it to men of gentle or noble birth. It implies not moral quality but social rank; and the familiar title of Molière's comedy—"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—is consequently a humorous contradiction in terms. No frank *bourgeois* would ever pretend to be a *gentilhomme*; to do so would be to deny that he was *bourgeois*, and thus not only to make himself ridiculous, but also to sacrifice his self-respect. In our later English sense of the word *gentleman*, we find a different conception—a conception which concerns character so much more than condition that the French themselves sometimes borrow the English word for precise expression of a meaning not completely conveyed by any of their own. This lack in their vocabulary, the while, is not for lack of the thing which the word should name. For if there be better gentlemen on earth than you shall find far and wide among the *bourgeoisie* of France, it has never been my good fortune to meet them.

I doubt, indeed, whether you could anywhere find a social class more solidly, more profoundly, more quietly, more admirably persistent than these same *bourgeois* of the present day. It is a commonplace that the middle class must be the core of any nation, comparatively spared from the over-ripeness of aristocracy, and from the crudity which must everywhere be the lot of the masses. The better you come to know the middle classes—the *bourgeoisie*—of France, the deeper must grow your conviction that a nation of which the core is so sound must be essentially wholesome.

Of course, a social class so comprehensive as the *bourgeoisie*, extending from the summit of professional life to the base of shopkeeping, cannot be rashly generalized. There are many varieties of it, particularly where it approaches some other phase of society. The richer *bourgeois*, for example, and the more influential—particularly in Paris—tend toward a scale and manner of life very like that of aristocracy. If, in the process, they begin to lose something of their

simplicity, they may perhaps fall into a certain ostentation. But this is chiefly what happens to the newly rich anywhere. The marvel in France is not that it exists; but rather that it is not more frequent and palpable. The reason is that so many *bourgeois* fortunes seem to be solid and, in their way, hereditary. So long as people are living in the manner to which they were born, you may always trust them to live with confident ease of mood and manner, free from the distortions of undue self-consciousness.

Again, particularly among those university people whose work is concerned with matters of literature or of the fine arts, you will often find the temper and the conditions of *bourgeois* life tending to merge with those of the world of fine arts. There is a considerable frontier on the borders of Philistia and Bohemia, and the region is pleasant to ramble about. For the solid virtues whose enemies miscall them Philistine tend to correct the vagrancies which, in full Bohemia appear excessive to unsympathetic observers; and the volatile impulses of Bohemia tend to counteract the want of breeze which might make the inner atmosphere of Philistia a little stifling to one who did not find it congenial.

Again still, there are regions in the world of *bourgeoisie* which are not wholly remote from the wholesome old condition of peasantry out of which they have grown. Among my memories of France there is none more pleasant, nor any more full of such sentiment as makes me feel the *bourgeoisie* remarkable for good-breeding,—a gentler quality than gentle birth itself,—than my memory of the manner in which a *bourgeois* friend welcomed me to his home. And there, treated with that affectionate respect which the French so delightfully show their parents, was the old mother, still in the neat dress of the region where every country lass had worn it fifty years ago. She had very little to say; but no one could have seemed happier or kinder, more at ease, less self-conscious, as she ate a little meal specially prepared for her rather exacting taste and habit.

In general, the while, one's impression of the *bourgeoisie* is not of its frontiers, but rather of the sound heart of it. Perhaps the most vividly typical of my memories concerning this is of a delightful dinner in a provincial town. A manufacturer had invited us to his house. On going thither, we

found it hidden behind his large factory buildings, and accessible only through the walled enclosure where they had grown up about it. Indeed, the whole approach was so far from what one is conventionally used to that one began to wonder whether one was not unwittingly bound for some sort of picnic. The house, when we got there, looked rather small—partly, I suppose, in contrast to the big factory buildings so near it. The moment you got within its doors, however, it proved commodious, comfortable, and, above all, in thoroughly good taste. There was not too much of anything; but everything was worth while. The pictures, for example, were real works of art—by the right men, too. There were plenty of books, evidently in use, and all of the sort worth reading—not of the teasing kind which one finds in American railway stations and country houses; yet they did not seem a bit priggish, either. The dinner was memorable, both for its quality and for the skilful service thereof by two or three trim maids. Apart from the good cheer the chief difference between this occasion and a similar one at home was that, inasmuch as the occasion was not formal, the men appeared in frock coats instead of in evening clothes, and the women wore high-necked dresses. This is general among the French everywhere, by the way. What we call evening dress they seem to regard rather as a costume appropriate only for occasions of ceremony. The talk was animated, easy, and wide in its range. And after dinner, in the long summer twilight, before we were summoned to the drawing-room for some excellent music, we sat and smoked in a library built on an arch over the mill-stream. And we looked through a large window at the swirling current, as it dashed along between walls and banks heavy with verdure, and disappeared, not far off, under a bridge, still within our host's premises, which had spanned it—he told me—for more than six hundred years.

He had inherited his property, his duties, and his house, I was given to understand. He was devoting his life to the care of them. He would pass them on to his children, just as any great nobleman might pass on to his heirs the hereditary possessions which chance had placed for a while in his care. No social type could have seemed more admirably permanent. In the fine little details of accomplishment, of impulse, of manner,

you could not have found a better gentleman than your host. And yet he was in no respect a *gentilhomme*. He was of the class which the old-fashioned aristocrats of France traditionally disdained as *bourgeois moyens*. His house was accessible, in all probability, only to people whose origin and whose personal traditions resembled his own. You felt there, beyond all things else, that you were in the very heart of the *bourgeoisie* of France; and furthermore, that there are few pleasanter places, and no better ones, in all this wicked world.

Not the least feature of your impression, the while, was that these surroundings have a quality of surprising fixity. Among the French *bourgeoisie* you find yourself in a world of hereditary tradition, as stoutly cherished as the more widely known traditions of aristocracy, or as the more vagrant traditions of art. And any class which is animated by attachment to its hereditary traditions must inevitably be, to some extent, a class apart—a separate thing; not quite a caste, of course, but not free from caste virtues and caste prejudices. The virtue which has distinguished the *bourgeoisie* from time immemorial is probably the virtue most dear to the middle class of England, as well as to the better sort of Americans, among whom middle-class manners have grown to something like the assurance of aristocratic feeling. In a word, we may call it respectability—a somewhat excessive observance of regularity in the conduct of life, a somewhat austere disapproval even of minor vagaries. This quality is not instantly attractive to people whose taste for it chances not to be ancestral. They think it dull at best, as no doubt it is if you do not happen to enjoy it. But though you may prefer to be respectably dull, you resent being called so. As a natural result, the most deep prejudice of the *bourgeoisie* is of the self-protecting kind which entertains a certain suspicion of the classes which environ it.

These, as we have seen, are the aristocracy and the artists. Between them and their *bourgeois* neighbors there seems to persist an immemorial hereditary distrust. The traditional privileges of aristocracy permitted them, and tended to make them pretend to delight in, a freedom of personal conduct extremely unwelcome to the staid respectability of *bourgeois* sentiment. The somewhat anarchistic impulse of artists

to assert their individuality amid the numbing monotony of humdrum custom has tended, from time immemorial, to excite them to similar manifestations of personal freedom from conventionalities. Both aristocrats and artists have accordingly been accustomed, as we have seen, to represent the *bourgeoisie* in a far from friendly spirit. What is less evident to casual foreigners is that this sentiment of distrust and dislike is mutual. Your typical *bourgeois* regards your aristocrat or your artist with as little cordiality as is evident in the more familiar opinions of aristocrats or of artists concerning the *bourgeoisie*.

The strength of this prejudice was oddly evinced in a little talk I chanced to have with a French friend whose traditions were of the most admirable *bourgeois* kind. The matter under discussion reminded me of a wise remark lately made me by another friend, who happened to possess a thoroughly authentic title. I repeated the observation, accordingly. It seemed to impress my *bourgeois* friend favorably, for he eagerly asked me from whom I had heard it. I told him, asking in return whether he did not think it admirable. The name of the originator of the epigram appeared to have altered his estimate thereof. It had a vein of good sense, he said, even of wit; but it was too noble. "C'est trop noble," was his final opinion.

On the whole, however, the course of modern history seems tending, in France as well as throughout the older regions of Europe, toward modification of these immemorial prejudices. The barrier between the aristocracy and that part of the *bourgeoisie* which most nearly approaches aristocracy is hardly so high as it used to be. For this there are several evident reasons. The privileges of aristocracy have long been withdrawn; for several generations all classes in France have been equal in the sight of the law. And, partly from a rigidity of principle or prejudice which has tended to result in imperfect flexibility of intelligence, the aristocracy has so generally withdrawn itself from public affairs that, as a class, it retains no vestige of political power. Its importance is only social. Now this phase of its importance seems to have been rather rudely shaken by the course of French history during the past hundred years. There remain, no doubt, authentic titles of the old *régime*; but Napoleon created titles by the hundred, and

titles were created under the Restoration and under Louis Philippe, and more still by the second empire. Again, if I am not in error, every son of a baron is himself a baron, too, and so on. Furthermore, there is no serious obstacle at this moment—any more than there is in America—to the assumption of a title by anybody. A highly respectable citizen of Boston is known to have been christened by the name of Marquis. Without scrutiny of official record, a stranger in France might well be at pains to know whether the same title on a French visiting card has any more venerable authority. The true aristocracy of France knows itself, of course, by heart; but hardly anybody else knows it with much certainty. And so far as general social importance goes, the frequency of French titles and the variety of their origin—even when they are authentic—have probably done amalgamating work.

The increasing fortunes of many *bourgeois*, the while, and the preponderance of political influence which has been enjoyed by the *bourgeoisie* throughout the past century have done their work as well. Marriages between the two classes—such alliances as you will remember in “Mademoiselle de la Seiglière” and in “Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier”—have perhaps grown more frequent. And everybody knows that titled Frenchmen have often married eligible foreigners. The failing of the old aristocratic fortunes, too, has tended to sacrifice of prejudice in other matters than that of marriage. Particularly of recent years, men of birth have had the good sense to drop some of their outworn notions concerning occupation; and frankly to devote their still vigorous energies to lucrative and respectable careers which their grandfathers would have disdained. In many ways, accordingly, the aristocratic class of France is beginning to reveal itself to the *bourgeoisie* as more deserving of personal respect than *bourgeois* traditions used to presume. Still more certainly, as the two classes tend more cordially to mingle, the aristocracy seem beginning to recognize in their *bourgeois* neighbors qualities, ideas, and merits far more resembling their own than they had been apt to suppose. For all this, the real aristocrats still retain, I think, a somewhat excessive degree of their ancestral disdain of any traditional inferior. Hereditary *gentilshommes*, they do not yet quite willingly admit that these

bourgeois, with whom circumstances are occasionally forcing them into close relations, are as good gentlemen as themselves. When all is said and done, however, you can hardly help feeling that each class is growing more aware of its community of interest with the other. They must stand or fall together.

The relations of the *bourgeoisie* with the other social class most near them—with artists in the broadest sense of the term—seemed to me, on the whole, rather less cordial. The world of French art, in fact, though the most familiar phase of French society to foreigners in general, who know France chiefly from books or pictures, is probably the phase of French society which foreigners are least apt to understand. I am by no means sure, indeed, that I came to any accurate understanding of its position myself. I am sure, however, that my impressions of it were at once unexpected and distinct.

Broadly speaking, French artists of every kind—literary, plastic, dramatic, musical—are apt to be of *bourgeois* origin, and are even more apt to be temperamentally impatient of the respectable restraint of conduct which characterizes *bourgeois* life in general. They are by no means frivolous or trivial in their artistic lives. The fervently maintained academic standards of France in all matters of fine art compel them to a degree of technical excellence which nothing but hard, prolonged, whole-hearted work can attain. Keen critical scrutiny combines with incessant competition, on all sides, to keep them unremittently devoted to their tasks. Whether they submit to academic convention or rebel against it, the case is the same. As artists they are as impressively and as seriously devoted to their duties as university professors are to theirs. You cannot know Frenchmen anywhere, in fact, without reverent acknowledgment of their inexhaustible industry. The moment you find yourself among artists of the better sort, furthermore, you cannot fail to be impressed by the fervent earnestness of their artistic purpose. Whatever the result of their efforts, they give themselves to their art with all their hearts. Like any other human beings, they fall into little groups, schools, sets, among themselves, each with its virtues and vices, its powers and its limitations. Yet somehow as you contemplate French society in its entirety, in its general structure, the artists, as

a class, seem distinctly apart from anybody else. They are not aristocrats; they are not *bourgeois*. They are as good gentlemen as either; and as honest men. But they form a kind of separate class, so distinct from the others—and often so far from instant sympathy with the others—that you can hardly help feeling their temper concerning the others to be tinged rather with defiance than with cordiality.

Apparently, at the same time, they have a society of their own as firm and as systematic in its structure as that of the aristocracy or that of the *bourgeoisie*—mingling on its frontier with each, yet definitely different from either. Analogies in such cases as this are apt to be misleading, and perhaps invidious. Yet I can find no better means of indicating the position which artists, as a class, seem to occupy in France than by comparing it with that occupied in England and in America by professional actors—their own artists, in their own kind, of memorable importance. There is no reason why a dramatic artist should not be a person of unsullied private character—as indeed is frequently the case. There is also no reason why a person of anything but unsullied character should not be an excellent dramatic artist. This commonplace is equally true of any other earthly occupation, from the papacy to grave-digging. Just why it should be assumed that the typical actor leaves something to be desired in point of personal conduct I cannot pretend to say. That the assumption exists, particularly among austere respectable people, is beyond dispute; and so is the fact that, however cordially and unreservedly actors are sometimes received in English and American society, they are usually received in a manner which betrays general consciousness that they somehow form a class apart—with manners and morals, traditions and principles, of their own.

Something closely analogous seems true of art in France throughout all its phases. The instantly obvious difference is that the artists of France are not only far more numerous than the actors of England and of America. They are far more skilful throughout the range of their professions; they are more intensely industrious, more persistently in earnest. Their masterpieces, whether you enjoy them or not, are more nearly excellent, more firmly memorable.

And the social world which they form for themselves is more systematic and more punctilious than is the more unhampered Bohemia of the English-speaking stage. For all this, the world of French art seems Bohemian still. It may sometimes mimic aristocratic grace or *bourgeois* respectability. On the surface it is as orderly as either. At heart, however, it cherishes something like the Rabelaisian maxim, *Fais ce que voudras*. For which it pays the not unwilling penalty of tacit recognition that it is distinct from either of the other social regions on which it borders, and with the denizens of which it often mingles.

Some such view of French artists as this goes far to explain why, as one grows to know French life, the accounts of it in French literature and the reproductions of it on the French stage are apt to appear so external. French men of letters undoubtedly know their France inconceivably better than any foreigner can ever know it. Beyond doubt, too, their earnestness and their skill, stimulated by intense criticism and competition, combine to make their efforts to portray French life sincerely faithful. And yet, when all is said and done, these efforts are inevitably efforts to portray a state of society external to their sympathies and to many circumstances of their daily lives. Something of the sort must of course be true of all art anywhere which is concerned with the portrayal of other than artistic atmospheres. It seems, however, exceptionally true in modern France; and the general temper of the work which French writers and artists put forth year by year rather emphasizes than obliterates the line which separates them, in sympathy, from the *bourgeoisie*. This is one reason, I believe, why we foreigners who have known France mostly through its admirable literature have been so apt to misconceive the deeper temper of every-day French life.

The better sort of people in France may generally be classed either in one of the three groups on which we have touched—the nobility, the *bourgeoisie*, and the artists—or on the borders which separate them from one another. As you grow more familiar with any of these groups, you become aware that within itself it has a pretty rigid structure. As you grow to know something of all three, you come to feel that in their almost hierarchical structure they are not

only very like each other, but remarkably like the universities as well. You begin, in short, to perceive, throughout French society, the native characteristic of French temper which is least evident to foreigners in general. For all the revolutions which have made the French history of the past century so disquiet, the French love of order and of system, the domestic conservatism of French impulse, has kept the general structure of French private life far more persistent, more traditional, and less flexible than we are apt to imagine.

Something of what I have in mind is implied in the instantly obvious difference between French visiting cards and those used in England and in America. To all appearances, the fact that my own card bore nothing but my name was apt to excite surprise among my French friends. The nature of my temporary appointment at the universities gave me, as we have seen, a fairly defined position in the French university system—a respectable degree of official rank. Any Frenchman in this position would have had his precise quality stated on his card as regularly as his name. Not to have it there would imply, on his part, some such personal eccentricity as occasionally impels Americans to wear their hair long or to affect visiting cards which bear facsimiles of their signatures. To French minds unfamiliar with other than French custom, I discovered, the simplicity of my visiting card actually conveyed the impression that I was an ardent apostle of social equality. This was rather comically revealed to me one afternoon over a cup of tea. Without quite understanding whither some pleasant chat was leading the company, I found myself confronted with something as near as politeness would allow to a direct inquiry as to why it was my custom to refuse honorary distinctions. This was evidently meant to afford me an opportunity of stating the qualities which my visiting card did not reveal. That I returned some elusive answer seemed, on the whole, to commend me to my French friends. Extreme directness of attack or reply is still unwelcome to the civilized tradition of France. After all, it was my affair, and not theirs. Whoever might use a French qualification on his card might presumably use a better one still at home, where his merits were better known and probably better rewarded. If not, it was doubtless because

he was disposed to protest against official and other social hierarchy in much such temper as induced Monsieur de Lafayette to discard both his marquisate and his particle of nobility. Such eccentricity is creditable to the principle of the individual who displays it. Whether it is equally creditable to his good sense is another question. What remains beyond question is that it does not seriously impair the dignity of the system which it chooses to ignore.

The dignities and distinctions stated on French visiting cards and the like—on formal announcements of bereavement, for example—are of various kinds. They range from titles of nobility and of military rank to the mere intimation that a man is practising a learned profession. In general, they tend to indicate with precision his place in the class of society to which he chances to belong—noble, *bourgeois*, or artistic. Occasionally, however, they indicate his place in some recognized social system apart from all three phases of personal station, and indeed embracing all three together. Of these the two most evident are the Legion of Honor and the Institute.

The Legion of Honor, to be sure, has become so comprehensive that the right to wear a red ribbon in one's button-hole has been pleasantly declared to be more frequent in France than lack of this privilege. In all seriousness, this order, at least in its simplest form, is bestowed with almost prodigal generosity on evident merit in all ranges of French life—political, military or naval, artistic, financial, learned, or whatever else. You are not often in a company of a dozen Frenchmen of the better sort where two or three red ribbons and perhaps a red button are not worn. There are moods in which you would believe a distinction so general to make little appeal to the imagination; but such a mood is not characteristically French. The Legion of Honor has been refused, I believe, in occasional instances where eccentricity of temper, or lack of sympathy with the government which chanced to prevail, rendered it unwelcome to a man who had deserved this widely diffused distinction. In general, however, it is not only eagerly welcomed and ardently sought; it is honorably sought and welcomed as well. Whoever grows to know modern French society, I think, must be surprised to recall the changing sentiments with which he regards the

bit of red ribbon familiar to every traveller's eye. At first it seems comically general; then it seems puzzlingly various—worn of right by a bewilderingly contradictory diversity of persons: noble and simple, learned and ignorant, accomplished and uncouth. Finally, without pretending that it has not fallen, now and again, on unworthy breasts, you grow to feel that there are few presumptions in the world more certain than that a man who has won this decoration has really shown himself superior to other men about him. This may be as a shopkeeper; it may be as an actor; it may be as a poet; it may be as a soldier; it may be as a diplomatist; it may almost be as a saint. The Legion of Honor is as catholic as the Church in its relation to all ranges of human life and conduct. But the dignity it confers is essentially a true one. Men who have attained decoration have generally done something well enough to deserve honorable recognition; and the very range of decoration implies the deep human truth that honorable work anywhere, in whatever phase of occupation or of society, is in itself a reverent thing. You may say clever things about the rain of the ribbon rather than the reign. You may smile, if you like, at the childish vanity of a nation which can breed mature men who care whether their black coats are relieved by red specks or not. The Legion of Honor is not misnamed; it implies two impulses deep in the emotional nature of the French, high and low alike: an instinctive love of order, of system, and a fervent belief that honor should be given where honor is due.

Open, like the Legion of Honor, to all Frenchmen who may justly aspire for it, is the more specific dignity of the Institute. This venerable learned society consists of several separate academies—of Political Science, of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and the like—of which the dominant one is the famous “immortal” literary academy of forty members, the Académie Française. Certain familiar facts about this throw light on French character. In principle, any Frenchman, of whatever social rank, who has attained the highest distinction in art, in learning, in letters, is eligible. There has been, I believe, no period in its eminent history when it has not counted among its members noblemen, *bourgeois*, and artists alike. But membership in it does not come

without the seeking. The French are too alertly honest to tolerate the kind of affectation most humorously prevalent among ourselves—that of pretending indifference to public honor, and of assuming that respectable people are bound to behave in daily life as if everybody would like to be a Cincinnatus. When death makes a vacancy in the Academy, whoever believes himself to merit the earthly, or Parisian, immortality thus for the moment accessible, proceeds to inquire, of himself and of his friends, concerning the precise aspect of his chances for it. If these chances seem in any degree promising, he courageously offers himself as a candidate. What the preliminary processes of such candidacy may be I do not know. The crucial part of it is a series of some thirty-nine personal calls on the surviving members of the Academy, from each of whom the candidate formally requests the favor of his vote. Sometimes this is cordially promised; sometimes the answer is politely guarded. The visits do not secure the votes; but without them, I believe, no votes could be secured.

Whatever the personal prejudices of an academician—and these must certainly be widely various—most academicians concur in obedience to the extremely catholic traditions which preserve the vitality of the Academy. Of course it is academic; it could not exist without sturdy maintenance of standards bound to impress vagrant artistic impulse as rigid and repellent, and bound to be resentfully abused by many intelligent people who are restive under restraint, or who come to believe themselves meritoriously disappointed. But these standards do not confine the membership of the Academy to any one class of society or of personal character. There is always, I believe, at least one eminent ecclesiastic among its members; when I was in France this was the venerable Cardinal Bishop of Autun, who has since been succeeded by Cardinal Mathieu. There are always noblemen there who have distinguished themselves in learning. The Duc d'Aumale, a royal prince, held his membership of the Academy among his dearest honors. There are men of letters, too, scholars and playwrights, of whatever origin. At the two public meetings of the Academy which I had the privilege of attending the presiding member chanced to be an accomplished

dramatist. The permanent secretary was M. Gaston Boissier, that happily immortal scholar whose works have for more than fifty years made modern folk understand, as no one ever understood without them, what the human life of ancient Rome was like in the days when the republic passed into the empire, and the empire surged on to its ruin.

The ceremony of receiving a new member into the Academy is interesting and characteristic. In the hall under the dome of the Institute—that dome so familiar to every eye in Paris which has looked across the Seine from the quay of the Louvre—a fortunate company is assembled which has had the privilege of invitation. Every seat is occupied; for the hall is not very large, and the interest in the occasion is eager. In the company, if you know anything of your Paris, you will recognize people of all ranks and stations—noble, fashionable, learned, artistic, diplomatic, even respectably obscure. There will be clergymen there, and actresses from the Théâtre Français; bearers of historic names and the wives of professors who began their career in some Breton *lycée*; ambassadors and sculptors; journalists and generals. At a given moment the members of the Institute enter, with almost ostentatious informality, the semicircle of benches reserved for all the academies alike. On these occasions there seems no distinction between the immortal Académie Française and its less eminent fellows. On the presiding bench, in the green uniform of the Academy, the principal officers of the day take their places—the member who happens at that moment to preside, the permanent secretary, and a third. The other academicians seat themselves anywhere among their fellow-members of the institute. Only those who appear in some official capacity—like the secretaries of the lesser academies—generally wear their uniforms. The aspect of the company is that of a group of gentlemen, on pleasantly equal terms, who are separated from the public by a formal barrier implying the momentary inaccessibility of their eminence, and permitting them serenely to ignore the presence of anyone but themselves.

This medley of formality and simplicity pervades the whole ceremony. In a very few formal words—hardly more than “*La parole est à M. X*”—the presiding officer announces that the fortunate candidate for

immortality is expected to speak. The candidate accordingly rises from his seat, somewhere on the benches, between two uniformed academicians who have been charged with the pleasant duty of introducing him; and proceeds to deliver in impeccable French a formal and not very audible eulogy on the deceased academician whom he has been chosen to succeed. At the close of this masterpiece of mortuary eloquence the presiding officer proceeds to the official business of the occasion. And this is the most surprising part of it all.

As a foreigner, unfamiliar with academic tradition, I was prepared for some almost ritual ceremony, of lastingly impressive dignity. Instead, the presiding officer only opened a carefully written manuscript, which he proceeded to read in the simplest imaginable way. It proved to be an almost cruelly candid account of just how, in spite of his incontestable merits, the manifold faults and infirmities of the candidate had impressed the academicians who had been called on to consider his case. With due allowance for the beautiful precision of its language and the extreme aptitude of its thrusts, it reminded me—so far as I could follow it—of the sort of discourse with which neophytes used to be received into college societies when I was a student at Harvard. Generalized, it was nothing more nor less than a sublimated process of initiation at which everybody—and most of all the victim—was confidently and justly expected to smile. If you had not known what it was all coming to, you would have been disposed to expect that the luckless man in question was about to be condemned, at best, to oblivion. Instead, it closed with the words—pronounced with something like a sigh of comic resignation—“*Vous êtes reçu.*” Wherewith the whole ceremony ended, and the happiness of immortality was conferred on one more honorable gentleman of France.

Among themselves, it is said, the academicians pride themselves on maintaining absolute equality. They are called immortals in jest; so long as their earthly immortality persists, they make believe that they are immortal in earnest; and immortality doubtless confers freedom from the inconvenience not only of human vexation but also of human rank. Anywhere else, a royal prince, like the Duc d’Aumale, would be addressed as *Altesse*; a bishop as *Mon-*

seigneur. Here, all alike are addressed simply as Monsieur. Noblemen, *bourgeois*, and artists alike—royalties, dignitaries of the church, and writers of comedy—are just fellow-beings, like blessed spirits before the throne of grace, or American college boys at last admitted to Greek-letter mysteries. The analogy goes deep. This class of immortal equals is a class apart. It is a brotherhood given to such mutual affection and dissension as animates brotherly life in its domestic phase; but banded together, so long as fraternity exists, in common resentment of unfraternal meddling from without. And the ingenuous completeness with which this highest of French intellectual dignities at once admits the eternal boyishness of human nature, and, with boyish generosity, holds itself open to any aspirant who can prove his deserts, combines with the fact of its recognized social dominance in all three social classes—noble, *bourgeois*, and artistic alike—to make it perhaps the most profoundly characteristic social fact in France.

At least, I believe, it is the most profoundly characteristic of those portions of French life to which the name "society" can fairly be applied in any limited sense. It recognizes, it assimilates, it harmonizes within itself, aristocracy, *bourgeoisie*, and art. It implies, more than anything else, what they possess, and what they must perforce cherish, together and in common. It leaves out of sight, as any such organization must leave, the masses of the people. And nowadays these masses are matters of such conspicuous interest that those are not wanting who should pretend them ten times more important than their comparatively few fellow-men who have managed, in one way or another, to emerge above the general level of humanity.

Of the masses in France I saw very little. One heard, of course, a good deal about them from friends who were eagerly interested in politics, in economics, or in philanthropy; but one's knowledge was at best a fairly intelligent kind of hearsay. From this I derived one or two general impressions. Taken by and large, I am disposed to think, the unskilled laborers of France are worthily stupid to a degree which must astonish anybody whose general estimate of French character is derived from the alert intelligence exhibited by the more in-

tellectual and civilized classes. Certainly what I happened to see in travel of the peasantry and of the lower classes in the cities went far to justify the caricatures with which we are familiar in comic journals or on the stage. Of recent years, on the other hand, I was led to believe, the skilled labor of France has developed a degree and a kind of intelligence which is both impressive and misleading. Skilled laborers have been intellectually trained beyond any condition in their previous history; they have been immensely stimulated, in both thought and feeling, by the political and economic circumstances which have everywhere marked the perplexing history of recent times; and, being without prepossessing traditions, they seem at this moment less hampered by hereditary prejudice, more frankly curious, and to all appearances more open-minded than any other kind of Frenchmen.

This apparent open-mindedness of skilled labor in France has deeply impressed many of the educated French whose personal sympathies are philanthropic or radical. It goes far to justify, at least in honest argument, the startling tendency to socialism so evident throughout the world to-day, and so extremely prevalent among French people of a position which would lead you to expect that they would regard social revolution with suspicion. What we need to revive the world, they seem to believe, is freedom from the tyranny of prejudice—generous openness of mind. Among the established classes—noble, *bourgeois*, artistic, alike—they look for this in vain. In meetings of skilled workmen, assembled to discuss any topic of social consequence, they find it. A company of devout *bourgeois*, one of my friends told me, will not listen to a speech from an honest free-thinker; they will execrate him, shout him down—"ils le conspuent." A company of free-thinking trades-unionists will listen to the unwelcome convictions of an honest priest as respectfully as if he were preaching what they hold better than law or Gospel. What is more, they will answer him with fair argument, or something as near it as their powers can command. They will weigh what is said on either side. Wherefore, your socialist concludes, salvation is to be sought among the intelligent masses.

Perhaps so. Only the future can tell. To my mind, this inspiring candor of the better kind of laboring men seemed rather

a normal phase of social youth. In earlier days they never thought at all. Stimulated to thought, they begin to see, with the unqualified precision of juvenility, how many ways there are of confronting problems, and how much better the way they may chance to prefer must be than any other. Still innocent of the inexorable test of responsibility, they display to an inspiring degree the infant virtues of the irresponsible. Give them their way, let them feel the benumbing perplexity of responsible power; and who knows but you shall find your generous confidence resulting in the worst jolt yet known out of the frying-pan into the fire?

At all events, one fact seems fairly clear. The lower classes, stupid or graced with the candor of open minds, are apt instinctively to distrust the upper classes. And this tendency is beginning, in some degree, to diminish the mutual distrust of the upper among themselves. In the face of what nobody can deny to be a common danger, nobles, *bourgeois*, and artists alike seem somewhat more willing than of old to recognize the interests and the ideals which, each in their own way, they traditionally cherish in common.

This tendency to concentration among the higher classes of French society, however, is as yet impalpable. It may not really exist at all. My sympathetic wish to perceive it may have led me into the error of supposing it conceivable. What is surely no error is that all the upper classes have in common more qualities, more strength, more virtue, in the good old sense of the term, than any of them are as yet quite ready to admit. Among noblemen, among *bourgeois*, among artists, you can recognize everywhere that honesty of purpose, that dignity of character, that self-abnegating devotion to duty which combine in the character of a true gentleman. If those whose ideals are truly in harmony can ever

learn to speak a common language of the heart, there is little to fear.

The less to fear, I believe, because the more one sees of France the less apparent is that social aspect of France which external prejudice is apt to suppose the most deeply characteristic. In certain aspects, no doubt, French society is morally corrupt. No civilized society has yet gladdened this planet without considerable corruption to counter-balance its merits. You might as soon expect a human organism to flourish free from all trace of disease or of decay. This does not mean that we should not do our best, socially and personally, to down the microbes. But no sane man expects the end of microbes so long as anything be left for microbes to prey on. They are a sad condition of existence. The real question is whether an organism, social or individual, has the kind of strength which shall combat them victoriously.

Undoubtedly there is a popular impression that French society is morally diseased. On a question so delicate as this, furthermore, it is hard to pronounce a confident opinion which should go far to contradict this commonplace assumption. One fact, nevertheless, remains true. The more you see of French people as they live among themselves, in whatever station, the less your attention is called to such irregular, if interesting, social phenomena as foreign gossip had led you to expect. On the contrary, the more you see of the French, the more deeply you are impressed not only with the general regularity of their lives, but with the surprising fact that this general regularity seems to have a very strong hold on their affections. It can hardly be long, indeed, before you begin to wonder whether anyone can get near to the heart of them without sympathetic understanding of the intensity with which they cherish their domestic relations. This must be evident, I think, to anyone who has the privilege of seeing much of their family life.



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin

Nearing the End.

LONGFELLOW

By Henry van Dyke

IN a great land, a new land, a land full of labor and riches and confusion,
Where there were many running to and fro, and shouting, and striving together,
In the midst of the hurry and the troubled noise, I heard the voice of one singing.

"What are you doing there, O man, singing quietly amid all this tumult?
This is the time for new inventions, mighty shoutings, and blowings of the trumpet."
But he answered, "I am only shepherding my sheep with music."

So he went along his chosen way, keeping his little flock around him;
And he paused to listen, now and then, beside the antique fountains,
Where the faces of forgotten gods were refreshed with musically falling waters;

Or he sat for a while at the blacksmith's door, and heard the cling-clang of the anvils;
Or he rested beneath old steeples full of bells, that showered their chimes upon him;
Or he walked along the edges of the sea, drinking in the long roar of the billows;

Or he sunned himself in the pine-scented shipyard, amid the tattoo of the mallets;
Or he leaned on the rail of the bridge, letting his thoughts flow with the whispering
river;

He hearkened also to ancient tales, and made them young again with his singing.

Then I saw the faces of men and women and children silently turning toward him;
The youth setting out on the journey of life, and the old man waiting beside the
last mile-stone;

The toiler sweating beneath his load; and the happy mother rocking her cradle;

The lonely sailor on far-off seas; and the gray-minded scholar in his book-room;
The mill-hand bound to a clacking machine; and the hunter in the forest;
And the solitary soul hiding friendless in the wilderness of the city;

Many human faces, full of care and longing, were drawn irresistibly toward him,
By the charm of something known to every heart, yet very strange and lovely,
And at the sound of that singing wonderfully all their faces were lightened.

"Why do you listen, O you people, to this old and world-worn music?
This is not for you, in the splendor of a new age, in the democratic triumph!
Listen to the clashing cymbals, the big drums, the brazen trumpets of your poets."

But the people made no answer, following in their hearts the simpler music:
For it seemed to them, noise-weary, nothing could be better worth the hearing
Than the melodies which brought sweet order into life's confusion.

So the shepherd sang his way along, until he came unto a mountain:
And I know not surely whether it was called Parnassus,
But he climbed it out of sight, and still I heard the voice of one singing.

DRAGON'S BLOOD

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I



HEY both declined to go with Kimbrough down the river to Minatitlan—Miss Harriman with polite, diplomatic evasions; Mrs. Kimbrough, after a glance at her guest's pale, indifferent face, instantly and uncompromisingly. Kimbrough felt rather aggrieved at being thus deserted by his women-kind, and said so. He didn't want to make the two days' journey in a dugout canoe—for it was the dry season and the naphthalaunch was out of commission—or hang around the little Mexican town for days waiting for cablegrams from his chief in Louisville. Only an unkind Fate made it necessary for him to go, and he felt that Fate might be a little less severe could he divert her attention slightly from himself to two charming companions. He offered humbly to tie up whenever they should feel the least tired, and to spend the night at the Hacienda de Ramos, whose cook and spring-beds were famous from one end of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the other. But to no avail.

"It's quite impossible, Max," explained his wife that night when Miss Harriman had gone to her room, leaving them alone in the fragrant corridor. "Don't you see she is simply too unhappy and indifferent and physically tired to want to do stunts just now? Let her have time to rest and get interested in things down here and—and forget a little."

"You say it was Hamilton?" inquired Kimbrough after a moment's silence.

"Yes—incredible as it seems, it was Craig Hamilton. I always liked him so much—I can't understand even yet how it could have happened. I have had it all from different ones who have written—it was obvious enough for that—for all their friends to be talking of it. How any man in his right senses could have had a chance at her and not followed it up——"

"Well, *did* he have a chance?"

Mrs. Kimbrough shook her head pityingly in the soft darkness.

"Of course you'll stand up for him—men always do. But I'm afraid there's no getting around this, Max. Lucy Norcross wrote me all about it. He had paid her the most open, devoted attention, and she had accepted it, and, with a girl like Constance that meant everything, and then he suddenly made a right about face and completely neglected her for May Redmond. When I heard of it I wrote her to come down and spend the winter with us and she accepted. Three days before she left their engagement was announced."

"Too bad," said Kimbrough sympathetically, knocking the ash from his cigar. "Is she hard hit, do you think?"

"She cared for him, I am sure; and the worst is May's treachery. They were the greatest friends, and May knew—she must have known. That's what makes it so hard for Constance. She is so fair and square herself that the whole thing has shocked and sickened her."

"Poor little girl!" said Kimbrough softly again. "It's hard luck, and we must cheer her up."

"Oh, we sha'n't hear her complain; you can be sure of that. Her pride was badly hurt, but it will carry her through. She is only changed somehow. She used to be brilliant and rather hard, I thought; but even in the few days she has been here I can feel that she is—different."

"The lazy life down here will do her good. Her nerves are all unstrung. I can see that."

"Yes; unless it is too quiet and she has too much time to think. Max, you must bring back a man or two—some one to interest and arouse her. Get that nice young Englishman, Wingate, from the Remolino hacienda, or Irving, of the Rio Vista plantation. Later on—at Christmas—we can invite several more up, but just now she is in no mood for a house party."

"All right," assented Kimbrough, rising

lazily. "I have to make an early start in the morning, Edie, so I think I'll turn in."

When Mrs. Kimbrough and Constance seated themselves to Wong's kidney *sauté* and griddle-cakes the next morning Kimbrough was three hours on his way down the river.

"I'm sorry the poor boy had to go off just now," sighed Mrs. Kimbrough, pouring out a cup of the famous El Paraiso coffee for her guest; "but we will not be as lonely as you might imagine. The Tres Rios hacienda is only eight miles away through the jungle, and seventeen by river—" Miss Harriman opened her gray eyes a little—"so we frequently see the people from over there. And then it is quite wonderful the passing up and down the river—the Mortons may come up any day on their way to the Solo Suchil, and young Nevin is forever going down to the Vuelta plantation to see that little Conway girl; her father's the manager of the Vuelta sugar plant. And then the mail canoes go jogging up and down all the time, and the steamer comes up once or twice a week—if the river isn't too low."

"It sounds quite exciting," smiled Constance palely.

"Well, it isn't Twenty-third Street and Broadway," observed Mrs. Kimbrough, smiling back, "and after all, it will be nice to have you all to myself for a while. There is so much I want to hear about. We must have some of our good, old-fashioned talks."

But it seemed as if Constance did not care to talk. For the most part she passed the long, dazzlingly bright days in the shady copper-screened corridor, where the brilliant birds flew back and forth ceaselessly, scarcely knowing they were not at liberty. She would spend hours lying on a divan or sunk in the depths of a wicker chair, covered with the soft, spotted skin of the isthian tiger, her hands folded, her eyes fixed on the wide brown river that rolled by, not a hundred yards from the corridor steps. In the late afternoon she and Mrs. Kimbrough would pass through the double screen doors and wander into the garden to gather baskets of gardenias and roses, or saunter down through the great grove of banana-trees to the peon quarters for a look at the little brown babies toddling about in the deep grass.

A week of this idle, strange life wrought some beneficent change in the girl. Her

dark-gray eyes lost their sombre look; she seemed less passive, more interested in everything. Kimbrough noted the change instantly. He reached the landing-steps late in the afternoon, and Edith and Constance were waiting for him, thanks to the blasts which Florentino had blown upon his conch-shell from far below the last vuelta.

He was followed up the steps by a tall, good-looking young man about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, apparently. His close-cropped brown hair curled in almost classic rings about a brow much tanned, and from beneath which two Irish blue eyes looked out with a happy, rather inconsequential expression. The straight nose, pleasant mouth, and good chin completed a countenance at once ingratiating and vaguely disappointing.

"Here's Kennedy, Edie," called out Kimbrough, striding up the steps to the terrace, where his wife and Constance stood. "He ought to be on his way to La Seiba, but I kidnapped him and brought him along."

"I was a willing victim, Mrs. Kimbrough," laughed Kennedy, jumping up the last three steps as he spoke.

"That was very clever of Max," said Mrs. Kimbrough, with such a brilliant smile of welcome that Kimbrough wondered uneasily whether it could be artificial—a suspicion later amply confirmed.

"Let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Harriman. Constance, this is Mr. Kennedy, of La Seiba plantation. There's another Spanish name for you to remember. Arthur, tell her why your hacienda is called La Seiba," she commanded, slipping her hand through her husband's arm and starting toward the house, Kennedy and Miss Harriman following.

"It's because there are so many *seiba* trees on the place," elucidated Kennedy obediently. Constance laughed, and Mrs. Kimbrough turned her head sharply. It was the first time she had heard the girl laugh naturally in the ten days of her visit.

"That might be a more satisfactory explanation if I had the least notion what a *seiba* tree is," she said.

"I shall have to get Mrs. Kimbrough to bring you up to La Seiba so you can meet the *seiba* tree on its own ground, so to speak," laughed Kennedy.

In the meantime Mrs. Kimbrough was talking in a low, rather reproachful tone to her husband.

"But I couldn't get anybody *but* Kennedy. Wingate had fifty new peons to take to Remolino, and Irving wasn't at Minatitlan at all, and you had told me to be sure and bring someone," Kimbrough remonstrated plaintively.

"But Max—anybody but Arthur Kennedy!"

"I thought you merely wanted someone to amuse Constance. I didn't know you were preparing to marry her off——" began Kimbrough stiffly, when Kennedy's voice broke in upon their conversation.

"I say, Mrs. Kimbrough, Miss Harriman doesn't know a *seiba* tree when she sees one. Won't you bring her up to La Seiba some time so she can be introduced to the whole family? They are all there, root and branch!"

"What an atrocious pun!" and Constance laughed again.

That was the beginning of her better spirits. Mrs. Kimbrough was delighted to see the girl throw off some of her listlessness and enjoy herself. Kennedy was most amusing and companionable, there could be no denying. Together he and Miss Harriman rode day after day through the shadowy fincas, fragrant with faint, penetratingly sweet perfume of the coffee blooms, up and down wild acclivities, over narrow little bridges which trembled beneath the cautious steps of their ponies, through some deep baranca to the river's edge, or up and up to the crest of some sunstruck hill, from where they could get a glimpse of the whole wonderful, flowering isthmus.

Sometimes these excursions would be made in the early morning hours, and then they would start forth while the dawn was still gray and the dew lay like rain on the broad leaves of the banana-trees and a million birds chattered in the groves. Or they would let the heat of the day drift by while they lounged in the corridor laughing and talking, and would set forth in the late afternoon to be gone until the sudden, soft darkness overtook them and the moon lighted them home.

In the evenings there was always the cool screened corridor and talk and laughter and cards, or Constance's guitar, or the gramophone that played all the latest airs from light operas never to be heard in that far country. The wide corridor afforded a very good place for dancing, and when the chairs

and tables and divans were pushed out of the way and the gramophone set going to the last Broadway topical song, Constance and Kennedy enjoyed many a two-step and waltz under the tropical moon.

Kennedy's business, which had at first seemed so pressing as to be likely to limit his visit at El Paraiso to a day or two, receded diurnally before the encroachments of new interests and pleasures which were, to Mrs. Kimbrough's mind at least, too obviously engrossing him. The multifarious duties awaiting him at La Seiba apparently diminished in importance in a mysterious but delightful fashion, until even Kimbrough, aware of Kennedy's overdue reports to his company and the inefficiency of this Mexican *superintendente*, became uneasy at his prolonged stay—an uneasiness which it was obviously impossible to impart to either of his guests.

Kennedy did, indeed, on several occasions, make tentative preparations to leave which were usually broached in the morning and unfailingly abandoned before night. Kimbrough's polite generalization that he would send him on up the river in a canoe at any time he might feel compelled to leave, was met by a grateful obtuseness that rather irritated Edith.

"He really ought to go on—I'm sure they need him up at La Seiba, Max," she observed to Kimbrough one afternoon. They were seated on the corridor from where they had a very good view of Constance and Kennedy strolling about the garden. Kennedy, who had just fashioned a wreath of gardenias, was fastening it in Constance's hair, and they were laughing like children.

"Oh, let them enjoy themselves, Edie! He's bound to go on pretty soon. Besides, I thought you wanted him to amuse Constance—and, by Jove, she looks a hundred per cent. better than she did a week ago!"

"I don't want him to be too amusing," said Edith impressively, and she got up and went into the house to speak to Wong about the dinner.

As for Kennedy, the days went by and he seemed literally unable to make up his mind to leave. He knew that a dozen important things awaited his immediate attention at the hacienda, that Kimbrough must be wondering at his prolonged stay, that it was worse than foolish for him to linger, that honor itself demanded that he should go.



She would spend hours sunk in the depths of a wicker chair.—Page 467.

And yet he stayed. It had been almost two years since he had gone back to the States—since he had seen a girl like Constance Harri-man. The rides and talks with her, the vivid days and cool evenings in her company were intense and long-foregone delights—too much prized, too dangerously pleasant, he told himself over and over, but too rare to be lightly given up. There would be long months of abstinence later, he argued, when he could do penance for this feast of the senses. Besides, Constance liked him and, without knowing exactly how or why, he felt that she needed a friend. She appealed to him in some subtle way, and before this mute exordium he was powerless to leave her.

Their sympathies and tastes had numberless points of contact, constantly augmented by Constance's eagerness to know and understand this strange tropical life and Kennedy's keen pleasure in depicting it to her. Three years on the isthmus had made a pretty good Mexican of him, and he could tell her of all the amusing and interesting phases of his semitropical life.

"I like it down here—I like the life and the country—although I'm not sure it is overly good for one." They were walking their horses on a narrow sandy strip of land that stretched along the river for half a mile,

and Kennedy was talking. "The mañana habit fastens on one inevitably and then one loses one's standard of ideals somehow."

"It seems to me as if one might preserve one's standard of ideals more easily down here than in the big, seething world we know—there must be so few 'assaults of the devil' to withstand in this peaceful, flowery land," objected Constance, smiling a little.

"Ah, you think so because you don't know the life here," returned Kennedy quickly. "The loneliness makes one reckless. [Often one is ready to swear that there is no such thing as right and wrong down here. Were you ever high up in the Madison Square tower at night? No, of course not—well, it's an illuminating experience, and sufficiently dangerous. One feels as if the old, inherited order of things had suddenly passed away, as if one had severed all connection with the things of this earth, and were made a law unto himself; there is an exhilarating sense of detachment, of irresponsibility high up there in the air, and it's that same sort of feeling which strikes a fellow here in this out-of-the-world spot." He looked at the girl riding beside him, and then quickly out to the brown, tumbling river.

"I should think that feeling might prove as much of an incentive to some great act

as to one of lawlessness or recklessness," said Constance gravely.

"Yes—I suppose it depends on the fundamental character of the person. It's a sort of test—a piece of moral litmus paper," and Kennedy laughed uneasily. "I'm afraid I'm turning the wrong color now," he went on with affected gayety. "You see I ought to have been at La Seiba a week and more ago. By Jove, I suppose I shall have to go on up in the canoe with Kimbrough day after tomorrow. I have a suspicion that that sudden call of his up the Coatzacoalcos is partly due to his desire to get me back to work. He's such a thorough-going chap himself that it makes him unhappy to see me loafing around when he knows I'm badly needed at the hacienda. Enrique is such a duffer of a *superintendente!*" He flicked his pony meditatively and stared out over the river again.

"Of course you must go 'where duty calls you,'" said Constance lightly, but she felt a curious sinking of the heart. Kennedy was very good to look at, and had been constantly with her for ten days; there was a boyish good-humor about him, a reserve of physical strength, a sure knowledge of the place and people which had made their little excursions most agreeable.

"I knew you would say that, but I was hoping you wouldn't!" Kennedy's voice broke in on her thoughts and there was a whimsical note of disappointment in it. "Well, of course I'm going, but first we are to have our great ride through the jungle tomorrow over to Tres Rios, and then I'm coming back in five weeks for Christmas, you know. Mrs. Kimbrough invited me this morning and I accepted with joy."

"Oh, I *am* so glad!" she said impulsively.

Kennedy turned half-way round in his saddle, and looked at the girl. His face was a little pale.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course," she said lightly, but she gave him back his look.

II

THE next morning they set out after a very early breakfast; Florentino, armed with an immense machete, preceding them on foot to cut a path where the jungle growth should prove too dense for even the sure-footed little ponies to squirm through. He looked like some great bronze giant as he

swung ahead of them, his white cotton trousers rolled up to the thighs, the blouse lying open on the broad chest, a sombrero rakishly tilted over one liquid brown eye.

Their way lay first through the coffee fincas, where already the pickers were busily at work. After a mile and a half they left their fragrant path and struck across the finca into the jungle. It was but the beginning of the dry season and few visitors had passed over the trail to El Paraiso in several months, consequently the undergrowth was luxuriant and at points almost impenetrable. Florentino swung his machete to such good purpose, however, that they proceeded, though slowly. Once when they found the road completely choked by three great trees which had fallen across it, they had to make a long *détour*. It was eleven o'clock when they got back to the trail, and the sun struck down so fiercely wherever the great trees stood a little apart that Kennedy proposed a halt and rest.

"We aren't more than half a mile from the Tres Rios fincas now," he said. "We can go through them like a shot and get up to the house in time for luncheon. I think we had better stop here a bit. There's a place I want you to see, Miss Harriman—it's my favorite show place, just beyond the next *vuelta*."

They rode on for a few moments, and then suddenly, beyond a sharp turn in the trail, they came out into an open circular space, so lovely and curious that it drew a little cry of delight from Constance. Great palms of many different sorts—sago, royal, fan-palms—were grouped about as though by design, while overhead hung a lacy network of some fantastic tropical vine. The fragrant silence and solitude of the place were broken only by the whir and song of birds as they darted in and out.

"It always makes me think of a church, somehow," began Kennedy in a whisper.

"Yes; it looks for all the world like a chancel decorated for a wedding by Thorley or Fleischman. I shouldn't be a bit surprised any minute to hear the vested choir begin 'O Perfect Love,'" said Constance, laughing.

They slid off their horses, which Florentino, led a little way up the trail, and threw themselves on the soft ground.

"There's something else it reminds me of, too." Kennedy clasped his hands behind



"I was a willing victim, Mrs. Kimbrough," laughed Kennedy.—Page 467.

his head and gazed up at the brilliant birds circling about. "It makes me think of that scene in 'Siegfried' where he is in the forest listening to the birds. Now, if we too had only had a taste of the dragon's blood we might understand what they were chattering about."

"The dragon's blood! I think we all get a taste of it sooner or later," said Constance. She spoke in a low tone, turning her face, away from Kennedy. He looked at her in

silence for a second and then, leaning forward on his elbow, he put out a hand and laid it on hers.

"Have you already had your taste?" he asked.

"Yes, and now I, too, understand many things which were meaningless to me before. That is the only consolation—that we can understand and—and sympathize and perhaps—help."

"It seems too cruel that you should have

to learn! You should have lived in happy ignorance," began Kennedy hotly, but the girl interrupted him.

"No, no, don't say that! No matter how bitter the dragon's blood is, it is better to *know*—not to stumble along in the dark, missing one's opportunities to set things straight, to help a little."

"You talk like an inexperienced school-girl—or a Christian martyr." Kennedy spoke impatiently. "Are you going to spend your life 'setting things straight'? You had better take the 'goods the gods provide you' and be happy. '*Carpe diem*' is a good enough motto for me——" he broke off, laughing, and then he went on aggressively: "I told you this life made one reckless—everything seems so far away. You couldn't play the game of 'consequences' down here to save your life."

The girl shook her head, smiling a little.

"No matter how far off things seem, 'consequences' have a way of coming very near."

"Well, I know one awful consequence of staying here any longer, and that is that there won't be any luncheon left if we don't hurry," laughed Kennedy, springing up. He called to Florentino to lead the ponies back and mounted Constance, his hands lingering a little over their work of arranging her skirt and gathering up her bridle.

It was late—later than Kennedy had intended—when they started back for El Paraiso. They had lingered over luncheon with young Raymond, the manager of Tres Rios, and then Constance and pretty little Mrs. Raymond had insisted on a short siesta, and then there were the tienda and the beneficio and the peon villages to see, so that it was four o'clock when they waved their farewells as they rode away through the finca.

At the edge of the jungle Florentino, with many apologies to the patrón, advised a slightly different route, which, though it meant rougher riding, would save distance and time. Kennedy demurred on Constance's account, but she eagerly seconded Florentino's suggestion and, turning to the right, followed his lead into the dense wood. Some secret trepidation, some vague premonition, made her anxious to get back to El Paraiso.

They had ridden steadily for a couple of hours when suddenly an exclamation from

the peon Florentino, who kept thirty or forty yards ahead of them, caused them to hurry forward. He was standing on the steep bank of a turbulent little stream, waving an ineffectual arm toward the wreck of a bridge.

"El puente!" he cried tragically.

Kennedy slid off his pony and gazed ruefully at the scene.

"Confound that rotten bridge! Never mind, Miss Harriman, the tree that does duty for a foot-bridge is still left. I'll carry you over on that and Florentino will take the ponies."

Unmindful of her protests, he lifted her down and threw the reins to the peon, who mounted Kennedy's pony and plunged into the stream, leading the other.

For a second Constance struggled to regain her feet and then, conscious that she was making Kennedy's task, already sufficiently difficult, more so, she lay quietly in his arms while he made his way across the foot-wide tree trunk. He walked with such sureness and swiftness that Constance felt no fear, rejoicing suddenly in his strength and audacity. On the other side he made no motion to put her down and, looking up to question him, her eyes met his. Her face paled beneath his gaze. In it there was such a look of reckless, triumphant possession that she shrank from him.

"Don't be afraid—I love you," he said quietly. He carried her over to where the ponies were waiting—Florentino had left them and plunged on ahead into the forest—and lifted her to her saddle. Suddenly Kennedy put his face down and pressed his lips against her sleeve.

"Don't, don't!" said Constance, trembling a little.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I love you."

"But—but I hardly know you—two weeks ago I—I had never heard your name——"

"Two weeks ago—why that's a lifetime!" he said and laughed excitedly. "Two weeks ago! Why, I never lived until then! I have forgotten every blessed thing that ever happened to me before that——" He stopped abruptly, his eyes blazing, but his face going curiously white. He looked at the girl intently. "If—if you should hear things about me, remember nothing matters—my life began the day I saw you—and don't forget what I told you about this life down here—the loneliness makes one reckless, mad for sympathy——"



Drawn by George Wright.

He walked with such sureness and swiftness that Constance felt no fear.—Page 472.

"Hush!" said the girl softly, but she was smiling a little. "I can't let you talk like this!"

"Heaven knows I have tried not to, but—will you let me tell you everything when I come back Christmas?"

"Yes, yes; but not now—not a word!"

She touched her pony lightly, and in silence they took up the trail again through the jungle. On and on they rode, twisting and turning amid the India-rubber and banana trees and giant palms that hindered their way, under the strange, drooping foliage of the great amate trees, through which sifted the last rays of the afternoon sun. The darkness had overtaken them, the darkness suffused with the white radiance of a big tropical moon, which had risen somewhere beyond the great forest trees and the broad river, when they struck once more into the coffee fincas of El Paraiso. The path was wide and clear here, and, leaving Florentino far behind, singing as he strode along, they galloped down the fragrant avenues of coffee trees, brushing, as they passed, the shining leaves nodding level with their heads and the white, star-like blossoms with their faint Oriental perfume.

III

"I'm glad you enjoyed the day so much." Mrs. Kimbrough spoke perfunctorily. It was late, and she was moving rather uneasily about Miss Harriman's room while Constance braided her hair for the night. "Arthur Kennedy is a nice boy," she hazarded at length.

"Yes," assented the girl. She was afraid to say more lest the happiness in her voice should betray her—she had not got used to being happy again. She blushed so hotly that she hid her face from Edith under pretence of opening one of the long windows.

"It's too bad that he is needed at La Seiba. It is so lonely here for you that I would be glad to have him stay and amuse you, but Max says his reports are frightfully overdue, and that he ought to go on up to the hacienda and—and really, Constance, you are much too attractive for an engaged man to hang about——" She spoke breathlessly and there was a pause before Miss Harriman answered from the window.

"Oh, so he is engaged?" She asked the question so coolly that Mrs. Kimbrough

felt a sudden sensation of relief. After all, the little revelation which somehow she had rather dreaded to make and had put off from day to day, she scarcely knew why, was of no importance to Constance.

"Why, yes," she said briskly. "He's been engaged for a couple of years to Mary Emerson, of St. Louis. She's a splendid girl. I saw a little of her when I visited there two years ago. I've always meant to ask her down to visit me some time, I took such a fancy to her. And then I heard she was engaged to Arthur. I'm afraid she's too good for him, for, although I like him, and he is very jolly and a good enough manager, still I've always felt there was something weak about him. You see how he's hung about here instead of going on up to La Seiba as he really should have done—but it was just like him to be fascinated by your *beaux yeux*—he couldn't help it to save his life——"

Miss Harriman put up a hand to hide a little yawn.

"Edie, I'm going to be horribly rude and put you out," she said. "We can talk about Mr. Kennedy's engagement to-morrow after he and Max have gone. Just now, please, remember that I've ridden sixteen miles through the jungle and every civilized bone in my body aches."

When she was quite alone she closed the door carefully and going over to the open window she knelt down and gazed out into the darkness. The moon was high in the heavens now and poured its white light down upon her. The warm silence of the night was unbroken save for the faint tinkle of an jarana far down the river road, in the peon quarters or the soft whir of some belated bird winging to its nest.

She knelt there for hours, her new self—the self she had only known since she had tasted the dragon's blood—battling with the old. She went over it all slowly, painfully, turning her face valiantly from that new happiness she had but caught a glimpse of and trying to look fairly and squarely at what lay before her. She had taken what she had no right to—unknowingly, but no less cruelly; if he had done wrong consciously, she had unconsciously, and someone would suffer for it. She remembered, with a sharp pang, how she had suffered, and now another girl would suffer through her! She knew what that meant; she had

been through it; she could never deceive herself by any profession of ignorance. In the soft darkness her thoughts turned with a strange tenderness and pity to that unknown girl, whose fate she held in her hand and who was not there to defend herself. Were her professions to Kennedy, only that morning, meaningless? She had told him that the only consolation for the bitterness of knowledge was comprehending sympathy, the desire to help. She shivered a little as the night wind blew over her. After all, it was not too late—she could draw back—renunciation was not impossible——

When she got stiffly to her feet the first light of the dawning day was struggling through the night shadows. She moved toward a desk in a corner of the room.

"I must be quick or he and Max will start," she said softly to herself. She seated herself and drew out paper and pen. For a moment she sat there helplessly staring at the blank sheet, and then she bent over her task. When she had finished she read it over swiftly.

I have just heard from Edith what it was inevitable I should hear, and what I wish you had told

me. I do not blame you too much, for I understand—perhaps better than you think possible—your temptation. All that you have ever told me of your life here comes back to me and explains how this has happened.

We shall not see each other again, for when Max gives you this note—I shall tell him to keep it until you reach La Seiba—I shall be far from here. You must forget me and remember only your loyalty to the girl who trusted you and loved you long before I had ever seen you. This will be the easier for you to do, for when I leave to-morrow I shall take with me Edith's promise to have her here for Christmas. Edith will be glad to help us make this reparation, I know. When you come back to El Paraiso she will be here in my place. May it be the happiest Christmas of your life!

When she had finished reading the hastily written page she pencilled a line to Kimbrough, and slipping across the wide hall, she pushed the two envelopes under his door.

The cool dawn was flooding her room when she regained it. Once more she knelt by the open window looking out on the coming day as she had gazed into the night. But she was no longer troubled. From within and without came the sounds of awakening life, while from the garden below the benumbing sweetness of gardenias and roses floated up and mingled with the morning air.

IN THE WOODS

By Olive Tilford Dargan

THIS is the haunted forest, and I lay
 My head where slept a gnome but yesternight;
 The moss is drowsy yet with his breath's might
 That laid it in the swoon of elden day;
 In yonder oak there rustles and away
 A dryad that once kissed a dreaming wight
 And made him hers; and swart magicians plight
 Their souls to darkness where yon yew trees sway.

Ay, 'tis the haunted forest; nor evermore
 Shall we the magic read of bough and bud,
 Forever vibrant with the primal power
 That touched the first dim wave on nature's flood
 Fair mysteries that guard the house of God,
 And bid us knock, but never ope the door.



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan.

A servant brought in a large flat box.—Page 479.

THE ROSEBACK PLATE

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL J. MEYLAN



EVER since the incident of the Pickwick ladle, which turned out to be a reproduction, Mrs. Peter Wyckoff had cherished a gentle melancholy. She did not accuse herself of priggishness in her taste for antiquities, yet she confessed to a strange desire to possess some actual treasure, not to be duplicated or not to be matched in beauty and variety outside a museum.

"I did think we had got a really valuable original, for a while, Peter," she sighed, as she regarded her husband across the coffee-cups one evening in the early spring of 1905.

"But we may find something else," responded the optimistic member of the family. "You never can tell when it may turn up. What sort of thing were you thinking of—furniture, or silver, or china? I know where there are some old spoons and a little teapot that the dealer swears were made by Paul Revere's own hands. But he wants too much money for them."

"That's really the trouble," she admitted. "And, of course, here in America we haven't the chance to find things that people in Europe have who can prowl around among odds and ends. The little *débris* in Paris or Florence, for instance, is all so interesting. And though all our things are nice, and we love them, yet it does seem as if we hadn't anything which we couldn't go out and replace with something equally good of its own kind if we had the money. What I want is one real museum piece, some one precious thing which we could be proud to show even to a great collector."

"It's true that the old things are growing scarcer every day, as John Rorke says," reflected Peter. "The old nations are learning new tricks. Consider the atrocities of 'art' which Japan is turning out, now. Even Russia and China, which are the last of 'em to move, are getting shaken out of their old ways."

"Is there any real war news to-night?" she asked.

"Not a drop," he answered.

If anybody's memory chance to run as far back as the early spring of 1905 (in these years of many events and swift forgetfulness) he will recall that the arms of Russia and Japan were then practically at a deadlock. The war news had been hidden away on the inside pages of the *Elector* for several weeks, and there were no visible signs of life in it one morning when the city editor of that influential journal called Mr. Peter Wyckoff to his desk.

"Here's a 'tip' that has been sent in," he said, referring to a memorandum in his hand, "which may have something interesting behind it, though the fact isn't much. Some old Chinese or other is accused of smuggling, and he's up at the Chinese Consulate in Ninth Street now, trying to squirm out of it. Better go up there and see what it is all about. You seem to be fond of the Chinese."

When Peter rang the bell at the Consulate the door was opened by a Chinese house-servant in something as near a state of perturbation as such a stolid individual ever betrays. Peter, inquiring for the consul, stepped inside the door of the drawing-room, the servant being in too great confusion to guide him elsewhere; and he found himself in the presence of four men. One was the consul, Mr. Ting, with whom Peter had a newspaper man's acquaintance. The second was an unmistakable Irishman in the uniform of a United States customs inspector. The other two men were Chinese. The elder wore Oriental dress, and his silk cap was topped with a tall ornament of carved carnelian. The younger Chinese wore Western clothing and had dispensed with his cue. As his eyes met Peter's they both stared in the sudden surprise of unexpected recognition.

Peter bowed profoundly to the grave old consul.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ting," said he. "I have called to see you in reference to some Custom-house misunderstanding which I am told you can explain. But will you allow me to speak to an old classmate of mine whom I haven't seen since we were at Yale, years ago?"

The consul bowed in turn, with a look of surprise. Peter and the younger Chinese shook hands warmly.

"This is great luck, Liang," he said. "I'm delighted to see you in America again, and hope you'll let me know if I can be of the slightest service to you." He turned to the consul. "I didn't mean to intrude on a private conversation, Mr. Ting, but the boy showed me in here. Shall I wait elsewhere?"

As Peter spoke, the door-bell rang again, and the noiseless servant showed another man into the room. Peter instantly recognized the official interpreter of the consulate, a tall, smoothly shaven Irishman, whose interesting face showed the mark of the expert detective overlaid with something of Oriental astuteness and authority. This was Mr. Thomas O'Hara, who after years of experience in his official place, knew quite as many tricks of the Chinese in New York as the consul himself, and whose practical efficiency far outran the measure of his title.

O'Hara gave respectful greeting to Mr. Ting and the two strangers. Then he turned to the Custom-house inspector with the curtness of a superior officer. In a few words the inspector stated his case: The old Chinese had very valuable objects of art in his baggage which he had not declared for duty, and, since all Chinese looked alike to this diligent servant of the customs, he was bent on sending the old mandarin to Ellis Island preparatory to deporting him back to China, and to confiscate his boxes.

But the inspector knew O'Hara. It appeared that O'Hara was a universal power, able even in a black coat to overawe the brass buttons of Federal office. He listened to the inspector's tale; then conversed in Chinese with the consul for a few moments. The result was that the inspector departed, apologetic and convinced that he had made a mistake; and O'Hara was presented with much ceremony to the old Chinese, who was no less a personage than Prince Liang Tung Ho, on his travels in America, attended by his son, Liang Shen, and clothed with an authority corresponding with that of an ambassador, which relieved him from any responsibility to the customs' requirements of Uncle Sam, although the old Chinese was registered simply as Mr. Liang at the Holland House, and his incognito was to be respected by the newspapers.

All this was conveyed to Mr. Peter Wyck-off, together with the hint that any mention in print of the Custom-house misunderstanding would be deeply regretted by the Son of Heaven and his unworthy servant, the aforesaid noble traveller incognito, so that Peter reported "no story" to the city editor, with such explanations as were necessary. Whereupon the incident at the Consulate was officially closed.

But in his private and unofficial capacity Peter called on the two travellers that evening. He found them lodged with some degree of splendor, and his old classmate a bit matured in the six or seven years since their commencement day. The elder Liang confessed to slight fatigue after what had been to him a rather trying day—his first experience of uncompromising Western democracy. His son interpreted for a few minutes, when the prince retired to his bedchamber and left the younger man with Peter, after delivering a request in Chinese which was acknowledged with great formality and respect.

In the hour that followed Peter gave some general account of himself and his fortunes to his classmate, and in return he learned that young Liang, in addition to the prime good luck of having kept his head on his shoulders during the recent ticklish period in Chinese imperial politics, had maintained and advanced his position in what the Chinese believe corresponds to the diplomatic service of other nations. At present, he was in attendance upon and in co-operation with his father in a political mission whose scope he was not at liberty to disclose, but which involved a protracted stay in America. Liang concluded:

"It may be that soon you will know more about it—enough to guess the whole. But for the present, we are simply two travellers who are interested in your country. My father is here for the first time. Naturally, he finds much that is very strange in his eyes. I hope to make his experiences bear more lightly on him, for I understand the Western manners." (If Liang smiled at the word "manners" his face did not show it.) "And in relation to the incident this morning he wishes me to express to you, again, his thanks for your courtesy in keeping the matter out of the paper, and he begs your acceptance of a slight token of his appreciation."

With this, the young Chinese brought forward a little silk case, which he opened, dis-

playing a shallow cup of grayish stone, its edge deeply carved in a formal pattern. "A little jade dish for your cigar ashes," he smiled. "This is what we call 'pork-fat' color. Do you take any interest in Chinese things?"

Peter's eyes shone with delight as he tried to express his thanks for the bit of jade, together with his protests against having his share in the incident at the Consulate regarded seriously. "I think I care more for your Chinese porcelains, and things like this cup than for all the pictures that ever came out of France," he said. "I know it's a one-sided sort of taste, but I feel that way, and so does Mrs. Wyckoff. Let me thank you for her, too."

Liang bowed. "My father's pleasure and mine are doubled, then," he said with that flavor of formality in phrase which hangs about all Oriental compliments like the odor of sandal-wood in an old cabinet.

"It's pretty hard luck that your father's first impressions of America should have been made so disagreeable by that cheeky Custom-house man," continued Peter. "But they are a difficult lot for strangers to deal with. Did he seem to be after a tip?"

"Oh, no," returned Liang, quietly; "he proposed to send us back to China under your exclusion laws, and to confiscate our baggage, which he said contained dutiable goods which we were trying to smuggle."

Peter did not follow the subject of the exclusion laws. "Trying to smuggle!" he repeated. "Why, you are not merchants."

"But we do not carry European trunks," conceded Liang, "and doubtless our boxes do look as though they contained merchandise. As a matter of fact, we have brought many pieces of porcelain, silks, carvings, and other things of the land, which are intended for gifts to persons of importance in America," he went on; "for that is one of our customs when travelling. The particular thing which aroused the inspector's zeal was a very beautiful old plate which he chanced to find in one of the cases."

Liang turned toward a doorway in the corner of the room, and gave an order in Chinese. In a few moments a servant brought in a large flat box made of some dark wood, elaborately finished with carved panels and little handles and fastenings of wrought brass. Liang unlocked it and pushed back the sliding cover.

Secured by silken straps in a thickly padded nest of embroidered satin, lay a deep plate or charger seven or eight inches in diameter, which Peter instantly recognized as similar to certain of the greatest treasures in the collection of old Chinese porcelains in the Metropolitan Museum, which boasts the finest collection of this kind in the world. Liang lifted it out. "This is a very fine old plate," he said. "Don't you think so?"

Peter took it in his hands. It was what the learned collectors call an "eggshell roseback plate with seven borders," exquisitely thin, and representing the highest perfection of Chinese porcelain in the beautiful *famille rose*. The face of the plate was ornamented with vitreous enamels in the softest tones of pink and pale yellow, and gilding. On the face a series of elaborate borders encircled the central decoration, a scene of domestic life in China, and the entire curve of the back was covered with a deep rose-color, so that the light shining through it diffused a marvellous glow over the coloring of the face.

"What a wonderful thing!" exclaimed Peter. "The colors are so soft, and yet so brilliant. How old is it?"

"Oh, I suppose it was made late in the seventeenth century," said Liang. "This is of Ki'en Lung's time, when the art was at high-water mark. This kind of thing, with the rosy back—the rose-color was produced from gold—was made particularly for the European market; the French admired it very much. You see, these pinks and yellows are over the glaze; they were burned in by a second fixing in small kilns at a lower temperature than that required to bake the plate itself. Ah, yes," he admitted, "it is very beautiful. Nobody knows how to get quite so fine a rose-color as this now. I suppose your Custom-house friend thought I should get a large price for this one."

Peter's gaze lingered lovingly on the fragile masterpiece. "That is worthy to be an emperor's gift to his friend, surely," he mused. "But do you mean to say," he went on laughingly, "that you've got your baggage full of such things? It's like a story out of the 'Arabian Nights.' But then, you are the only great people who have any background of mystery and romance left."

The Chinese smiled gravely. "My father will be gratified to hear that my American friend admires our civilization and our works of art," he said. "And from what you tell

me of your profession, I think it possible that we may see each other again, before the summer is past. And you may be sure it is very pleasant to me to renew one of the friendships of university days. Have you kept track of many of the men in our old division?" Thus the talk drifted to memories of undergraduate life, and it was so late when Peter got home that Edith's curtain lecture was averted only by an exhibition of the jade cup, and a careful description of the glories of the roseback plate.

One fine morning in June the war news reappeared with a flourish on the first page of the newspapers. President Roosevelt had consulted the ambassadors of Russia and Japan, and had invited the two governments to send special envoys to confer with each other in America, in the interests of peace. This action was criticised severely by all the local authorities on international law and courtesy in every country grocery store and at every boarding-house table in this happy land of free speech. Condign disaster was predicted as sure to follow such impetuous intervention. Nobody may say, even now, just how the impulse came—what royal personage first whispered to the President—nor need anybody care. Russia sulked, but showed no disposition to declare war upon the United States in consequence of the suggestion, and on being pressed to accept, did so. Japan thanked us kindly for the suggestion, and took pleasure in falling in with it. And so, with fitting deliberation, it was agreed that the plenipotentiaries of Russia and Japan should meet in Washington to match their wits, while their arms remained at deadlock on the Manchurian mountains. And as an after-thought, since Washington is not habitable in the hot weather, the Portsmouth Navy Yard was designated as a convenient rendezvous for the distinguished visitors.

As soon as this had been definitely decided, in July, the managing editor of the *Elector* made his plans. "Mr. Wyckoff," he said, "I want you to take charge of this Portsmouth story. I'll send Babbitt and Erskine to help you, and we will arrange for our own wire from the hotel right into the office here, when things get going; but you will have to stay down there from next Monday until the break-up. I've engaged quarters for you at the Wentworth. Better make your arrangements at home to be

away for six weeks, at least. It'll be the hardest work you ever had; you will find 'em very shifty, and not easy milkers, at all. The Russians hate newspaper men, but if Rosen tells you a thing squarely, it'll be true. As to the Japs—they're an unknown quantity all around. But, of course, it's the biggest story of the year, and a summer at the Wentworth will have some compensations. Good luck to you!"

When Peter went home and told Edith she clasped her hands.

"But what am I going to do all summer?" she protested.

Peter answered her complaint with a smile. "Why not come along?" he suggested. "You have to go to the country, any way; and we can close the apartment for as long as we choose."

"Oh," she cried, her eyes very round, "won't it be fun! Just think of staying in that lovely old town—why, it's the Tom Bailey place, Peter! And I've always wanted to see a really old-fashioned New England town; and I've never been in one—except Boston, and that's rather large," she added reflectively.

"Yes; and think of the houses full of old furniture and china," said Peter. "Think of the fun of browsing around in such a place as that. But I guess you'll have to do all the hunting—unless I'm mistaken, I shall have to sit right down by the side of that job at the Wentworth and never leave it, night or day."

So it came to pass that the last week in July found them in the drowsy old town which had never suffered such an invasion before, since its foundation. Peter's newspaper, like the others, had engaged rooms for its representatives at the Wentworth Hotel, where the envoys were to be housed and entertained by the State of New Hampshire, but not a single nook which a hotel clerk's imagination could classify as a room remained unbespoken under all its various sprawling roofs. So Edith had to be contented with quarters in a hotel named for another historic governor, and Peter came over to see her, just as it used to be when they were engaged. The envoys were to arrive early in August, so Peter and Edith had about a week in which to spy out the land.

Neither of these two young people had ever found the chance, until now, to explore an unspoiled New England town. Together

they walked through the deeply shaded, quiet old streets, and beheld with their eyes the prim, green-shuttered, fan-lighted doorways of the houses, approached by two or three worn stone steps. "O Peter!" cried Edith one morning as they came upon a low, many-roofed old house tucked away at an angle with the street, and in their glance at the narrow window saw a woman's face, thin and shadowy, peering out beside a half-drawn curtain; "do see that! It might be the very house with the seven gables itself, only that was in Salem! But how faded and remote it all seems, doesn't it? And just look at that lovely old knocker on the door! Oh, these are the real old-fashioned Americans who live here, I'm sure—just like the people who came over here two hundred years ago to be free to worship and to live away from all the brawl and sordidness of cities! Isn't it like a dream?"

As she spoke, a lank, sandy-haired young man stepped around the corner of the house. "Mornin'," he said blandly. "Excuse my speakin', but I see you was strangers, and thought you might be interested in antiques—I make a specialty o' such things, and ef you sh'd ever care to look through my c'lection, I'd like to hand ye a ca'd."

Edith stood dumb with surprise. Peter took the card inscribed with the name and business of Joel H. Coffin.

"Ye see," went on Mr. Coffin, "me and my brothers keep the biggest pa't of our stock in the haouse, here, but we've got a store, too, daown by the dock, where we ketch the folks comin' in on the boat. Ef you and your lady sh'd be lookin' for ginooine old antiques, I wish ye'd give us a call."

Slowly recognizing the fact that the leading industries in most old New England towns are now the keeping of summer boarders and the selling of "antiques," Peter and Edith made their way toward the water-front. Beyond the shining expanse of the river widening to the bay, the long, green slope of Kittery Point was crowned by that sprawling white barrack, the Wentworth Hotel, where the foreign visitors were to live during the Peace Conference. And so far as everybody else was concerned, also, this place was the nerve-centre of everything. Nobody will ever know what the envoys thought of the naval stores building, in the Navy Yard, where they held their meetings. It was a gaunt, gray pile of lumber which looked like a grain elevator,

in which a few rooms had been put in formal masquerade of mahogany furniture and Eastern carpets and draperies. No greater contrast with the stately palaces of Russia or the artistic structures of Japan could be imagined; but doubtless diplomatic tact never allowed itself to be surprised at the appearance of the Summer Palace of the American mediator.

The Wentworth is a good type of the American country hotel of the older fashion—like some of the oldest of the big wooden taverns with piazzas two stories high, to be found in the White Mountains, or the Berkshires, or along the coast. Architecturally ugly, and painful in detail of furniture and decoration, its great extent was packed full and overflowing with the most varied and picturesque crowd ever gathered in New England. Besides the Russian and Japanese envoys and their suites, including scores of *attachés*, interpreters, and servants, almost every European power was represented, if not avowedly, no less actually, in the cosmopolitan throng which moved about the long, lofty piazzas, lounged upon the chairs and divans under the electric chandelier in the big office, spun about the country in automobiles, strolled along the winding roads, and starred the quiet vistas of the old town with unaccustomed bits of vivid color in foreign uniforms or strange apparel of many kinds. A number of ladies accompanied the Russians, and these, together with the host of American matrons and their tall daughters, who inspected the foreign officers with frank interest, were like the sparkling bubbles thrown up from the surface of this deep caldron whose boiling was so narrowly watched by newspaper men assembled from the four corners of the earth.

Peter speedily made the acquaintance of a few correspondents from English, French, and German newspapers, besides the alert company of men from every important journal in America. As he listened to the first greetings of the foreign correspondents who were renewing friendships dating back to Ladysmith, or Hong Kong, or Cuba, or Paris, he realized even more fully the importance of the present occasion, and he found he needed to call out all his reserve of acuteness and patience to winnow out the little wheat of real news from the dusty cloud of rumors which filled the air. Each

day the official spokesman of the Russian and Japanese envoys conveyed a number of carefully worded sentences to the newspaper men, which Peter soon discovered to be capable of as many different interpretations as one chose. Every correspondent saw the news through his own eyes; the report which went to San Francisco was different from the Chicago man's idea of it, and from that of the correspondent from New Orleans or Boston or St. Louis or New York. The Japanese reporters wrote out despatches couched in such elegant phrases as are not known in Western newspaper offices; the French and German correspondents cabled their several impressions; the Englishmen told their own stories.

Peter found a valuable counsellor in the chief correspondent of the London *Century*, one Dr. Arthur Henry, whose work had taken him to the remotest capitals, and whose tact and astuteness had made him known as "the most influential white man in the Far East." This correspondent, who was habitually received in Oriental countries with the honors accorded to a plenipotentiary, was a slender, fair-haired man, with an air of gentle boredom and the constitution of a steel cable. Apparently he was endowed with unearthly powers of intuition; actually, he was an acute and discreet man who possessed very fully the confidence of persons able to give him the most accurate information, and who never in the slightest degree betrayed that confidence; he never printed without leave. This man, with perhaps half a dozen correspondents from leading American newspapers, soon drifted together into a sort of informal board of strategy; and Peter found that the result of these daily conferences was the nearest possible approach to an accurate *résumé* of the actual happenings in the big conference chamber over at the navy yard.

For the first week after the arrival of the Russian and Japanese envoys, their departure from the hotel in the morning and their return in the afternoon were the occasion for a great crush of people on the piazza. Count Witte and Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador, Baron Komura, and Minister Takahira naturally held the centre of the stage; but after a few days the great American public ceased to take special interest in these leading figures, and the young women began to amuse themselves with a tiny Japanese princelet, whose admiration

for all Western arts and graces was in inverse ratio to his stature. And so the summer days slipped away in the hotel; the girls played with the Japanese doll and flirted with half a dozen of the French and Russian *attachés*, or begged an occasional newspaper man who fell into their net to explain to them why the Portsmouth Navy Yard was situated in the town of Kittery and in the State of Maine. Old ladies and gentlemen played bridge for six hours at a sitting. The rows of big motor-cars in front of the long piazza stood like a regiment of warrior beetles with bulging eyes and armored backs; a few intrepid spirits played tennis in the broiling sun on the little knoll that rose between the hotel and the blue, glittering sea; the room on the ground-floor filled with telegraph instruments which chattered softly every now and then among themselves was never deserted, day or night, by half a dozen operators ready to sound the general *reveille* should occasion rise; the long stretch of the back piazza, thickly sown with little tables, was never without a few thirsty mortals; while always, everywhere the air was full of something indefinable, vague, elusive, yet sharply perceptible by the journalistic sense—the Spirit of News.

Edith and Peter found time during the succession of long, bright days to go treasure hunting in Portsmouth. They ransacked the shop of Mr. Joel H. Coffin, and discovered that there were three half-brothers in the Coffin family (making one brother and a half, as Edith reflected), each of whom seemed more guileful than the others. They listened to the eloquence of the aged Deacon Woodhouse, an *antiquaire* who never wore a coat and swathed his patriarchal throat in a soft stock which was considered to be white; they rummaged among the wares of a deaf old gentleman who possessed more rickety furniture and broken dishes than any dealer they had ever seen. One afternoon they were lingering on his door-stone, shouting their polite farewells, when a small, dark man who was passing, paused and bowed to Peter.

"Why, Liang!" he cried, "what are you doing here?" and in a moment he guessed the answer to his own question.

"You know I told you we might meet again before the summer was over," said the young Chinese, when he had been presented to Edith. "As you see, we are here;

both my father and I are lodged in the Wentworth. We come to represent the interest of our government in this conference, though no special prominence is given to our presence. It is better so; your friend Dr. Henry understands it all."

"I begin to think there is nothing Dr. Henry does not understand," replied Peter meekly. "I hope everything is going to your satisfaction?"

"I scarcely think they have come to any question of great importance as yet," said Liang. "It is always necessary to clear the ground and then to set up your own structure big enough to allow of something being taken away at the request of the other side." He smiled faintly. "But, believe me, I will not let you go ignorant of anything of value which comes to me. Meantime, what are you doing here—looking for curios?"

Peter laughed a little sheepishly. "Yes; but it would be hopeless to search here for anything which would interest you. We have been looking at that old platter," and he pointed to a big oval dish decorated in many colors with birds, flowers, fruit, and glittering green leaves. It had been broken and mended with many clumsy flat rivets.

Liang inspected it gravely. "That is Chinese repair work," he said; "but I do not think it is very old. Still, some of the color is good. It is hard to find the finest pieces now. But I can see you are interested in the wares of China," he added politely. "I should like to look at your collection."

It was early in the third week in August when something happened. Nobody knew how the word came, but the wireless, invisible message was unmistakable. The Japanese correspondents rushed away into corners and reappeared with long despatches for the cable; the German and French representatives looked mysterious and pulled their mustaches importantly; the small but tempestuous "commissioner" from the Philadelphia *Trumpeter* made no secret of his mental distress. He wrote a head-line for his despatch in a bold, clear hand—"There can be no Peace"—and ostentatiously dashing down the sheets beside the operator, paced dejectedly out upon the back piazza and drank alone, oppressed by his gloom. Tom Eggleston, of the San Francisco *Eagle*, was the first man to put his finger on the exact cause of the ebullition. "I believe it's Saghalien," he said to Peter, as they walked

on the piazza. "I got it last night from Sato that the Saghalien question was coming up to-day, and now they've split on it."

"Is it about Saghalien?" asked Peter, as they met Dr. Henry.

The grave man nodded. "Nothing is settled yet; but that is the point they are sticking on, now. It does look rather bad, I must say," he added as he turned up the staircase toward Baron Rosen's apartment.

The statement issued that evening by Mr. Sato, the spokesman of the Japanese envoys, was a masterpiece of indirection. After studying it for ten minutes Peter felt more uncertain than ever. The Russian bulletin was equally vague. It was a bad night for the newspaper man.

The next day came the word that the matter of Saghalien had been passed over for the time being, to be brought up later as unfinished business. Mr. Sato's smile diffused itself all over his face; the Continental journalists took heart of grace; even the dejected diplomatist from the *Trumpeter* forebore to send frantic telegrams to his paper. Everybody breathed freer.

But it was not for long. Two days later came the most sinister whispers. All was lost. Both sides were inflexible on the question of the cost of the war, the most serious problem in the whole situation. Neither would yield; and the conference must break up. The Russians had ordered their servants to pack their luggage. The Japanese minister had been in consultation with the passenger agents of steamship lines. Professor De Maartens, the great expert in international law, had already left the place.

Dr. Henry wore a very sober face. "It's impossible to tell," he said. "These people are professional intriguers, but their demands clash so seriously that I don't see where either side will begin to yield. But—they haven't actually refused to debate any longer. And there is always hope, you know."

Baron Rosen sent voluminous despatches to St. Petersburg; Count Witte followed them with others, longer. Minister Takahira sent despatches to Tokyo and to Oyster Bay. The next day Baron Rosen went to Oyster Bay in person and returned three days later, silent and glum. And as the long hours dragged on, the whole great hotel hummed with doubt, hope, questionings, laughter, anxiety, derision, contradictions.

The newspaper men were at their wits' end. Nobody could feel sure of his own information; the feverishness of the situation affected everybody. A group of *attachés*, brilliant with decorations, sat around a table laden with everything drinkable, from vodka to Scotch whiskey. Dr. Henry paused by them for a moment. He knew half of the men personally, and the others knew all about him. "I'm thirsty," he said in French, "but not for any of this."

A black-bearded Russian laughed jovially. "I know," he answered; "but you remember what they said to you in Madrid, do you not? *Manana*, my friend. *Continuez, continuez!*"

And this state of things went on for a week, seven days, a hundred and sixty-eight hours—an infinity of time—until everybody had lost sleep, followed a hundred false trails, and found his nerves as tense as fiddlestrings. The American journalist, as a rule, is endowed with a sense of humor; it is one of his most precious possessions. In spite of this, almost every man felt as strained and nervous as though the whole outcome of the war between Russia and Japan rested on his individual shoulders. He tried to shake it off, but it bore him down like a diver's armor.

When this condition had persisted long enough Nature reasserted herself, and in a way characteristic of the American temperament. The men began to joke about it.

"Did you hear that the Mikado was coming to Oyster Bay to consult the President?" asked the Chicago *Morning* correspondent of his neighbor. "They tell me that the Russian Minister of Finance has bought a house in Washington," said another. "I heard that General Nogi has been invited to go to Kronstadt on the only Russian ship left to explain things to the grand duke," said a third. A hundred reports flew about the hotel, scarcely less absurd than these.

"It's awful, the way these foreigners do lie," groaned Eggleston, the correspondent of the *Eagle*, to Peter as they sat for their coffee after dinner with Dr. Henry at a little table on the back piazza. "I must say I'm getting tired of it, and I think it's time for us Americans to start a few stories of our own. How can we do it?"

Dr. Henry sighed. "Your enthusiasm is greater than mine," he said. "I've got enough to remember as it is."

"That's all right," persisted Eggleston; "but I shall go stark crazy if this thing goes on and I don't hit back. I'll tell you what—let's invent a secret order, and wear ribbons like the Europeans, and give all these grand dukes and samurais something to wonder at. What do you say?"

"Thought your Government didn't have those things," suggested Henry.

"Don't you care about that," retorted Eggleston. "The grand dukes don't know that; or if they do, they'll be all the more surprised. The way these chaps jump around from one story to another is like a man with St. Vitus's dance. I believe little Sato has got it; he can turn more somersaults in his bulletins than any circus man I ever saw."

"And it's funny," said Peter, "that you can't put your finger on one fact for the last ten days. I should think both the Russians and Japs must have sprung from Crete, originally—don't you know the proverb they have in Italy, 'All Cretans are liars'?"

"There you are!" cried Eggleston in childlike joy. "There's your name. Let's found the Order of St. Vitus of Crete. We're all eligible, for there isn't one of us who hasn't sent at least one story to his paper which wasn't true. We'll get up a little ribbon and all wear it down to dinner. Better get about a dozen fellows so as to make it look formidable."

They made out a list of the newspaper men, each of whom was taken into the joke and agreed to carry it out. The next day Edith made the ribbons of the new order, a very narrow white bow with a tiny silken knot of yellow. And that night the ten all dressed for dinner, and marched down in a body wearing their ribbons in their coats and an air of utter unconsciousness.

It was only another evidence of the general tension that so simple a trick could have caused any special comment. But as it happened, both Count Witte and Baron Komura noticed the new ribbon about the same time. It was worn by the gravest and most trustworthy of the correspondents; Dr. Henry made occasion to approach Baron Rosen and talk with him for a few moments. Every man preserved the strictest gravity, and not one wearer of the new ribbon seemed to know that he was an object of curiosity.

At a time when everybody was on the *qui vive*, and when, in the minds of the foreign diplomatists, trifles were burdened with significance, the white ribbons of the newspaper men created a genuine sensation which grew like a rolling snowball for two days. A few more American correspondents were taken into the joke, together with one Frenchman and one German, and the incident seemed to be assuming serious proportions in the eyes of the foreigners. Everybody whispered and speculated; a new anxiety was injected into the situation. What did it signify? One or two of the Japanese correspondents sent off messages to Tokyo; Mr. Sato betrayed a curiosity which he was too polite to voice. The Russians eyed the new ribbons very sharply. Several of the men wearing them were asked leading questions, which they evaded with ostentatious seriousness. The news of some new development spread through the hotel, and the little white ribbons attracted everybody's attention. All the men remained solemn as owls, and only laughed after they had gone to their own rooms.

On the evening of the third day Dr. Henry received a hint from an officer high in the Russian councils that the unknown order had been the subject of comment that day during the conference of the envoys, and he was asked if it were true that a new party had been organized in America among the political *litterati*, and if he thought any of the foreign governments would be interested in the incident. This seemed to be carrying the joke too far, so he gave the officer some notion of the facts in the case; and it took all the Russian's *aplomb* to avoid showing his embarrassment. A meeting of the order was hastily called, Dr. Henry told what had happened, and amid much laughter it was agreed that the Japanese diplomatists, through Mr. Sato, should be informed of the harmless nature of the order. The man who talked with Mr. Sato offered to elect him to membership, but that ingenious diplomatist waved them away. "Ah, no," he said; "it would be most delightful and a great honor, but, unhappily, I am not eligible to membership—I am too truthful!"

The next morning as Peter left the breakfast-room he met Mr. Liang in the big hall. The young Chinese seemed to be laboring under strong embarrassment and perplexity. In a moment he blurted out:

"I am in a dilemma; and I throw myself

on your generosity to help me out. I have just heard the true explanation of the new order which has created such interest and misgiving among us foreigners. I understand perfectly, now; I can see a joke. But here is my perplexity. My father has taken this thing very seriously, and he has spent a whole day in preparing a despatch to send back to Peking in reference to it. Now, he must not do this, for it might make him ridiculous. Will you help me? Will you explain to him?"

Peter swallowed his laughter. "Why, of course, Liang," he said; "but why don't you tell him yourself? Then he need not know I suspect he was taken in."

"Ah, but you do not quite understand. In China, it is not fitting—indeed, it is forbidden—for a son to instruct his father. I cannot disregard this rule of our life. Besides, I doubt whether my father would believe that I was right. But he would surely believe you, who are an American and a member of the order, and who could thus set matters right very speedily and save us both great sorrow."

The young Chinese spoke with a depth of feeling grotesquely out of keeping, as it seemed to Peter, with the absurdity of the situation. He laid his hand on Liang's shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, "take me to your father at once and I will do my best to make it clear to him without his guessing that I knew he had been so far deceived."

It was not exactly an easy matter for Peter to explain the situation to the old Chinese prince, and at the same time "save his face" completely; but he finally conveyed an idea of the great strain under which all the correspondents had been laboring, and succeeded in giving the necessary hint without seeming to tell the elder Chinese anything he didn't already know. As the facts in the case dawned upon the old man, he straightened himself slightly and bowed. He spoke a few words to his son and smiled in evident relief.

"My father says," bowed Liang, "that he is much interested in what you have told him. He thinks that your Occidental jokes seem to be comparable to Oriental proverbs, as shells for kernels of great wisdom."

When Peter went to his room in the hotel that day before luncheon he found a large package on his table, with a note from

Liang. In a fine flow of Chinese compliments, the elder Liang begged to present the accompanying slight token of his Emperor's regard to Mr. Peter Wyckoff, as a Chevalier of the Order of St. Vitus of Crete. He opened the package and to his amazement recognized the carved wooden box containing the magnificent roseback plate which young Liang had shown him during his call upon the Chinese travellers in New York.

Peter lifted out the wonderful old charger and gazed upon its brilliant coloring and exquisite elaboration of detail. The leaf-shaped panel in the centre of the plate was encircled by seven separate borders of the most intricate design. The patterns of the bands in such plates are almost entirely suggested by the patterns of rich woven and brocaded silks. It was like an embroidery in porcelain. In his admiration of this gem among ceramics, Peter almost forgot Edith, but suddenly the memory of her desire for just such a treasure as this, to be the particular jewel of their whole collection, flashed upon him. He hastily replaced it in its case, and carefully fastening the old brass locks, ran down the stairs to carry it to her.

On the piazza he met Dr. Henry, whose eyes were brighter than for many days.

"It's wonderful," said he; "but I believe it's going through."

Peter glanced down at the old box he carried. "What's going through?" he asked.

Henry looked at him curiously. "Why, the peace," he answered. "I can't tell you any more now, but meet me here at five o'clock. I am to see Mr. Takahira again at four, as soon as he returns from the navy

yard." He was off, and Peter, after a moment's thought, sped over to Portsmouth and laid the plate before Edith's wondering enraptured eyes. "The roseback plate!" he said.

"Just such a thing as we longed for most!" she cried, when she could speak.

"And not to be got except by some such extraordinary accident as this!" he answered.

At five o'clock the newspaper men heard how the unexpected had happened—how Japan, with unheard of magnanimity, had yielded all the disputed points. A little later, all the hotel had the news of the peace. Three days afterward the armistice was signed. And then the great crowd melted away like an April cloud in a strong wind. In two days the envoys had departed, their suites following, the correspondents were scattered in every direction, and the big hotel was suddenly hollow and full of echoes.

Dr. Henry, Tom Eggleston, Jules La Gois, the correspondent of the *Paris Petit Bleu*, and young Mr. Liang dined with the Wyckoffs in New York one week from the peace. In spite of grave doubts as to her eligibility, Mrs. Wyckoff was made an honorary member of the Order of St. Vitus of Crete and wore her ribbon as proudly as the others. In the centre of the table, surrounded by little sprays of olive-leaves, its beautiful enamels shining in the soft candle-light, rested the Roseback Plate.

"To our next meeting!" said these couriers of peace and war, as the champagne foamed up. But Edith's happy gaze rose no higher than the centre-piece.



THE ANTEROOM

By William Hervey Woods

THE door behind us closed,
Silent as sunset; for no alien sound
May break the stillness of that peace profound
Where, round the hall disposed,
The mothers lay; and some with hands outspread,
And some with warm arms round a childish head,
'Neath shadowy arches dozed.

They lay down worn and old,
As Time had left them; but the while they slept
A silent change across their faces crept,
Like young day's rose of gold
On the gray cheeks of night, and slumbers sooth
All the old glories of their vanished youth
Restored them manifold.

No shrinèd saints were they,
But meekly ranged them with that womanhood
On earth too weary to be greatly good,
And toiling on alway,
Their highest heaven, their hopes of being blest,
Grew but to this—that God would grant them rest—
And now at rest they lay.

The lofty roof was dim,
If roof there was; for wisps and shapes of things
With wind-blown hair and clouds of moving wings
High overhead did swim
When I looked up, and sometimes childlike eyes
Looked down upon me, grave, and strangely wise,
Under a halo's rim.

Three pictured windows showed
Morning, and eve, and moonlit midnight high,
Each storied true, but each a dying sky—
And where the softest glowed,
That saffron window named "The Star of Even,"
A stairway clomb; they said it clomb to heaven,
And once was angels' road.

Fireflies lit up the gloom
And drowsy winds went waving to and fro
A thousand roses now about to blow,
And in the dusky room,
Or room or garden—round each sleeper's bed
Dream-faces shone, and golden visions spread,
Woven in Slumber's loom.

And yet not wholly still
Was that still place, nor alway wrapped in sleep
Those quiet shapes; their folded trances deep
They loosed and left at will;
Sometimes a child laughed; once a bell struck one,
And a voice cried, "The night is just begun,
Sleep on—your dreams fulfil."

So one by one they win
At last to heaven; for evermore there went
Round all the throng a thrill, a wonderment—
I heard a song begin,
Remote, unspeakable; a door swung wide,
And some glad mother waking, glorified,
Arose and entered in.

WINTER GARDENS

By Frederick Peterson



WE entered the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch with wheel and handle-bar instead of horse and lance. Our course had lain up through Evesham and Broadway, Stratford,

Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, and Nuneaton, until at length we came to quaint old Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, to rest in an ancient hostelry whose register had been innocent of names for years—so far off the beaten track of tourists the village lies—in spite of its reminiscences of Wordsworth, and of its having been the scene of the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby, in which Wilfred of Ivanhoe carried off all the honors. Our host showed us with pride the name of one vagrant American who had visited the hotel ten years before.

The straggling, meandering streets of the village are not picturesque, but there is a fine monument in the centre of the town, the only monument I remember to have seen erected to a woman philanthropist (Lady Edith Maud Hastings).

The inn, with a pretty park and some sulphur baths, was well kept, as if that were the end and aim of its existence, not the entertainment of visitors who might or might

not arrive, and the cellar was filled with precious old port and Madeira covered with the cobwebs and dust of seventy years.

In a park within sight of the ruined castle of Ashby, where Prince John held his banquet after the tournament, modern tournaments of ball and bat are held.

Hard by in Charnwood Forest, the traveller may visit the nunnery of Gr^âce-Dieu, falling to decay, and a monastery, founded by Henry II, of the Cistercian Order, still standing in that treeless forest, beaten by the storms of immemorial winters on its bleak height, but still alive with monkish rites and ceremonies. We came to this undiscovered country not by accident, but purely by design, for in the shadow of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the previous winter we had pored over the pages of the "Memorials of Coleorton" and decided to go and see with our own eyes what had become of Wordsworth's winter garden in a hundred years.

I asked a distinguished landscape architect once if he knew of any winter gardens in America. He replied that he knew of one in Pittsburg, but that such a garden is enormously expensive because of the vast amount of glass required to cover it! So



An avenue of lime-trees at Coleorton, just a hundred years old, leading from the winter garden.

The urn and inscription placed at the end of the avenue by Wordsworth, who prophesied:

"And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to year
Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle."

even he must learn from this what a winter garden really is. My own interest in gardening is a therapeutic one. I often prescribe it as an antidote to the American disease, neurasthenia, but I also practise what I preach, thus doubling my pleasure in it.

As far as I know, it was Addison who first constructed a winter garden, and as he describes it so beautifully in his letter No.

477, Sept. 6, 1711, I cannot do better for my readers, including, I hope, the landscape architects, than quote him freely as follows:

"I have often wondered that those who are like myself and love to live in gardens have never thought of contriving a winter garden which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have

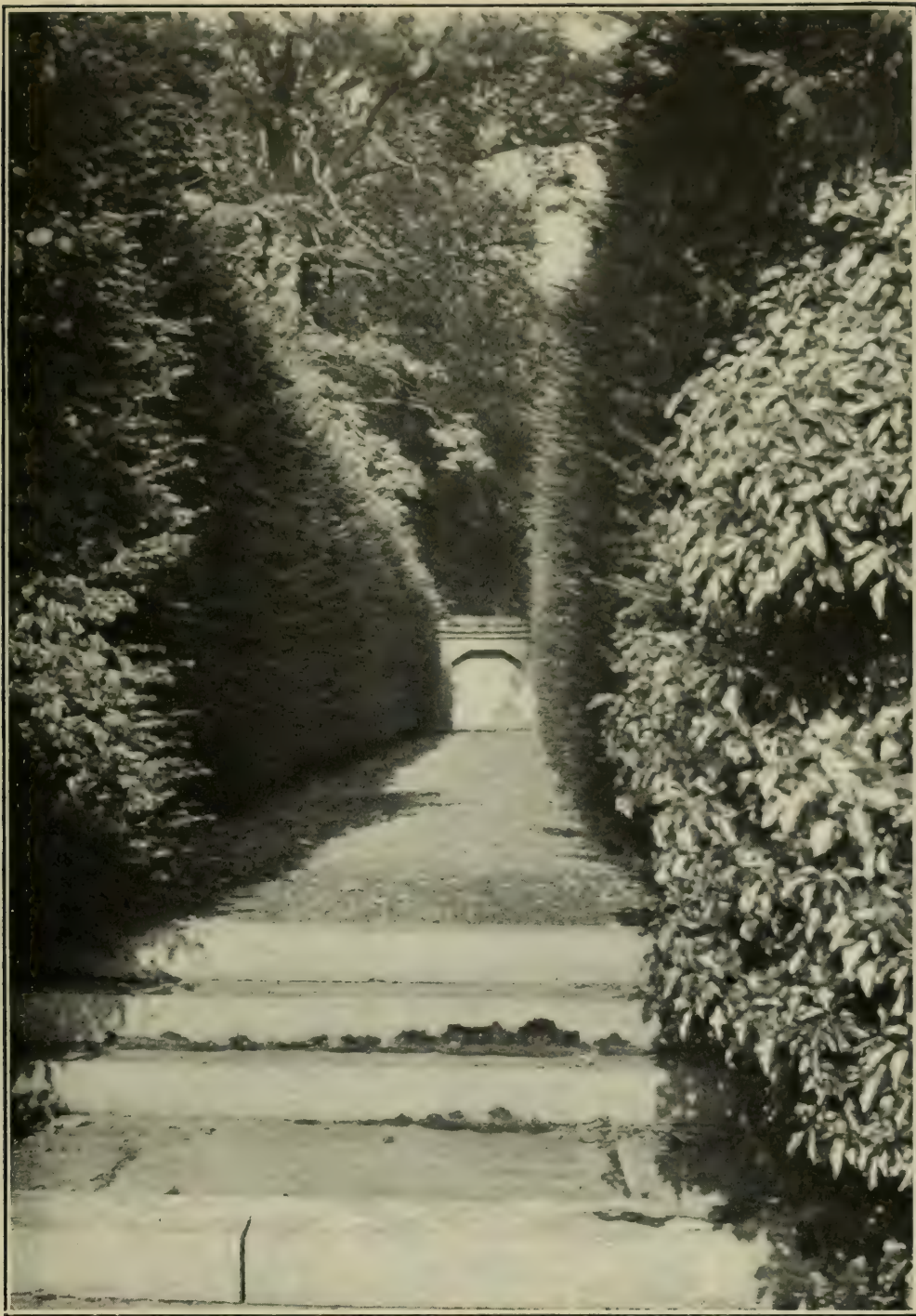


A glade and flower border beside the wall of the terrace in the winter garden at Coleorton.

often little snatches of sunshine in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be anywhere met with; but when Nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigor of winter and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that

you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves and are apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have mentioned before to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter."

It was probably from reading this letter of Addison's that Sir George and Lady Beaumont were inspired to create upon their great estate, Coleorton, a few miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a winter garden of the same nature. Sir George Beaumont had invited Wordsworth to come and live for a time in the farmer's house adjacent to the manor, and the invitation was accepted by the Wordsworths in 1806 and 1807. Lady Beaumont invited Wordsworth to lay out her winter garden in an old quarry not



A grass-grown alley.

On the stone at the end is graven an inscription of Wordsworth's written for the spot at Coleorton.

far from the manor, and that offer he accepted with gratification in a letter of December 6, 1806, closing, "I have now written you the longest letter I ever wrote in my life." This letter and several others dealing with the same matter, together with Wordsworth's proposed plan of the winter garden, are printed in "Memorials of Coleorton," 2 vols., Riverside Press, 1887.

The mansion of Coleorton stands on an

eminence with a wide, sweeping view to the southward, from a high-walled terrace, of the old Charnwood Forest hills and dales. From this high-walled terrace one looks down into the winter garden. Wordsworth suggested a line of evergreen shrubs, intermingled with cypress, and behind these a row of firs which should grow to majestic proportions as a kind of fence all around the garden, so as to give it the greatest ap-

pearance of depth, shelter, and seclusion. This, he said, was essential to the *feeling* of the place, that of a spot winter could not touch, which should present no image of chilliness, decay, or desolation. To this end deciduous trees must be excluded, whatever variety and brilliancy of color their foliage, intermingled with evergreens, might give at certain seasons. The garden, thus shut in by a double row of evergreen shrubs and trees, should have but one opening, and this presenting the best view of the most interesting distant object (like the view-distancing tree in Japanese gardening). The wall at one side, with its recesses, buttresses, and towers, should be covered here and there with ivy and pyracanthus, or any other winter plants that bear scarlet berries or rich and luxuriant leaves. The mounds of rubbish should be thickly planted. A perpendicular bank at one part should be planted along the top, in addition to the double ever-

green fence, with ivy, periwinkle, and other beautiful and brilliant trailing plants, to hang down and leave the earth visible in different places. In the sides of the bank also might start juniper and yew, with a sprinkling of primrose. On the other side, at the remains of the little quarry, the bank should be scratched, so as to lay bare in a bold way more of the sandstone, and then grown over with trailing plants and juniper, box, and yew-tree. In an unsightly corner the ugly old retaining wall should be covered with a hedge of hollies or some other evergreen, to be cropped to make a wall of verdure rising to the roots of the fir-trees at its top. Such form of boundary would here revive the artificial character of the place in a pleasing way. The parts of the whole boundary should melt into each other quietly or form spirited contrasts. The space of boundary between the unsightly corner and the new stone wall should be diversified by the steps



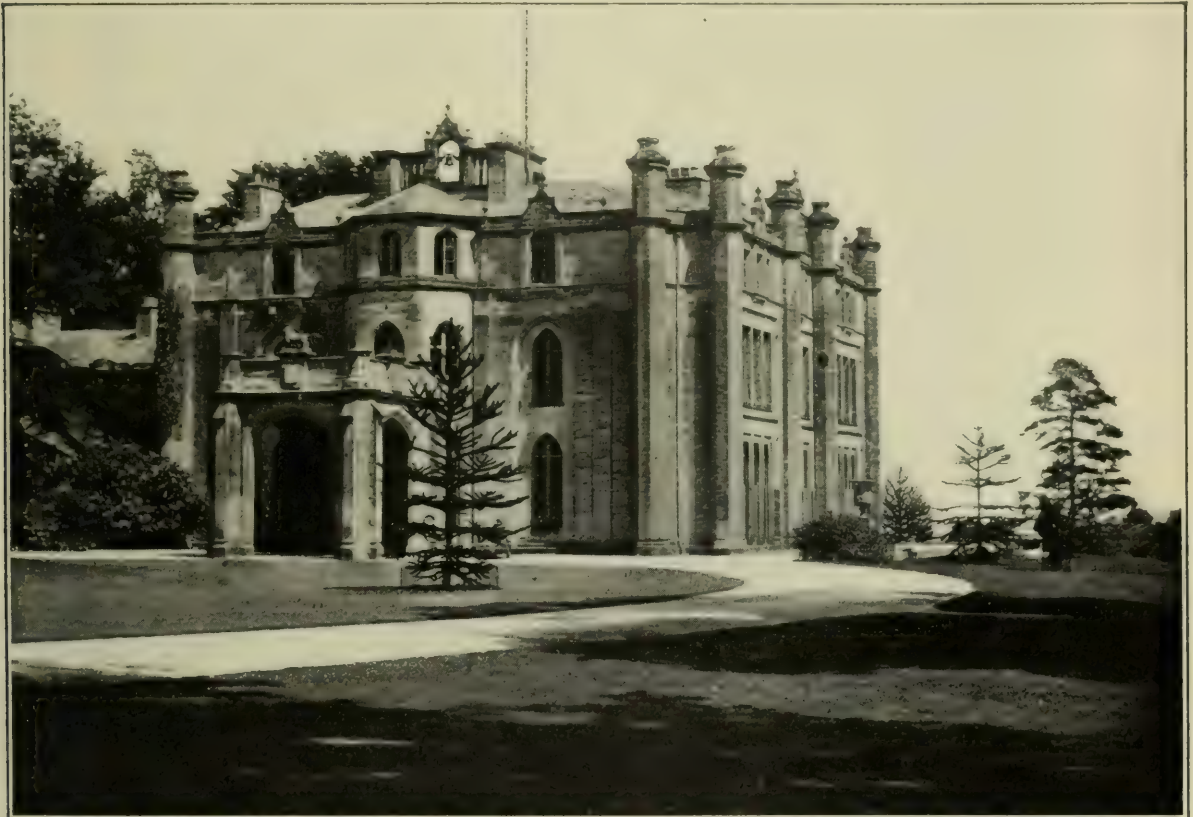
PLAN OF THE WINTER GARDEN

Wordsworth's winter garden at Sir George Beaumont's estate, Coleorton.

Plan drawn by the poet himself.

that descend into the garden and by a little water brought to trickle down the bank about the roots of the wych-elm, so as to make if not a waterfall, at least a dripping of water, round which might flourish vivid masses of water plants, a refreshing and beautiful sight in the dead time of the year, and which when cased in ice form one of the most enchanting appearances that are pe-

Christmas rose, etc. The path should wind around the garden, mostly near the boundary-line. Thus Wordsworth planned for the circumference of the winter garden. A glance at his plan will show how he proposed to treat the acre more or less of space contained inside the wall of evergreens. It will be seen that there was to be a glade open to the sun, a glade with evergreens, a



The mansion of Coleorton, taken from the side of the approach.

culiar to winter. At the wall which is the most artificial should be the most splendid and ornamental part of the garden; between the path and the wall a border edged with box, to receive the earliest and latest flowers; within, close to the box, a row of snowdrops, and behind that a row of crocuses, which would succeed each other. Close under the wall should be a fringe of white lilies, and in front of them a row of daffodils, which would also succeed each other. The middle part of the border should be richly tufted over with hepatica, jonquils, hyacinths, polyanthuses, auriculas, mezereon, and other spring flowers and shrubs; and, for autumn, Michaelmas daisy, winter cherry, china-asters, Michaelmas and

slope of smooth green turf with a tree or two, a glade sprinkled with trees and a long alley. These various divisions were in themselves to be separated by evergreens. In one should be a fountain, or even but a thread of water, in case water were scarce. The poet had a great fondness for the sound of running water and for its sparkling play among bright flowers. In the unvaried and secluded glade of evergreens should be a basin of water inhabited by two gold or silver fish, that should be the genii of the pool and place—only monotony of green color all around, a green grass floor, the open sky above, and the two mute inhabitants! In the little quarry should be a pool of water to reflect the rocks with their hang-



The fountain, with a thread of water, in Wordsworth's winter garden.

ing plants, the evergreens above the rocks, and high above all of them the naked spire of the chapel near by. On the ridge of rubbish at the top trees should be planted, but the sides of the ridge seeded to grass. The alley was to be the real feature of the winter garden, straight and long, shaded with evergreens, preferably laurel, the floor perfectly level, not gravelled but green and mossy, the whole effect to be soothing, cloistral, and unstirring to the mind. The up-

per end of this alley was to appear closed in by trees, the lower end to be terminated by a bank of green turf to catch and reflect the sunshine. About the middle of the alley a blind path should lead to a bower at the side, such as is described in Chaucer's "The Flower and the Leaf," a parlor of verdure paved with white pebbles in a careless mosaic, a mossed circular seat, a stone table in the midst, and evergreen walls and ceilings. He thought it might be possible

to make a cell or cavern or grotto on the stony side of the quarry.

Thus, as Wordsworth planned it, was this garden constructed and consecrated to Winter. He thought that in six years it would be beautiful. "Fifty years would make it a paradise. O that I could convert my little Dorothy into a fairy to realize the whole in half a day." And it was just a hundred years after its creation that two vagrant Americans came to look at it, perhaps to try to copy it, or at least start a propaganda for thus beautifying the earth and country life in winter.

The accompanying photographs were taken at the time of their visit, and will serve to give some idea of the winter garden. It is not generally known that Coleorton really possesses more memorials of Wordsworth than the grounds at Rydal Mount or of Fox Howe. No lover of Wordsworth can afford to pass over Ashby-de-la-Zouch and this estate of the Beaumonts. Glance through his collected poems and note how many relate to the Beaumonts and Coleorton. Three of them are graven as inscrip-

tions in stone in the alley and various portions of the garden. Several of his poems and sonnets were composed here. Sir George Beaumont's painting, "Peele Castle in a Storm," hangs in the gallery at Coleorton, which gave rise to the poem with the immortal lines:

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

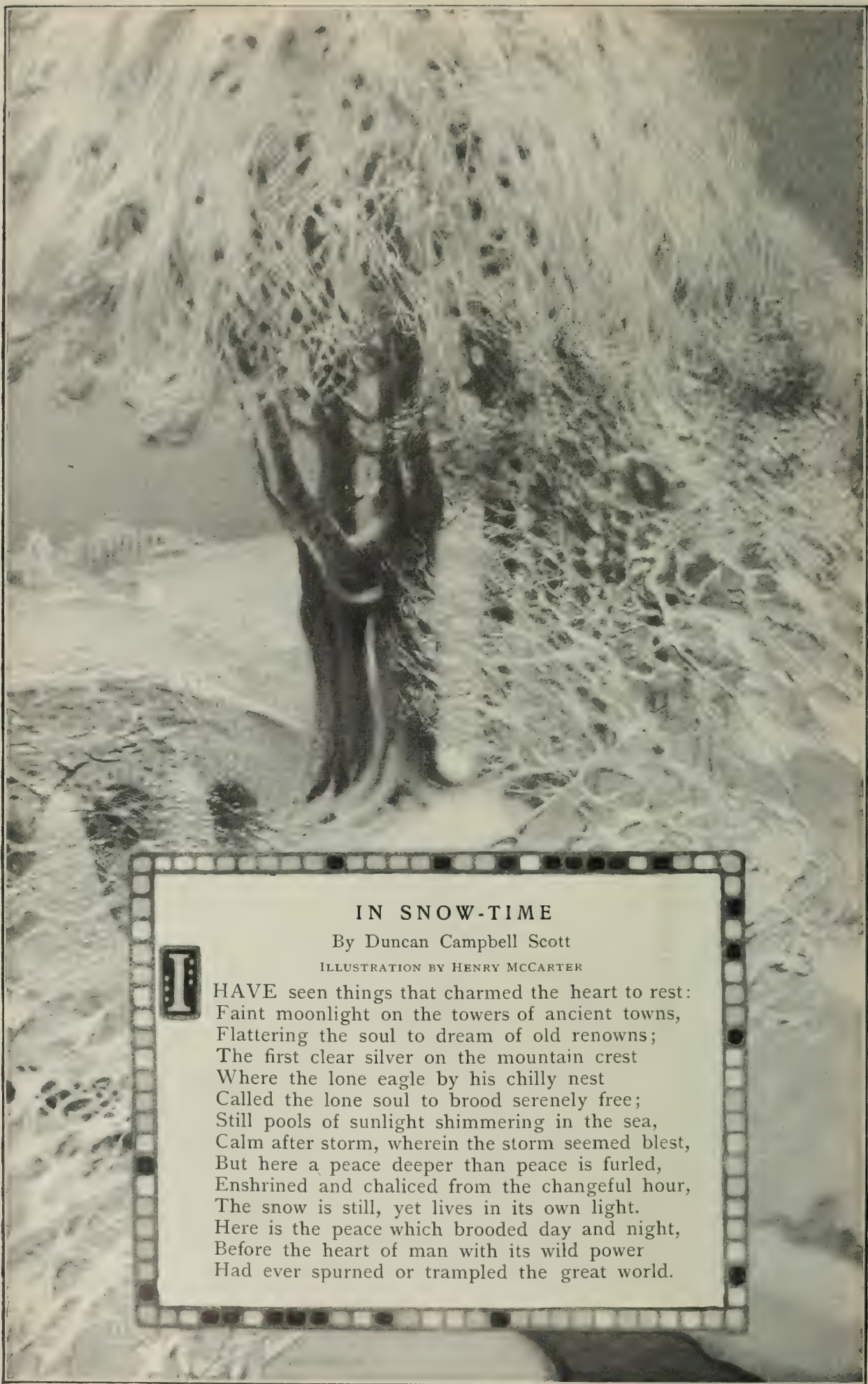
The poem, however, with which to close this description is a sonnet to Lady Beaumont on the very subject of the winter garden:

Lady! the songs of spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs—to hang upon the warm alcove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.



Approach to mansion at Coleorton.

The church is on the estate; the spire is visible from one part of the winter garden.



IN SNOW-TIME

By Duncan Campbell Scott

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY MCCARTER

I

HAVE seen things that charmed the heart to rest:
Faint moonlight on the towers of ancient towns,
Flattering the soul to dream of old renowns;
The first clear silver on the mountain crest
Where the lone eagle by his chilly nest
Called the lone soul to brood serenely free;
Still pools of sunlight shimmering in the sea,
Calm after storm, wherein the storm seemed blest,
But here a peace deeper than peace is furled,
Enshrined and chalice'd from the changeful hour,
The snow is still, yet lives in its own light.
Here is the peace which brooded day and night,
Before the heart of man with its wild power
Had ever spurned or trampled the great world.

THE "OPEN DOOR" IN MANCHURIA

By Thomas F. Millard



ALTHOUGH the political circumstances which attend the present occupation of Manchuria by Japan and Russia are of great international importance, and must, in time, determine the condition and status of all activities within the country, certain commercial aspects of the military *régime* have extraordinary significance to trading nations interested in the future of the Far East. As Russia is not, at least just now, an aggressive commercial power, and her presence in northern Manchuria involves no substantial difference from the situation during the years which preceded the late war, the chief interest lies in the actions of Japan.

Since Japan's commercial exploitation of Manchuria is only part of a general plan, embracing Korea as well as the home dominions and other portions of the Orient, it seems necessary to take a glance at the principal elements included in this movement. To put the matter succinctly, the Japanese Government has organized itself into a national promotion and development company. By means of an elaborate and complicated system of protective tariffs and subsidies applied to nearly all forms of industrial, commercial, and financial activity, it is trying to throw the full weight of the national energy into a trade conquest of Asia. The government practically controls the great financial institutions of the nation, all the great shipping lines, all the railways, many large industries, and has some interest in or hold upon most important undertakings. Striking as some of the present manifestations of this scheme are, and involving a departure, in modern times, from the usual functions of a government, for this discussion it will suffice to mention specifically only those which are designed to apply specially to Manchuria.

Among the factors applicable to a development of the foreign commerce of any nation are transportation and such regulations affecting trade as customs and other tariffs. It has often been pointed out by students

of Japan's industrial and economic position that her geographical location gives her a great advantage over all Western nations in trade with China and Korea in the matter of transportation; and some have contended that this advantage would offset certain handicaps under which she must always labor, apparently, unless she acquires extensive continental possessions. Under these circumstances it was thought by many that Japan could afford to forego discriminations in her favor in entering the continent, and this argument has tended to diminish Western commercial uneasiness in regard to portions of Asia falling temporarily or permanently under her control. Japanese commercial enterprises in Manchuria during and since the war throw some light upon these questions, and perhaps afford a basis for some conclusions as to the real purport of her policy.

During the war with Russia the great Japanese shipping companies were chiefly occupied in transporting troops and munitions, and when the war ended the return of the armies to Japan provided business for a considerable time. But after the war, with the tide of transport setting almost entirely toward Japan, the shipping companies found their vessels returning to Manchuria with light cargoes or none at all. With the direct encouragement of the government, extraordinary efforts were made to stimulate Japanese emigration, tens of thousands, with their belongings, being carried free. But the chief use to which the transport fleet has been put is bringing Japanese goods to Manchuria. These goods were carried under various conditions, shifting as the country evolved from a war status. In the beginning it appears that Japanese traders, or some of them, were charged a low rate of freight on their merchandise; but when even with this help they failed to prosper as the government wished, and showed signs of discouragement, steps were taken to give them further assistance, with a result that a somewhat extraordinary programme was advanced. This programme was openly and fully discussed by the Japanese press,

and some of its details formulated into official gazettes. For purpose of directing, under the government, an energetic campaign to monopolize the foreign trade of Manchuria (for no secret was made of the object of the scheme), what is known as the Manchurian Export Guild was formed. It included most of the greater commercial guilds in Japan, such as the Osaka Boseki, Miye Boseki, Kanakin Seishoku, Tenima Ormomo, and the Okayama Boseki. It was announced that the Mitsui Company was to act as general agents for the guilds and the government, through its branches in Manchuria and China; and the Yokohama Specie Bank, the government fiscal agent in Manchuria, was to lend its co-operation. These details are significant, for it is said that the imperial family owns a controlling interest in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, largest of the great shipping companies, and a share in the Mitsui house, which, in its various ramifications, is the greatest commercial power in the empire; while the relations of the Yokohama Specie Bank to the currency in Manchuria, which I will mention again, make it a necessary adjunct to the plan as a whole. The purpose of the government respecting trade in Manchuria, as widely printed in the newspapers of Japan, was summed up in four articles, which follow:

Article I. The Government to guarantee a loan of yen 6,000,000 at 4 per cent., to be advanced to Japanese merchants doing business in Manchuria.

Article II. Japanese goods destined for Manchuria to be delivered upon credit under certain limitations.

Article III. The Chinese Eastern Railway (formerly South Manchurian Railway) to carry such goods free, or at one-half the usual rate, for one year.

Article IV. Marine freightage in Japanese ships carrying Japanese goods to Manchuria to be free, or at one-half the usual rate, for one year.

There were a number of supplementary provisions regarding the details for working out the plan, such as a rebate of interest as an encouragement to extra effort. Few will deny, as an abstract proposition, that a government may legitimately undertake to advance its national commerce by such methods as are here outlined; for although merchants may be allowed a rate of interest

below the market, the difference must be paid by someone, and to say that goods are carried free does not mean that it costs nothing to convey them. In this case it merely means that these ordinary expenses attendant upon the transaction of business are temporarily shifted from certain classes of the community on to others, the presumption here being that the cost of the experiment will be merged into general taxation. Either this must be true, or there lurks in the project a design to in some way load the cost upon elements external to the nation.

The Chinese Eastern Railway extends from a point in Central Manchuria to Port Arthur, with branches to Dalny and Newchwang. Whether the railway from Antung to Moukden, which Japan is to continue to operate, is to be included in the arrangement is not stated; but while probably this road will be conducted under a different name, there is no reason to doubt that it, as well as the Japanese railways in Korea, will be also utilized whenever it is convenient. Thus it will be seen that all of several routes of transportation between Japan and Manchuria, and penetrating into the country, are controlled over their entire length by the Japanese Government. Assuming that Japan is permitted to remain, as she now actually is, the absolute sovereign of Korea, it will not be feasible for foreign powers to object to any regulations she may make regarding the operation of railways in Korea. If Japan wishes, in countries under her sovereignty, to carry all Japanese goods free of charge, and to impose a heavy tariff on all foreign goods, in order to encourage home industries, it might be considered unusual; but it is difficult to see just how international objection could logically be made, since many governments resort to devices fully as unfair with the same general object, and the right of a nation to regulate its internal affairs is unquestioned. The Japanese Government now owns the railways in Japan and Korea, and the revenues drawn from them are only an item in the national income, to be raised or lowered as the government sees fit. If Japan should adopt the policy of operating her railways at a loss, charging the deficit upon other revenues, it is purely her own business.

As Japan's position in Manchuria is not, however, recognized as one of sovereignty, but is outwardly assumed by herself to be

merely temporary and preliminary to a complete restoration of the sovereignty of China, it is clear that Japanese railway interests there are on a different basis from those in Japan and Korea. There Japan's governmental functions, after the period of occupation has ended (if it ever ends), do not, or should not apply. All the great trading nations have commercial treaties with China which entitle them to "most-favored-nation" treatment; which means, reduced to practice, that a nation having such a treaty is entitled everywhere in the Chinese Empire to any commercial opportunities enjoyed by any other foreign nation, and shall not be discriminated against in favor of any foreign nation. In all the treaties granting to foreign corporations the right to build and operate railways in China, it is understood that these railways must give equal facilities to all foreign nations. Some of the railway conventions exacted from China at a time when she was particularly helpless and ignorant of such things were ambiguous in this and other important matters; but this tendency was long ago noted by the diplomacy of the world and steps taken, by mutual exchange of views, to guarantee international equity. Most persons will recall Mr. Hay's successful effort to secure definite assurance from Germany that the Shan-tung Railway would not be operated so as to discriminate against the merchandise of other foreign nations, and the international agreement respecting the "open door" which resulted from his action. Nothing can be clearer than that Japan's position as a railway operator in Manchuria is as a corporation, not a government; and as a corporation she is amenable, or should be, to the laws and treaties of China.

When, therefore, Japan announces an intention to permit the transport of Japanese products and goods over a railway in Manchuria free of all charges, while other foreign products must pay, it looks like setting at naught the Hay agreement. It is true that, in the published accounts of the proposals, these special privileges were to extend over a period of only one year. The policy was announced in 1906, and probably had in mind the fact that the extreme limit of the military occupation expires in the spring of 1907. It may be, as this seems to indicate, that Japan realizes that to continue such a policy after the period of occu-

pation has expired will be difficult, and likely to draw international criticism; which throws into rather a strong light her intention to use her temporary control of the country to advance her national interests there. And since Japanese statesmen and diplomats have repeatedly denied, in the most specific terms, that the government is disposed to take such advantage at the possible expense of other competitive nations, and that its actions in Manchuria have had such an effect, it is pertinent to examine some phases of Japanese administration since the termination of hostilities.

The success of the Japanese during the war in keeping events in Manchuria, except such as they chose to make public, from the general knowledge of the world, has been so widely commented upon that it need only be referred to for most persons to recall it. This policy was continued after the treaty of peace had been ratified and the dispersal of the opposing armies had begun. But, as months passed, it became evident that Manchuria was as closely locked, especially in the part held by the Japanese, as it was during the war. The chief commercial ingress to the country has always been from the south, so, while the same conditions prevailed to some extent in the Russian sphere, the closing of it was not so generally and immediately felt. No sooner was the conclusion of peace announced, than Chinese and foreign commercial houses whose trade in Manchuria had been interrupted by the war, and who had accumulated large stocks of goods ordinarily consumed there, prepared to resume business, naturally anticipating a great demand. Other foreigners who had property and private interests in the country wished to come to look after them, and discover how they had fared. Such persons found the door to Manchuria shut. Not only were obstacles placed in the way of goods entering the country, but no foreigner could travel without a passport issued by the Japanese military authorities, which it was next to impossible to obtain. As an inevitable effect of a prolonged war is to deplete the resources of a land which is the scene of it, and exhaust commodities therein, it is usual in such cases to facilitate the introduction of supplies of all kinds, and to deprecate as contrary to humanitarian spirit any disposition to prolong the hardships of non-combatants in a war zone, or to

make of their necessities a speculative opportunity. It can hardly be pretended, with any show of reason, that a military necessity for such restrictions existed after hostilities ended. What, then, were the reasons for continuation of a strict military exclusion?

It was not to be expected that trading firms in China, which had already suffered considerable detriment by the war, would permit an indefinite extension of the embargo upon trade without protest. Western chancelleries might be temporarily satisfied by vague talk about a necessary interregnum, but practical business men felt that their interests were being injured, perhaps permanently. The stagnation in certain lines caused by the Japanese closure became so acute that the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, having, after long delay and with considerable difficulty, secured permission from the Japanese Government, sent a committee to Manchuria to investigate conditions. This committee made, in due time, a report, portions of which were subsequently published; and some time afterward the British China Association forwarded to the British minister at Peking some recommendations based upon it. As these recommendations introduce a matter of great importance, I reproduce the more pertinent published portions here:

"1. The diplomatic corps should take steps to have the Chinese customs established at Tairen (Dalny), with a view to preventing Japanese commodities from being imported to various places in Manchuria without the payment of import duties and *likin*.

"2. Necessary steps should be taken to put a stop to the illegal trade conducted in Manchuria through the Korean frontier.

"3. The Chinese Government should be advised to take steps to remove the obstacles placed on the junk trade on the Liao River, on account of the railway bridge thrown across the river by the Japanese authorities."

This leads to an examination of the conditions under which foreign commodities are presumed to enter Manchuria. Prior to the late war there was but one maritime custom-house in Manchuria, Newchwang being then the only place open to foreign trade. So all dutiable goods entering the country, except those coming through the Siberian land frontier and those introduced by smugglers, passed through the custom-house at Newchwang. When a concession

was granted for Russia to build a railway through Manchuria, it was provided that custom-houses be established on the Russian frontier; but in the disorderly times which followed nothing was done toward carrying out this provision, and it remains to be adjusted. However, under conditions as they formerly existed, it was a matter of small practical importance, as the trade across the Siberian frontier was not of a character to compete seriously with foreign trade entering the country from the south. So, although the question cropped up periodically, there was no strong pressure from any source to compel action.

With the advent of the Japanese the situation entirely changed. All of Korea and some parts of Manchuria have been occupied by them for nearly three years now, which is long enough to permit some reasonable conclusions to be drawn concerning Japan's commercial policy. Basing my opinion on a study of conditions, and as diligent inquiry as I was able to make, I am convinced that from almost the moment a locality was occupied by Japanese armies it has been the deliberate and calculated effort of Japan to use her possession of these territories to establish and advance her commercial interests. In order to accomplish this she has excluded, as far as has been practicable, all competitors, either actual or prospective, while at the same time throwing open the country to her own nationals. She has impeded, by numerous petty devices, usually cloaked by a pretence of military necessity, the ingress and transport in Manchuria of foreign commodities which have long had a large sale, and which are required for the use of the Chinese population; and while such foreign commodities as were permitted to enter passed through the Chinese custom-house, similar commodities from Japan were permitted to enter duty free through Dalny and Antung. As the Japanese authorities in Manchuria and the government at Tokio deny that Japanese merchandise has been brought into Manchuria free of duty, it is, of course, not possible to obtain exact information of the extent of this evasion; but it is positively known to be considerable. To protests made by foreigners who felt that this kind of competition was illegal and unfair, the Japanese authorities at first replied that the importation of supplies through Port Arthur, Dalny, and

Antung was solely for military uses, and that they were not of a commercial character; then, when the withdrawal of the greater part of the army has invalidated this excuse, the usual reply is a general denial.

The restrictions upon internal trade complained of by other foreign merchants, and also by the Chinese, usually arise out of irregularities in connection with or evasion of the *likin*. From the time they occupied the country the Japanese have paid no attention, either officially or privately, to the local taxes, and it is interesting to examine some of the effects of this disposition, particularly upon the Chinese commercial classes. The *likin*, which are universal throughout China, are analogous to municipal, county, and township taxes in the United States, or *octroi* in some European countries, in that they are for the purpose of raising local revenues apart from those imposed by the national and provincial governments, although some part of them usually find their way to higher quarters. The system is complex, wasteful, and full of abuses; but fuller discussion of it is not needed in this connection. Some of its methods, especially in larger municipalities, correspond to the licensing system so generally employed in Europe and America. The Japanese traders who swarmed into Manchuria in the trail of the armies, and who have been enormously augmented since the war ended, have consistently refused to pay the *likin* from the beginning. At first, or as soon as anything like order was restored after a locality had been swept by the battle zone, the local Chinese officials made some attempts to collect taxes from Japanese traders, and upon refusal, made representations to the military authorities, who invariably either ignored the matter or sustained their own nationals. So the condition became established, and during the last year Chinese officials have usually contented themselves by making an occasional demand for form's sake.

But the Chinese trader still has to pay his taxes, which puts him at a disadvantage with his Japanese competitor. In every town and city in southern Manchuria can be seen to-day numbers of Japanese shops doing business alongside the Chinese stores, and selling practically the same commodities. To the extent that these articles are of foreign origin, the Japanese trader often has

the advantage of offering some similar article made in Japan, and which has been imported free of duty and, perhaps, also of transport charges; and he is also free from local taxation, which in this, as in most countries, is an appreciable burden upon commerce. It is no wonder that the Chinese regard this new competitor with concern, which is not lessened by the fact that in some cases the Japanese is also living rent free through having usurped the premises of Chinese. I know of many instances where Chinese owners have, under such circumstances, lost their property altogether, and sometimes have lost their lives trying to recover it.

To many readers of these comments the effects of Japanese evasion of internal commercial regulations upon other foreign interests in the country will, perhaps, outweigh their effects upon the Chinese. While many petty Japanese traders have come to Manchuria on their own initiative and operate independently, a majority of them are really only agents of the large Japanese commercial houses, which are backed by the government. As a rule, these small traders have not themselves the means to come, or to purchase and import stocks of merchandise. As I have indicated, the government has often provided them with the means of getting here, and also some capital and credit. But while this assistance of the government is given the outward form of an endeavor to help Japanese of all classes to make a beginning in a new country, it is really, when analyzed, only a scheme to aid the big Japanese corporations associated with the government to exploit Manchuria. In the conditions surrounding the extension of government assistance, many of the minor regulations clearly indicate this fundamental intent; such as the limitation of the interest rebate to firms doing a minimum business of 5,000,000 yen a year. Since none but great firms can expect to do such a business, it is evident that the small merchant will not get the benefit of this provision. The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, entrusted by the government and guilds with the supervision of the national exploitation scheme in Manchuria, was established there before the war; and almost immediately after the armies dislodged the Russians it took steps to extend its relations. To-day this company covers southern Manchuria with a web of branch houses and minor agents, which work hand

in glove with the Japanese civil and military authorities, and are abetted and supported by them on every possible occasion, and in every practical way. It is impossible, in any intelligent estimation of commercial forces at work there, to ignore or minimize the relations which exist between the Japanese Government and leading Japanese financial, industrial, and commercial enterprises, which are frequently so close as to make them almost identical.

I have gathered so many pointed incidents bearing upon internal trade conditions during the military *régime* that it is not practicable to refer specifically to all of them, but a few may serve to illustrate some elements of the situation. There is a *likin* upon foreign commodities traversing the interior, and there are regular stations for collecting it, as elsewhere in China. During the Japanese occupation this tax has been enforced as usual upon all foreign goods, except Japanese, which are exempted by reason of the same general policy that exempts Japanese subjects from ordinary processes of Chinese law. Until quite recently, since it was announced to the world that Chinese local autonomy is restored, and an attempt made to give some outward evidences of the change, the Japanese commercial houses operating in Manchuria were open and bold in defying Chinese regulations. On some commodities produced in the country there is an export *likin*, as on bean cake and bean products. Japan is the largest consumer of these products, as it happens, and the exportation of bean cake to Japan has been heretofore chiefly handled by foreign and Chinese merchant and shipping firms. Foremost among the Japanese competitors for this business in the mercantile and transportation fields are the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha and two of the great Japanese shipping companies. During the war there was difficulty about marketing the bean products, and when peace came nearly two crops had accumulated and were awaiting shipment. Soon after the Japanese occupation of Moukden and Tie-ling, which is the centre of the bean trade, the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha sent agents through the country to buy the bean cake, which was brought to Newchwang and shipped overseas, it is alleged, without any *likin* being paid. As this method gave the Mitsui company an enormous advantage over other

exporting firms which had to pay the tax, it quickly attracted attention, and a demand was made upon the Chinese officials that the *likin* on bean products be rescinded until normal conditions are restored, so as to place Chinese and foreign exporters on an equality with the Japanese. When the Japanese authorities learned of this demand they refused to permit any modification of the regulations, and denied that Japanese exporters had not paid the tax. There seems small reason to doubt, however, that large quantities of bean products purchased by the Mitsui company were moved without paying the *likin*, although after the complaint of other exporters the violation of Chinese regulations at Newchwang was not so open.

The persistence and unanimity with which the military authorities have protected even the petty Japanese traders and supported them in their evasions and conflicts with the local Chinese regulations is only fully understood when it is realized that the little trader is part of a system having behind it the Japanese Government and the greater industrial interests of the empire. And in selecting an example of discrimination against foreign commercial interests in Manchuria by the Japanese authorities I choose one which directly involves the government, so there can be no question as to responsibility for the relation between certain causes and effects.

The chief tobacco business in Manchuria was before the war controlled by the British-American Tobacco Company. As a war revenue measure, and what has proved to be a precursor of a national industrial ownership policy, the Japanese Government compelled the British-American Tobacco Company to sell to the government its factories in Japan, which then supplied a considerable part of the Far Eastern demand. Thus deprived of a large output, the British-American company began the erection of factories in China, and is now again in a position to meet the requirements of its enormous Asiatic trade. But it has a formidable competitor in the Japanese Government tobacco monopoly, which is pushing an energetic campaign in China, and particularly in Manchuria. The Japanese military occupation of southern Manchuria had not continued for long when it became evident that a systematic campaign of in-

timidation against the native venders of British-American brands was being carried out. Hawkers of its products were not permitted to be about the railway stations and other places directly under Japanese control, and the movement was even extended to the shopkeepers. Meanwhile the products of the Japanese Government monopoly were being energetically pushed, usually by Japanese traders, but in many cases by Chinese merchants who were induced, by assurance of administrative favor, to accept agencies. The native agents of the British-American company quickly felt the effects of this competition, and soon found themselves partially driven out of the market.

It will be noted that this case is peculiarly significant in several ways. The foreign firm affected is jointly composed of persons of the two nationalities, above all others, which might be presumed to receive favorable treatment from the Japanese, if such treatment was accorded to any; and the competitive concern is not only of Japanese nationality, but is the Japanese Government itself. A detailed account of this competition, which has now continued with varying intensity for more than a year, would be strongly illuminative of the ways and means by which military authority can be used to promote commercial interests on one hand and stifle them on the other; but mere mention of an example or two must serve here. One means to put the products of the British-American company at a disadvantage was the imposition, in May, 1906, of an increased *likin* on tobacco. It was soon discovered that while the native distributors of the British-American products were compelled to pay this new tax, the agents of the Japanese Government monopoly did not pay it; whereupon the British-American company, now fully aroused and backed by diplomatic influence, instructed its agents not to pay, and demanded satisfaction of the Chinese officials, who promptly ceased their collections, except in remote places, and intimated that the imposition of the new tax had been at the suggestion of the Japanese authorities. Another competitive method has been the introduction of imitation and counterfeit "chops" of well-known products of the British-American company, which have long had a sale in the country. That this is extensively done I am able to state positively, having myself purchased such imitations in

several towns from shops and street vendors. One is of a brand of cigarettes, and while the box is closely imitated, the quality of the cigarettes is so inferior as to leave no room to doubt that the imitation is introduced not so much to compete with, as to ruin the reputation of the genuine product. Although I procured counterfeits and imitations of other stable American, and of some British and German commodities, which are being pushed into the market, I have sufficiently illustrated the point involved, and will pass to other phases.

One of the first administrative acts of the Japanese Government in Manchuria was to create a condition which placed almost entirely in its hands the manipulation of the circulating medium, through the issuing of a currency created and regulated by it, and the elimination of the restraining force of financial competition. The direct means employed is the Yokohama Specie Bank. I think I have made sufficiently clear the relations of such institutions to the Japanese Government, and their mutual affiliation to advance the national interests. Recognizing this, the possible advantage of this condition to Japanese trading firms in Manchuria may be appreciated. For instance, if the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha is buying or selling a certain article in the open market, the transaction will also affect the person or firm it makes the trade with. And if the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha is in a position to have special information, or to influence the rates of exchange on current effectives, it has a decided advantage over the persons or entities it does business with, and also over its competitors in the same field. Under conditions which have prevailed in southern Manchuria during the last two years, and which now exist in a lesser degree, the Yokohama Specie Bank, which in this case means the Japanese Government, can almost absolutely fix the daily rate of exchange.

I cannot well explain here the complicated currency system of China, and the part the matter of "exchange" plays in commerce; but to illustrate, briefly, how money exchange may operate in a business transaction in Manchuria under present conditions, we may suppose that a Chinese firm contracts with the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha to take a hundred thousand bags of flour, to be delivered at a date fixed, at a price in "transfer taels." As the "transfer tael" is

a purely fictitious monetary unit, usually amounting to a three months' credit, the Chinese merchant will probably sign a bill of exchange for the amount, which may be placed in a bank, by discounting it, pending its falling due. But whether he issues a bill of exchange or not, when the day for payment comes he must go into the financial market and purchase "transfer taels" to meet his obligation. If he finds that "transfer taels" have risen 5 per cent., this means that he must pay 5 per cent. more than he anticipated. Or to reverse the transaction, suppose the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha contracts with a Chinese firm to buy a hundred thousand piculs of bean cake, to be delivered on a stated day, at a fixed price in "transfer taels." The Chinese house will probably purchase largely to fill the order, figuring on turning the stuff over at a small margin of profit. When the day for settlement comes the "transfer tael" may have dropped 10 per cent.; which means that it will receive 10 per cent. less than was expected. These conditions add greatly to business risks everywhere in China, but under ordinary circumstances the merchant is willing to take his chances on being on the right side of the exchange when settlement time comes, and where there is strong banking competition he will, with prudence, come out even on the average. In Manchuria during the Japanese *régime* Chinese and foreign merchants claim that they have not an equal chance to break even on the exchange, but that it is habitually manipulated against them in the interests of Japanese firms; a condition made possible by control of the chief circulating medium, and a practical monopoly of large banking facilities. While the Chinese authorities at Moukden, since the limited restoration of their authority, are making an effort, through the Chinese Government bank at Moukden, to remedy this condition by the introduction of a new currency, it may be some time before any substantial relief is secured.

In reviewing the entire situation in the Far East one can hardly escape an impres-

sion that the issues involved in the maintenance of the "open door" in Manchuria present, for the moment at least, the real crux of the Far Eastern question. If there has not by this time penetrated to the United States some fairly accurate comprehension of what may be expected of Japan and Russia, should they be permitted to further pursue their desires in eastern Asia without the limitation of outside pressure, it may be that realization will come too late to prevent permanent injury to American interests in that part of the world. Few persons, even in the United States, seem to know that about half of American trade in China is, or formerly was, in Manchuria. The great decrease in our trade with China during the last year has been noted, and there have been numerous attempts to explain it, among which the now moribund boycott has had a prominent position. The Japanese closure of Manchuria, which caused immense stocks of American products that had been accumulated in anticipation of a great demand when the war ended to remain stagnant in the godowns of Shanghai and Tientsin, and which was the chief cause of the existing depression, seems to have been ignored. The matters to be adjusted in Manchuria affect all nations trading with China, but in regard to this particular locality the United States has the most at stake of the so-called outside powers. When the war between Russia and Japan began, American trade in Manchuria exceeded that of any other three nations, excepting Japan, and there is no reason why this position cannot be maintained or even improved under equitable conditions.

That foreign trade and property rights are now suffering, and will continue to suffer while conditions remain as they are, can hardly be disputed. It seems to me that unless certain points are definitely adjusted by means of, if necessary, international pressure upon the powers in occupation, the "open door" in Manchuria will continue to be the hollow sham it is now, and may lead to the dismemberment of China.

INTERPRETATIONS

By George Cabot Lodge

I

STRANGELY, inviolably aloof, alone,
Once shall it hardly come to pass that we,
As with His Cross, as up His Calvary,
Burdened and blind, ascend, and share His throne,
And perfectly, as with our lives, atone
For the heart's triumph, for the soul's victory! . . .
Yet, as He was, may we thereafter be,
Lifeless within life's sepulchre of stone!
But he is risen, the Lord is risen! and thus,
Thus may he rise, the Lord may rise in us,
Who sleeps, who is not dead, who lives away!
And all who come lamenting to the tomb
Shall find, as Mary found, an empty room,
And meet the Lord alive and on his way!

II

"I am the Way, the Life, the Truth!" He said.
Deep in the soul of every man alway
There is a voice that says "I am the Way,
I am the Life, the Truth, the Living Bread!"
And whoso hearkens he is comforted;
Well he discerns the Paraclete is there,
The Soul of Truth, the Christ, the Comforter,
Who, tho' the mortal dies, is never dead!
He is within us all, whom we have sought,
The Way, the Life, the Truth, the Paraclete,
The Soul who ranges with resplendent feet,
Silent and swift, from peak to peak of thought;
He is the Lord for whom the task is wrought,
He is the Lover whom we haste to meet!

III

"Ask what you will, it shall not be denied;
"Knock, and the secret door shall stand ajar;
"Seek, and however much the way is far,
"Yet shall the Bridegroom find, who seeks the Bride!"—
He knows how much the truth is justified
Who is not unambitious as we are;
He finds, beyond the star we seek, a star,
Beyond our dreams, a soul unsatisfied!
He knows, and That within us more than we
Shall learn how much we leave the best undone,
How little there is end or rest or peace;
And how the asker and the alms are one,
How whoso knocks brings welcome and release,
And how the search is the discovery!

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT appears that there is a growing suspicion that the "elective system," which has had almost unchallenged sway in our colleges which call themselves universities and in some that do not, has been overdone. This suspicion has been authoritatively expressed by the president of Yale, where in truth "election" has never been so free and untrammelled as in some other institutions. For a full generation the theory that an undergraduate would get most good out of what he liked best to do and would get little or no good out of what he did not like at all has had full sway. Whoever doubted this postulate kept his doubts to himself, upon pain of being held to be a foggy. But now it is to be expected that President Hadley's outspokenness will embolden other sceptics who have had special opportunities for observing the workings of the modern system to "speak out loud and bold."

The "Elective"
on its Defence

The very postulate of the allowance of unlimited or even wide election in studies may fairly be called in question. Philosophers from Solomon to Goethe have maintained that there is virtue and improvement in the doing by a student of what he does not like to do, and for that very reason. The former of these laid it down as good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; the latter, in his ideal plan of education, insisted on every pupil's doing something every day which was against his inclination. Here is a modern instance. An undergraduate in an institution which was "not a bigoted one" in the matter of election, but prescribed a curriculum virtually without alternatives for the first two years, had marked aptitude and liking for linguistics, marked disgust, as he knew, and ineptitude, as he assumed, for mathematics, and consistently "flunked" the same. At the end of sophomore year it became imperative for him to work off his accumulated conditions in the science he loathed, and his summer vacation was devoted to that task, under the supervision of

a coach who happened to be not only a competent but an enthusiastic mathematician. The result was that not only were the conditions discharged "cúm laude," but the patient had a strong desire to "elect" for the following year the studies he had abhorred.

The moral, of course, is that in the undergraduate time of life it is quite possible that a student may not know what he likes, quite probable that he may not know what he wants, and quite certain that there is a certain "body of doctrine," assumed to be the possession of all educated men, for which there are no "equivalents" that are commensurable with its elements. It is only when this is possessed that, according to the old-fashioned theory, he may twitch his mantle and betake himself to fresh woods and pastures new. This expatiation seems to be the work rather of post-graduate than of undergraduate years.

The pretension that our elective system is the German university system has been disposed of by the candid Professor Muensterberg, brought up after the straitest or the loosest sect of Teutonism, and now professing in the home and nursery of our elective system. He points out that the body of doctrine which in Germany is acquired as a preliminary to the freedom of choice is in America, by reason of the premature allowance of that freedom, in most cases not acquired at all. Nor is the comparison with Anglicanism any more favorable than the comparison with Teutonism. In fact, the poor figure cut in scholarship by the Rhodes scholars whom we have sent forth to Oxford as presumably "the best we breed," but who are distanced by the "colonials" who have been trained according to the Anglican tradition, may be conjectured to have furnished occasion for President Hadley's remarks. The colonials have been trained in the Anglican tradition which was ours until the importation of a misunderstanding of the Teutonic tradition. It is quite true that we have redeemed ourselves at Oxford in the competitive athletics,

which are the favorite electives of our undergraduates. Our Rhodes scholars seem to realize the poet's prophetic vision:

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and
they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their
lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-
bows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books.

But Tennyson was not professing, as Milton professed, to compose a "Tractate of Education."

IF aught of things that here befall touch
a spirit among things divine, Shake-
speare must of late have become aware
that he died too soon, much too soon. How
immensely he would have enjoyed the Shake-
speareana and the Shakespeareans. Merely
to see the puzzles of posterity over his works,
which were so literally his "plays," would
have given him a new insight into human
absurdity. And to see the preternatural
seriousness with which posterity has taken

Solemn
Shakespeareans

the things which he, as part of his
royal endowment, did not take seri-
ously at all! How impossible for
us to conceive the author of "Hamlet" not
taking the trouble to read the proof! The
"Shakespearean literature" would in the
first place have puzzled him and then have
shamed him. But in the long run it would
have rejoiced him. It was meat and drink for
his Touchstone to see a clown. It has been
forbidden to his creator to see that particular
kind of clown which is called a Shakespearean
commentator. Shakespeare had his fun with
pedants as with all other kinds of fools, but
that he should generate a new kind was the
one development which not even his imagina-
tion could foresee. That, as in the "folded
sleeves" of the statues of old minsters "birds,"
so in the figures of his psychological museum
mares should "build their nests," was hid-
den from him,—mercifully, some man may
say, but on the whole, one is inclined to say
unmercifully.

Commenting on a Shakespearean com-
mentator, by name Ulrici, "a learned and
illegible German," and quoting one of his
comments, Bagehot suggest that Shake-
speare's own comment on it would have been
"Via, Goodman Dull." This upon the able

Ulrician suggestion that the "Midsummer
Night's Dream" was in essential purport a
"lay sermon." The class of German "schol-
ars" capable of suggestions of this amazing
kind have, during the generation last past,
largely transferred their enormous erudition
and their remarkable sagacity as detectives
of equine nidification from Shakespeare to
the Bible. These qualities may or may not
do more mischief in the new field than in the
old. In the new field Matthew Arnold has
written two books to prove, as he does prove,
that a complete knowledge of the facts, a
knowledge so complete that everybody has to
resort to it, may coexist with a defect which
makes the knowledge comparatively and even
actually worthless, except in more skilful
hands than those of the detectives. This de-
fect in biblical criticism he calls a defect in
"literary tact." When it makes itself evi-
dent in Shakespearean criticism we may de-
scribe it as a defect in the sense of humor.
But the more it changes in its application,
the more it is the same thing in its essence.

'Twere unjust to call it all German. By
the force of the term, Ignatius Donnelly was
a non-German, with his cryptogram in which,
after three centuries, he undertook to rescue
the meaning which Bacon, so consonantly
with his custom, had carefully enshrouded in
mystery. Neither was Delia Bacon a Ger-
man, the originatrix, if she was, of the Ba-
conian hypothesis, of which Clarence King
remarked that, the hypothesis having been
established, the only remaining question was,
"Who wrote Bacon?" But the pressure on
a German scholiast to produce new and
startling theories "marked by vigor and
rigor," is very great. It must have been a
German whom Johnson had in his prophetic
eye when he wrote that "every cold empiric,
when his heart is expanded by a successful
experiment, swells into a theorist, and the
laborious collator, at some unlucky moment,
frolics in conjecture." There seems internal
as well as external evidence that the latest
constructor of Shakespearean hypotheses is a
German, that learned Herr who has found a
new "available" candidate, and has proved—
but proved—that the Earl of Rutland was the
author of the plays. How necessary that a
Shakespearean commentator should have
some sense of the ridiculous, and how odd
that the complete privation of that sense
should be taken, by those who suffer it, as
the complete justification for writing about

Shakespeare! Still, the Slavonic depression where the bump of humor ought to be seems even deeper than the Teutonic. For it has been reserved for the joyless Count Leo Tolstoy to discover that, whoever wrote the plays, they were not worth writing, and that the man by whom the English-speaking peoples have been speaking for these three centuries was "not even an average author." No commentator, of any nationality, can beat that.

SOMEONE has said that "what is really demanded of a preacher, if he is to minister successfully to the same flock for a decade or two, is that he should be an orator, a literary man, a saint, and a man of the world, all rolled into one." As to that,

The Sermon

in my childhood I knew an old pastor who for sixty years had ministered successfully to the same flock. His sermons were never less than an hour long. He was a scholar, but not an orator; a good man, but not what could be called a man of the world. I remember that after his fiftieth anniversary it was thought best to lighten his labors by giving him a "colleague." The selection was difficult, but the minister and his deacons wished to be perfectly fair and would not judge too hastily. The candidate was engaged for a certain term and given a chance to preach not one, but many sermons. Hard was the lot of the first young candidate. He had a flowery style and, to tell the truth, not much else. The congregation, used to solid, scholarly discourses, was critical, and so was the old minister. The latter was somewhat deaf, and instead of remaining in the background of the pulpit, used to draw up a chair and sit at the young man's right hand, the better to hear. At critical moments he would rise and stand close beside him, becoming more severely attentive with each ornate period. And this in the face of fifty school-girls, who sat with demure faces, but with laughter in their eyes! The young man was allowed to carry his flowers of rhetoric to more genial surroundings, and I cannot believe that he was sorry.

As a matter of fact, people are really very tolerant of their ministers' dull sermons. To be sure, they are not obliged to listen to them, but may accept them as a rhythmical background for a personal train of thought. All the same they demand that the sermon shall

be duly written and delivered and are not inclined to accept any substitute in the shape of a better preacher's better sermon read to them from the pulpit. There is, rightly or wrongly, a traditional feeling that the word which a man speaks to you is a more living word if it is really his own and not another's; and it seems to take the special gift of the actor to form a magnetic current by means of another man's thoughts.

In the United States alone there are about 150,000 ministers, most of whom undoubtedly write and preach two sermons a week. Although it may be assumed that many of these discourses are above mediocrity, how few, in matter, style, and delivery can be called admirable!

There are those who think that Protestants should take a lesson from their Roman Catholic brethren and should have some division of labor whereby the great preachers could be set apart for preaching, and not be compelled to dissipate their energies in parish work or in the care of church finances. This might do for the very greatest men, the inspired preachers, who can carry their hearers heavenward without themselves touching the earth, but it would never answer for the smaller men, good preachers though they may be, and better ones though they may dream of being if only they could get time to invite their souls. It is essential for them to touch humanity at every point. It would be well if they could be less set apart than they are. The average parson suffers from lack of contradiction just as his sermons suffer from lack of criticism. For whether the sermon be well or ill written, there is no one to say him nay. Preach it he may—indeed, he must. From the time he leaves the divinity school he is his own publisher. Someone may find fault with a particular utterance, but no one is at liberty to give him just the criticism which would do him the most good. True, he ought to be able to get some guidance from the effect he produces on his audience, but that ability presupposes a certain quality of intuition which he is by no means sure of possessing. Many an unfortunate parson must spend his life preaching sermons without receiving any stimulus from his hearers. Would it not be better that the sermon should become an occasional instead of an unavoidable feature of the weekly religious service?

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Fig. 1.

MR. VAN INGEN'S LUNETTES IN THE HARRISBURG STATE HOUSE

AFTER one has preached to others and has felt in his own soul the supreme necessity in painting of technical and purely artistic qualities, the time comes when he inquires what the subject in painting may amount to. The true subject of the painter is, of course, *painting*, combined with the interpretation of visible nature, of her colored lights, of her simplicity and her mystery; with that to occupy him, the painter is apt to forget all other considerations. But there is another class of subjects; and there is no doubt that critics of painting are apt to ignore those further subjects; to ignore this requirement, this need, of having something of general interest to offer. And this is especially true of the mural painter. It is true, what Elihu Vedder said concerning a famous painter who excelled in impressions and effects: "You may be sure that a big painter will paint big pictures. The Roman fresco men and the Venetians were not satisfied with small canvases containing their special thoughts of a moment—they painted epics, not epigrams." And these were the words of a painter who despised even too much mere realism and keeping close to the

natural facts—the words of the same artist who had said ten years before, *à propos* of a picture of his own: "I want to influence the man who looks at it. I don't care whether it's like nature or not; I want to throw you into a *mood of mind*."

It is in view of many such considerations that one finds one's self asking what a picture is about; and whether it has enough reason for being, apart from the artistic quality of the work. The student remembers that one of the charms of Greek poetry is the surpassing interest of its narrative and dramatic subject. The roll of the hexameters, and even the horror or the pathos of the dramatic situations are not found to be the main theme, apart from the story; and the story is such that fourscore generations have been reading it, and passing on their testimony to its lasting interest for mankind. The story is not spoiled, nor is the poetical character of it seriously marred, even by a prose translation of a faithful and loving workman. We do not get tired of the tale of Troy, nor of the seven warriors who attacked the Seven Gates of Thebes; and we often take the prose version of the "Odyssey" or of Sophocles's "Electra" for our reading aloud, in the intervals of "Comus" and "As You Like It."

Yet, when in a wholly modern building a series of great walls are to be painted with human subjects, we are led to ask for something closely akin to the thoughts suggested by the place and the surroundings. Paris is almost personified in the figure of S. Geneviève; and her legend must appear in the Hôtel de Ville and in the Panthéon; and where science and art are taught in a stately way, there the record of great teachers and great intellectual achievements in the past has a place ready for it on the walls of the Sorbonne. So, when La Farge, having to paint four lunettes in a court-room, drew

an older colony; but Penn's choice was deliberate of a system by which "all modes of religious worship compatible with monotheism and religious liberty were to be tolerated." And what that meant in 1682 it is now very hard for us to understand. Accustomed to our own freedom from persecution and seclusion, other than social, and of small and powerless cliques, we are slow to learn what it meant in the seventeenth century to advocate religious toleration. Mrs. Hemans was quite wrong in her assumption that the purpose of the Plymouth Pilgrims was "freedom." Their own worship, almost their own

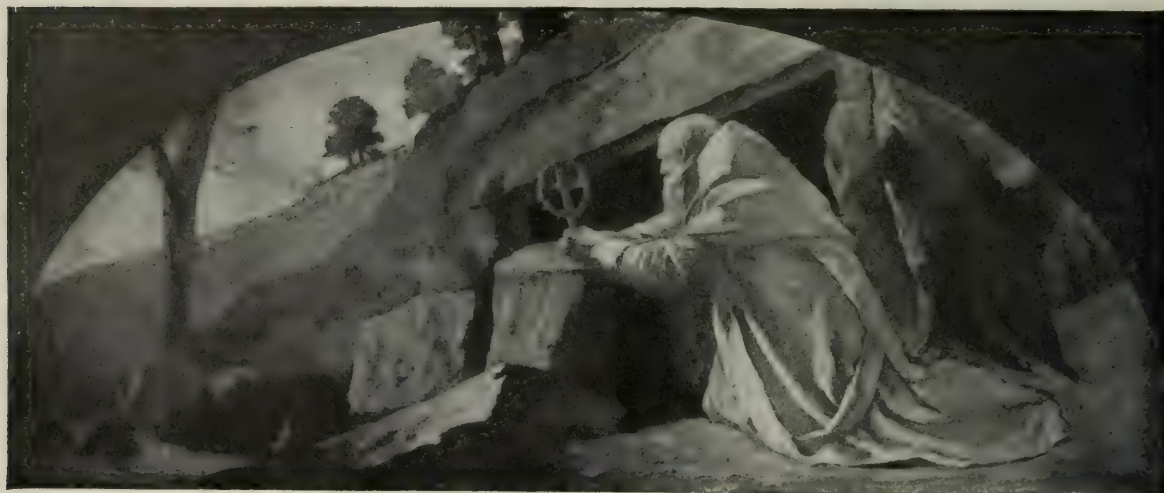


Fig. 2.

from his reading of history the four great general subjects for art which were considered in these pages a few months ago* he did a service to the community by showing us how history could still be used in mural painting and not be a desolation and a bore.

Mr. W. B. Van Ingen, in his work at Harrisburg, has felt the summons to his task in the same general way; and, having the lunettes to paint beneath the vaulted ceilings of the State Capitol, he has found his way to the sympathies of the people by noting in the history of Pennsylvania the most rare, the most noble, of its claims to our respect. Pennsylvania, founded in 1682, was the only great colony to give absolute freedom of conscience to its inhabitants. Rhode Island and the glorious record of Roger Williams differ from it in being a protest, a secession from

belief, was denied to them, and they fled to the Netherlands and to the Wilderness; but they are not on record as having been liberal toward others. The Massachusetts Puritans were they from whose tyranny Roger Williams had to fly. The great Oliver found his call for such freedom of the mind the worst cry his enemies could set up against him, and yet his toleration did not even propose to itself an equal freedom for all. A Romanist was still an idolater, even to Cromwell; and the mass was not supposed to be performed in England. Such toleration as Penn's was an unheard of thing. What it included within itself—the boldness of it; the modesty of it; the conviction that perhaps the thinker's own thoughts might at any time go astray, and that another point of view might command another horizon—all that, arising in the mind of a seventeenth-century

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1905.



Fig. 3

man of the world with family influence and court influence of his own, and carried into practice on a great scale, is one of the most marvellous chapters of the history of man.

This toleration was what Mr. Van Ingen thought of as the proper subject for his fourteen lunettes. Eleven of them are (December, 1906) in place under the vaults of the great corridor which goes off to the right as you enter the building by the main vestibule. Our purpose now is with their subjects only, and their character as paintings shall only be qualified in this way; that they are in grave and rather cool color and with the human figure a little larger than life. I have seen them only in the New York studio; and it will be for the future, when the building is adorned with all its treasures, to study the

pictures as mural paintings indeed. They are studies in historical sociology, as yet.

Fig. 1 is a Moravian sister reading and expounding the Scripture to two Indian braves; it is the third lunette, beginning at the vestibule. The incident is historical even to the surprising fact of the warriors listening patiently to a woman's teaching. Fig. 2 shows one of the white-gowned hermits, one of the community of German Protestant recluses who assumed (we are told) the very much discredited name of Rosicrucians, and who lived like the hermits of Egypt, looking day by day for the coming of Christ. They were Protestant devotees, who, under the lead of Kolpius, landed in America in 1694.* The

*See "The German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania," by Dr. J. F. Sachse.



Fig. 4



Fig. 5.

cave of Kolpius, near the Wissahickon, is shown; and the dress, the ample white woollen gown, not unlike that of a Cistercian monk of priestly rank. This is the fourth lunette, and in lunette No. 9, another one of this brotherhood, belonging to the Ephrata community, is seen engaged in transcribing the Declaration of Independence, a work which was actually done at Ephrata for the Congress. Fig. 3 is a scene in Quaker meeting; and in Fig. 4 is shown that ceremonial of the Mennonites—the Pedalavium, the washing of the feet; these two being the fifth and sixth lunettes of the series. Fig. 5 stands for the Presbyterian propaganda, a theological movement which spread more rapidly elsewhere than in Pennsylvania—over the border, namely, and into New Jersey, where Nassau Hall at Princeton became more completely and more masterfully Presbyterian than any considerable community of Pennsylvania. His-

tory has it that this theological study was carried on in a log cabin. The legitimate feeling of the artist for his picture bids him believe that on pleasant days the argument was carried on—the exposition developed—out of doors and in the presence of free nature.

The lunette, Fig. 6, is a record of the trombone choir of the *Unitas Fratrum*. Mr. Van Ingen found in full existence this custom of playing in the open belvedere of the Moravian church in Bethlehem; and persons from other towns were quick to tell him that their own communities had kept up the old traditions. This, like the spinning and weaving of the sisters at Ephrata, like the bonfires on the mountain, is hardly of religious interest in itself; but as indicating the many-sided character of Pennsylvania Christianity it is worth recording.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



Fig. 6.



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH THEM, IT'S JUST AS IF IT HAD GONE WRONG WITH ME."

—"The Fruit of the Tree," page 633.

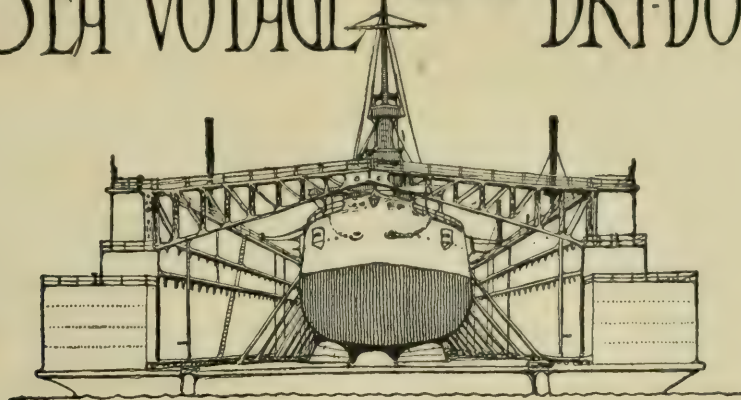
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THE SEA VOYAGE OF A DRY-DOCK



An account of the *Dewey's* trip to the Philippines
with Drawings by

WILLIAM · J · AYLWARD ·

THE purple shadows of early winter twilight were stealing over the placid bosom of the beautiful broad Patuxent as half a dozen or so strongly built, light-hearted fellows gathered about the board of a little hotel in a village on its bank. It was an unusual group for the time and place, and a stranger could not but wonder at their being in this out-of-the way hamlet at a time when home and kin most appeal to a man. But it would be strange, indeed, if even the most unobservant could get within twenty miles of the place without hearing the reason for it; the whole countryside was interested and earnestly argued around the grocery-store stove, in the road and fields, the success or failure of the undertaking that brought them here.

They were getting the big floating dock *Dewey* ready for its long sea voyage to the Philippines. Through the small-paned, deep-set windows, above the frosty rooftops, it could be dimly discerned in the tangle of craft huddled about it, looming big, dark, and massive out in the sparkling waters of the bay. If your place at the ta-

ble was beside a very important personage in the community—the *only* Mr. de Barril—he would impress on you, *sotto voce*, the distinguished character of the company you were in.

"The sunburned chap next you but one is Mr. Hansen, Scandinavian, graduate of Gothenburg, sometime sailor, and now constructing engineer. Get him to tell you about his nine months' voyage from—oh! *he* designed the dock.

"The big jolly fellow across from him is Mr. Anderson, superintendent of the company, and the slender man with the dark tan and mustache next him is his foreman."

At the end of the table is seated a tall, light-haired, clean-shaven man with the deep color of an out-of-door life on his strong handsome face, beyond doubt a naval officer. Your interesting informant tells you your guess is correct. "Mr. Cox, naval constructor, Government supervisor; been with the dock ever since the first line was drawn on paper; years ago, I guess."

And so on. There was scarce one at that long table, with its lamp brilliantly lighting

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the centre and leaving the ends in half-darkness, who was not directly connected in some way with the big thing that dominated everything about it in the bay. But the lively conversation that followed during the excellent meal served (and cooked) by *myr-heer host* turned not on past achievements; of difficulties met and overcome; of labor troubles and the thousand and one things that plague the man who builds on a large scale; of the great engineering feat in launching the thing; of the needless delay in the department that was the real cause of the *Dewey's* leaving a bad spot on a bad coast at the worst season of the year.

No, that was part of the past; they were too well satisfied with the present to bother about those trifles, and were happy with the contented satisfaction that comes with the end of long labors. They had planned and carried out a great project and success crowned their efforts. No wonder they were content.

But was it all to go for naught? Would the big dock ever get out East to her destination? That was the vital question now, and carefully were its chances weighed against the perils of the sea. There was much technical talk of horse-power, tensile strains, elasticity of metals, strength of hempen and steel hawsers, chains, and so on, but it was far more interesting when the conversation brought out tales of romantic Eastern seas and sunny islands, of monsoon and typhoon through which the leviathan would voyage to its new home in a distant, far-away tropical land.

Whether "she" could be steered or not, whether the heavy seas would batter in those high resounding walls or wrench off the overhanging pontoons, go through it "she" must. It mattered not that the largest towing company in the world refused to undertake the job (they had all the experience they cared for with a much smaller dock) and the underwriters refused to assume the risk; what private enterprise dared not attempt the navy itself would try. It was much in the nature of an experiment, the outcome of which no one could foretell; but who *can* foretell the fate of anything going to sea?

Long into the night while they waited for the Baltimore boat—late a trifling six hours or so—the *Dewey* and its adventurous voyage furnished the chief topic of conversa-

tion. From every possible point of view the thing was discussed through dense clouds of tobacco smoke; the appalling task of getting that immense awkward mass of steel half-way around the world. It was almost two when, from far up the river, came the faint frosty note of a steamer's whistle. The captain of one of the colliers, about to take a hand in the game, arose; and, stifling a yawn, put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said: "The damned dock would either behave like the old boy or she wouldn't."

"She" did.

A few days later, on a chill, gray December afternoon, the ships sullenly and doggedly took hold of their big burden and waited for the signal to get under way. The flag went up, the water churned under their sterns, and slowly—oh, so slowly—the *Dewey* swung majestically around. The long voyage was begun.

That very night the worry and anxiety that always attended it began, too.

In a fog "thick as mush" the flotilla groped down the none-too-broad channel of the Chesapeake. Out of the mist came wicked squalls of wind and rain throughout the night—rain that beat upon the decks like hail and almost drowned the deep imploring voices and warning bells of craft feeling their way like ourselves. The lookout's hail was almost as continuous as the sing-song of the quartermaster in the chains as he sang his droning chant:

"And-a-half—*six!*"

Across the gleaming, glistening decks dark figures hurried to and fro, and in the dripping mysterious shadows silent forms kept careful watch.

Up around the masthead, where the wind mournfully hummed and shrieked, the colored lights of the gentle *Ardois* vainly tried to send a silent message through the enfolding mist, but succeeded only in making little blobs of light in which the delicate tracery of the rigging showed for a moment and disappeared.

Up on the bridge, where throbbed the life of the ship, tall figures in black coats that glistened as they caught the soft light from the binnacle leaned anxiously forward, trying to pierce the enveloping gloom or get the bearings of that fellow dangerously near. The big whistle close by hoarsely warned the stranger away.

Below in the chart-house, the captain, Mr. Lang, and the pilot are in anxious conversation over a table with compass and parallel rule; outside the man in the chains keeps up his sing-song chant. The wet oilskins and dripping sou'-westers of the trio in the chart-house seem strangely out of place in the bright warmth of the interior that looks so cozy from the wild blackness of the night. No long fur coat for the pilot now. He looks less the actor and very much the sailor as he bends over Mr. Lang's shoulder. He is facing a watch of forty-eight hours and seems anxious; so is the skipper, for they are endeavoring to figure out where the dock may be in all this.

The engine-room telegraph continued its vibrating clang, the whistle above sent out its warning note, and the lookout's hail mingled with that of the quartermaster in the chains. Wild rumors flew through the ship: "Dock ashore," "*Potomac* run down." "Tow-line parted." etc.

Where they came from aboard ship it's hard to determine, generally from the forecastle. If you inquire there you will probably be told that "Hickey said it." "Hickey" is responsible in that end of the ship for all that no one else cares to assume; being a mythical person and beyond the pale of court-martials he doesn't care. With the *Ardois* vainly calling in plain view and the wireless amidships sputtering forth its raucous message unanswered, small wonder that Jack let his fertile imagination have full play.

Toward morning the wind shifted around to the north-west and banished rain and fog. Far over toward the low eastern shore, silhouetted darkly against the paling sky, was the long tow; all fears were set at rest, and we steamed down toward the capes.

The next morning broke clear, bright, and cold, with the piping nor'-wester snipping off the tops of saucy bottle-green seas into fluffy tufts of spoon-drift that raced to leeward. Everything was bright, clear, and frank to harshness after the dripping mystery of the night.

Before the favoring breeze, with the dock swung wide from the course followed by the ships ahead, the *Dewey* flotilla put to sea.

Almost two months later, toward the close of a beautiful day in early spring, the people of an island town, in a group off the

coast of Africa, lined the mole and gathered on the roofs as they watched a strange flotilla off their tiny harbor. The ships had a sea-worn, weather-beaten air, and, standing high out of water, gently rolling in the easy swell, showed the long grass that clung to their rusted bottoms. Behind them trailed an awkward-looking leviathan whose towering sides were gray with salt, down which the rust streaked in long lines that glowed red in the rays of the setting sun. They entered the harbor and sank wearily to rest.

That Atlantic passage, at this distance, seems more like a troubled dream—one of those distressing nightmare's in which one vainly tries to flee from impending doom and is unable to lift a foot; when hope deferred well-nigh gave way to despair.

Just beyond the stream the trouble began, when it blew so hard from the southwest that it was necessary to heave-to and so lose the added impulse that the wind otherwise would have given. The weather went from bad to worse, gale followed gale, and, vainly seeking for more favorable weather, the flotilla edged southward till at last it found itself in the storm-tumbled belt of waters on the edge of the north-east trades.

The very elements, it seemed, conspired to thwart the purpose of the ships in their efforts to coax their recalcitrant charge on the way it should go. The wind—always ahead—raised great gray-headed seas that threw their heavy weight in angry fury against the uncouth thing that dared venture upon their watery depths. The efforts of the struggling ships went for naught when great hempen hawsers and huge chains snapped under the strain of the constant and heavy impact of pounding seas. A week's progress, perhaps, would be swept away as the monster wallowed and soused in the trough of misty, gray, wind-swept seas, and many a fervent anathema, salty as the air that heard it, was flung after it.

A great ground swell that came rolling down on us from the north made a most uncomfortable choppy cross-sea, and the day seemed spent in a constant weary effort to keep one's balance. The night was often hopeless for sleep, owing to the awful din of sliding, smashing things that joined in the uproar and tumult of the storm. Above the roar and rush, the clatter and riot on the berth deck as the mess-gear "took charge,"

the shriek of the wind in the rigging aloft, the pounding of the towing machine could be heard; its rapid, cannon-like report resounded through the ship like a rapid-firer. Faster and faster it would go, the uneasy motion of the ship making it frantic almost as if it intelligently tried to equalize the unsteady strain on the hawsers.

At last would come what all expected: the shrill call of the bos'n's pipe and hoarse bawl of the boatswain's mate as he called, "All hands!" We were going to cast off again. For an hour or two hurrying feet would respond to the sharp, oft-repeated command to "Walk back on Number One," or "Come up on Number Two," as the great slimy thing came out of the darkness astern and was stowed in a soggy heap on deck.

The bluejackets, many fresh from the receiving ship, worked manfully and took their discomforts with a cheerful good-humor that often relieved a distressing situation. When things were so bad that sleep was impossible even for tired sailors Jack would sometimes capture the cook's madly careering pots and kettles and have a jolly *charivari* till he was brought to. In the morning the old-timers would gravely tell the number of turns the rolling ship put in their hammock lashing. If the "rookie" seemed sceptical, there were the turns to prove it.

In the early days of the trip the *Glacier* had a taste of the "contrariness of the beast" she had in charge. In the lull that followed a blow she ranged alongside and smartly passed a "messenger" aboard, when the dock dangerously swerved toward the after-part of the ship. To save the stern the only thing to do was to put her head across the path of the dock. While the whistles of both joined in a frantic appeal to the ships ahead, there was a moment of anxious suspense as we watched the great glistening black bridle glide stealthily beneath our keel. "Stop the engine, sir!" Mr. Bennett shouted to the captain on the bridge as the chain trembled to the touch of the ship.

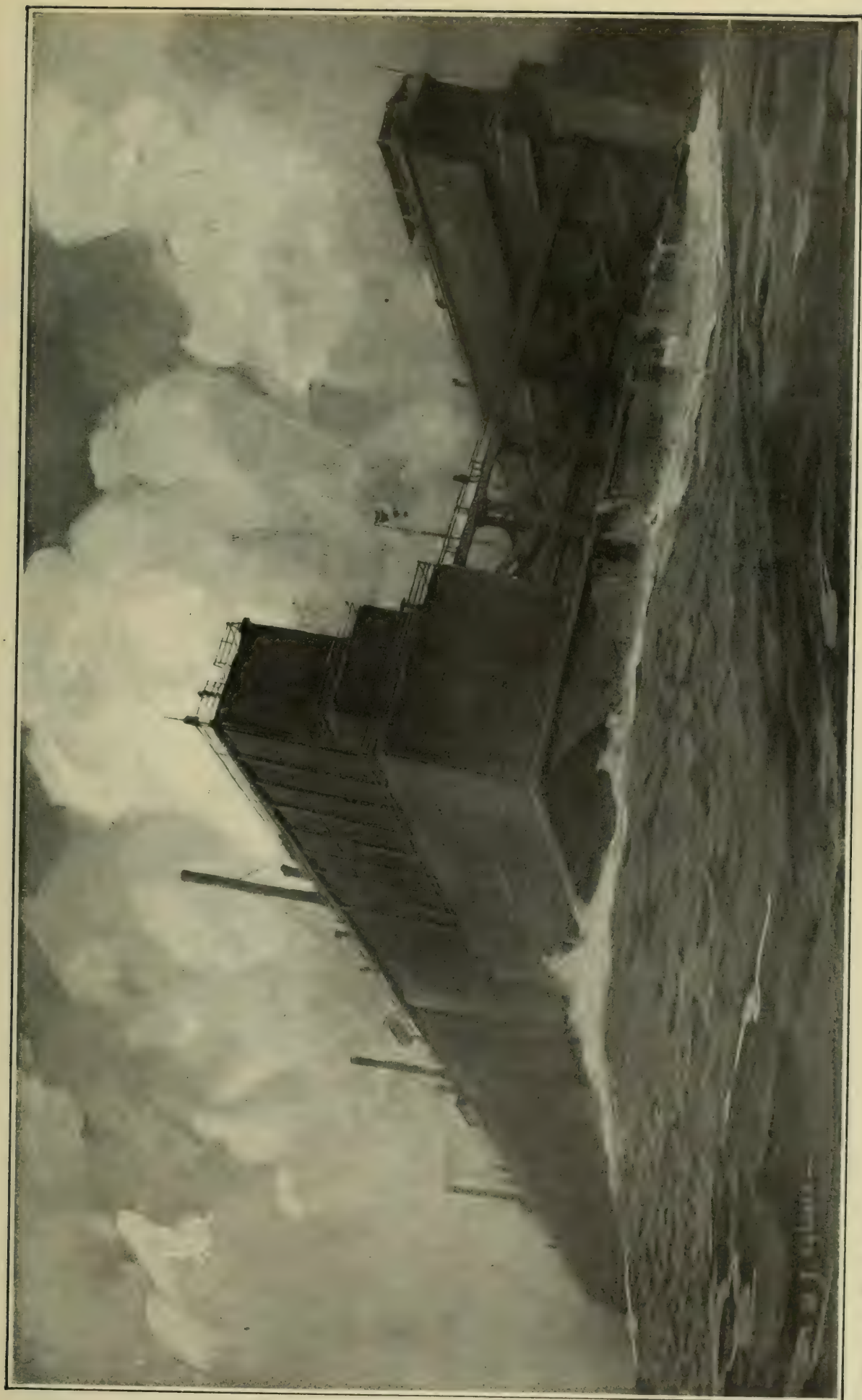
To our intense relief we saw it slowly sink into the white vortex of the water between us; but the dock came on and the port whaleboat seemed doomed. Clipping off the steering oar as with an axe, the sharp edge missed

the boat by six inches and fetched up with a sickening crunch against the ward-room pantry. The ship staggered a bit and on the return roll received a cruel blow farther aft. The crash of falling things came up from the wardroom. "Go below, see if there is any water in the after compartment" sounded in the stillness that followed. The engines throbbed, and the *Glacier* went clear.

Often above the roar of a rising gale were repeated that same bo's'n's whistle and cry of "All hands"—to let go; for the *Glacier* with a single screw was unable to steer with that line over her stern in the high seas under slackened speed, and much of the time during bad weather was spent in idly rolling and tossing about while the colliers struggled with the thing themselves. And often, very often, out of the blackness would come the disheartening news that the dock was again adrift. At such times there was nothing to do but follow and wait for a lull to allow us to capture her. It would take a week, perhaps, to regain the hundreds of miles lost.

Then most likely the *Potomac's* coal supply would be dangerously short and the *Glacier* would cast off and call her alongside to replenish her bunkers. Under fair conditions this was done in a few hours, but often it took days; and one time *ten* days were spent in constant endeavors to fill her bunkers. Poor little *Potomac*! The officers and men who made that passage in her had an experience they never shall forget.

Though doing yeoman's work in running lines between the ships, and useful in many other ways as tender to the flag-ship, she was a source of worry and anxiety to Commander Hosley. The rest of the fleet were connected by "wireless," which pierced the blackness and mist, however dense; but communication with the *Potomac* depended on code-flags by day, and the *Ardois* at night. When the weather conditions rendered these useless we never knew how the tug was faring. But as soon as she could be made out in the driving mist or gray light of dawn making a brave fight against the awful seas that smothered her, to the anxious inquiry that snapped and whipped from the *Glacier's* signal-yard, she sent up the same brave little answer, "All's well." All's well, indeed. With everything battened down, green seas pouring over her deck-



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The *Oregon* ponderously rose and fell in the long seas.



Aboard the *Glacier*.—The crew stowing the big hawser on deck.

house, and the spray dashing high over her funnel, existence was far from being one sweet dream for those on board the lively little beastie.

It was impossible to ventilate the interior, and with the boilers just under the deck and the water spouting in streams through the joints of the water-tight doors, the air became stiflingly damp. Cooking was at times impossible, owing to the bucking-broncho antics of the lively craft, and many an officer's watch below was spent in a chair braced between bulkhead and wall as the occupant caught the traditional "forty winks." But they never winced on the gamy little tug, and sent up always the same reply, "All's well."

On the bulkhead in the wardroom was fastened a chart; and every day after lunch the unofficial "navigators" would add (or subtract, maybe) the distance given by the noon observation. It was difficult at times making a tract chart of the meanderings of the capricious *Dewey*. It looked more like the contortions of a snake with a stomach-ache than something with a definite objective.

The ninety or one hundred miles that seemed so insignificant at the start to our impatient selves looked like fast going when an eighth of an inch on the chart would indicate the twenty-six miles or so gained in

twenty-four hours, and when after days and days of weary rolling and pitching as we followed the lead of the "wandering" *Dewey*, gayly cavorting off somewhere in the offing and presenting a surface to the wind far greater than the loftiest ship could spread to a summer zephyr, these early days looked like golden days, indeed. Then someone would spring the old puzzling question, "If a man take one step up a hill and slide back two, how long will it take ——" "How old is Ann?" would very likely be his answer.

All the ships, including the *Dewey*, sent in their positions as worked out to the flagship every noon. Generally these agreed; but sometimes the *Dewey* would change places, and (theoretically) lead the column by a mile or two; or the "li'l" *Potomac* would modestly say she was several miles in the rear, when there she was plain as day on the starboard beam. But they were never as explicitly exact as the cock-sure youngster who, they say, informed his skipper after working out a sight, that, "The ship's *stern* was in 30° N. 18' W.," or whatever it was.

In due course came the news that one after the other the colliers' towing machines went to pieces and scattered heavy fragments of castings all over the ship; the *Brutus's* taffrail was torn away; and finally the last straw seemed added when word



Passing the line to the *Potomac* from the Dry-Dock.

came that the dock itself was cutting rivets and loosening securing bolts that bound the pontoons to the main section, owing to the constant unrelenting working in the seas. So with casting off and making the most of the chance when we were hooked up again, the colliers really doing most of the towing, we went our weary way. Much time that might have been spent in the towing column was spent in coaling the tug. She would rip off ash-chutes and things when brought alongside for the purpose, owing to the scandalous way she frisked about. No wonder there was talk forward about "hoodoos"; and sometimes it appeared when we fell to brooding over it that, like the *Flying Dutchman*, we were doomed forever to wander about the restless sea beating against contrary winds.

The Chinese sailors in the *Cæsar* seemed to have reached this conclusion and asked the captain's permission to banish the "devils" that were causing all the trouble. They brought their little joss up from his altar in the fo'castle and sought to propitiate him by having a regular Fourth of July celebration on deck for his enjoyment. While some were setting off the fireworks, others tossed colored bits of paper to the breeze. On these were written all sorts of curses to the fleeing demons so they would be helplessly confounded and unable to find

the ship again. We all wished them success in their efforts.

But the worst was already over; and as we crawled toward the nearest port for repairs the weather cleared, and in a smooth sea, under a sunny sky, we headed for the Canaries. Our spirits—always responsive to the barometer—rose, and we could look back with complacency to where, in the heavy dark clouds astern, the lightning's flash told us the storm-god still reigned.

Out there were left what remained of three human beings that started on the voyage with us. Chinamen though they were, they were still fellow-men, and death, always a solemn, melancholy thing, is tragically so at sea.

With all the honors the ships could give they were buried. One funeral especially was impressive. During a lull it was, and the wind for once was still, barely toying with the ensigns at half-mast. On the long oily ground-swell the ships rose and fell with a dignified motion. The wheel, barely turning over, groaned and creaked dismally in its bearings, and the pent-up steam burst forth from its copper pipe abaft the funnel in a great prolonged, throbbing note, not unlike that of a pipe-organ. The bluejackets gathered aft, spoke in whispers, and all hands watched the group on the fo'castle of the ship astern. Up in the gray sky a soli-

tary sea-gull circled about. Gathered about a shrouded white figure, on some very new rough planks on the *Cæsar* stood a silent group of Celestials, who, at a sign from a man with a book, lifted the planks to the rail, paused for a moment, then tilted it till the thing slipped with a grewsome splash into the sea. Long gaunt arms with claw-like fingers stretched forth as they tossed their offerings of bread and rice and paper prayers after their departed brother, to aid him on his way to the Chinese heaven.

In silver tones that floated away over the gently heaving waters the *Glacier's* bugler sounded the beautiful "taps," the engine

thing to remember always. With the dying day their lofty peaks in a wonderfully rich, deep-blue sky took on a golden splendor that was dream-like in its almost unreal beauty.

From a delicate pink they turned to copper gold shot with green, then blushed a deep crimson, as they reluctantly gave way to the purple shadows stealthily stealing up out of the sea, till valley and hill and mountain-top resolved into a delicate distant silhouette cut in twain by a long thin and gray cloud afloat high in the clear air. All very pleasing to our eyes weary with the gray monotony of turbulent seas.

Under the protecting lee of majestic Ten-



Aboard the *Derwey*.—The "bridge."

throbbed, the wheel churned, the steam-pipe grew still, and the ensign went to the peak.

At last came the day when the lookout from his lofty perch sang out his glad "Land-ho-a." Like a tiny purple islet afloat in a sea of clouds was Palma's mountain peak. Our trip through the Canaries made up for much that went before. For days in a sea of deepest indigo we slipped through beautiful islands basking in a grateful sun. Over hill and mountain peak the cloud shadows stealthily crept, bringing out one hill in strong relief and softening another into the bosky shadows of a valley in which a tiny village nestled, so high up that it seemed to belong to the clouds. The sunsets on those rugged, peaceful mountains that rose from the azure floor of the sea were some-

eriffe, "with her head in the clouds and her feet in the sea," the tow was shortened and made ready to go into Las Palmas. There was much fuss and bustle at our approach, busy little launches came a-dancing over the sparkling water, with pilot, quarantine officer, or perhaps *compradores* (with axes to grind). In the stern-sheets of one—a very smart one—flying the flag of the king's service, sat a gayly uniformed naval officer, cocked hat, epaulettes, and all. He was received by the executive officer and piped over the side with great ceremony. From his handsome dark bearded face down to his "high-water" trousers, white socks, and very dusty pointed shoes, he was distinctly Spanish.

With absurd self-importance an impudent little "puffing-billy" sort of a tug,



Dragon by W. J. Aylward

At night the ships were gay with lights.



Anxiety on the *Glacier* for the safety of the *Potomac*.

We felt a sickening fear lest the gamy tug should never come out of the sea that had just passed over her.

about as big as a good-sized launch, came alongside and hailed the bridge: "Will you be after having a tug, sor, to help ye in with the dock?" And its red-faced captain, in shirt-sleeves, leaning on the edge of his pulpit-like wheel-house, grinned broadly at his audacity. Nothing Spanish about *him*.

When we edged into the little harbor it seemed so crowded that, as a jacky put it, "You couldn't spit over the side without hittin' a ship." Though it may not have been literally true, you would be very apt to "hit" a bumboat. They swarmed about the ship till the cool green water was fairly covered with a gay medley of color, out of which here and there rose with graceful poise a dark-eyed, olive-skinned native who with beguiling smile tempted the ship's company with the good things of the soil.

How good it was to see them in all their freshness—bananas, oranges, figs, dates, and nuts—while above all the jabbering and bargaining, from the throats of a myriad of gay little songsters poured forth a glad welcome in joyous melody. There were parrots, and monkeys, of course, and looking down on the mass of color full of life and song in its setting of clear limpid water, one

could not help thinking that the sailor's bumboat was worthy of a better name. Beyond all this was the busy life of the harbor, with its huddled coal-lighters, water-boats, launches, and tugs; like a wood of graceful saplings the spars of the fishing fleet almost obscured the low warehouses along the stone quay, and above all was the hill and its fort and church. From the one came the sweet notes of a Spanish bugle; from the other the angelus tolled, as the sun dipped below the sea and the stillness of twilight settled over us all below in the bay. The smell of the land was good.

The days that followed were pleasant, but the time came when the *Dewey* sailed away again, and the islands, in their setting of turquoise fringed with pearls, sunk into the sea.

Before she cleared the harbor, though, she scared half the ships into conniptions. A breeze sprung up after the moorings were cast off, and as the dock went through the vessels it brushed very close to a hulk, grazed the yards of a square-rigger along the mole, gave a big tramp a playful little bump, and wiped a lamp-post off the end of



The *Glacier* after a blow in the Mediterranean.—Making up the tow.

the quay. The captain of the tramp rushed up and down his bridge, excitedly yelling: "You've 'it me! You've 'it me! The *Glacier's* launch swung around in a big graceful curve that brought it alongside the rusty tramp, Commander Hosley put his head out from under its hood and bawled sarcastically, "You're not sinking, are you?" "Well, no—it wasn't *quite* as bad as all that." "Well, keep still, then, and I'll come back and have a look at you."

A survey of the "damages" held later showed a bent stanchion or two and some scraped paint. "*Fifty pounds, sir!*" A claim for a few pounds was recommended by the board to the department at Washington. As it will take a special legislation on the part of Congress to pay it, his heirs may get it, perhaps. The same fellow, in conversation with Commander Hosley, asked: "What are they giving you for taking that thing out East? Fifteen thousand pounds, eh?" On being assured by Commander Hosley that he was doing it merely in the line of his duty, he replied, "Damned if I'd do it for a ha'penny less."

Almost before we knew it we were in the Mediterranean making tracks down it before a fair wind and favorable current.

From Gibraltar's mist-wreathed "beetling brow" came the warning to look sharp for a "Levanter," which is only plain wind from the eastward under another name. But it never caught us, and till we passed historic Malta, with its memories of knights and crusades, all went merrily as a dream. Then we woke up and could easily imagine ourselves back in the sullen gray Atlantic. We awoke to the same old howling in the rigging, the same fusillade from the overworked towing machinery, the bos'n's pipe, and the hurrying feet, as they "walked back on Number One" or "came up on Number Two"; the same acrobatic stunts at meals, and, *of course*, the *Dewey* took a pleasant ramble on its own account in pastures new.

There was the same old rolling game as we watched the seas climb in frothy foam up its high glistening sides or felt a sinking, sickening fear lest the gamy tug should never come out of the terrible sea that just passed over her. But she did—always did, thank the Lord!—and shedding the foaming water from hawse-pipes and scuppers, threw her pointed little nose high in the air as saucy as ever. "Brave li'l" *Potomac!* "Flying Fish," they called her; more like a speckled trout she looked, as through her

coat of black an under-coat of white showed in great leopard-like spots.

Just about when the swearing became general, and had the ring of sincerity to it, the wireless man "got the *Brooklyn*." Admiral Sigsbee was looking for us, he said, and was ready to render assistance and—"Where were we?" H. M. S. *Sutledge*, too, was coming our way and "would be delighted to be of service." But the lowering sky made an accurate sight well-nigh impossible, so when the *Brooklyn* came rolling in out of the mist she found the good old *Brutus* hanging on to the dock with a bulldog grip, and the rest of us standing by.

cut for the passage of the dock. This was not pleasant news for the captain, who was very anxious to get into the Indian Ocean as soon as possible, as the south-west monsoon was already due.

After a quiet night in the roads the dock passed into the vestibule of the canal before the assembled motley crew that comprises the population of the place. Cheap, flimsy, shabby Port Saïd—an exceedingly inflated fake. About the wildest excitement in sight that night was a "moving-picture" show with alleged "comics." A "Ladies' Brass Band" was attached, and after every "Spiel" the ladies gave a sweet smile with



The struggling ships labored heavily in the big seas.

(As seen from the *Dewey*.)

In the beautiful moonlight night that followed the storm the tow was made up in the smartest sort of fashion, showing the result of long practice. The *Sutledge* never found us, and the silent stranger who hung about in the offing for a whole day, scenting perhaps, possible salvage, went away as mysteriously as he came. The *Brooklyn*, too, resumed her voyage, leaving the *Tacoma* with us. She brought us good weather.

In the roads of Port Saïd the canal officials boarded the ship and told the captain that, owing to incorrect data furnished by the Navy Department, a week's delay would be necessary to deepen the sidings that were

each plate contribution. Of course there is the Arab quarter, which a half dozen or so "Champagne Charlies" that follow you about are anxious for you to see; but nobody goes there after nightfall.

From down at the end of the dark, unlighted streets, like the murmurings of a stage-mob, comes the noise of the coaling of ships. All day and all night they coal at Port Saïd. The coal-imps, in "skoits" and turban or fez, keep step with pattering bare feet to a prolonged wailing yell, without beginning and without end, as beneath baskets of dusty coal they crawl out of the lighter up the high side of the ship. Under the flickering smoky glare of great torches naked



Drum by W. J. Aylward.

On the Drury in the Indian Ocean.



The *Dewey* wallowed off in the trough of the seas.

yelling figures fill the baskets of the endless chain that, to a weird formless chant, goes round and round, up the springy plank and back again.

As you look over the side, it needs no stretch of fancy to lose the sense of the grimy coal-dust, the smut and sweat of the toilers, and see instead demons in a darksome pit scraping, always scraping the darkness into baskets for the wailing line of their long, lean, and lank brothers, who hoist their burdens on naked shoulders and join the weird parade. In the ruddy glare of the torch, their teeth show white and their skins a dull red, only to be swallowed up in a moment in the dull orange glow that envelops all.

Fantastically, almost, the ship builds up out of the confusion below. Vaguely, masts, rigging, funnels, and ventilators are outlined or touched here and there with a delicate rosy light so full of subtle meaning that the entire fabric is built up by a few suggestive lights, while the whole is repeated in still dark waters beneath.

After a few days of inhaling coal-dust, one by one the ships passed into the canal, and when the week was up the *Dewey* followed. Between the long straight banks at its northern end all went well, but down where the channel twists and turns the trouble began.

Into the soft, yielding bank the sharp corner would dig and a thousand yards or

so of sand would come tumbling down about it, while the other end swung across and did the same thing on the other side. Swift as a spider building its web, heavy lines would be flung out and secured to bollards on the opposite banks, and steam windlass and capstans would snort as they tried to drag the *Dewey* back into the channel. But if the lines didn't part the bollards were torn out by their much-ramified steel roots, while the *Dewey* stayed where it was.

Hordes of ubiquitous Arabs rose out of the desert, and with pick and shovel buried great spars ("dead men") in the sand; to these chains were led and something had to come when the strain was put upon them; so the *Dewey* came out of its bed of sand and went gayly on, having great sport plucking up buoys and depositing them miles from where they belonged—hundreds of them.

It was soon apparent that in the least breeze it was impossible to handle the dock with the nicety that the narrow channel demanded, so most of the *Dewey's* journey across the isthmus was in the voiceless, death-like stillness of the mysterious desert night. So intense and all-pervading was this sense of mystery that it crept up and cast its spell over the huge leviathan that stole stealthily through it, and the dock became as still as the desert itself—the silence was only broken by the soft murmur of the water against its forward end, and even that sounded like a prolonged h-u-s-h!

Perhaps as we went by a station a few sentences shouted in French would stridently pierce the dark, still night; a dog would bark or a jackal set up a mournful, prolonged howl in the distance; a solitary Arab, sitting by his little fire, screened his eyes from its glare as he tried to make out what manner of a ship was this, and went back to his lonely vigil—over what? The land was dead—dead as the men who ruled it thousands of years ago.

In the ashy gray of early dawn the banks awoke, and from the rough shanties there poured a noisy, jabbering, motley crew of Arabs. They squatted in huddled groups and discussed us and our craft, while here and there a pious Moslem knelt in devout

prayer and with half-closed eyes bowed his head to earth again and again as he prayed toward his beloved Mecca; nor paid the slightest attention to the infidel crew in their queer ship, that looked down on him as it passed. They would form in a long line that made a most picturesque silhouette against the paling sky, as with pick and shovel they wended their way to work.

All day long they dig the sand and shovel it into the packs of grunting "oontz," who kneel and at the last shovelful rise awkwardly and disappear over the hill after the "oontz" that went before and before the one behind. Like their brother natives at Port Saïd, they formed an endless chain, only instead of nasty coal they carried nice clean sand for



There was a moment of suspense before the *Glacier* and the *Dewey* came together.

the wind to blow back to where the wash from the ships would bring it down, so that the "oontz" may have a steady job packing it back again.

At the first light air in the morning that betokened the coming breeze the dock was secured in the most suitable place, while in a

slung, a pale figure on a cot on deck, would tell a tale of hardship and suffering. Quite different from all this was a German troopship with band playing and crowded with troops fresh from home *en route* to the trouble in East Africa.

Then would come a smart P. and O. mail

steamer, with brass-bound officers on a brass-bound bridge. Along its main rail were a line of pretty English girls in white, with a dangerous-looking battery of cameras trained on us. Back of them in an interested crowd here and there could be seen the pith-helmeted uniform of the East India service.

Then a French liner would float by, a Norwegian tramp, Italian gunboat, or perhaps an English transport with deck overflowing into the rigging, with "Tommy Atkins" in khaki, homeward bound. Tommy would "be blimed if the bloomin' Yankees would ever get *that* thing out East."

But at last they all went their various ways, and as the purple shadows of evening stole across the desert,



The *Glacier* coaling the tug *Potomac* in mid-ocean.

stately parade miles of stalled ships would pass in a grand review. On they glided in a silent, seemingly endless procession in which all nations took part. Among the hundred tramps here and there would be a transport, gray, perhaps, with swarming Russian prisoners returning from their distant war. A bandaged head, an arm in a

bringing into strong relief the golden waves in a sea of sand, the *Titan* and *Vigilante* and *Dewey* resumed their journey along the smooth green road, and the *Potomac* came trailing after. "Our" tug was used as a rudder to the *Dewey*. The canal pilot aboard her was overzealous, and in spite of the earnest remonstrances from his chief, in-



The *Brooklyn* offering assistance in the Mediterranean.

sisted on steering the whole dock, instead of keeping his end in the middle, as he was supposed to do.

After running the dock aground several times he was relieved, and under the direction of her own captain, Lieutenant Proctor, the *Potomac* accomplished its important duty admirably.

The *Dewey*, famous always for attracting all sorts of weather—save the right kind—lived up to its reputation even in the desert. A sand-storm does not last long, though—at least this one did not—and after filling our eyes and invading every nook and cranny on the ship it cleared off as quickly as it came in a golden splendor, as the sunlight sifted through it.

Toward evening on the fourth day in the canal the line of pale mountains off on the southern horizon told us that the passage across the desert was about over. There is something very appealing in a sunset across the limitless wastes of billowy sand. Then it is when one realizes the undeniable fascination of the desert. The mysterious charm of broad, unbounded space calls with the same subtle power as does its brother, the sea. Its cruel menace is even more veiled, as its white sands turn to gold and the long, cool blue shadows steal across it. Then one thinks not of the murderous treachery of this hot, heathless, uncharted dry sea, but rather what a fine thing it is to be

an Arab, and live in a tent and keep a camel or two in happy freedom.

They saw us coming, in Suez. Over the flat sands the *Dewey*, with its four tall funnels resembled a factory roaming about looking for a site. The tugs could not be seen at all; their smoke only was visible.

The tables under the trees in the street along the bank were filled with the afternoon crowd, and all other available spots were filled by everybody else, all anxious to see the "big macheen." Like a very large horse led by two tiny boys, the *Dewey* slipped into the open water, and like a little dog the *Potomac* came trailing after—busy as ever.

There were many mutual congratulations exchanged, and the canal officials said with much satisfaction, "Having accomplished the *Dewey*, we fear nothing." They were glad, too, they said, "to have had the honor," but also expressed the hope that they would not have it to do again; which was a polite way of putting the sentiment expressed by the pilot in the Chesapeake when he said: "Glad to have been with you, but damned glad to have you off my hands!" Everybody felt that way.

A little incident at Suez showed the intense strain under which the pilot had been. At the lower entrance of the canal the channel is marked by some elaborate arc-light beacons. In broad daylight, with plenty of

room, he walked the dock squarely over one of these expensive buoys. Nobody cared about that, though, for all minds were serene in the knowledge that the *Dewey* had "accomplished" the canal. Some minds were made serene in Washington, too, they say.

Twenty-four hours later the *Cæsar* and *Brutus*, like tired nags, took their positions, and once more were harnessed to their big burden, while the *Glacier* followed down toward the Red Sea.

It was dark when the *Potomac* came alongside for final orders and a last message. Hurried farewells were exchanged. Somebody (from Kansas likely) sent his "regards to Broadway," the big gong clanged in her hot, oily, smelly engine-room, and the *Potomac* shoved off. Across the widening waters were flung "three cheers and a tiger for the *Potomac*," and out of the warm darkness, from a dark blue with reflecting lights, floated back to us her answering cheer, thrice repeated.

The little *Potomac* was happy at last, for she was going home.

Then followed the dog-days of the trip; days of blinding, dazzling light, when from a pitiless sun there poured down a heat so fierce that it filtered through awnings and dripped to the deck like molten lead, till the pitch in the seams bubbled and sputtered as a caldron over the fire; of an oily sea that seemed to simmer in its glassy smoothness; of grotesque rocky cliffs that danced a fantastic jig in a brassy sky with a palm-tree perhaps a hundred miles away. The very ship seemed to pant in the breathless, tremulous air and poured its black smoke straight into the sky where it hung like a great funereal pall above it.

But bad as it was on deck, below it was a thousandfold worse; and the men in the fire-room were to be pitied. In its inferno-like depths they fainted at their task, and as

they were brought on deck seemed more like a bundle of soiled rags than human beings. The voracious fires had to be fed, however, and others took their places.

The nights were scarce cooler than the days. There was no twilight to speak of, and

The sun's rim dipped—out rushed the stars—
At one stride came the dark.

The men lay listlessly upon the deck, seeking in vain some respite in sleep. Around and around, about the slow-moving vessel great sharks circled, leaving a trail of blue, silvery light after them in the dark waters, like the tail of a comet in an Egyptian night.



Commander H. H. Hosley, U. S. N., in command of the expedition.

Weeks it took, but at last came the day when Perim's forlorn, sun-blistered roofs and signal-tower hove in sight, and through the poetically named "Gates of the Weeping" we passed out of the Red Sea into the more grateful comfort of the Arabian. It was hot, of course, but not hopeless, as there was more chance of a breeze on its broad waters.

We began to miss the tug already, for Aden's ancient domes and towers among the rocky hills appealed to one's imagination of the old Arabian city, but there was neither chance for a "look-see" nor mail, now that the *Potomac* had left us.

With the mountains of unexplored Socotra just above the horizon to the starboard, we slipped along quietly while the slightest change in the sky was watched as a cat watches a mouse; every sea had its "bogey," and now it was the monsoon that was feared.

A canvass of the shipmasters in Port Saïd had been made, and though opinions differed (were there ever two sailors whose opinions didn't?) most of them agreed that there would be great risk in going into the Indian Ocean at this time of year with a thing like the dock.



Drawn by W. J. Ayivard.

A halt for repairs was necessary.
(On the *Dracy*.)

When the south-west monsoon breaks, it does so in a fierce gale, then settles down comfortably for a steady blow lasting for months. The grave difficulty was, in case of the dock going adrift, how to capture it again in the heavy weather that was sure to prevail. But on we must go, so no wonder the clouds were watched with anxiety. The weather, it was feared, was too good to last, and every day was so much to the good—a favor to which we were hardly entitled, as it were.

Day after day the big billowy clouds piled up in hills of snowy white and blue and gold till they seemed to fairly overwhelm the tiny vessels crawling over a sea of azure and pearl; a heavy down-pour of rain that flooded decks and overflowed the scuppers, and all was serene and beautifully clear once more.

Again and again predictions were made and happily unfulfilled: "This time to-morrow—watch out" or "To-night in the mid-watch you'll have some rolling," and you'd double-lash your trunk and put loose things away before turning in, only to turn out the next morning to find the opening day as serene and beautiful as the one before.

So long had the weather-wise cried "Wolf" that it became a standing joke, and the monsoon, or "mongoose," as it came to be flippantly called, was reported *unofficially* "off the starboard quarter" or on the "port bow," due next week between the "mid-watch"—anything to break the monotony of the long trip.

During these golden days and his respite from toil Jack made the most of his time, for the word had been passed that those wishing to qualify for a rating would have every opportunity to prepare for an examination to be held at the end of the month. There was a run on the bos'n's locker at once, and in every available spot there were groups of ambitious young tars busily making the intricate

knots, splices, and fancy-work dear to a sailor's heart. And studiously would he con the books on seamanship and memorize the deep-sea lead, or box the compass. Classes were held in the afternoon for those who wished to attend, and the lookout on the signal-yards, using his hands for flags, would practise the wigwag with the chap on life-buoy watch. The ship was a veritable school.

They received their rating, most of them, and they deserved it; for never did men in the service work harder or more faithfully with less growling than they. Many were mere boys fresh from the receiving-ship, but under the direction of capable officers did their work quite as well as more experienced men.

The Indian Ocean was not so lonely as other seas; we were more in the track of ships. They always dipped their ensigns gracefully and went out of their way to pass a pleasant word or two. It was amusing at times to see a fellow alter his course to come up and have a "look see" at the dock. Perhaps as he neared it, the *Dewey* would playfully swing toward him, and the stranger would list to a heavy helm as he sought an offing in a hurry.



Signalling.



The dry-dock pounded and banged its way across the western ocean.

We heard later that the lascar crew of a British East Indiaman, making us out in the half-light of dawn, became panic-stricken at the sight of the sea-monster with many eyes chasing three ships that apparently could not escape. They routed their "medicine man"—or whatever they call him—out of his bunk and held weird, mystic incantations on the fo'castle to cast off the diabolical spell of the monstrous thing. On being told what it was, they decided the occasion called for a sacrifice of a sheep. As part of the sacrifice consists of a mess of fresh mutton for all hands, it was not a bad idea, after all.

Then came the time when the *Glacier* cast-off her line and hurried on to Colombo to send the good news to Washington and take on coal, and we gathered along the rail to see the water, that for months had crawled, go dancing by in great hissing circles of white as the good ship sprung into her thirteen knots. Long after the colliers were out of sight the *Dewey* still showed above the horizon, like a misty rock rising from the floor of the sea.

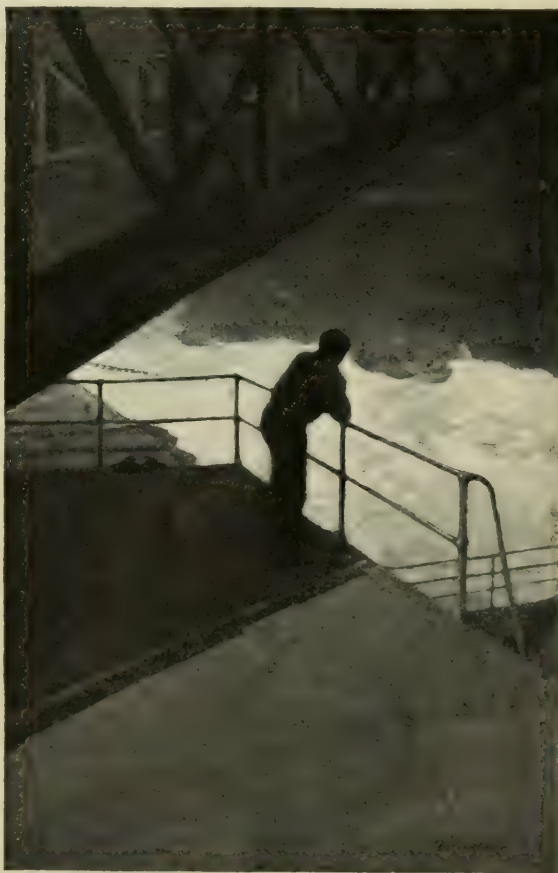
"No liberty at Colombo," was the word passed.

But the soft brilliance of a full tropical moon, the sweet enticing breath of "Ceylon's Isle," the open coaling ports, and numerous tempting shore boats formed a combination too strong to resist, and many a 'rickshaw that night carried a Yankee sailor-man in dungarees through Colombo's tree-shaded streets. They reckoned not on the pitiless search-light, nor cared for the courts-

martial sure to follow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," says philosophical Jack.

To Singapore seemed but a step—for what is a few weeks after months and months of slow plodding? Nothing at all!

In the six-hundred-mile stretch of open water that form the Straits of Malacca we began to feel as though we were getting out East. A derelict junk floating by in mel-



On the dry-dock.—The lookout.

ancholy solitude, its two long shattered stern timbers held up like hands in mute protest, gave a touch of melancholy interest to the old haunts of the fierce Malay pirates. Now and then a little junk, its red sails glowing in the bright sunlight, appeared in the distance; then another and another, until they became a common sight, and came at last Singapore, the wonderful!

No matter how hackneyed a place may

streets and wharf and harbor form one vast multicolored Babel in which human tongues speak languages as formless and unintelligible as that of so many animals.

If Port Saïd is the "gateway of the East," Singapore may well be called its very doorway, and ships flying the flags of every known nation—and some you don't know—are in waiting in the roads. To carry the metaphor still further, Johnson's Pier rep-



The Dewey at Singapore.

seem, it always has some surprises in store for you; something the other fellow has missed, you think. Singapore is full of surprises; yet you feel that it is just as you expected to see it—everything as it should be.

From the thousands of islands in the archipelago, from Sumatra, Siam, India, and China, from every part of the world, there come strange creatures in stranger costumes of all colors, of every caste, till the

resents the threshold at which the Oriental meets his Western brother. He is there in all shades and castes, and the guide-book tells you here "Malay jostles Chinaman, Kling rubs shoulders with Japanese, Arab elbows Seedy-boy, and Bengali wonders as he stares at Javanese."

You pick them out easily—black Kling in his soiled red loin-cloth and sour countenance, bringing to mind Kipling's "rag



Towing through the China Sea.

and a bone and a hank of hair"; the rest is brilliant scarlet, yellow, blue, or gold. All but the "Seedy-boy," and try as you will you can't make him out in that throng. It must be a "beach-comber," you think—as an adjective it would fit him. Through it all moves the grave high-caste Hindoo in tightly fitting wrinkled whites, his dark handsome bearded face surmounted by an enormous turban of snowy muslin, or, perhaps, a trim pith-helmeted Englishman strolls along with the leisure that comes with a long stay in the tropics. You feel that you can well sigh with content and say, "Out East at last."

You are practically on the line in Singapore; and the sun, like a steady-going gentleman, rises at six every morning, but it does not "come up like thunder" in these parts. In the half-light of dawn, the coming day is hailed by a coolie who squats in the prow of his little sampan alongside as he chants low a monotonous "sing-song-dong" to its king. From the town on its sloping hill comes the musical sound of heathen gong, Christian church-bell, or, perhaps, the high call of the muezzin as from his tall minaret he calls the faithful to prayer. A big junk drifts by, its great high poop hung with baskets, and huge brown bat-wing sails just as they always were in the geography; again you sigh and feel that everything is as it should be.

The night before we got in, the dock made a spurt of ten miles an hour in the strong tide that runs in the narrow channel of the lower end of the strait; the excitement proved too much, and it foolishly went adrift.

Adrift in possibly the worst spot in the world! There was some lively work and words of the most strenuous sort in making fast again. This was accelerated by a knowledge of the fact that all about were rocky islets between which crazy currents surged like a mill-race. The *Cæsar* caught her, though, and as it was only a few miles to port, was ordered to bring her in. The *Brutus*, with her half a mile of chain, hemp, and wire over her stern, which she was unable to haul in, hardly moved under a full head of steam as she crept toward the harbor. She didn't need to drop an anchor with that weight on the bottom.

We were already anchored when the *Cæsar* came in with the dock. In attempting to cross our bow the tide carried her down on us, and the two seemed inextricably mixed for a few minutes. She attempted to back out, but could not go far, as the hawser over her stern was in danger of fouling her wheel. On she came, neatly taking the bowsprit out of the *Glacier* and ripping out her own starboard rigging, boat davits, and bridge stanchions.

With the head-stays carried away, it looked as though the *Glacier's* top-mast would come down in the shock of the collision, but the prompt paying out of the cable saved the ship from further injury. The wooden gentleman in oratorical pose, under where the bowsprit had been, suffered the loss of an arm and nose and received a serious twist in his neck.

We were on the last leg now, and a couple of weeks more would settle the fate of the

Dewey. It was the typhoon season in the China Sea, but they were too busy sprucing up the ship to give much thought to typhoons as long as the weather remained clear.

It did remain beautifully clear and all traces of the long trip were carefully removed; the ship was scraped and painted and varnished until it shone like a new pin.

It was the end of the long weary plodding trip; of slowly creeping across wide oceans with a burden that was the plaything of the elements; of making the most of every chance to advance and doggedly standing by till that chance came. Was "keeping at it brings success" ever better exemplified?

There was little excitement to break the monotony of the trip; no whipping spars or slatting canvas, no madly thrashing through briny spray, or chance to make a slant of a head wind and go around that which you cannot go through. There was nothing spectacular in this test of endurance; it had more of the characteristics of the ox-team than the race-horse; but the "race is not always to the swift." The *Dewey* won and the Britishers in Hong Kong lost their bets.

Now came the last night out. There was not much sleep in at least one of the ships that night—who wouldn't want to be in at the finish? The finish toward which we had been looking for over six months?

The sun had hid himself in a veiled mist on going down, and there were indications of a squall, but who cared for squalls? Nothing but a number-eight typhoon could hold us now, and we leisurely shortened up and slowed down to have daylight going in.

It began to look threatening toward midnight and anxious eyes tried to ascertain the weight of the coming storm. The ill-fated Durban dock was mentioned in low-voiced conversation—"only a few miles from port"—the sound of distant thunder rolled up from far over the water, the lightning's flash split the blackness overhead with a crack like a whole broadside. With the roar of an empty freight-train in a canyon came the wind and rain till we seemed to be in a cloud-burst; a fierce little squall—that was all.

It was the last fling of the elements at an outfit to which its anger always brought dismay.

The breaking clouds showed a serene moon, and off to port where was a streak

of moonlight sky a sinuous twisting thing reached down to the black horizon. It suddenly straightened into a leaning pillar stiff as an iron bar and from the fo'castlehead came the hail,

"Water-spout off the port bow, sir!"

Before the search-light could be brought to bear it vanished in a hissing maelstrom.

"Light ho-a!" almost immediately followed.

"Where away?"

"Dead-ahead, sir!"

It was a far-flung American lighthouse. We had gone East till we came into the West; the *Dewey's* voyage was up.

The sun was just peeping over the beautiful mountains that surround Subig Bay as the *Glacier's* long white clipper bow slowly appeared around Grande Island at its entrance. They were on the lookout for us, and instantly there arose over the peaceful quiet of early morn the high crescendo scream of the "*Ohio's* siren as it passed the word to the other ships farther in. They, too, joined in the exultant pæan, and even the sleepy old hills awoke and sent back gun for gun amid the sirens' shrieks and the hoarse bellow of the more dignified whistles till the whole bay was filled with one glad, triumphant chorus, and launches and tugs chased about as excitedly as a fox-terrier at a fire.

With fluttering bunting the capricious *Cæsar* made her bow, and the good old wheel-horse *Brutus* took her honors, as she took everything else—as a matter of course.

But when the *Dewey* lumbered in it was given an ovation all its own; the steam about one of its tall funnels showed it was doing its best to be heard, and the great new ensign broke out in proud folds as it caught the bright morning sun; well it might, for the dock was home at last.

The *Glacier's* line came in for the last time, and as she swung about gracefully in a great figure eight, saluted Rear-Admiral Train in the *Ohio* and Rear-Admiral Dayton in the *Rainbow*. With a hearty goodwill the jackies "walked back on Number One" or "come up on Number Two."

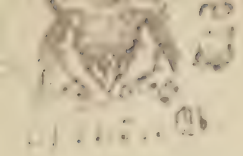
The fellows in the fleet were watching; envious, perhaps, for, after all, *they* had not brought the *Dewey*.

Thus endeth the first voyage of the floating dock *Dewey*, and it is the earnest wish of all concerned that it may be its last.



Drawn by Phillip R. Goodwin.

"Who's Coming?"



THE CALL OF THE WEST: AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

I—THE EXAMPLE OF SPAIN

I



IN this series of papers I seek, within the limits of my capacity, to depict America in the process of revelation to the sixteenth-century Englishman, and to scan the shifting course of vague hope and conjecture, amid which the curtain slowly lifted. I hope to define what Shakespeare and his contemporaries knew of the New World; to track their information to its source, and to suggest something of the influence which the knowledge exerted on the current thought and feeling of the Old World. My survey closes with that *annus mirabilis*, 1607, when an English settlement in the new hemisphere first took permanent root at Jamestown, and the shadowy American scene at length assumed for Englishmen firm outlines, which justified sure hopes of the future.

The human mind is prone to pay closer attention to results than to causes, to success than to failure. To such tendency is chiefly attributable the gradual identification in the popular mind of all American history with the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race through the northern continent. Infinite industry has been applied to elucidating the course of that victorious march, until the details have come almost exclusively to fill the canvas of popular pictures of the New World's birth. The decadence of modern Spain and the long-cherished antipathy to her religious and political principles have contributed to obscure the pregnant and pervasive force of her example, and the dependence of the English pioneers on records of her teaching and experience. Every year sees smaller stress laid in popular manuals on fundamental facts which proclaim the wonder of the Spanish initiative. Even Columbus, the Genoese pilot of Palos, is at times relegated to the middle

distance, and his rightful place of predominance bestowed on John Cabot, the Italian pilot of Bristol. It is doubtful if the words which Macaulay penned in 1840—"every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa"—still retain their axiomatic point. The current educational training seems scarcely destined to familiarize the rising generation with the details or significance of Cortes's conquest of Mexico, of Pizarro's invasion of Peru, and of the numerous expeditions by land and sea whereby Spain with tragic heroism riveted her hold on both northern and southern continents.

Especially has theological bias justified neglect or facilitated misconception of Spain's rôle in the sixteenth-century drama of American history. Spain's initial adventures in the New World are often consciously or unconsciously overlooked or underrated in order that she may figure on the stage of history as the benighted champion of a false and obsolete faith, who was vanquished under divine providence by English defenders of the true religion. Many are the hostile critics who have painted sixteenth-century Spain as the avaricious accumulator of American gold and silver to which she had no right, as the monopolist of American trade of which she robbed others, and as the oppressor and exterminator of the weak and innocent aborigines of the new continent who deplored her presence among them. Cruelty in all its hideous forms is indeed commonly set forth as Spain's only instrument of rule in her sixteenth-century empire. On the other hand, the English adventurer has been credited by the same pens with a touching humanity, with the purest religious aspirations, with a romantic courage which was always at the disposal of the oppressed native.

No such picture is recognizable when we apply the touchstone of the oral traditions, printed books, maps, and manuscripts con-

cerning America which circulated in Shakespeare's England. There a predilection for romantic adventure is found to sway the Spaniard in even greater degree than it swayed the Elizabethan. Religious zeal is seen to inspirit the Spaniard more constantly and conspicuously than it stimulated his English contemporary. The motives of each nation are barely distinguishable one from another. Neither deserves to be credited with any monopoly of virtue or vice. Above all, the study of contemporary authorities brings into a dazzling light, which illumines every corner of the picture, the commanding fact of the Spaniard's priority as explorer, as scientific navigator, as conqueror, as settler. Not merely is the resourceful Castilian perceived to have explored a great part of the new continent in face of fearful odds three-quarters of an eventful century before the Englishman even dimly thought of sharing the work with him, but with a rapid prescience which is no less difficult to parallel, the Spaniards are seen to have created and elaborated machinery for governing the great Indian empire of the West the best part of a hundred years before any conception of the kind dawned on the English mind. The briefest study of the course of early colonization of America by Europe reveals Spain as master of a field in which England tardily joined her as a disciple, learning her lesson very slowly and very stubbornly. Little by little the Elizabethan caught from Spain his earliest colonial enthusiasm. It was in Spanish books that he first studied colonial experience. It was in Spanish charts and Spanish treatises of navigation that he sought his first adequate directions for traversing the tracts of ocean which lay between his own country and the New World.

The Elizabethan was a mighty assimilator of foreign ideas. Although he had the faculty of bettering his foreign instruction, so that he ultimately outstripped his foreign teachers, yet the harvest that the Elizabethan reaped in almost every field of effort owed much to seeds born of foreign soil. Elizabethan literature is permeated by forms and ideas of foreign origin—from Italy, France, and Spain. Similarly, foreign theory and practice fertilized Elizabethan activity in the New World. To France and Italy the debt of the Elizabethan adventurer in America was large, but it was to Spain that he was under the heaviest obligation. The Atlantic

Ocean lay within almost as close hail of English shores as of Spanish. It was open to England to have sown the seed that Spain first planted in America. One need not speculate whether, in the absence of the Spanish initiative, the English would ultimately have become the dominant people of the New World. It is sufficient to point out that Shakespeare's countrymen pursued at a long interval the tracks that Spain had devised, and that Elizabethans, when their vision was clear of racial and political prejudices, frankly acknowledged the all-powerful spell of "the constant travail and valiant mind" which gave the cue to Spanish effort.

II

A FULL statement of the Elizabethan debt to the colonizing effort of Spain involves exhaustive study of the one hundred and fifteen years that separate the discovery by Columbus of the West Indies in 1492 from the settlement of Jamestown in 1607. The issue practically involves all that during that extended period was happening on the globe's surface from Labrador to the Magellan Straits, from the Philippine Isles to the Bermudas. No such survey will be attempted here. I merely invite attention to a few neglected or misapprehended points in the story which plainly signalize the Spanish inspiration of Tudor Englishmen.

The first series of episodes which calls for notice has the negative value of proving England's unreadiness to appreciate the significance of Spanish energy. There is an apocryphal story—a late invention—to the effect that Columbus, when designing his first voyage across the Atlantic, sent his brother Diego to solicit the aid of King Henry VII, and that the English king delayed granting the request until after the sovereigns of Spain had acceded to it. The earliest authentic incident in the narrative resembles this familiar fable in carrying the moral of a great opportunity missed.

Mystery still overhangs the career and fate of John Cabot, whose exploits are credited with creating England's title in North America. But recent research shows that Spain was responsible alike for the inception of the adventure, and for the bestowal on it of a distinctive place in history. It is from the private correspondence or published writing

of contemporary Italians and Spaniards, it is from Spanish maps, that John Cabot's precise experiences can alone be gleaned. There he stands revealed as an avowed disciple of Columbus, and a native, too, of Columbus's city of Genoa, whence in early life he migrated to Venice. At Lisbon and Seville he studied those theories of the Atlantic voyage, which led Columbus to discover the West Indies in 1492. Cabot shared that great captain's belief that the West Indian islands were stepping-stones to Cathay, the fabled Asiatic empire of gold and spice. The differentiating feature in Cabot's scheme was his choice of a northerly instead of a southerly course. The result of his voyage was the hoisting of the flags of England and of Venice side by side on the ice-bound shore of Labrador. Cabot's triumph lay in touching the inhospitable coast of the North Atlantic eleven months before Columbus, on his third voyage across that ocean, discovered in sunlit Venezuela the *terra firma* of South America.

The alertness of contemporary Spanish cartographers whose work is extant has alone preserved due record of Cabot's route. The map which he himself drew is lost. Like his Genoese master in the Spanish service, the Italian mariner in the English service imagined that he had reached the gate of golden Cathay. For a moment great hopes of wealth and glory were alive in the country of his adoption. A second expedition on an ampler scale brought Cabot farther south on the coast of the New World, and he scanned from the sea the great expanse of territory which, lying between Newfoundland and Florida, was destined to fall under English sway more than a century later. He vanishes from view while he is glancing from afar at the promised land.

There were none, at the moment, capable of wearing Cabot's mantle. Some Bristol merchants, in the years that followed, sought to pick up his clew; again they relied on foreign co-operation, and took into partnership traders of Portugal, the nation which had already brought West Africa and the islands adjoining within the scope of European civilization. But these Anglo-Portuguese ventures effected nothing.

The next half century is a barren and depressing tract in Anglo-American history. Three small English expeditions set out to explore Labrador or Newfoundland, with

results that meant either disaster or futility. During the same period some smacks from English ports fished for cod off the North Atlantic banks. But the fishing fleets of the Normans, Bretons, and Basques were larger and more active than those of the English, and it was French, and not English daring, which first planted a European settlement on North American shores.

In more southerly latitudes it remains to recall the voyages made about 1530 by William Hawkins, of Plymouth. He thought merely to trade with the Portuguese settlers and the aboriginal tribes of the West African coast of Guinea. But, in a spirit of enterprise rare among his English contemporaries, he made a first English essay in that commerce in negro slaves, of which the invention belongs to Portugal, and the initial developments to Spain. Hawkins kidnapped African negroes and, crossing the Atlantic, sold his human cargo among the Spaniards of the West Indies, or the Portuguese of Brazil. A century later an immense amount of English energy was absorbed by this commerce, in which Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage. In the first half of the sixteenth century England's incursion into the slave trade of Portugal and Spain alone gave explicit promise of her future intercourse with America.

III

MEANWHILE Spain was flying far past all comers in the momentous race. Before England had learned her colonial alphabet, the colossal Spanish empire leaped into being. The barriers of American coasts quickly yielded to the Spanish invasion, and mountains and plains offered the aggressors untouched stores of gold, spice, and pearl. The Isthmus of Panama was soon crossed and Spanish eyes rested on the boundless expanse of the Pacific. The ancient empires of Mexico and Peru, with their mysterious civilizations, extending over areas wider than the whole of Europe, were converted in the twinkling of an eye into provinces of the Iberian Peninsula. With dogged heroism the Spanish conquerors were soon forcing paths across the trackless territories to the north and south of Mexico and Peru, and were planting chains of settlements. Great part of the Central American map was

quickly inscribed with the Spanish names of explorers, or of their patron saints, or of their native cities in the home country. An adventurous lover of Spanish romance christened the mysterious sea-girt land to the extreme west of the northern continent California, after the fanciful title of an imaginary island in a popular contemporary work of fiction. On the eastern side of the northern continent, in Florida—named from Pascha Florida, or Palm Sunday, the day of its discovery—a succession of courageous explorers was facing tragedy; while companions of theirs were moving westward to prospect the banks of the Mississippi and view the ridges of the Rocky Mountains.

In the Southern Continent, north-west of Peru, the newcomers were hunting for the golden city of Eldorado, and meeting death in the foaming torrents of the Orinoco and the Amazon. South of Peru not only did Spain struggle to assert dominion over Chili, but she was marching over the boundless plains of La Plata to the pleasant breezes of the port of Buenos Ayres. Meanwhile, expeditions by sea were surveying the Pacific coasts from California to Tierra del Fuego, and were bringing unsuspected islands within the limits of Spain's empire. Infinite energy and heroic suffering were spent in the search for a trade route to Europe from the western coast of Mexico through the Southern Ocean. Men ready to endure every imaginable peril crowded vessels of all shapes and sizes in both Spanish and American ports, and in growing numbers, year by year, they pushed the quest to remoter bounds.

The incentives to the Spanish conquest were many; some of the conquering host lusted for gold, some for reckless adventure and the practical testing of fancies of romance, others for the exhilaration of change of scene and a larger liberty. But the Church of Rome had blessed the enterprise, and no call to the West sounded more impressively in the Spanish voyager's ear than the appeal of the priest to bring into the true fold the pagan peoples which were known to be scattered over the new-found territory. On numberless hills and headlands fronting both the Atlantic and the Pacific shores, pious Spanish hands raised, very early in the sixteenth century, substantial symbols of the Cross, under the shadow of which Spanish priests, monks, and friars preached their faith to the natives. Through-

out the bold exploration and masterly settlement of America by Spain, alike during the first and the second half of the sixteenth century, very potent aid was continuously lent by secular and regular clergy; until at length the Church of Rome came to rival the temporal power of the invaders not merely in the great cities, but in the remote villages of the new continent. The whole territory was rapidly distributed into archbishoprics and bishoprics, archdeaconries and parishes. The chief towns had their cathedrals, with their deans and chapters. Every monastic order soon inaugurated its province in the New World and could boast a network of conventual establishments.

Millions of aborigines accepted the teaching of the Christian pilgrims, and if the pagan instinct were rarely crushed altogether, the new religion brought in its train much educative influence. Besides churches and monasteries, hospitals and schools spread over the land under the sign of the Cross. Priests, monks, and friars set themselves to stem the devastating epidemics which were always threatening the native peoples. The Roman clergy were enjoined to learn the native languages and, as soon as they could, to preach in tribal tongues. From monastic pens came a long series of native grammars and vocabularies, which bear witness to the Spanish authors' aptitude for their missionary vocation. It was by means of the religious organization of the Roman Church that Spain finally clinched her hold on the American continent.

At the same time a vast machinery was, as if by magic, created at home in the earliest days for the secular government of the new empire. Within ten years of Columbus's landing on a West Indian island, a West India House of Trade (*Casa de Contratacion*) was established at Seville for the regulation of commerce with the new country; for the issue of passports to settlers; for the orderly accumulation and co-ordination of new geographical knowledge; for the construction of charts and maps; for the education of seamen in the science of ocean travel; for study and research in every department of knowledge which was calculated to improve the art of navigation. The conviction that scientific method was the key to the earthly paradise of the West quickly conquered the Spanish mind. At Madrid, too, there was formed a Council of the Indies

under direct royal control which framed and executed schemes of colonial administration in its highest branches. The Council instituted an hierarchy of colonial offices, a fiscal system of exceptional intricacy, and a policy for the treatment of natives which accorded on paper with the noblest Christian principles. The Madrid Council of the Indies closely resembled that Council of India which rules from London England's great Asiatic dependency. But the history of the two institutions presents this startling contrast. The London council was created more than two and a half centuries after English adventurers first set foot on the East Indian continent. The Madrid council came into being within fifteen years of the first Spanish debarkation on the American coast.

It was under the auspices of this precocious council of Madrid that both civil and religious institutions of Europe were transplanted to the Gargantuan provinces of Mexico and Peru. Courts of law and ecclesiastical synods, vice-regal palaces and spacious cathedrals, churches and town halls, roads and bridges, public gardens and drainage works, universities and schools, sprang up in "New Spain" across the ocean at the Council's bidding or with its sanction. The extant municipal records of the city of Mexico begin in 1524. That fact bears significant witness to the method of the Spanish advance.

No instrument of civilization was excluded from the Spanish-American settlements of the sixteenth century. The ceremonial pageantry of the Old World was transferred to the New. The viceregal courts of Lima and Mexico were distinguished by a brilliance only second to that of Madrid. In 1571 "New Spain," or Mexico, celebrated the jubilee of the downfall of the Aztec Empire, and the spectacular display is said to have surpassed any European precedent. Printing-presses were then at work in the chief cities of Mexico and Peru, mainly producing manuals of devotion in the Spanish, Latin, and native languages, but also sending forth codes of legal enactments and some literary prose and poetry. As early as 1551 the University of San Marcos opened its doors at Lima and was soon afterward installed in an ornate home. In 1553 a university was founded in Mexico on which was bestowed by a royal order the consti-

tution and privileges of the University of Salamanca. Colleges for the higher education of the sons both of settlers and of the better class of natives were afterward instituted alike in the northern and southern continents. Colleges for sons of Incas at Lima and Cuzco, in Peru, taught the latest developments of European culture. The Spanish conquerors neglected nothing that was likely to guarantee the civilized progress of the New World on the best models known to the Old.

Colonizing and exploring energy on such a scale and method has no parallel in history. It continued without cessation throughout the sixteenth century. It is commonly assumed that with the establishment of the two great viceroyalties of Mexico and Peru within the first half of the century, the heroic age of the Spanish conquest of America ends. Daring of an epic type colors the exploring exploits of Spain in America both by land and sea through all the years of Shakespeare's lifetime, while European civilization marched onward without a pause.

There was a dark side to the picture, a blot on the scutcheon, of which the future was to disclose the full significance. But the historical perspective is ruined if the shadows are painted too dense a black. Spain's marvellous triumph over the forces of nature justified a blind faith in her strength, and it is no matter of surprise that she long deemed herself impregnable in the New World. A source of weakness lay in her overconfidence and in her self-sufficiency, which would tolerate no stranger within her gates. She overlooked the dangers inherent in the hugeness of her colonial territory, which rendered barely possible either a well-knit internal government or coasts and frontiers that should be fully defensible from external attack. She neglected the warnings of early raids by Frenchmen. Indeed, the comparative ease with which she repelled French assaults exposed her to the fatal error of underrating the boldness of Elizabethan buccaneers. Yet far into the seventeenth century Spanish America nourished great powers of recuperation. The chief ports, to which Drake and his countrymen set fire, rose from their ashes while the ruins were still smoking. Despite the superior alertness of Elizabethan privateers and their activity in depredation, treasure fleets from the Spanish main long succeeded in cross-

ing the Atlantic Ocean with only occasional loss for two hundred years. Misfortune and misgovernment bred disaster for the mother country in Europe, but it deprived her by slow and at first imperceptible degrees of her predominance in the Western hemisphere. In the result, Spain retained her hold on the colonies which she founded at the end of the fifteenth century for a far longer period than England retained her hold on the American colonies which she founded in the seventeenth.

Very various economic and industrial difficulties from the first confronted Spain in the New World, and in view of their complexity, the permanence of her hold may well intensify the sense of wonder which her whole experience evokes. Her failure to solve satisfactorily the fiscal and labor problems of her new empire cannot be made merely matter of reproach. No colonizing nation has yet regulated the discovery of immense mineral wealth in a new country so as to obviate tendencies to corruption among both the settlers and their friends at home. It was an inevitable "dropsy of covetousness" (in the words of Peter Martyr, the first historian of Spanish America) which infected Spanish-American rule, and, with heroic exceptions, contaminated the political hierarchy, from the king at Madrid to the pettiest officers of Mexico and Peru. Official extortion, vexatious taxation, open traffic in fiscal and judicial offices, were among the economic evils of the Spanish-American empire for which cure was sought in vain.

The first aim of the conquerors was to secure for themselves absolute possession of the country's treasure, and the only road to this goal lay through the dethronement of the native kings and chieftains, the expropriation of the native occupiers of the land, and the compulsory employment of the native peoples in the mines. A modified feudal land tenure, with its taint of serfdom, was imported in haste from Europe. A vast and heterogeneous native population, of which only a very small portion was physically strong enough to persist in forcible opposition, lay at the mercy of the conquerors. There is little that is unexpected in the hateful incidents of cruelty which marked the Spaniards' subjugation of the natives. Such are invariable features of the association of a race which is high in the scale of civiliza-

tion with a race which, being low in that scale, is at the same time possessed of property of value to highly civilized life. The normal vice of the situation was exaggerated by the mental or bodily defects of the aborigines, which unfitted them for hard or regular work, and by the inability of the European settlers patiently to tolerate habits or usages which were strange to them and out of harmony with their religious and social traditions.

But the native affairs of Spanish America had a saving grace. The American Indian never lacked Spanish champions, who loudly pleaded for his humane treatment. In the first half of the century the Mexican bishop, Bartolomeo de las Casas, roused in behalf of the natives an agitation which bore fruit in a long series of merciful enactments. Till the end of the century the Council of the Indies impressed on every viceroy of Mexico and Peru the duty of guarding the American Indians from barbarous usage. These Spanish laws for the due protection of the American natives were resented and evaded by a majority of the settlers. But it is an error to deny to the colonial policy of Spain the consciousness of humane obligation.

The Church's imposing claim to bring all the aborigines into her fold failed to procure them a satisfactory social, political, or economic status; yet it served materially to alleviate their hardships. More could hardly have been anticipated of the dominant clerical temper. In spite of the physical courage and spiritual earnestness of the Catholic clergy, their chieftains, with glorious exceptions, cherished corporate interests and ambitions, which exposed them to every worldly temptation. The vices that come of power and wealth infected the ecclesiastical rulers. During the latter part of the century the Church strengthened her position by importing the degenerate and brutal disciplinary machinery of the Inquisition. But it is only right to point out that great as was the suffering inflicted by the Inquisition at Lima and Mexico on European settlers and European captives, the natives were exempted from tortures of the holy office. They were treated as catechumens who were not liable to the rigors of adult discipline. The Inquisition left the native difficulty untouched for good or ill.

It was the intricacy of inevitable conditions which refused the principle of mag-

nanimity free play in the government of the American native. Las Casas, the passionate agitator who sought to redress native suffering, recognized that a vast supply of mechanical labor was essential to the development of the new country, even if the aborigines were unqualified to provide it. His suggested solution is difficult to reconcile with his principles, but it defines the situation. Las Casas recommended the importation of negroes from the west coast of Africa, and the recommendation was adopted. Quite illogically, the black color and great physical strength of the Africans appeared to justify their enslavement, while the lighter complexions and the weak physique of the native American forbade a state of servility.

The economic and industrial constitution of Spanish America was finally based on Las Casas's foundation of black slavery. Some curious results followed. The native American slowly dwindled in numbers, while the negro rapidly multiplied. Yet the two races freely intermingled and a new racial blend which proved sturdy, although morally unstable, came into being. Similarly the Spanish settlers themselves lacked that sense of physical repugnance which has restrained the Anglo-Saxon colonist from intermarriage with native races. The Spanish conquerors of Peru of the highest rank wedded from the beginning the daughters of the Incas, and their example was imitated by their humble followers. In all ranks of society racial intermixture produced in course of time new ethnic types of unsteady temperament, and therein lurked fatal seeds of degeneracy.

IV

WELL before the sixteenth century reached its meridian Spain was setting Europe an example which might well excite emulation. Yet England, sunk in slumber, gave no sign of emotion. Tidings of the Spanish triumph flooded the European Continent. Not only at Madrid and Seville, but at Rome, Basle, Paris, and Vienna the strange news absorbed attention. Reports of American adventure were penned by versatile Spanish explorers, whose gifts often included vivid power of narration, and their stories were printed almost simultaneously in their author's language, in Latin, French, German, and Italian. At all the leading Continental

universities, especially in Germany, geography was restudied and revised in the light of the Western revelations. England alone stood aloof from the stir. The flowing streams of intelligence scarcely touched her shores.

During the early part of the sixteenth century only one English author, Sir Thomas More, bears witness to the intellectual impulse that was generated by the American discovery, and he learned his lesson, not in England, but in the cultured cities of the Low Countries. A visit to Antwerp gave him the suggestion of the "Utopia," which was written there in Latin, and was published at Louvain. The romance owes its foundation to the Italian letters of Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine contractor of Cadiz, who crossed the Atlantic many times as Columbus's disciple. It was Vespucci's Christian name, instead of that of his master, which, through the freak of a Lorraine geographer, was permanently inscribed on the new continent. More is the sole Englishman of the period who made specific mention of Vespucci's reports, which were circulating in scores of editions and in half a dozen languages outside impenetrable England. Yet More ignores all other contributions of his time to the budding history of America. The names of Columbus and of his companions were securely enshrined during More's life in the literature of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany, but he gives no sign that they had reached his ears.

More wrote of Vespucci and America in Latin. Between 1512 and 1519 three contemporary writers in English (whose work reached the printing-press) made shadowy allusion to America and the triumphs of Spain, but their meagre inaccuracies serve to make the English darkness the more visible. With a confused mention of "the land America called after Americus," in a rudimentary English drama published in 1519, there fell on English literature a complete silence respecting the New World for four and thirty years. Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries were in that interval eagerly recording the glorious Spanish advance in books, maps, and globes. Yet England slumbered on in ignorance or incredulity.

Happily there were English merchants abroad who were absorbing the foreign enthusiasm and felt shame for their country's lethargy.

Seville, now the centre of the American trade and the home of nautical and geographical research, had long harbored an English trading settlement. From Seville came to England the first direct and reasoned appeal to recognize her Western opportunities. Robert Thorne, a Seville resident, who was son of an enterprising Bristol merchant, forwarded to the English king, Henry VIII, a strongly worded admonition to take the Spanish example to heart. Even if South and Central America had permanently passed into Spanish hands, North America still awaited its conqueror. But Thorne's stirring message from Seville fell on deaf ears.

Yet productive enlightenment was destined to come at length out of Seville. An effective pen was at work there in the interests of England within the very walls of the Seville House of American Trade, which was a storehouse of geographical learning. John Cabot had vainly incited England to adopt Spain's American design when in its embryonic stage. His son, Sebastian, grown disgusted with the sloth of his father's adopted country, placed his services at the disposal of the Spanish pioneers, when their efforts were maturing. Cabot secured a berth in the West India House at Seville, and finally, in the capacity of "pilot-major of Spain," controlled, for more than thirty years, the navigation of the Atlantic. One of his chief duties was to keep a great standard map of the New World, called the *Padron Real*, abreast of returning captains' reports of American expeditions. On the surface of this great chart every discovery was entered as soon as it was attested and every known error erased. Sailing directions and treatises of navigations were licensed by Cabot and his colleagues of Seville. He developed a system of naval instruction. Under his auspices lectures were given to would-be pilots and sailing officers, and a mode of written examination was inaugurated. Cabot's curriculum of study embraced all branches of mathematics, astronomy, and the use of the globes. Extant syllabuses and examination papers show that his methods of naval education fall little short of modern standards. The Seville teaching came to promote naval efficiency throughout Europe.

At length, when Edward VI's reign opened, Cabot, whose distinction lay in his power of organization and research, went

to London and placed the massive experience, which he had acquired in Spain, at the disposal of the English Government. The last ten years of his long life were spent in the English capital, where he preached unceasingly the priceless value of the Spanish example.

Although he was worn by age and a long life of toil, Sebastian's persuasive obstinacy caught attention in England. A new "mystery" or company of London merchants was formed under his leadership for "the discovery of regions, dominions, and places unknown." The shadowy paradise of Cathay, which was imagined to lie at the back of America, was once more the stated goal. But the perils of the Atlantic, which the Spaniards regarded as their own waterway, were to be avoided. Cabot advised a north-east passage to Cathay, which the geographers of southern and central Europe guessed to exist and to be navigable.

England, after more than half a century's hesitation, was deliberately to join Spain in the exploration of the unknown world. The first-fruits belied expectation. No golden paradise of the West was discovered, but the northern shores of Russia, which none had yet penetrated. Sebastian Cabot's earliest exploring essay under English auspices seemed to founder, like his father's original exploit, amid snow and ice.

None the less the English had begun in earnest to learn the Spanish lesson. Not the least notable feature in Cabot's organization of his North Sea fleet was his official directions to the seamen. They followed models which he brought from Seville. For the first time in English maritime practice, strict order was given for the keeping of daily reports of the ship's movements. Immense value was set upon the maintenance of a strict discipline among the sailors, and of a lofty standard of piety and morality. Prayers were to be said publicly twice a day; blasphemous language, quarrelling, and above all, gambling, were prohibited under heaviest penalties.

The later history of these directions of 1552 prove to what future purpose Cabot assimilated the method of Spain. Their form and spirit took root in England. Frobisher's regulations for his stirring ventures twenty years later practically repeated them word for word. They were reissued to almost every exploring party that left

English shores for the American continent through Elizabeth's reign.

English historians, under the stress of insular prejudice, have often described the official exhortations of the Elizabethan Admiralty to piety, to morality, and to careful record of geographical and nautical data as a peculiar outcome of English Protestantism blended with colonizing aptitude. No misconception could be greater. The piety and religious observances, no less than the scientific study, which were officially enjoined on ocean-going fleets were institutions of Spain long before England had need of them. The Spaniard made provision for his spiritual welfare in every relation of life, and he was not likely to forego it when facing the mysterious perils of unknown seas. The solemn injunctions against blasphemy, gambling, or drunkenness aboard Elizabethan ships on the Atlantic were primarily the invention of the devout Iberian.

Meanwhile, Cabot's unquenchable enthusiasm bore richer fruit than North Sea discovery or an improved naval discipline. Amid the stir of preparation for the Arctic expedition a humble clerk in the Treasury at London, by name Richard Eden, caught the infection and offered his fellow-countrymen for the first time an account, in their own tongue, of the new Spanish cosmography. Eden devised an English rendering of a German professor's description of "the new found lands and islands of the West." In an original preface Eden bade sluggish Englishmen mark "the sudden strangeness or greatness of the thing." For the first time, albeit vaguely and imperfectly, there was told in English the story of "Christopherus Columbus, a gentleman of Italy," and of the Portuguese captain, Magellan, who passed through the labyrinthine southern straits. But Eden's German compendium was behind the quickly advancing times. Of Mexico and Peru there was no hint. A mere fringe of the curtain was lifted. Not through Germany, but direct from Spain could the full news come.

V

AN unforeseen alliance of the English and Spanish royal houses lent new and unlooked for impetus to Cabot's aspiration. The English people were to learn something of the meaning of Spain's American endeavor

at their own doors. A mirage of Mexico and Peru was to frame itself in English skies. Through London streets there was to pass a hero of the Mexican empire and Spanish guards were to draw pledges of Peru's silver harvest.

In Prince Philip's nuptial retinue came to England a little army of Spanish grandees, some of whom had already won fame and fortune in the New World, and were destined to return thither to seek more. The name of Queen Mary's chief Spanish guest conjured up a splendid memory of Spanish achievement in the West. Martin Cortes, Marques de Valle, was part and parcel of the most thrilling episode in recent Spanish-American annals. Born twenty-one years before, in the city of Mexico, he was the son of Hernando Cortes, conqueror of the Mexican kingdom. The father, one of the most heroic figures among the *conquistadores*, had recently died, worn out by bitter rivalries with colleagues. But he had bequeathed to his son, Martin, a princely appanage in the empire of his conquest. The youth was distinguished among his compatriots at Queen Mary's court by his fine physique and the gorgeous pageantry of his equipment. When, a few years later, he returned to his Mexican home, the luxurious magnificence of his household exposed him to the suspicion of aspiring to an independent throne, but after vindicating his innocence, he lived quietly in his Mexican palace till his death, just after the Spanish Armada—an event pregnant with ironical comment on the circumstances of his visit to London.

If Martin Cortes's presence at Queen Mary's court first spoke to English ears of the promise of Mexico, another of Don Philip's company was an eloquent representative of recent experience in Peru.

On October 2, 1554, a Spanish ship unloaded in the Thames a mass of silver bullion valued at £50,000. This was a gift of the Spanish prince to the people of England from the mines of Peru and La Plata. Enclosed in ninety-seven little chests, the treasure was drawn through the streets of the capital to the mint at the Tower in a procession of twenty carts, under the convoy of Spanish halberdiers. Never before had so much silver been seen in London. Tangible proof was offered the London populace of what Spanish adventure in Peru was worth.

Augustin de Zarate, the official in whose

charge the metal reached the Tower, proved an efficient missionary in the American cause. A man of versatile accomplishment, he had lately returned from Peru, where his experience was long and varied. There for many years he had superintended the working of the mines. Once more in Spain, he was made auditor of the royal mint at Madrid. Endowed with the literary faculty which was characteristic of the Spanish official, Zarate owed the full scope of his influence on English effort in America to the fact that he devoted his leisure to writing a history of the Spanish discovery of Peru and of the kingdom's subsequent fortunes. The volume was published in Antwerp in the year after his visit to England.

Twenty years later Zarate met an English merchant, settled in Spain, on the highroad outside Toledo, and they fell into familiar discourse. The friendly encounter moved the Englishman, Thomas Nicholas, to turn into his own tongue a great part of Zarate's book, and the translation, which came out in London in 1581, remained for Elizabethans and for a generation of their descendants the sole English source of information concerning Peru.

Such was minor English fruit of the coming of the Spaniards to England when Philip wedded Queen Mary. In America, too, the episode left its mark. News of the marriage quickly crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Philip announced it in an autograph letter to the Viceroy of Mexico, which was read aloud in the council chamber there. In the southern continent a new-born Spanish settlement, now known as Tucuman, near the northern frontier of Argentina, was, in honor of the auspicious event, christened for the time New London. Moreover, by an unhappy coincidence, a crisis in American affairs distracted the attention of the Spaniards in England before the wedding festivities ended. Just before Philip landed in England the hardy natives of Chili—the liberty-loving Araucanians—routed in open fight an invading Spanish army of seasoned troops. General Valdivia and his officers were slain. The disaster threatened Spanish prestige throughout the American empire, and of it Philip first learned during his honeymoon in London.

Without delay, the Spanish prince gave orders for the immediate despatch of reinforcements. Many of his retinue volun-

teered for the service, and left Mary's court for the distant seat of war. One of these London volunteers, a royal page, Alonzo de Ercilla, deserves individual mention. Not only did he distinguish himself on Chilian fields during the long-drawn campaign which followed, but he also described the desultory fighting in an epic poem of greater length than Homer's "Iliad," and in the south of Europe hardly less renowned.

The Araucanian struggle for freedom lasted to the end of the sixteenth century and beyond. It ran its course throughout the period of Shakespeare's career. It is a curious accident that should have associated with English soil Spain's resolute entry into the most persistent of her wars with aboriginal Americans. It was an ordeal which was strangely prophetic of much English experience of the future.

Yet the most effective incitement to English endeavor in America which sprang from Philip's marriage remains to be told. Richard Eden, the humble treasury clerk, who had already translated a half-informed German compendium of the new cosmography, comes anew upon the scene as a bearer of the light. He sought intercourse with the Spanish visitors. Encouraged by old Cabot, he sent to press, in readable English, an encyclopædia of the recent Spanish record of America. The bulkiness of his manuscript appalled the London printers, who put it into type under protest. Germany and Italy had already set the pattern of such ample historical reports of the opening act of the New World drama. Eden's originality solely lay in his naturalization of a foreign type in England.

Eden's effort gave the English people in their own tongue information of America, which they alone among civilized European nations had lacked hitherto. In a dedication addressed to Prince Philip Eden took a just, if somewhat highly colored view of Spanish effort. He extolled the *conquistadores*, likening them to Hercules and Saturn, "and such other which for their glorious enterprises were accounted as gods among men."

Henceforth the Spanish histories of Peter Martyr, the friend and patron of Columbus, Oviedo, the first official chronicler of the Indies, and Gomara, the secretary of Cortes, were recognized as treasuries of argument and information for English no less

than for Spanish projectors of settlements in the new continent. English versions of them all won popularity in Shakespeare's youth. Eden's book was the precursor and the model of the more exhaustive collections of Hakluyt and Purchas, which repeated his impressive appeal to England to emulate the Spanish example. A disciple of Hakluyt, Michael Lok, by profession and descent a foreign merchant, rendered Martyr's inspiring "Decades of the Ocean" at full length from the Latin into English. Addressing the English reader, the merchant-author bore witness to the stimulus which the Spanish record exerted on Elizabethan effort in these pregnant words of advice: "We Englishmen," runs the suggestive counsel, "are chiefly to consider the industry and travails of the Spaniards, their exceeding charge in furnishing so many ships, their continual supplies to further their attempts, their active and undaunted spirits in executing matters of that quality and difficulty, and lastly, their constant resolution of Plantation. All which may be exemplary unto us to form the like in our Virginia."

VI

THUS the demons of ignorance and blindness which withheld the English from the American quest seem to have been exorcised by the presence of Philip of Spain and his friends at Mary's court, by Sebastian Cabot's persistent advocacy in England of the maritime methods of Spain, and finally by Eden's English presentation of the Spanish histories. Yet England still hung back, and not before the course of secular and religious politics in Europe had sown an implacable enmity between England and Spain in the Eastern hemisphere did the former country give active proofs of any fixed resolve to adopt the aspirations and methods of Spain. The boldest Elizabethan might well quail at the thought of matching what Spain had achieved, not merely in the early years of the sixteenth century, but in the period which lies between the dates of Philip's marriage to Queen Mary and the end of Elizabeth's reign, when Elizabethan energy was at its zenith. Year by year, church and state on the Old World model were taking firmer root in the Spanish-American empire. Year by year, the limits of Spain's settled

rule in the New World were expanding. Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of Peru, and Vera Cruz, the port of the city of Mexico, had become the richest and the busiest ports of the world. Mexico and Peru, were ringed about by prosperous provinces. Failures of the past had been retrieved. A first plantation at Buenos Ayres, which came to nothing, was in 1580 replaced by another, which flourished and was lasting. The bay and county of Monterey preserve the name of the Spanish Viceroy of Mexico who early in the seventeenth century specially distinguished himself by his confirmation of Spain's hold on California. In the seas of the far north and of the far south Spain was continually pressing forward. Her fishing fleets now sailed year by year to the Newfoundland coast, and the Basques of San Sebastian were inaugurating the whaling industry off Greenland and Iceland. The Pacific islands, called after the king of Spain the Philippines, were a flourishing Spanish settlement; the foundations of Manila, the capital city, were laid in 1564. The South Seas were threaded in 1567, and a landing effected on the Solomon Islands, where the ruins of the Jewish temple were located by fanciful theologians. Three daring expeditions within the next forty years pursued the like course and came near bringing Australia under the Spanish flag. The familiar name of Torres Straits, between the most northerly point of Australia and the island of New Guinea, preserves the memory of a Spanish mariner who sought to proclaim in the early years of the seventeenth century Spain's dominion of the south pole. Very puny seem even the most imposing achievements of Elizabethan England compared with those wherewith her chief teacher was putting the finishing touches to her mighty work.

Gradually Elizabethan literature on the subject of America grew voluminous. For the most part it consisted of translations from foreign languages, in which French held a place only less prominent than Spanish. But the Spanish books had a far larger experience to divulge than those in any other tongue. Full accounts of the marvelous triumphs of Mexico and Peru were extracted from the authentic works of Gomara and Zarate. Las Casas's piteous appeal on behalf of the American Indian stimulated hostility to Spain. The long series of original English tracts advocating earnest

pursuit of American colonization, which was initiated by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, was liberal in reference to foreign authors like these.

But more serviceable was Spain's scientific literature concerning America, which was now also made available for Elizabethans in their own tongue. Of the English versions of Spanish manuals of navigation the earliest was the industrious Eden's rendering of the standard work by Martin Cortes, which was carried out at the suggestion of an English sailing-master. There were at least ten English editions of the book in Shakespeare's lifetime, and it was only one of a series of Spanish books of the kind with which Elizabethan seamen were familiar. Sir Martin Frobisher carried with him on his first expedition to Labrador the "Arte de Navigacion" of Pedro de Medina in the original Spanish; the first English translation appeared five years later. By that time Englishmen had begun to write navigation manuals for themselves. But it was not till the extreme end of the century that men of the mathematical acumen of Edward Wright and John Davis advanced on what the foreigner had done. Even when the Elizabethans were bettering the instructions that the Spaniards had given them, they liberally acknowledged the services that their masters had rendered them. John Davis, whose name is writ large in the map of the world in Davis's Straits, between Labrador and Greenland, expressed a universal sentiment when he remarked in his "Seamen's Secrets," the greatest of all Elizabethan contributions to nautical science: "For what hath made the Spaniard to be so great a monarch, the commander of both the Indies, to abound in wealth and all nature's benefits, but only by the painful industry of his subjects by [study of] navigation."

Richard Hakluyt laid fully as much stress as John Davis on the need of studying the scientific methods of navigation which prevailed abroad. He urged the English Government to establish lectureships at Oxford and London on the model of those at Paris and Seville. On all foreign teaching he set a high value, on that of France and Italy as well as of Spain. But he frankly avowed that he learned most from "his extreme travail in the history of the Spaniards." He eagerly purchased Spanish manuscripts, Spanish charts, and Spanish sailing directions. He interrogated Spanish sailors who

were brought to England as prisoners by the Elizabethan fleets, and closely scanned the papers and letters which were found in Spanish prizes. Scarcely a printed book in the Spanish tongue which dealt with the geography or natural history of any part of the New World escaped his eager eye, and every piece of information that he himself acquired he freely placed at the disposal of those of his countrymen who were bent on an Atlantic voyage.

VII

THE full history of Elizabethan exploration of America or of Elizabethan navigation in American waters falls outside the scope of this paper. For my present purpose it is hardly necessary to distinguish between the two kinds of Elizabethan exploits in America—between the expeditions which were undertaken as acts of war against Spain, and sought the destruction of Spanish shipping, or the capture of Spanish treasure, and the expeditions which were despatched for purposes of discovery or colonization. With the former endeavors the names of Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, and Thomas Cavendish are chiefly to be associated; with the latter the names of Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, John Davis, and, above all, Sir Walter Raleigh. But all these men have this in common that they acknowledge in word or deed the value of Spanish example. All studied Spanish charts before embarking on the Atlantic Ocean, and most of them sought the services of foreign pilots. It was a Portuguese pilot who accompanied Drake on the most difficult part of his voyage round the South American continent, and it was his capture of a rich collection of Spanish charts in a Spanish ship off Peru which encouraged him to shape his course homeward across Spanish tracks in the Pacific, and thus to complete his circumnavigation of the globe. The chief distinction between Elizabethan attempts at colonization and those of Spanish predecessors or contemporaries lay in the many failures of the English before a permanent lodgment on any part of the American continent was effected. Where there was greatest originality there was least practical fruit. Sir Martin Frobisher's three voyages to Labrador, which he called *Meta Incognita*, brought him to lands and seas

which the Spaniards had not visited. His design of reaching Cathay by a north-west passage through the Arctic Ocean was familiar to French mariners, but no Frenchman gave the scheme so thorough a trial as he. John Davis, another Elizabethan, pushed Frobisher's exploration to farther limits. Frobisher's and Davis's original contributions to geographical knowledge rank them with the heroes of the world. But their resolve to plant an English colony on the northern road to the fabulous empire came to nothing. They named bays and straits and headlands after English persons or places. Frobisher christened a Greenland cliff Charing Cross but this terminology, which followed Spanish precedent, carried with it no practical fulfilment of colonial aspiration.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's succeeding adventures in the more southerly regions of Newfoundland led to little more substantial result. Although Spanish ships were regularly visiting Newfoundland coasts, Spain had planted no settlement there. France, however, had secured a firm foothold. She surmounted difficulties which the Elizabethans found insuperable.

A somewhat larger measure of success attended the Elizabethan endeavors in the more southerly districts of the northern continent. There Spanish adventurers had been before them and they had set their experiences on record; Florida, or Terra Florida, the name conferred by the Spaniards on an indeterminate region in the south-east corner of North America, had been the scene since 1512 of some of the most desperate exploits of Spanish explorers. The beauty of the scenery, the fineness of the climate, the richness of the soil, had fascinated the earliest European visitors. Very early in Queen Elizabeth's reign English soldiers of fortune had played with the fancy of emigrating to this paradise. But nothing came then of the aspiration. The barbarity with which the Spaniards expelled from the country French Huguenot settlers illustrated the value Spaniards set on their exclusive ownership and seemed to promise little scope for English ambition. But as the Spanish and French descriptions of the fascinating country were more closely studied by Elizabethan Englishmen, the conviction grew that some part of it lay beyond the practical range of Spanish influence and might well be destined

for English occupation. Hakluyt, in the early days of his geographical researches, strongly urged his fellow-countrymen, on the faith of French and Spanish testimony, to make a colonial experiment on the luxuriant soil of Florida. Sir Walter Raleigh caught the enthusiasm, and he organized the costly series of expeditions to that section of the Spaniards' vaguely bounded "flowery land" which he christened Virginia. For a time there seemed a likelihood that the Elizabethans whom Raleigh sent thither might plant there the seeds of an English empire. But the settlers were unable to hold their own. Those who voyaged forth to dwell there disappeared and eluded all efforts to rescue them. Thus far the Spanish lesson had been imperfectly learned. Yet the Virginian scheme was never completely abandoned, and there issued from it, after many failures, the final triumph of Jamestown. There at length, in 1607, arose an English settlement which bore lasting fruit. But as often as that fact is recalled, the philosopher should remember that the courage which enabled the Elizabethans to persevere in the Virginian design was fostered by close study in Spanish books of the reports and experiences of the Spanish explorers of Florida. In order to maintain the spirit of his countrymen in their Virginian endeavors, Hakluyt rendered into English a Spanish volume which he significantly named "*Virginia richly valued, by the description of the main land of Florida, her next neighbour.*" The book was a full description of the Spanish discovery of Florida and of "the comodities of the said country" according to Spanish testimony.

Sir Walter Raleigh, the virtual founder of Virginia, is the presiding genius of the embryonic English empire on American shores. Politically, he was Spain's relentless foe. He was ambitious for his own country to share, if not to crush, Spanish dominion of the New World. The indifference of his fellow-countrymen to the opportunities which America offered them roused in him an angry disdain. Raleigh's nature was a mingled yarn. Intellectual strength was intertwined with lawless passion. A genuine love of learning and speculation kept his powerful prejudices within bounds. Jealousy of Spanish power and of Spanish wealth never blinded him to the significance of Spanish methods in the spheres of exploration and colonization. No Elizabethan studied Span-

ish-American experience with greater zeal, and none admitted less equivocally the value of its example.

As a school-boy Raleigh had eagerly imbibed tales of Columbus and his companions, of Cortes and of Pizarro. As a young man he had interested himself in the first researches of Hakluyt, and purchased Spanish manuscripts for him at a high rate. His organization of the Virginia expeditions from 1584 onward were the first fruits of his Spanish studies.

His interest in Spanish effort was signally stimulated by a curious experience which befell him in the year 1586, the year, as it happened, when Shakespeare in all probability first came to London. The episode brought home to Raleigh, and through him to many another Elizabethan, the meaning of Spanish methods of explanation.

On September 11, 1586, Raleigh's cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, who shared many of his colonial aspirations, arrived at Plymouth after an Atlantic voyage. He had been sent out to Virginia at Sir Walter Raleigh's expense on one of those many expeditions which accomplished nothing. On the return voyage he seized a Spanish ship off the Azores, and brought home her officers and cargo. Chief among Grenville's prisoners was Don Sarmiento de Gamboa, who deserves to rank with the Spanish heroes of the New World. He was of the school of Columbus and Cortes. Raleigh claimed the right of guarding him, and for seven weeks the two men, whose aims and temperament were nearly allied, were in continuous amiable intercourse with one another. The jailer became the eager pupil of "the worthy Spanish gentleman" who was his prisoner.

Sarmiento's career and experience fitted him to be an efficient instructor. Now well over fifty, he migrated, when about twenty-three, to Mexico. Soon settling in Peru, he travelled up and down the country seeking information of the dispossessed native peoples. Of the expedition to the Pacific Ocean which resulted in the discovery of the Solomon Isles, Sarmiento was the moving spirit. His main energies were thenceforth devoted to the observation of coasts and oceans and to the making of maps. His maps and chart betray a mathematical accuracy and artistic skill which won the admiration of all subsequent navigators of scientific aptitude.

It was in the Straits of Magellan that Sarmiento rendered his chief service to nautical knowledge. Sir Francis Drake's heroic voyage through the straits had excited Spanish fears. Only expeditions in the Spanish service had accomplished or attempted that perilous passage before. The Englishman's triumph led the Viceroy of Peru to proclaim that the safety of the American empire required the future exclusion of all foreigners from the waterway between the Atlantic and the Southern Seas. Thereupon Sarmiento undertook to fortify the straits. With that end in view, he for the first time surveyed and described them in a narrative that enjoys standard rank in geographical literature, and his memory still justly survives on the shore of the straits in Mount Sarmiento. But Sarmiento was not content with these scientific triumphs. He induced the authorities at Madrid to entrust him with a share in the planting of a colony of Spaniards within the straits. That design ended in disaster, and it was while on his way to Spain in search of help that he fell in with Sir Richard Grenville, and became Raleigh's captive in England. In sociable intercourse with Raleigh he communicated much of his knowledge, and deepened Raleigh's conviction that precise cartography and scientific navigation were indispensable implements for empire builders.

Encouraged by Sarmiento's genial teaching, Raleigh continued his studies of Spanish exploration. It was under their influence that he had conceived his earlier design on the northern continent. Now he turned to emulate more precisely Spanish efforts in the South. The expedition to Guiana was an exact counterpart of Spanish experience. The spirited narrative of this enterprise which Raleigh published on his return was introduced by a full and particular account drawn from Spanish sources of the whole history of Spanish exploration of the country about the Amazon and the Orinoco throughout the sixteenth century. In this first English attempt to gain a foothold in South America, Raleigh relied on personal intercourse with Spaniards as well as on his reading in Spanish books and manuscripts. His relations with Don Antonio de Berreo, governor of Trinidad, who was his prisoner while he refitted his fleet at that island on his outward journey, were almost identical

with those he had already enjoyed with Sarmiento in London. Don Antonio had seen much exploring service both in the north-east and north-west of South America, and he had married into the family of one of the *conquistadores*. From Don Antonio's lips Raleigh learned of his "proceedings past and purposed," and the information gave Raleigh invaluable guidance.

Raleigh failed in the attempt to plant an English settlement in Guiana. But his arguments and experience lent new impulse to the nation's growing conception of the meaning of Spanish achievements. Raleigh's friend and companion, Laurence Keymis, bore witness to the force of Spanish example with even greater plainness of speech than Raleigh himself. Englishmen had long suffered, he averred, for their refusal to believe the story of Spain's discoveries. Let them at the eleventh hour acknowledge the truth, and perceive that labor and industry had given the bare-legged mountaineers of Castile command of an empire which their ingenuity had first brought to light. Well might England pray Heaven to grant her the sagacity and the energy which should impel her to follow in the footsteps of Spain.

When in the days of his adversity Raleigh surveyed the history of the world, and was narrating the wondrous fortunes of the ancient empires of the East, he glanced involuntarily at the victorious march of Spain through America, and with a philosophic calm, which was purified of prejudice and rancor, recalled the persistent purpose, the scientific curiosity, the heroic suffering, on which Spain's triumphs were built. "I cannot forbear," he wrote, "to commend the patient virtue of the Spaniards; we seldom

or never find that any nation hath endured so many misadventures and miseries as the Spaniards have done in their Indian discoveries; yet, persisting in their enterprises with an invincible constancy, they have annexed to their kingdom so many goodly provinces as bury the remembrance of all dangers past. Tempests and shipwrecks, famine, overthrows, mutinies, heat and cold, pestilence and all manner of diseases, both old and new, together with extreme poverty and want of all things needful, have been the enemies which everyone of their most noble discoverers at one time or another hath encountered. Many years have passed over some of their heads in the search of not so many leagues. . . . Surely they are worthily rewarded with those treasures and paradises which they enjoy, and well they deserve to hold them quietly, if they hinder not the like virtue in others, which perhaps will not be found."

Raleigh's concluding expressions of doubt whether the Spaniard would willingly suffer others to share the profits of their labors were well justified, but he offers the best excuse that could be suggested for a policy of exclusion. The Spaniards had honestly earned their reward. Raleigh's eloquence enshrines the impression which the occupation of America by Spain was calculated to make on the intelligent, dispassionate Elizabethan observer. The statement imputes to Tudor Englishmen the reproach of tardiness in realizing their destiny. The Spanish example was, in its broad features, no unworthy one to follow, and it is to the credit of the Elizabethans, and to the advantage of their descendants, that, late as was the hour, they came to recognize its true value.



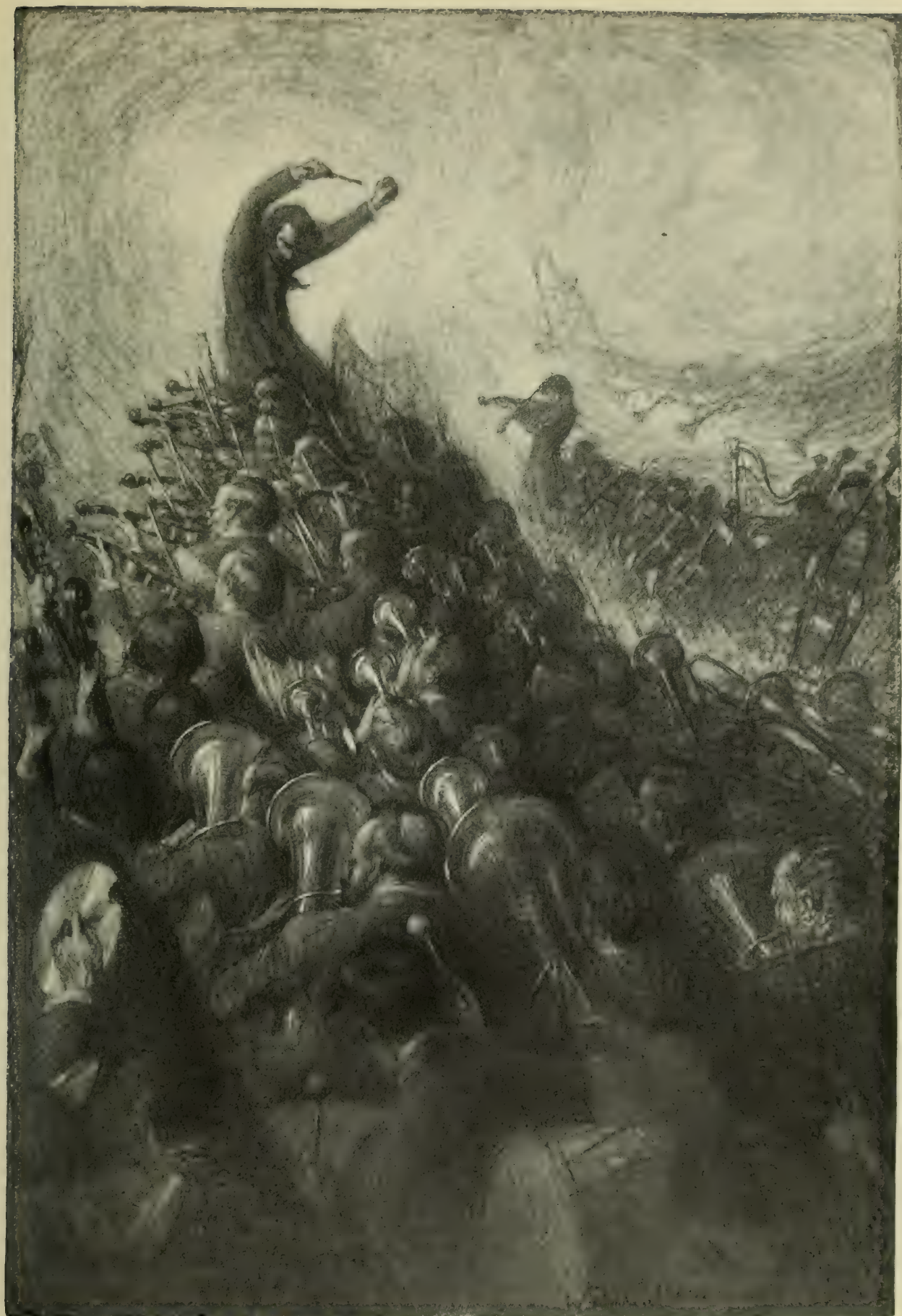
THE BAND-MASTER

By William Lucius Graves

ILLUSTRATION BY W. T. BENDA

AH! At last,
Shaking and shimmering,
Up goes the curtain;
And see,—quiet, impassive,
Deaf to the roar from the house,
Sit all the dark-eyed musicians
Waiting the maestro's coming.
Sudden, he's there,
Bowing a languid response
To the instant sharp storm of applause,
Broad-browed, startlingly pallid,
A mane of sleek, black hair
Falling across his eyes.

Gently the theme
Unfolds at the wave of his baton.
Ever the fluttering hand
Soothes or commands or entreats,
And the body in rhythmic sway
Follows the swing of the music.
Mellow-sweet horns
Answer a look; and the oboes
Whimper response to an eyebrow.
See!
Now as the symphony builds
Intricate glory harmonic,
Flooding the theme
With a spread like the inrushing tide,
Struck with frenzy,
Drunken with sound, the master
Crouches and leaps and mutters,
Urging, forbidding, beseeching,
Driving the music upward
Into a mighty crescendo.
Scream all the clarionets,
Thunder the kettle-drums;
Harp and viol and piccolo
Mount with the cymbal's wild tingling
And the brilliant high blare of the brasses,
Till out of dissonance splendid
A sudden magnificent major
Crashes and ceases!
And lo,
There, in the tempest of bravos,
Pale, exhausted, he stands,
Bowing, wearily brushing
The hair from his drooping eyes.



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

THE EYES IN THE BACK OF THE GENERAL'S HEAD

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I



ALIGHTING on the quay from the Kobe train one morning soon after the battle of Liao-Yang was an old-fashioned country squire, carrying a two-handed ancestral sword. He paused in the bustle as if uncertain which way to go. The click of the wooden clogs on the stone flagging drowned his voice and he spoke a number of times before one of the hurrying crowd, a rice dealer of Osaka, overheard him and stopped to answer his question.

"I live far in the interior and this is the first time I have ever been on a railway train," he said with simple dignity, more in pride than by way of excuse. "Will you augustly condescend to show me the way to a steamer to Dalny, which is the port where you land, I believe, if you wish to travel on to Liao-Yang, where our army is?"

There were no merchant ships to Dalny. Influence or fortune could not purchase for a civilian that precious slip of paper with the red seal of the General Staff which would open the way to that sanctum of a secret society—the army's base. The rice dealer was on the point of telling the inquirer as much, but being a busy man without imagination he only directed him to the transport bureau, where the ancient *samurai* asked matter-of-factly for a ticket by the first ship.

"Your pass," said the automaton at the window, with a foreign lack of politeness.

"A pass! Since when does a man need a pass to fight for his country?" cried the applicant. "A pass, indeed!" He laid his two-handed *samurai* sword athwart the window ledge. "There is my pass, young impudence!"

The automaton giggled and his fellow-clerks looked up grinning from their work at this antique from the backwoods.

"Do not stand there grimacing like apes!" the old man stormed. "Do you think when

Hideyoshi invaded Korea in ancient days that a gentleman in his army had to stop and ask such as you for permission? Go to your superior, sir, and tell him that a *samurai* who would fight with a sword and not with a pencil as you do wishes to join the army."

The automaton giggled again, and there is no telling but that the venerable *samurai* might have used his sword there and then if the chief of the bureau, who was in control of all the coming and going of transports in that busy harbor, had not overheard the conversation.

"The worst fool is he who laughs at his betters thinking that he is wiser than they," he said sharply to the automaton, and himself, with a sympathetic courtesy, opened the outer door, invited the strange visitor into the private office, and offered him tea and cigarettes before giving ear to his story.

"It is only of late that I have learned," the old man said, "that one may still fight as a gentleman fought when I was young. Otherwise I should not be here. I would be dead of shame. When they told me that the European tricks were the only tricks to beat the Europeans and save Japan, I submitted to the wisdom of our rulers, who said that the sword of our ancestors had survived its usefulness. I loved the old ways too well. I would not learn the new ways. This I left to my son. I sent him to the best school. For the new ways were to be of his generation—thus had the Emperor decided. Through them, I told myself, he shall be as brave and loyal and useful to the Emperor as each of my ancestors has been in the ways of his time.

"My son was at the front, but—but he did not join in the battle," the old man continued stonily. "You will not ask me why, for that is my sad affair. Ours is a family of warriors. It was not fit that in the greatest war of all none of us should shed his blood. I had only one son. Besides him, I alone was left, and they told me you could not fight in this strange new way unless you were young and had been drilled like actors



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Yes, coward!" the old man repeated.—Page 560.

in a troupe instead of like brave men. It was better in the hour of our common happiness over the Emperor's victory that I end my misery and humiliation and give the proof of my willingness to die for my Emperor, though I die not in the field. Then I read and read till I knew it was true——

"Ah, then I read that the Thirtieth—my son's regiment—had fought with cold steel, after all the foreign nonsense about bullets that will carry death a mile. My veins, their blood grown sluggish, became singing rivulets. I went to the sword-rack and selected the oldest of all the blades my ancestors wore. I went into the garden and I did the fence of youth. I clipped off the heads of the peonies and I was a little child again in the joy of a sword-arm that was still true.

"It needs no foreign goose-step in order to fight hand to hand!" I cried. "There is still room for me!"

"And I took my sword and some of the tea from my own plantation and I came. The clerk there at the window says I must have a piece of paper in order to die for my country. As a matter between gentlemen, you—you will give me the chance to win back the honor of my family?" The old man bowed low, pleading.

"That power in this modern machine," answered the transport officer—"this strange modern machine—rests in Tokyo. If I violated it I should violate the modern *samurai* faith as surely as you would have broken the ancient if you had yielded your sword to an enemy without a fight."

The old man glared at him angrily and uncomprehendingly.

"I will telegraph to Tokyo," continued the transport officer, smiling. "Although such a request is quite unusual, I will ask permission for you to go. Your name? It is—is—" he explained apologetically, "a necessary formality."

"Kato."

"Kato—Kato," the transport officer repeated musingly, "and an only son. Not Jujiro Kato?"

"Yes, a name borne by many brave men in our family."

"And he is the Jujiro Kato who is the great General's aide?"

"Yes, the same," the old man answered grudgingly.

The transport officer smiled in spite of himself. Then he started to explain.

"Why, of course he was not in the fight. It is not for such as he to risk his life—not in this modern machine where you use your brain so much. Naturally he was not with the Thirtieth, to which he belongs in the same way that every staff-officer belongs to some regiment. Why, he is known throughout the army as the eyes in the back of the General's head. He——"

Old Kato held up his hand sternly in interruption. All this he had heard before. It was obnoxious—a Europeanized veneer to his shame.

"You will ask for the pass?" he said politely.

"Yes, of course," answered the officer. What else could he say?

He stepped into the telegrapher's room with the message. As it was clicked over the official wire to Tokyo and he waited for an answer, a Japanese proverb about the folly of a year's explanation compared to an hour's experience ran through his mind. He had asked that the pass read only to headquarters. It would be murder to let this fine old spirit reach the fighting line.

"You see, I took no time at all," he said, when he returned to the old man. "It is as easy with the telegraph to talk with Tokyo as to talk with my assistant in the next room."

The old man blinked sceptically. He thought that the officer had only adopted a ruse to shift the responsibility for a refusal. When, instead, he was told that he might go, his face broke into a smile of the deep and abiding happiness of one who sees the end of his day's toil soon to be honorably finished. He almost forgave the transport officer for being at the rear.

"How soon?" he asked simply.

"There is a transport leaving in an hour and another this evening," was the answer. "But I was hoping that you might stay to dinner."

The traveller thanked the officer with all the courtesy of an ancient Japanese gentleman and humbly begged to be excused.

"I am old," he said, "and time is precious when you are old and have a duty to perform."

The officer saw him settled aboard ship, equipped with the magical pink paper bearing the red official seal, and was loath to part with him. In his own breast the incident had aroused strong racial emotions



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

With the battle-cry of his clan he swung his blade.—Page 564.

against the steel-meshed bureaucracy which kept a man with red blood behind in a harbor town. Back in his office, he picked up a stick in both hands and began fencing in pantomime, according to a style that Richard Cœur de Lion, of Palestine, would have better understood than the late Count von Moltke, of Potsdam. Nothing could have embarrassed him more than to have had a foreigner catch him at such heathen antics.

Before he returned to work he looked longingly for a moment out of the window at the transport carrying the old man on his first sea voyage and his journey of exploration. But the old man, though of the most inquisitive of races, was not interested in the power that made the ship go any more than he was in the power that made the train go. He classed this as a part with the other wonders and magic he had seen that day. They did not concern him and his simple duty.

On a clean mat on deck he made himself a place apart. He had no baggage except a tiny bundle. Had not Hideyoshi who invaded Korea in the ancient days lived off the country? It was enough for a *samurai* to have his two-handed sword and tea from his own estate.

II

"KATO!" called the Mind of the Army.

Jujiro sprang in from the anteroom.

"Kato!" The Mind of the Army made a mark on the map before him. "Kuroki is here." He made another mark. "Nodzu is there." He joined the two with a third mark. "The Hammamura brigade lies between."

"To-morrow! To-morrow, eh, Kato?" The General looked up at the dandified aide, who saluted without taking his eyes off the map. "What then?" He chuckled for the first time in many days and offered the aide a pencil. Kato took it and drew another line of his own.

"You see—you see!" The corporate part of the Mind of the Army shook with the heartiness of his appreciation.

"If, Excellency, if——" Kato, stiff as a ramrod, pulled at his *Kaiserliche* mustache, which was the product of his study days in Germany when, a chosen cadet, he had been sent abroad at the Emperor's expense. The mustache amused the Mind of the Army. It had no more to do with the choice of

Kato as aide than the style of fringe on the hem has to do with the warmth of a skirt.

"If, yes—if——" pursued the General quizzically.

"If, Excellency," Kato observed, "if, Excellency Kuroki can take that Tai-tse Hill in the charge to-night. Then if Excellency Oku can straighten his line, then—why, then——" Kato made an encircling movement with his fingers around the Russian positions.

"Good! You not only see, but you see far. Tai-tse we must and will take. I have telegraphed to Fukaki that I want no further word from his division until it is taken. Thus we may expend five thousand lives in a night and thereby save a hundred thousand, which a Fabius would have lost. So the worry for this evening is with Fukaki, and the slaughter at Tai-tse will be with the Thirtieth Regiment."

The lot of the Thirtieth never fell in soft places. At Nanshan it was cut in two. The ranks were refilled with the reserves which were decimated at Liao-Yang. This regiment seemed to have a soul of its own—some infernal guiding spirit which incarnated every man who wore its number with the ferocity of the tiger and the cunning of the fox. For two days now it had been crawling by night and burrowing by day for cover until it was almost in bayonet reach of the enemy's position.

"The Thirtieth does the impossible," continued the General, "and it is your old regiment, is it not, my eyes?"

"My regiment," said Kato proudly, in behalf of its officers and men whose privilege to die for their country he might not share. In order to participate in that charge to-night he would gladly have accepted the rank of a common soldier forever. But he would no more have asked permission than he would have deserted. The law is the law in war and one man is a forgotten atom.

"The 'make-trouble men' (correspondents and attachés) have sent a telegram," Kato reported in the line of business, "from Excellency Oku saying that they are allowed to see nothing. I answered that you wished them to see everything, and to Excellency Oku himself to provide them with another aide and guard their valuable lives with care."

"Good!" responded the General. "And, Kato, there is a civilian coming in by the



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Romance is not Europeanized out of the world yet," said the old man.—Page 565.

afternoon train. His name is the same as yours, Kato, initial J.; that is all the telegram from Tokyo said. Who and what is J. Kato? If anyone wants to come to the front the Tokyo Staff sends him on, thinking I can look after him here in Manchuria with five hundred thousand men on my hands! Will they never learn that the chain of military secrecy is only as strong as its weakest link? One fool and a few words might give away our dispositions. Keep watch of your namesake, J. Kato. And what else?"

"The local governor is outside with a complaint that——"

"Mollify him!" cut in the Mind of the Army, "and let him know who is master, too."

Kato withdrew. Speaking as good Chinese as he would have spoken French to a French attaché, with the politeness of induction he put the fear of the Lord into the local governor. He watched the governor's chair being borne away, and still he stood thoughtfully at the General's door.

In the distance was the crackle and purr of countless rifles filling the spaces between the broken roar of thousands of guns. Behind him in the row of captured Russian administration buildings which the Japanese Staff had occupied the peace was as profound as in some vast commercial house on a late afternoon of a drowsy summer day.

Out of the windows came only the clicking of the telegraph keys and the scratching of matches to light the invariable cigarette. Scores of clerks were at work over the detail of an organization which takes years in up-building, but which may be destroyed in a day. The king documents of all, on which every filed sheet was an attending page, were the maps which told of the variations of a nation's fortunes; while in one man, far out of danger, sitting at the ends of many wires, was vested the direction of all the thunderbolts being hurled on the plain. He was the very axis of things.

Jujiro was turning on his heel to go to his own room when he saw crossing the courtyard of a modern army's headquarters a figure which might have leaped into China from an old Japanese screen. It was as distinct from any other on the fashion records of the ages as a Roman centurion from an American cowboy. Singularly erect and stiff of carriage, this strange visitor carried in the sash of his robe a two-handed *samurai*

sword. He was old but vigorous, and his steady stride had the firmness of a great resolution. Jujiro advanced a step or two questioning and then he could no longer doubt the identity of the ancient *samurai*.

"Father!" he cried.

Old Kato halted, and his forbidding manner made his son stop in his tracks.

"Father! What are you doing here?" young Kato gasped.

"You—what are *you* doing *here*," was the question in answer, "when the battle rages yonder? I have come to know the truth and I have found it. The sight of you makes my eyes burn in their sockets. You, my son! You, a Kato! In spite of your foreign ways I still hoped that you were a Japanese in heart. I did not think that Europe could steal away the soul of a *samurai* in a few years. When all the thousands of soldiers had fallen, when the Yalu had been fought and Nanshan, and you still remained in Tokyo——"

"I was with the General," Jujiro said helplessly. "He stayed in Tokyo until he could talk better over the wires to all his forces from some point in Manchuria than at home."

The old man, his eyes blazing and the lines of his face cut in flint, gave a slight and contemptuous indrawing of his breath.

"Yes," he said, with soft and prolonged emphasis. "And after you came? My neighbor, Mitaka, who had five sons to give, lost two at Liao-Yang. My neighbor, Sugiro, who had one son wounded at the Yalu, had his eldest killed at Port Arthur. I who had but a single son to give—I waited and paced my garden, still hoping. And what came? A post-card which the whole village might read! A post-card from you yourself, saying you were not in the fight—you only heard the thunders! Yes, you heard the thunders as you hear them now. And possibly at this moment, while you simper like a carpet-knight, your regiment is struggling—you *coward!*"

"Coward!" Jujiro gasped. "No, no—please—I beg!"

"I want no explanation. I have had enough. Yes, coward!" the old man repeated.

In that word of shame—of shame which is without psychological excuse in Japan—of shame, naked, degraded, outcast, all the voices of the bold ancestry of a mountain

clan spoke in the single voice of the dying generation to the soul of the rising. Jujiro stretched out his hands piteously and met still the contempt of his father's gaze.

"Coward!" the old man repeated again.

The thing was unbearable. It tapped that individualism which age-old custom makes dormant in the race. It transcended the law of the army. There was one who could explain the modern reason to the ancient faith and who must be believed—the one whose orders the army obeyed. Jujiro threw open the General's door and beckoned his father in.

"Excellency!" he cried, "my father has called me—" Jujiro could not repeat the awful word—"my father has come to see why I do not fight with my regiment."

The General had just received bad news. This bold intrusion was unprecedented and it came at a moment when, for the first time, he suspected Jujiro of deceiving his superior.

"So this is J. Kato!" he said sharply, touching the paper in his hand. "I have just received a letter from Tokyo saying that they sent him at your request, Jujiro."

"That is not so," said the ancient *samurai*. "It was the fiction, I fear, of that very courteous gentleman, the transport officer, who fights his country's battles with a pencil."

The Mind of the Army squinted through his brows at the old man. His expression softened. He thought he understood, but he was too preoccupied to be really sympathetic, let alone explanatory.

"Your son is everything to me," he said. "He is of more service here than at the front. He is the eyes in the back of my head."

The father had to endure that hateful phrase in excuse of cowardice meekly this time. For his little piece of pink paper with the red seal permitted him to go only as far as headquarters, and the railway seemed to him to have been lined with officers and soldiers who had nothing to do but look at his pass when they ought to have been fighting. Although the leader of the Emperor's army did sit smoking cigarettes in the midst of the battle and did all his fighting by telegraph and telephone, the ancient *samurai* knew that a loyal Japanese must obey his orders in the field; for his orders, good or bad, were the Emperor's orders. Therefore, an ancient *samurai* desiring to conceal his real destination must be polite to the General.

"I thank His Excellency for his reassurances," said the old man, with a low bow, "which he condescends to make to an humble country gentleman."

"You will stay with us and be my guest," the General added. "We will talk of the Choshu wars of old, when the battle is over."

Alone again with Jujiro the old man's first manner returned.

"Sir," he said, for he would not call Jujiro son, "you have a sword of ours two hundred years old which is set in one of your foreign scabbards. That sword has been in every war where our clan fought. You will return it to me now."

The family blades belonged to the family's head. Such was the law. Without a word Jujiro brought the precious thing from his room.

"You may keep it on condition," the old man said, "that now, outcast in your shining boots and foreign mustache and monkey's uniform, you cross that courtyard and go straight to your regiment."

Jujiro heard the General calling his name.

"I cannot," he said, as he hastened through the door.

The old man was shown to a room by an orderly. His duty had never been so clear as at this moment. Jujiro's blade he wrapped in paper and left it where it would be found in the morning. "This true servant of the Katos and all my blades I leave to my home temple of Bishamon," he wrote on the outside. Then he unsheathed his own blade and ran his hand over it lovingly.

"It is you who win our battles in spite of the foreign tricks," he told himself, "with which cowards excuse themselves to the Emperor for staying in the rear. I know now."

When dusk had fallen and night was ushered in by the flashes of the last gun-fire of the day, an ancient *samurai*, with his two-handed sword and tea from his own estate, stole out of his quarters, intending to follow the road northward until he grappled with a Russian or death overtook him.

III

"At dawn Oku will telegraph me," said the Mind of the Army to Jujiro, "if he has his first division across the river and Kuroki will telegraph me if he has taken Taitse Hill. Should both succeed, they need only move fast in order to get the meat out

of the nut they will have cracked. Neither may advance farther without the other has succeeded or without my word. If our line of communication should break at dawn—what a calamity! It is by a thread, after all, that the fate of a modern army hangs.”

However, the Grand Headquarters wire had never been broken yet. It was carefully laid, and the penalty for touching it without authority was instant death.

“So the mind has done all it can,” the General went on cheerily, “and waits on the body. We may pause long enough to realize that we have not slept for four days. Nor have we dined for four days. Let us eat here in proper fashion, with a taste of the foreign devil’s champagne, and have your father in. He will be better than champagne—the pure Japanese vintage undefiled.”

It was already late, and the table was laid before they found that old Kato had gone. In answer to inquiries the servants only knew that they had not seen him go.

“He is out for a stroll, looking at the town and the Chinese,” explained the General. “Come, let us set to.”

But Jujiro had no appetite. The few morsels he ate he swallowed with difficulty. The words of the father whom he so deeply loved stood in burning letters before his eyes and kept repeating themselves in his ears. It was not his place to make observations unasked on any subject to his superior. But he did find a way of saying diffidently that his father had called him a coward because he was miles away from his regiment.

“Pf-f! Did he? Excellent! Excellent!” said the General. “The old Japan still lives. But he does not think so now, I am sure. He had it from me that I could not get along without you.”

Laughing himself into still better appetite, the Mind of the Army bent to the business in hand. Glancing up, he saw that Jujiro was looking away from the table, his thoughts far from his meal. The glow from a lamp fell fairly on the aide’s face. Although he was suffering the deepest humiliation the son of a Japanese father might know, there was no moisture in his eyes. A Japanese does not know how to weep; or, perhaps, he is born without tear-ducts. Jujiro’s quivering lip and his stony expression, however, were significant enough of the emotion which he held under control.

“Kato,” queried the General, “what is on your mind?”

“My father took away my sword, saying I was unworthy to wear it unless I started to the front immediately,” Jujiro answered.

“A stiff-necked generation, indeed,” mused the General.

“I was thinking I know him well,” Jujiro went on. “I fear he has gone out to fight himself.”

“Nonsense!” was the response. “If you are uneasy we will send an orderly. Come, come, eat your dinner!”

The General was abrupt in a way that indicated he was thinking. Not another word did he utter throughout the remainder of the meal. He was comparing himself to a man who had to decide whether or not he could get on without his glasses and he gave the question more thought than he frequently had given to the tactical disposition of a division.

“Kato,” he said, after the cigarettes, with an air of sacrifice, as he turned to a bundle of papers, “it is very easy and glorious to die for your country. The man with an enlarged heart may not have the privilege. No more can a man with an enlarged brain, if the brain be an organizer’s. In one case, one’s duty to his Emperor is paid by simply dying. In the other, he may live to suffer over the thought that his error lost an action. My eyes, you are young, and you are a Japanese. I am denying you too much. Your regiment will attack to-night. Join it!”

Kato shot to his feet. His spurs jingled with the clinking together of his heels. As he saluted, his *Kaiserliche* mustache stiffened to the brittleness of steel on his martial lip.

“Excellency, forever I thank you!” he said. And he was gone.

The Mind of the Army looked at the fluttering white cotton portière over the door through which Kato had fairly leaped.

“Shall a man knock his own crutch out from under him when he is crossing a road in front of a running team?” he asked himself. “What have I done? What if he should be killed? Who, then, will mollify the ‘make-trouble men’ and make them think they know all and yet tell them nothing? Who will be the sword of my protection from insignificant things? Who will never forget details or commands? Who will guess my very thoughts and act upon them? Shall I depend upon that fool Tokaji, who

fears to do anything without asking me and who, when he does attempt to do something without asking me, does it wrong? Yes—if Kato should be killed! Have I any right, in order to gratify his pleasure, to let a bit of lead fired by a Russian peasant rob my country of a future commander? No! Kato! Kato!" he called impetuously.

Kato retraced his steps and saluted, ready for work again. But one of the reasons why the General commanded all of the Emperor's armies was that he never changed his mind after he had given an order.

"Kato," he reminded his aide, "you have no sword. Wait." He stepped into his apartment and was back instantly with his own ancestral blade. "I wish I could go with you," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I am sure it would cure my headache, *Yoroshiku!*"

IV

THE orderly sent to apprehend the father on the outskirts of the town never overtook him. In his impatience to clear his family of shame the old man had travelled fast. A mile away he had met a Chinese coming from the front on a mule. His were not Hague Conference ideals, which stopped to parley with the owner of the thing you needed on the march. Did not Hideyoshi recruit his cavalry off the country? So he had good precedent for taking the mule without explanation to the Chinese and turning it in the opposite direction with a new master astride.

In the soft moonlight, back of the two vast modern armies asleep on their arms with their fingers at each other's throats, waiting to renew the struggle on the morrow, the ancient *samurai* in his robe, bare-headed, bearing such a sword as was used in the quest of the Holy Grail, proceeded in joyful anticipation. Passing wounded and transport men smiled at him. They had not the strength to do more. When he came to a part of the road that was at present quite deserted his saddle-girth broke. Try as he would to mend it, he failed. He knew not at what hour the charge was to take place, and time was flying. After some difficulty he succeeded in mounting bare-backed, but the mule obviously understood the situation, or at least the old man's inability to maintain his seat in rough weather.

"If I had a piece of rope, or anything that I could use for a girth, I would soon teach you, you low Chinese brute!" the warrior said, as he rose from the dust.

He had about concluded to advance on foot, when he noticed a Russian engineer's axe lying by the wayside where it had been thrown in flight. This would have played no part in our tale if it had not been that he saw at the same moment a thread of copper glistening in the dry grass. Utterly concentrated on one idea, he took no more note of the fact that the wire seemed endless than of any other wonder in this false age of wonders.

It was easy with the axe and a stone to cut out a section long enough to suit his purpose; and his girth mended, he continued his journey. He was riding on till he met a Russian and, therefore, quite unconscious of the fact, when he began passing the guns and ammunition trains, that he was near the hill which was the centre of the position. Suddenly the summit of this hill was outlined with a thousand flashes, and a thousand bullets went whipping over the old man's head.

"So they call this war!" he thought. "Who will be hurt by those magic fire-flies on the hill and these magic whispers in your ears? It is like the Chinese way. They beat gongs and throw stink-pots."

Still the bullets went singing by and still he jeered at them. Another line of flashes broke out so near the first line that the two seemed like two chains of winking electric bulbs, one above the other, on the same hill-top. Between them lay the zone the possession of which would decide the battle. Old Kato set out to ascend the hill, which soon became so steep that the mule could go no farther.

At one side in a ravine he could see a vast mass of troops—the reserves. It was far from his thought to wait on them or anybody. He was going straight in among those fire-works to demonstrate the folly of such nonsense against cold steel. Dismounting, he began the rocky climb which would bring him into the sheet of fire as surely as going upstairs would bring his head above the line of the second floor. He was laughing at the ridiculous spectacle of two armies scratching matches at each other when something went so near his head that he dodged.

"The devil!" he said, under his breath.

Another something grazed his cheek and he dodged again and felt a thrill which none of his ancestors had ever felt. Now he knew that the whistle did not travel empty-handed; that it carried a thing that would kill, and that it was so malicious in its killing that, fiendlike, it travelled faster than its call. Something strong as the hand of fate—the flight of death unseen in the air—bore him down on his stomach. Arduously he crawled on, hugging his sword, the blaze of the fire blinding his eyes. His fingers slipped on something smooth, soupy, moist, and warm—the blood of a dying man. Ahead of him was the front line of Japanese, their crowding figures flattened behind rocks and little piles of stones they had scraped together. Some were using the bodies of comrades for breastworks. Above him souged the steady stream of nicked pellets with the sound of wind through the trees.

"I wish I had one of those bullet sticks myself," he thought.

He saw red. He wanted to strike back in kind and realized his powerlessness to do so. Surely his ancestors had never commanded him to leap into a furnace door or to fence with death that was unseen. The foreigners' was not a gentleman's kind of warfare, he had known all along. So he lay still.

Yes, he lay still for the time being. He hoped that a way for him to die fighting would show itself. If not, the knowledge of his son back with the clerks of the staff told him he must do his least. He could rise and yield his life to the bullet devils, praying that his ancestors would accept his ineffectual will for the effectual deed. Why not now? Why not end the misery of a broken old warrior out of joint with his age, facing a power which he could not understand?

And the son he thought a coward was only a few yards away from him, one of the dim figures behind the Japanese line of flashes. Jujiro had searched in vain for the old man. Then, in the fear that his father might be killed and go to his ancestors before the son had redeemed the family name, he had ridden madly out to his regiment.

"We shall go in in a minute," the old man heard a private whisper. "Then we will give them a taste of cold steel."

His spirits revived. That meant he would not be executed like a criminal; he would fall charging with a rush, in such a way as he had known in youth. He rubbed his

cheek lovingly against his unsheathed blade, which lay under him.

Now came a moment like that when you wait for the strike as the minute hand of the clock points to twelve. The Japanese stopped firing. A score of figures sprang up from the Japanese line. For an instant they were silhouetted against the flashes before they sank into heaps of bloody flesh; but they did not fall until the hand-grenades they flung had burst in the ranks of the enemy. They were all Arnold von Winkelrieds, who did not advertise. Over their bodies, with the rush of a super-adroit, super-trained mob, sprang the Thirtieth, bayonets set, and as they came they uttered no sound except the low, fiendish, racial guttural of the Japanese in a life-and-death action.

Leading them was little Jujiro Kato, with the General's *samurai* sword set in a foreign hilt, as every officer's was. He was no longer a member of the staff, no longer a nut, a bolt, or a screw in a machine. He was a man. His soul held only one ambition—to die for his country in a way to win the praise of his father whom, next to his country, he loved most. For his country, you see, was his Infinite Parent.

As for the father, his limbs were old. Even a young heart could not make them quick. Before he could rise the others were on their feet and charging. He found himself struggling in the rush of the second line, which overtook him. Ahead he heard the slashing of steel—the sound of the kind of war he understood. After all his journey, within a few yards of his heart's desire, was he to be borne down by the crowd on the very edge of the arena? But room was made by the killed and wounded. The ranks around him broke apart, and with the battle-cry of his clan he swung his blade over his head.

No flashes of fire now! Only the cutting of flesh, the warm smell of blood and a scuffle. Twice the Japanese gave ground, stumbling backward over their corpses, while the reinforcements crowding out of the ravine bore the attackers over the crest of the hill whether they would or no. But one piece of the line had not given at all. It had made a citadel out of the bodies of its dead under the unspoken command of a single personality. Jujiro's prayer that the strength and cunning of all the battles he had missed might be incarnated in one had been answered.

When dawn broke, and the surviving Russians were in flight, the father saw standing near him his son, dishevelled, bloodstained, his clothes torn, but his mustache still at a stiff angle; and the soldiers, in recognition of the dominant spirit of the fight, gave a cheer for Kato San, the younger. Then they gave a cheer for Kato San, the elder.

"It was good! It was good! Romance is not Europeanized out of the world yet," said the old man.

But neither the fight nor the story ends here. After he had greeted his father Jujiro had become the staff-officer again. While the son noted the troops and their positions from the altitude where he stood, while he saw in being what he had seen heretofore only in reports and knew each part in relation to the whole as only the General himself could know, the old man, seated on a stone, resting his tired bones, became garrulous.

"And I found a wire and cut a piece of it out and fixed my girth," he was saying, when he came to this part of his narrative.

"A piece of wire? Where?" Jujiro asked. He who had been only half listening was alert now.

"Oh, by the roadside—copper, I think it was."

"Reports just going in!" Jujiro gasped. "The General ready for them—when it is a matter of minutes—when the policy of the day is to be decided!"

He bounded down the hill to his horse and told his father to return by the road by which he had come.

Time and tide and a retreating army wait for no man. "The eyes in the back of the General's head" had seen, lying as fair as a green valley before the pioneer struggling over a divide from a desert, an opportunity which waited only on the clicking of a telegraph key—an opportunity which would be lost by a few minutes' delay. An hour or more must pass before the wire could be repaired.

Kuroki, having no word from the General, must stand still. The General, having no word from Kuroki, would not know what to do on the left with Oku. The left? The left? If he only had word from the left, Jujiro thought. Had he, one of ten thousand captains, the right to submit the fortune of four hundred thousand men to the hazard of his opinion that the left, too, had won? Confidence grew with his flying ride to Kuroki's headquarters.

"Do one thing or another, but *do it!*" he remembered a saying of the General's.

It was the Mind of the Army itself that spoke from his foaming horse to the staff of an army corps. He did not wait on counsels. His rôle was that of an aide who brought orders. His directions for the advance and the manner of it given, he asked for a fresh horse. He felt that he could not stand by and wait for the word which the wire, when it was repaired, would bring. From the General himself he would hear the result of his daring.

Ahead of him on the road as he drew near to Liao-Yang he recognized afar the figure of an ancient *samurai* with his two-handed sword. When overtaken, old Kato looked up at his son lovingly and proudly. His thoughts had been running on some means of apology, until a new possibility came into his mind out of a growing conviction that his own prescience and perhaps even the prescience of his ancestors was not faultless.

"You see, it was the only way to reach the fight in time," he began tentatively. "I—I didn't do anything wrong, did I, Jujiro, in taking a piece of wire I picked up by the roadside to make a girth for this low Chinese brute?"

Jujiro was looking straight ahead, stern of visage. A second only he considered his answer. Was he to weight that brave old soul with the conviction of the supremest crime conceivable to the mind of the modern soldier? He turned smiling to his father.

"No, oh, no. It showed how well a Japanese soldier will adapt himself to circumstances."

The old man beamed with the joy of a terrible fear succeeded by a compliment. His radiance passed, however, with the sudden change of Jujiro's demeanor.

"Father, you do not think I am a coward, now?"

"My son! No, no!"

"And you believe in me in the face of all?"

"I do!" was the fervent answer.

Jujiro thanked him and again looked straight ahead as a strong man will when riding on the razor's edge between the Abyss and the Above. The wire was up by this time, he knew. In another minute, he told himself, as he rode into headquarters, he would learn whether or not he had done a thing of indelible credit or indelible shame. As he dismounted before the General's door,

the General himself appeared in the doorway. Jujiro saluted stoically.

"I never want to suffer such an hour again," said the General, "as I did in that hour while the wire was down. Yes, the left won, too. You—you—what can I say to you? You were the eyes in the front of my head and my mind, too, this time. You did all that I could have done—my Kato!"

"Aw! The wire!" observed the old man, bowing low to hide his consternation. It was a long bow, which gave him time to conclude that for the honor of the Katos he would never part with a certain secret.

"And you, Father Kato, have you solved the riddle that puzzles the 'make-trouble men'?" observed the General. "Have you

seen that even as a *samurai* blade is set in the modern hilt, so it is the soul of Japanese courage set in modern organization that wins our victories?"

As he sits on his mat, drinking tea from his own estate, a certain phrase runs ever more pleasantly and frequently through old Kato's mind with his growing years. If his neighbor, Mitaka, had had a thousand sons fall, our ancient *samurai* would still say proudly that he had only one son, but that son was "the eyes in the back of the General's head"; and he would tell you that you might understand what this meant only when you had been at the front yourself in the great war, as he had.

THE RAILWAY HIGH-SPEED MANIA

By B. B. Adams



THE most striking impression that has been made on the average traveller by the numerous and extreme increases in railroad speeds during the past ten or fifteen years has been that produced by the quicker click of the wheels in crossing over switches and frogs; and only by reproducing this sound in the reader's ear can its significance be made really appreciable. At seventy-five miles an hour, which now is a very common speed for stretches of a few miles, a train travels 110 feet each second; and a passenger in such a train, sitting near the end of a car, where he can clearly hear the movements of the four or six wheels under him and those of the truck under the adjacent end of the next car, will notice as he rushes past a crossing of the track of another railroad (two rails about five feet apart) a sound which begins like a heavy rumble—the rumble of a hundred thousand pounds' weight dragged over a somewhat uneven surface—but which is all over in about one-fourth of one second—the two hundred and fortieth part of a minute. That is the length of time between the passage of the first wheels of that group over the first rail of the crossing and that of the last wheel over the last

rail of the crossing. Such a sound—or aggregation of sounds, crowded together incredibly, like the impressions of a troubled dream—affords some idea of the lightning-like speed at which the train is moving. Before the advent of two-hour trains between New York and Philadelphia and eighteen-hour trains to Chicago experiences of this kind were to the ordinary traveller so rare as to be practically unknown; though high speeds were made even then, but only on rare occasions. The ordinary speeds over such frogs were not over half the rate named. The increase of 100 per cent. marks a costly and impressive change.

But is this wide-spread change really the result of a "mania"—an ungovernable craze? I have used the term in my title because it is common, and often seems justified; but let us see.

A speed of sixty-eight miles an hour was made on the Great Western Railway of England in 1848. That road was able to beat all others because it had the seven-foot gauge, allowing room for a wide fire-box—and it is the fire-box that gives us our speed. A mile a minute was made repeatedly fifty or sixty years ago, when Presidents' messages were carried by special engines. A rate of eighty miles an hour was common

on the Reading road thirty years ago. Speed *per se* is not a new thing; the difference is that it has now come to be common. The increase in the number of fast trains and the introduction of such trains for longer distances has been in response to a real public demand. If there is anything like a mania—a demand beyond the bounds of reason—the railroads themselves must be mainly to blame, for the public has no definite knowledge as to what the bounds of reason are. Surely, the great majority of people who travel, whatever they may ask in the way of speed, mean to ask also for safety. Have the railroads increased danger by meeting imaginary needs?

The demand for high speed comes mainly from three sources: First is the man whose aim is sport. He uses a devil-wagon on the beach in Florida, and rides two miles in a minute—faster than anything ever moved on the face of the earth, except the electric car in the German Government trials, between Berlin and Zossen, in 1903, which made 125 miles an hour. That, by the way, may almost be classed as sport, as the experiment really throws very little light on the problems of business railroading. Speeds above eighty miles an hour become very costly by reason of the wind resistance alone, not to mention other elements.

Sport, or semi-sport, must be the classification also of the fast run made by the special train over the Pennsylvania line from Pittsburgh to Chicago in October, 1905 (Crestline to Clark Junction, 257.4 miles, at seventy-four and one-half miles an hour; four cars, weighing 520,000 pounds), for the officers of that road were really making an exhibition for the entertainment of railroad officers from other parts of the country, who were guests on the train. The train had no responsibility to the general public other than to avoid colliding with other trains in which passengers might be riding or with wayfarers at grade crossings. Racing purely for sport has never been developed on the railroads, because the obstacles are too great. Few locomotives have been built solely for speed, and none at all in late years. There would be little interest in a race of less than fifty miles, and no straight and level course for even that short distance is available. Nobody believes it worth while to build such a race-course, and every regular railroad is devoted to the public service, from which it

cannot be withdrawn, even for a half-day, except on Sunday. Engines of different makes are so evenly matched that the power differences between rivals have to be measured in seconds, and the strife between different designs can never be made a spectacle. All engines (even the fastest) being built primarily to draw loads, no test for speed alone has been made for many years. If the railroad locomotive were to be “stripped” of all unnecessary weights and retarding conditions, as are bicycles and road motors when racing, there is no telling what improvement it might make on its present record.

The second demand for high speed comes from the business man. Here, if anywhere, is the legitimate demand. Scores of men must go every day from Philadelphia to New York, returning the same night, or *vice versa*, and many of them can afford to pay the railroad well for saving a couple of hours' time. Such a man can even afford, in many cases, to pay two dollars—which is about what ought to be asked for a dining-car meal—to be saved the time required to eat breakfast or supper. A business man starting from New York to Chicago in the afternoon can often save a whole day if the railroad will save him four or five hours—the difference between a fast train and a very fast one. There are enough passengers now who can afford this to warrant running eighteen-hour trains between these two cities every day. Some “business men” may be stock gamblers, and therefore useless to society; but the railroad cannot distinguish between good and bad, and both kinds together now make up a class which fills the fast trains at rates 40 per cent. above the regular fares. The extra fare charged for this unusual accommodation—ten dollars—is, no doubt, reasonably low; though, of course I do not expect to be supported in this statement by the two-cents-a-mile advocate.

Certain fast mail trains—New York to St. Louis, Chicago to Omaha, and on other lines, are run as fast as the fastest passenger trains; but the Government does not ask for anything better than is given to passengers. The railroads do give the mails a preference over passengers, as is required by law. Undoubtedly this is to the interest of the public generally. It is due partly to the fact that the pay received by the railroad from the

Post-Office Department for this service is quite liberal. Naturally, very good care is taken of a goose that lays golden eggs.

The third man who asks the engineman to urge his steed to its utmost is the passenger agent; and if there is any "mania" he is the man to look to. He is the only tangible impersonation of the indefinable "public" which is supposed to ask for more than ought to be granted. He tells the locomotive superintendent and the civil engineer (who must find the money and skill to make a perfect track) that if the company does not run its trains on such and such fast schedules, the net earnings will go to the dogs—that is, the competitive passenger traffic will go to rival roads. Of course, he tells the operating officer to deny his request for an increase of speed if it is not safe to grant it; but so does the merchant instruct his salesman not to bribe a railroad purchasing agent, while at the same time supplying him with the money necessary to pay the bribe. If the general manager tacitly approves the passenger man's demand, it is complied with. If the speed is really risky these three men divide the responsibility for the risk on the basis of some occult reasoning by which each one throws half of it on each of the other two! What the public interest requires is, of course, a single competent officer who can be reached and who cannot shift any part of the responsibility.

This, then, is the issue: Do operating officers, to satisfy the passenger solicitor, who wishes to give the public all that it wants and a little more, run trains faster than is safe? "Operating officer" is the proper term, for the locomotive is only one element in speed. The stability and excellence of the road-bed, the keeping of other trains out of the way, and the training of conductors and their assistants to the highest efficiency are all essential factors. The superintendent is the active operating officer. There is one for each division—say six or eight between New York and Chicago. This is the man who decides how fast we shall travel. What has he been doing during the past ten or fifteen years?

Given a straight and level course, the four main elements of safety at high speed are a good track, a good engine, a clear road, and a clear-headed man on the engine. Concerning the first two there is little to say. Track fit for ninety miles an hour—trains

seldom run above eighty—is common on all our best lines. The steam locomotive is a wonderfully perfect machine, the electricians' assertions about its out-of-dateness to the contrary notwithstanding. A clear road means clear for a mile or more ahead, for the momentum of a train increases as the square of its speed, so that two and three-quarters times as much distance is required to stop from seventy-five miles an hour as from forty-five. To assure the engineman *constantly* of a mile and a half of clear track demands elaborate signal arrangements such as few railroads have yet provided. Other obvious elements in the maintenance of a clear track will occur to the reader.

The clear head in the cab is the most difficult thing to provide, for the "personal equation" baffles systematic treatment—unless we can have an expert psychologist, with fabulous powers, in every superintendent's office. Our best trains have the clear heads, but they are born, not made. It is only on the engineman's vigilance and skill—not on anything in the way of automatic apparatus—that we can have safety at high speed on curves and descending grades.

The superintendent has increased the speed of some trains, has increased the number of fast trains, has made trains heavier by putting on more dining-cars and observation cars—which produce no revenue—without increasing the fare, and at the same time has done many things to make train movement safer. His superiors have abolished, at the cost of many millions, grade crossings at the streets of cities and villages, so that the danger of a palatial train being wrecked by a ten-dollar mule-team has been greatly reduced. Two-track lines have been made four-track, thereby removing dangers and delays at way stations. The old time-interval system, with its dependence on red flags, torpedoes, fallible watches, sleepy flagmen walking over ice-covered bridges, and other uncertain factors, has been superseded by the space-interval or block system, which prevents collisions without the aid of these wabbling props, and which, when rightly managed, safeguards trains better without than with them. Cars and engines have been so improved in strength and in other features of design that, in spite of greater weight and greater speed,

the number of breakages of wheels, axles, and running gear has proportionately decreased.* Trains have been running between Philadelphia and Jersey City, ninety miles, in about one hour and fifty minutes for thirty-one years, and the number of such trains has been gradually increased until now there are more than thirty of them every day. New and more powerful engines have been built year by year, so that now six heavy cars are hauled on these two-hour trains with the same ease that at first they took four light ones. There is no doubt that these trains average as few accidents and delays as any trains in the world. We are obliged to speak of averages because accidents are so rare that only by taking the records for a long series of years could we make any comparison at all.

The Empire State Express of the New York Central, which runs 440 miles at an average of fifty-three and one-third miles an hour—which means a mile a minute most of the way and a mile and a quarter in favorable places—has now been running every week-day for fifteen years, and is universally regarded as one of the safest long-distance trains in the world. There are now two other such trains, one east and one west, only a trifle slower than the original. No passenger has ever been killed on the "Empire State."

The trains which make such remarkable time between Camden (N. J.) and Atlantic City (sixty-eight miles an hour for the whole fifty-five miles every day) have now been a settled feature for nine years.

Year by year all of these fast trains have been made heavier by putting on additional cars, and yet the speeds have been maintained or improved.

In England during all these years a similar but less marked improvement has been going on. And, for a really magnificent exhibit of regularly maintained high-speed service—one which provides a decided public benefit—England leads us a few points; for her populous cities afford a dense passenger traffic to support such service which has no counterparts in America, except in a few places. To take only one or two from dozens of examples, the number of daily trains between London and Birmingham (113 miles)

over the London and North Western, making over fifty-six miles an hour, is seven; between London and Exeter, over the Great Western (194 miles), the number running at a rate over fifty-five miles is four. One of these latter trains makes the 119 miles between London and Bristol in one hundred and twenty minutes, in each direction, every day, and does this with remarkable regularity and punctuality.

For nearly two years now the eighteen-hour trains of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the most notable trains in the world, have maintained their remarkable schedules between New York and Chicago. A record of the Pennsylvania train from Jersey City to Chicago for the first complete year showed that it arrived at the end of the journey on time 328 days out of 365, or 89.8 per cent. of the trips. These trains make trips twice as long as those of the Empire State Express, at a speed about equally as fast, and with nearly equal punctuality.

Records of trains between New York and Washington and New York and Boston show results as good as those which have been named.

In these great records of speed and regularity there is no evidence of increased danger. In the very few cases where the trains have been derailed no greater damage was done than in similar accidents to other trains. As before remarked, precise comparisons cannot be made; but every railroad officer will bear me out in this statement. The only possible conclusion is that on the straight and level portions of these lines the tracks are suitable for the highest speed of which the engines and cars are capable; and that for safety on curves and descending grades, where our dependence is on the good judgment and faithfulness of the locomotive engineers, the records of these trains are at least as satisfactory as those of any other trains. This is not an unreasonable view; for the "flyers" have the newest and best engines and cars and the most experienced men; and, in some cases, have the benefit of a rule requiring freight-train men to take more than ordinary care to keep out of their way. It is to be borne in mind that some trains run from city to city in less time than others, not only by running faster, but also by saving time in stops along the road, and by saving time

*On one prominent road failures of passenger locomotives on the road have decreased in five years 19 per cent. in the face of an increase of 20 per cent. in the number of passenger trains run.

on the ascending grades, their loads being lighter.*

With such records for safety, is there any reason why the passenger traffic manager should not ask his general manager to run these trains? He may well be cautious when he considers whether or not his proposal will prove an economical one, for such trains are costly. Aside from the cost of high speed, which means powerful engines with light loads, there is the loss due to imposing delays on other trains so as to insure the punctuality of the fast train. It does not follow that road *B* should run a fast train because rival road *A* has established one, for the public service may need but one train; but if there is waste in this direction the question is one for the political or social economist, not for the engineer. Surely, in the cases of the trains named above, no blame can be laid at the door of the passenger agent, so far as can be discovered from the very low accident record. The disastrous derailment to one of the eighteen-hour trains, in June, 1905, due to a misplaced switch, would have occurred just the same to any one of a dozen similar trains. The "Twentieth Century" was not going remarkably fast, and the accident is not chargeable to the speed. Some elements of the cause were very discreditable to the road, and prompt corrective measures were taken, but extreme or exceptional speed was not the cause. The accident to an electric train in New York City last February appears at this writing to have been due to some cause other than high speed. The "Pennsylvania Special" when derailed in February was running at a rate far below the top speed.

Yet there are two real elements of danger in our high speed. They are inevitable, and the only thing to do is to reduce them as far as it is possible to do so. One is the increase of traffic, freight and passenger, by which the chances of disaster are increased. A fifty-dollar freight derailment may at any time, by throwing *débris* upon the passenger

*The manager of a prominent road enumerates the following eight features in which his road has been improved in the past twenty years, making high speeds safer year by year: Elimination of curves. Elimination of grades, enabling passenger trains to make more uniform as well as faster time, and making the movement of long and heavy freight trains safer. Elimination of grade crossings; increased economy as well as safety. Automatic electro-pneumatic block signals, with complete equipment of distant signals in place of manual block signals. Complete ballasting. Stronger rails; stronger and better built cars and engines. Perfection and application of high-speed brakes. Thorough schooling of enginemen and trainmen in the use of high-speed brakes.

track, wreck a train carrying 500 passengers; and on a four-track line the chance that this will happen is greater than on a double-track line. On single-track this danger is almost entirely absent. Our fastest trains, however, do not run on single-track lines, and no one has suggested that single-track lines be built exclusively for such trains.

On the New York division of the Pennsylvania between Jersey City and Philadelphia—a typical high-speed line—freight trains are now decidedly more numerous and are longer and heavier than they were ten years ago, and the danger of a passenger-train wreck is an appreciable percentage greater. The danger is a small one, relatively, but still it is a danger. If a passenger making this journey notices the click of the wheels of the long freight trains as he meets or passes them, he will find that he is thus meeting or passing a train perhaps ten to twenty minutes out of the two hours occupied in making the journey. Five years ago the number of meets probably was not much over one-half as great.* The other trunk lines would show similar changes in the volume of traffic.

The other inevitable danger is that due to mistakes of judgment on the part of expert enginemen. (The danger chargeable to negligent or incompetent locomotive runners is another question.) One may

*On the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City to Philadelphia, eighty-nine miles, the average number of freight trains run each week-day, east-bound, has increased in five years more than two-thirds. The number of trains in 1901 was 61; in 1906 it was 102. The west-bound movement increased in the same proportion. A third of these trains carry fruit, live stock, etc., and run at high speed. The length and weight of the trains have also been increased materially. The number of passenger trains has also been largely increased. This increase is shown in the following table, giving the number of schedules for an ordinary day. The table also gives an idea of the increase in speed. The average total number of trains each day, including both freight and passenger, both ways, was, in 1896, 556; in 1901, 590; in 1906, 701.

PASSENGER TRAINS ON NEW YORK DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

	1906				1901				1896			
	No. Trains	Fast-est		Slow-est	No. Trains	Fast-est		Slow-est	No. Trains	Fast-est		Slow-est
		Hrs.	Mins.			Hrs.	Mins.			Hrs.	Mins.	
EAST-BOUND												
Fast.....	48	29	25
Total, through	55	1	34	2	36	1	47	2	33	1	50	29
and local...	254	234	223
WEST-BOUND												
Fast.....	45	30	18
Total, through	52	1	28	2	38	1	45	2	33	1	49	2
and local...	253	232	221

listen by the hour to the enthusiast who advocates automatic appliances for stopping trains, and detecting floods and broken rails, and for doing other wonderful things by electricity or something else, and may admit most of his claims; one may also give all reasonable weight to the talk about the value of a second or third man as a monitor in the locomotive cab; but he will still find that in actual travel, in myriads of situations, the only dependence of the fast-train passenger for safety must be on the vigilance and good judgment of the engineman. That is to say, the engineman meets situations every hour, perhaps every mile, where he must unerringly—within the space of a few seconds—rightly regulate the speed of his train, or disaster will follow. Not for years, perhaps never, will the wonder-working inventor do much to relieve the engineman of this responsibility. Yet no engineman is perfect, and we may expect always to have lapses. Among the 50,000 enginemen required in America to make the 5,000,000 daily signal observations—a billion a year—can it be thought strange that lapses are heard of now and then? The faster the train is running the greater will be the likelihood that a mistake will cause disaster—the runner having fewer seconds or half seconds in which to correct any false move. So, therefore, we must count this as one of the elements in the problem of safety at high speed.

Other factors of danger which are often mentioned seem to have little real influence on safety. Trains running at high speed suffer worse when they collide with each other, and there have been some terrible examples within the last three years; but our fastest trains traverse lines which are pretty well protected from collision by the block system. Again, it is natural to suppose that a train running seventy-five miles an hour will suffer more if thrown off the track and tumbled down a bank than one running forty miles an hour; but experience so far has afforded little or no confirmation of that idea. The bodies of passenger cars are now made so strong, with steel frames and braces, that they withstand shocks better at high speed than the old cars did at low speed. One of the noticeable things in wrecks nowadays is the large proportion of passengers who come out uninjured or only slightly injured. Such es-

capes are called “miraculous,” as they always were, and as they do, indeed, seem; but “miracle” is an elastic word, and in the modern passenger train it often means simply wise engineering. An illustrative instance was that of an express train which was derailed on a trestle bridge not far from New York City a year or two ago. The foremost passenger car stopped about two feet short of the point where it would have fallen into deep water, and no passenger was injured. This train was equipped with the very latest “high-speed” air-brake, which is designed for the fastest trains, and stops trains more quickly than the ordinary brake; and it was almost mathematically demonstrated that but for this improvement a car-load of passengers would have been tumbled into twenty feet of water.

Except in the features here named, any increase in the danger of passenger travel is due not to high speed, but to the abuse of speed. A railroad manager who runs fast trains at all—to say nothing of exceptionally fast ones, like those which I have named—and does not provide the best-known safeguards, abuses his authority as a custodian of passengers’ lives. To advertise with fine phrases about the block system, when half the block signals have no preliminary warning signals, and thus preclude high speed when a fog prevails, is to deceive the public. The block system in such cases is suitable only for slow trains. To run trains at eighty miles an hour when the distant signals are set for a speed of forty miles an hour is to constantly skate on thin ice. To speak of a “complete equipment” of block signals when switches at the small stations have no connection either to control the signals or to be controlled by them, is a gross abuse of the word “complete.”

To boast of the perfect service of the past, when by reason of the youth and insufficient training of the signalmen of the present (as well as of the past) it is known that the good records are partly the result of good luck, is about as bad as a lie. Some roads of quite fair reputation would have to plead guilty in this matter of poorly trained signalmen.

To run an old wooden smoking-car in the middle of a train of heavy Pullman sleepers and strong steel mail-cars, where the “smoker” will surely be crushed in even a

light collision, is to risk the lives of the Italian or Russian emigrants who ride in the smoker; for no road running fast trains has yet found it possible to remove all causes of collisions and derailments.

To run a freight train with any less care than is given to a passenger train—difference in speed considered—is to endanger every passenger train which that freight may meet on the road, or by which it may be overtaken while it (the freight) is in motion. Such difference in care is observable, nearly everywhere, and it constitutes one of our greatest dangers. Needless to say, it affects ordinary trains with nearly the same force as the very fast trains. The details of this question, which are familiar to all railroad officers, cannot be gone into here. The crushing of old wooden freight cars between new steel ones and imperfect air-brake practice on freight trains are prominent elements in it. Two of our recent disasters were due mainly to the bad practice of carrying car-loads of explosives over busy passenger lines.

A superintendent on whose line a reckless engineman runs off the track when rounding a sharp curve at seventy miles an hour has a distinct moral responsibility for allowing such a runner to stay in the service. The fact that 95 or 98 per cent. of the men are careful does not excuse the presence of the other 5 or 2 per cent., if they could have been detected. The railroad officer who complains in the newspapers that labor-unions "bulldoze" him so that he dare not dismiss a reckless or low-grade engineman is, indeed, face to face with a difficult problem; but he should at least be able to show that he and all his lieutenants have made a bold, persistent, and open fight against the labor-union, if he desires the sympathy of the public; for a large percentage of the public will take the other side; will believe the magazine writers who say that the officer is so busy in Wall Street that he does not diligently attend to the cultivation of friendly relations with his employees.

With or without the knowledge of the officers, there are a few reckless runners. In a period of three years the Government accident bulletins recorded six derailments due purely to excessive speed—not to mention doubtful cases and mixed causes. These six wrecks killed eleven persons and

injured sixty-eight, and caused something like \$150,000 damage. In three of the most spectacular cases the wrecked trains were fast mails, carrying no passengers, and two of them occurred on what are called our best roads. In one, the engineman (who was killed) was to have resigned his position the next day, and he was currently reported to have said that he would on this final trip break all records—which he seems in one sense to have very successfully accomplished. From the fact that these were mail trains carrying no passengers, one naturally queries whether there is not among enginemen a pronounced spirit of recklessness which only a strong feeling of responsibility for passengers' lives can keep from going beyond bounds.

One acquainted with the exacting nature of the duties of the enginemen of fast trains can but feel a considerate sympathy toward such a man when he oversteps the bounds set by his iron-clad rules; for he is constantly under great tension in opposite directions. He must be intelligently and vigilantly cautious, which means loss of time, yet must be eagerly alert to embrace every opportunity—sometimes changing his mental perspective every minute, perhaps—to *make* time. He must strenuously watch the road ahead, while at the same time managing a dozen important functions on his engine, so as to run at the highest possible speed; this puts him into a habit of mind which easily degenerates into a state of excitement which leads him to take chances. Yet he must at the same time always be ready at a moment's notice to stop, or to slacken speed, as resolutely as though he were perfectly willing to finish his trip an hour behind time. As might be expected, many otherwise good runners never succeed in becoming thus mentally facile. They are either too cautious, and fail to satisfy the superintendent with their excuses for not coming in on time, or else become so ambitious to make a good record that they now and then take the risk of running fast, when they ought to run at a cautious speed. In some cases a lack of moral responsibility accentuates this last fault.

The most practicable thing to do to raise the standard of safety and efficiency in this matter is to get an ideal superintendent—which is a difficult problem. He must be high-minded and sympathetic, knowing his

business, and a good disciplinarian; one who will constantly cultivate an *esprit de corps* which shall enable him to bring his ordinary and below-ordinary runners up to the level of his best. The need of good superintendents is general. There is no school for superintendents, and there are so few of the highest grade that they are constantly being promoted from one position to another. This leaves many positions filled by new men, whereas the need, on every division, is for a good man who is a fixture, at least for a reasonable term of years.

This elevation of the personnel is indeed the greatest need in railroad operation today. The railroads have improved their tracks so that they are safe for the heavier and more comfortable cars, and have built monster locomotives to haul these heavier cars; the most enterprising have introduced the block system and the others are at last waking up to the need of it. Fast trains are run with increasing frequency, and most roads seem disposed to increase the number of such trains fully as fast as the growth of traffic demands an increase. From the standpoint of the safety of the passengers in a fast train, as I have said, these improvements have been partly offset by the increase in the number of freight trains, and by the danger due to increased speed and increased frequency combined. But it is common knowledge that an improvement in the personnel would produce a more marked reduction in collisions and derailments than any other one change. Every railroad superintendent will agree with me, I think, in what I have said about the need of an *esprit de corps* in the service. The combination of railroads into large systems has killed this valuable element in some cases where before it existed.

I am not wandering from my subject—the danger of high speed considered by itself—when I thus speak of discipline in general, for the errors of enginemen and conductors on slow trains, and of signalmen in the towers as related to all trains, constitute one of the dangers that beset fast trains. Given a certain degree of inefficiency or unreliability in these men, the only way to protect fast trains from the danger thus produced would be to reduce their speed. I am not here charging any specific degree of inefficiency. No one denies that to fine enginemen, finely disciplined, are due these ten-year and twenty-

year records of high speed on roads which in many parts were *not* perfectly equipped for the highest speed (and in some cases not even now). But the thing to remember is that a very small error sometimes produces a very great disaster.

While the roads running the fast trains which I have mentioned have attained a high degree of perfection—as the records of these trains show—their officers, if they spoke freely, would be the first to admit that there is still much ground to be conquered. On other roads, having less demand for high speed and smaller resources with which to provide it, the need for improvement is more marked. But these second-class roads are constantly tempted by the exigencies of competition to put on fast trains, and an examination of the accident records will show that it is on these lines that speed is oftenest abused. This is no new thing. For the last forty years roads not fitted for high speed have habitually taxed their facilities to the limit in trying to compete with those better equipped. Sometimes they go beyond the limit and are chargeable not with “mania,” but with deliberate disregard of the simple rules of safety.

It will be seen that to generalize profitably about high speed and its risks is impossible without a mass of data about tracks, signals, engines, and personnel which no one has gathered, and which no authority except the Federal Government can gather impartially. In the two most prominent features of the problem—complete signalling and thoroughly competent engine runners—a few districts or divisions, on a few roads, stand very high. None probably could be marked 100 per cent. in both of these features, but on these best divisions the conditions in this respect are so excellent that the possibility of running into a freight-train wreck is probably the worst danger to which a fast train is liable; and this possibility can be averted only by painstaking endeavor in many different directions. There must be perfect freight-cars and vigilant inspection of running gear and of the loading of heavy loads; the training of the freight-train men to the standard maintained on passenger trains, and attention to other details which I have already touched upon. On roads or divisions less completely signalled, our dependence for safety is

more on the men who manage the trains; and no precise measure of these men's efficiency has ever been taken; no measure except that which is to be found in the results. These results—freedom from collision due to enginemen's or signalmen's errors—are on many lines so good that one can readily figure out from the averages for a few years that he might ride a thousand miles a day on such a line and continue to do so for a thousand years before he would be likely to be killed in such a collision. The law of averages, however, is not a very satisfactory basis on which to rest one's peace of mind when taking a railroad journey, and the only proper attitude of the public is to demand that every important railroad shall surround its passenger trains with *every* practicable safeguard. If we are to put up with anything less than this, we ought to demand a moderation of the speed. Such dangers as beset our very fast trains in great measure beset the other trains on the same lines also; so that whatever ought to be done in the premises, either by the railroad or by the public, can be treated as a part of the broad, general prob-

lem of railroad safety. In this field the public—that is, the Federal Government—has a plain duty, that of investigating and making public the facts of all serious railroad accidents.

Our most enterprising railroad officers are doing splendid service, but some railroad men are not enterprising, and even the most capable are usually but parts of a great administrative machine which no man can control. Samuel Spencer was a great railroad manager, but his machine for managing his railroad broke down, and he himself was killed by its failure. Investigation by impartial experts has been a vital factor in the great record for safety which has been made on the railroads of Great Britain. It led to the universal adoption of the block system, which ought to be made universal in America. Some of our State governments investigate a little, but not very effectively. The Government could set forth and make prominent our best railroad ideals, and thus greatly encourage and stimulate high-minded railroad officers in their endeavors to attain those ideals.

AN OLD MINISTER

By Samuel McCoy

"... for the prize of the high calling of God."

IN hours when I review that one dear life,
 The life of that one man whom most I owe,
 And ponder whether rich or vain his strife,
 His toil repaid with bitter wage or no,
 If piteous harvest before winter snow,
 His head unlaurelled, though his long race run,
 By no strong son led where still waters flow,
 Day hardly softened, though it be near done,

I cry in pity; yet the westering sun,
 With glory not of earth, lights up his face,
 And *Heaven* hallows him, as who has won
 His earthly fight; far beyond power to trace
 My helpless love; and peace rests in his eyes,
 And God's high calling is his matchless prize.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF ROLL-DOWN JOE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. W. ASHLEY



THE latest development of American schooner came smartly to anchor in mid-stream.

From his perch in Crow's Nest, a cable-length abeam of the vessel, but mast-head high in the air, old Peter looked down on her with wonder and respect commingled. "The biggest mains'l ever swept past the Point! Look at the spread of it! Isn't that an ungodly armful to have to gather up on a jumping deck in a gale o' wind? Eighty-four-foot boom and fifty-two-foot gaff—you could sweep all the waters of the earth with all the search-lights of heaven and never a schooner of her tonnage would you find swingin' such a sail. And if you could find one, where but among American fishermen would you find a man would go outside a harbor in so much as a summer gale with that boom and that sail above it to be layin' out to looard of their rail?"

"But this man, Peter—he'll carry it?"

"Till all's blue. Eighty-four-foot boom! And I mind when they used to boast of their sixty-foot booms, and now the storm trys'ls of this one I expect'll lace to most that len'th."

"Portugee, ain't he, Peter?"

"Portugee-born," amended Peter, "but a good American citizen now."

"But isn't that surprising, Peter, his havin' the best out?"

"Surprisin'!" retorted Peter. "Meanin' because he's Portugee? H-m-m. A sensible remark that, when so far's any of us can learn this man's ancestors were sailormen—navigators and world-explorers—and a good many other things when your forefathers, or mine maybe, were tryin' to get up courage to visit the neighborin' mainland."

"But people new to this country."

"New people!" snorted Peter. "Man alive, where'd we be but for the new people? It's they puts the life into us. While the descendants of the old settlers are lean-

in' back in easy-chairs, brains and bodies all used up, not an original notion left in 'em—from overwork, or overworry, or too much fat livin', or whatever 'tis that's ailin' them—it's the new people are coming along and gettin' things goin' again. Look right here in Gloucester now—is it the new blood, or the old, that's mannin' the fleet? And this same Roll-Down Joe—this Portugee immigrant, as they call him—industrious, upright, sober, intelligent—as are all but damn few of his kind that ever I see—he's standin' simply for one of the dozen big nations that's made us what we are or will make us what we're to be."

"But how'd he get the name, Peter? Must be some story back of a name like that."

"It was while Joe was still but little known in Gloucester," began Peter, "but not so green that he hadn't managed to absorb a good many of the leadin' principles of the fishin' fleet, that him and Wesley Marrs were racin' home from the Western Banks one time, and after sixty hours of it Joe thought he needed a kink of sleep. So he started to go below, when the man to the wheel stopped him. It was blowin' hard then, the *Isabella* rollin' down pretty well under it. 'S'pose it gets worse while you're below, skipper, what'll I do?' asks the man to the wheel."

"What you do? Why, keep her goin'," says Joe. "Keep da *Isabell* goin', sure."

"But how long, skipper? There's a limit to everything—how long?"

"Joe studied a minute, then made a chalk line on the deck well up to wind'ard of the wheel-box. 'When she roll down to there, call me,' says Joe, and went below."

"Cripes!" says the man to the wheel; 'when she rolls down to there, do you think you'll care whether you're called or not?'

"Well, I was the man to the wheel that time, and when I got to Gloucester I told the story, and ever since then they've called

him Roll-Down Joe. He cert'nly promised even then to carry sail with the best of them.

"Well, 'twarn't long before people began to take notice of Joe. Most everybody, because there's always those who can never be brought to like those whose ways are different from their own. But the best people liked him. And you couldn't help it—he was so eager to win your good-will and he set such store by what you said, you couldn't help but like him. I don't know but what most people of the South seem to be like that, don't they—want you to love 'em whatever else you do. There was nothing this man wouldn't do to please you. Nat'rally the killers began to take to him, and nat'rally, too, what they said was law to Joe. That was about the time when nothing 'd do the killers but Oregon pine spars. Joe's were Georgia pine. 'What you want, Joe, is Oregon pine sticks,' says Wesley Marrs to him one day, and went on to demonstrate what beautiful implements his own were.

"Joe grew excited. 'I get dem,' he says. 'How mooch they costa—what? Fi' hundred dollar? No matt', I get dem,' says Joe. 'Fi' hundred, one t'ousand—no matt', I get dem. I wanta da ver' best.'

"That's right, Joe—the best is none too good for you and me,' says Wesley; 'but don't go throwing away any five hundred dollars foolishly. Wait some day till you're out to sea and consult your almanac, Joe, and when them zodiac signs indicate a good breeze o' wind and a handy harbor, in conjunction, then do you slap everything you got to her, and—who knows?—it may be your lucky day, and maybe them spars 'll just nach'ally sag over the side o' themselves,' advised Wesley.

"Joe looked puzzled.

"The insurance company 'll have to pay for 'em then,' explains Wesley.

"Ah-h, da American way! Ver' good, ver' good,' shouted Joe, and a week later, in a howlin' gale of wind, he sailed the *Isabella* back and forth off Halifax tryin' to lift the masts out of her. But they were fine stout sticks and though they buckled like umbrella ribs they just wouldn't come out, so Joe went on the east'ard with the old sticks. But when next he met Wesley he apologized for not doing better. 'May-bee ten ton more bal-last and a leet' more win' next time an' I do eet,' he said to Wesley.

"Well, Joe, bringin' home the fish reg-

larly as he did, was makin' a name for himself among the fishermen. And doin' his best to live up to it, too. 'Twarn't long before he got to where he shifted his drink from port wine to whiskey, and could smoke fifteen-cent cigars on the curb-stone like any American-born. Along about there he came to me one day and said, 'Peter, I moost be one ceet-zen, one American ceet-zen.' So I steered him up to City Hall, up to the proper grating in the proper room where was a clerk, who, after he'd finished puttin' just the exact point on his pencil and had manicured his nails once or twice again—and it didn't take him any longer to do it than it would take a smart trawler to bait a six-line string of gear, not more than twenty minutes maybe—he has time for us. I explained what Joe was after and Joe told his name, a good old Portuguese name, too; but it didn't seem to hit the fancy of this lad in the cage.

"Do you expect me to spell or pronounce a name like that? Wonder you wouldn't take some good local name.'

"Joe was a bit cast down—he had a bit of sentiment about his name. But he was bound to be an American citizen, and thought if change of name was part of it, why he'd change his name. So he tried to think of a good American name and, recollectin' some of his skipper friends, 'Ah-h, yess, yess—O'Don-nell, Tom O'Don-nell,' he says.

"W-r-r-h,' says the clerk. 'Look out the window at those signs across the street.'

"Joe looked, with an eye all the time for the fine big letters, and picked out the biggest sign in sight. It read:

BURNHAM

COAL AND WOOD

The Burnham part of it was only of moderate size, while the 'Coal and Wood' was in six-foot letters up and down so you couldn't go astray. The coal part, happenin' to be to wind'ard, Joe picked that out for his, and, after carefully copyin' it onto a piece of paper like a sign-painter, brought it to the clerk. 'One good American name, hah?' he says.

"That's better,' says the clerk, who, by the way, warn't throwin' any dazzlin' reflections from any partic'larly bright side of his intelligence. 'But a wonder you wouldn't spell it right,' says he. 'C-o-l-e it should



"The biggest mains'l ever swept past the Point."—Page 575.

be,' and made out a paper for Joseph Cole, native of St. Michaels, Azores Islands, Portugal, and——"

Peter, happening to glance out to where the talkative, gesticulating, but active and efficient dark-bearded men were putting the great mainsail in stops, came to a pause. Presently, his eyes twinkling, he resumed: "And I s'pose that a couple of hundred years from now the genealogy sharks will be diggin' up a fine Anglo-Saxon pedigree for Joe's descendants, if it happens they want to get into one of those Who's Who societies we read about in the papers, as all the time guaranteein' which is the sure-enough thing. Joe's descendants—and they'll probably

be numerous, for he's got seven children of his own already—they'll probably discover some day that they're descended from some fine old Northumberland family, so named because of the coal-mining properties they owned, or maybe the pedigree experts will tell them they were so named because of their dark complexions.

"Well, Joe kept comin'. I saw him one night playin' duplicate whist in the Master Mariners' rooms, and he most burstin' with the things he wanted to say but couldn't, because some good friends told him 'twas against the rules to talk while you were playing whist, though everybody was talkin' around him. Says I, that's sure the finish-

in' touch. But it warn't. He didn't put on the last little rag polish to his Americanization till about the time he was expectin' his final naturalization papers, the papers that'd give him the right to vote. He was haddockin' in South Channel then, market-fishin' into Boston. And that's the devil's own fishin', let me tell you—night and day, rain or shine, till you fill her up—with those old-

country fishermen, Dungarven, Claddagh and Kincaid men to set the pace. You need to be an iron man to stand it. And their everlastin' racin' to market! For whoever hits the Boston market right in haddockin' he's sure the boy that shares big, and blessed little if you don't hit it right, for those Boston dealers they cert'nly want it all.

"So the competition there is pretty keen,





"After he had manicured his nails . . . he has time for us."—Page 576.

as you know, and nobody was any keener than Joe Cole to hold his own. We'd been hove-to under our fores'l for eight days waitin' for it to moderate so's we could get a chance to fish. A Tuesday morning that was, and not a vessel in the fleet, we felt sure, had a pound of fish in her hold. But such fishin' when we did shove the dories over! They must have been fair starved out down below, waitin' with their mouths open, and just over the right spot we must have been, for it was a fish to every hook. Next morning at five o'clock there was sixty thousand of fish iced below or ready to dress on deck. 'Sweeng her off,' says Joe, 'an' we mak' da market dees aft'noon.' 'Twas in Lent, and Joe could hardly hold himself when he thought of it. 'We ketcha da market dry,' says Joe, 'mak' plenta mon-ee dees trip, you see.'

"And the scheme did look good. It didn't seem possible that any vessel could have loaded up as fast as we did, and if we could get home that day, which seemed

likely—a great sailin' breeze, with no more than a hundred and thirty-odd miles to the dock and twelve hours to do it in—it looked good. And of course if it *was* a fish famine after that long spell of bad weather, we cert'nly were in for a big trip.

"So off we went, across the channel and up by Cape Cod in good shape. And with the wind making all the time, we straightened out for a run across the Bay in fine spirits. Nothing, we thought then, could stop her from gettin' to T wharf, with hours to spare, nothing short of dismastin', and they bein' those same good old Georgia pine sticks that Joe had tried so hard to carry away off Halifax, we had no fear of that.

"We were belting along then, not ten miles from the lightship, the vessel hikin' everlastin'ly and the gang already spendin' their money—a couple up to the Boston Theatre; another looking over the bank-book with his wife—who just come back from depositin' forty dollars in the savings-bank, and that made three hundred and twenty-

nine dollars and fourteen cents, not countin' interest due but not yet entered; another chap was being measured for a nine-dollar pair o' pants, the only thing worryin' him was would he have a blue seam—when came a squall that struck us fair. Over she went, with most of her deck under water. And stayed there for a while. But she was all right, she didn't quite capsize; only when she did come up we had to break out her topside plankin' with hand-spikes, so's the water could run off her deck before we could get her goin' again.

"And that would 've been all right, only away up to wind'ard ten miles or more—we could just make her out—was a three-masted schooner hove-down. Only different from us, she showed no signs of coming up. Well, there was nothing to it but go up to her. And maybe Joe didn't look back longin'ly at the lightship when we wore' round.

"It must have taken us two hours to beat up—not much sea, but wind somethin' desprate—and when we got alongside we had to be everlastin'ly careful in takin' them off, and particularly careful with one gent, a passenger, who turned out to be her owner. He'd been takin' a cruise along the coast in this vessel of his. A big, fine-lookin', rosy chap, though not too rosy when we took him off; but a pretty decent kind, except that when he got his courage back he developed into one of those patronizin' kind that get on your nerves, the kind that look you over and think because you hustle for a livin' you must have lost any nat'ral intelligence you ever had, if ever you had any. You know—one of those 'my good man' kind of chaps.

"'I'll do something handsome for you, you'll see,' he says to Joe. This was after we'd got him dried out and the rosy color came into his face again. And pats Joe on the back, which Joe didn't quite like, comin' from a stranger; but you have to make allowances for a man whose life you've just saved, though just then Joe warn't payin' too much attention to this lad's speeches. Joe was mostly worryin' would he get to T wharf before five o'clock that afternoon or not.

"Well, we didn't get there. The market had been closed ten minutes when we dove into the slip. And you would 'a' had to sympathize with the skipper if you'd seen him

sittin' on the cap-log fannin' himself with his sou'wester. He was downcast sure enough. 'Haddock seex centa an' da cod eight centa da poun'. Dees trip good for four t'ousan' dollar if we been in one leet' half hour ago.'

"Knowin' just how he felt, I tried hard to cheer him up. 'It may be even higher in the morning, skipper,' I said. 'If no other vessel comes in it's sure to,' I goes on, 'for with a Friday in Lent ahead of them they got to have the fish to fill the orders. And if it is, skipper, you'll have a market trip stock that'll go down to posterity.'

"Just to think of it made him smile—if nobody came in during the night!"

Peter stopped short and began to laugh softly. "I have to every time I think of it."

"What was it, Peter—nobody in?"

Peter roared. "Nobody in! Next mornin' there were thirty-five vessels into the dock. You couldn't see the harbor for masts and trys'ls hung up to dry. And fish! 1,764,589 pounds of fish to the dock that day. I remember the figures well, the record day of that year, and from eight and six cents a pound cod dropped to two and a quarter and haddock to a dollar and a quarter a hundred. Instead of stockin' four thousand we stocked less than nine hundred dollars. Instead of the crew sharing a hundred and fifty or sixty dollars apiece, we shared twenty-six dollars and twenty-three cents apiece for our two weeks of a winter trip.

"Well, you oughter seen Joe. 'Dam!' says he. Dam again all coasta-men that can-not han-del a ves-sel! Dam! T'ree t'ousan' dollar lost for one leet' squall! Dam! dam! dam!' in little explosions like a gasoline engine around deck.

"That same afternoon Joe's final papers came to him, and he went up to an Atlantic Avenue hotel with Wesley Marrs and Tom O'Donnell, his two great models, to look them over. They'd hardly gone when the owner he'd rescued from the three-master came down the dock lookin' for the skipper.

"He was rosy as any apple with good-humor and impatience, so I brought him up to the hotel. He pounced on Joe. 'Ha, I've found you! I've been up and down the dock looking for you, as this man'—meanin' me—'will tell you. You did me a good turn yesterday—good seamanship and a good spirit displayed. And I know that you must have lost some time in doing it. Now,



Drawn by C. W. Ashley

"When we got alongside we had to be everlastin'ly careful."—Page 580.

now. I kept track—three hours or more it must have been, and you shall be reimbursed—paid—and paid well for it.’

“Joe raised his hand, palm out, protestin’. ‘No, no. For sav-ving life we can tak’ no mon-ee.’

“‘Now, now. I did not say this was for saving life.’ And the smile of him! You’d think Joe was some three-year-old child he was talkin’ to. ‘No, not for saving life—allow me’—he goes on—‘but for the time lost in saving life—for the time lost.’

“‘For da time lost in sav-ving life I tak’ no mon-ee,’ repeats Joe.

“‘But you must, captain. You really must let me have my way. And I will split no hairs over it. You and your men work hard, and your rewards, I know, are not great. Three hours for twenty-four men—how will that do?’ and he held out some bills.

“‘What ees it?’ said Joe.

“‘Why,’ said the rescued chap, ‘American money—a hundred dollars. See, five twenties. Now in the country where you come from—’

“‘Yess,’ interrupted Joe, ‘in da countree where I come from a hund’ed dollar is mooch mon-ee, ver’ mooch. But dere also we tak no mon-ee—not for sav-ving life.’

“‘But you must,’ said this chap, and forced the bills into Joe’s hands.

“Joe looked at them as if he had never seen a twenty-dollar bill in his life before. ‘My, such a heap!’ he says after a little study, and held them up for Marrs and O’Donnell to look at, and after they’d had a look he crumpled them up in his fist, and then, straightening them out again and in the most absent-minded way in the world he reached over to the little alcohol lamp at the end of the bar, stuck one of them into the flame, and with it lit his cigar.

“The passenger jumped a yard into the air. ‘My God!’ he shrieked, ‘what are you doing?’

“‘What ees?’ says Joe, surprised-like, at the same time stampin’ what was left of the bill to ashes under his toe, and only then seemin’ to take notice of what he had done. ‘Ah, ah. I burn da mon-ee? What a mis-tak’, sooch a mis-tak’, ver’ foolish. My brain it ees, what you say? bis-ee. But I will mak’ a’right,’ and diving into his jeans he pulled out a great wad of bills, from which he took a twenty and handed

it with the other four bills to the passenger. The passenger drew back.

“‘You do not weesh to tak’?’ says Joe.

“‘It is for you, captain, and then the men, your crew—’

“‘Ah-h, for da crew?’ and turned to where I was standing. ‘Here, Peter, tak’ dis mon-ee, dees fine gentla-man geev, an’ buy see-gar, good see-gar, min’ you. See-gar—er, no, see-gar-ette for da gang,’ and tossed the hundred dollars over to me.

“By this time the passenger was making all kinds of queer faces. ‘Have some drink?’ asked Joe politely. And the man, kind of dazed still, said he guessed he’d take a little whiskey and soda.

“‘P-s-s-t!’ said Joe. His mustache curled and his ear-rings almost tinkled. ‘Whis-key an’ so-da! Dees no gang cheapa sport. Dees here Capta’ Tom O’Don-nell, dees Capta’ Wesley Marrs.’ Then, rapping on the bar, Joe ordered the bartender to bring on a quart of the fizzy stuff, and after that another quart, and on top of that another, and was ordering another—all in a rush—and had spread out on the bar the papers that made him an American citizen, to call the man’s attention to them, when he flew out the door. ‘Ah-h,’ said Joe sadly, ‘an’ I wanta heem to see dese—what you call heem, dat long word, Tom?’

“‘Naturali-zation papers, naturali-za-tion, and say it slow, Joe.’

“‘Ah-h, yess—what eet ees you say, Tom, what geev me vote—dat right?’

“‘That’s right, Joe, and ’twas treason to keep you waitin’. You ought to been votin’ the day you hit the country, Joe.’

“Joe smiled. ‘Anny-way, a good ceet-zen now, hah, Tom—a good American ceet-zen Joe Cole now, hah, Wes-ley?’

“‘That’s what,’ says Wesley. ‘And the way you tossed that hundred to Peter, Joe, it was nothing less than—how is it they say it in the theatre, Tom?’

“‘Soo-per-r-b is the word, Wesley. With a gesture of sooperb contimpt, is the words they use.’

“‘Ah-h-,’ said Joe, and reached for the fourth quart. ‘We dreenk to one new American ceet-zen, Joe Cole! M-m—’ he drew in his breath like a child—‘and ah-h, it tak’ us to show dem da true American way. Hah, Tom? Ha, Wes-ley?’”

Peter had risen to mark on the blackboard



"With it lit his cigar.—Page 582.

the names of vessel and master, but with chalk in air he paused. "And I say with O'Donnell and Wesley 'tisn't the len'th of time a man's been in the country that makes a citizen of him. Joe was of more use to the country the first day he set foot on an American dock, of more use than many who'd vote to keep him out, of more use than many that's got ancestral halls and don't see anything right in the country nowadays, but who wouldn't themselves lose a night's sleep or the nail off a finger to make it right. Those others talk; but Joe's kind, whether he's Squarehead or Dutch, Polak or Dago, whatever he is—his is the kind that's always been throwin' a halo round the people and the institutions of the country he adopts. Joe's kind, that don't half

the time know whether his country is right or wrong, and don't half the time care, is the kind that since nations were nations has gone out and died for the flag that's over them. And made but little fuss about it. And the horizon, you'll take notice, is blotted out with but few monuments to his memory."

Carefully Peter was writing it down—"Schooner *Bonita*, master Joseph Cole," when—"But, Peter, did you really buy cigarettes for the money?"

The wrinkles spread from the corner of Peter's mouth till they reached to under his ears. "H-m—well, not for the whole hundred. But let me tell you, boy, what cigars we did smoke that day—they were cert'nly a damn swell brand."



SIR IPPYKIN

By Oliver Herford

GRIM Giant Graft sate in his cavern dim;
A king's reward was offered for him dead.
He scowled to think it could not come to him,
That price upon his head.

Of all his foes he dreaded only one,
A knight of stalwart heart and spotless fame,
Who feared no creature underneath the sun—
Sir Ippykin his name.

One night to Ippykin there came a thought—
A mocking thought, that whispered in his ear:
"Ah, ha, Sir Knight! men say thou fearest naught;
They lie—thou fearest Fear!

Fear smites you when you read the king's decree
That whatsoever knight shall rid the land
Of Giant Graft will gain a golden fee,
Likewise his daughter's hand.

You fear to win, for fear that you must wed
The princess—for you love another maid;
You dare not lose the fight because you dread
Lest men call you afraid."

Cried Ippykin, "Lord, how shall I cut through
This tangled coil?" Then of a sudden laughed
A scornful laugh, and rose and hied him to
The cave of Giant Graft.

No chronicler was present to reveal
What passed between the knight and Giant
Graft;
Or what the bargain was the which to seal
So many horns they quaffed.

But this is sure—thereafter from the lands
Of Ippykin once every week would stray
Certain fat sheep into the Giant's hands
In some mysterious way;

And once a week the giant and the knight
Would chase each other round in seeming strife,
Until the king grew weary of the sight,
And pensioned both for life.

Then Ippykin and his true love were wed
And both lived happy till they passed away;
But Giant Graft, fat, flagrant, and well fed,
Is living to this day.



Herford

THE LAW OF HIS NATURE

By Leon H. Vincent



HE coupé turned in sharply from the street, the clatter of hoofs and rumble of wheels being suddenly deadened as the horses padded through the damp gravel of the driveway. The occupant got out slowly and with an effort, but walked briskly enough up the short flight of steps leading to the door. Something about his manner, the determination of his step, perhaps, indicated that he was fighting against the oppression of his age; it was a new thing for him to be brought home regularly from his office in a carriage. In earlier days he had preferred to walk, it was the rational way of getting over the ground. When he became aware that through advance of years walking consumed too much time, he degraded himself to the street-car. Later he graduated with the rest of humanity to the "cable," and in time to the sumptuous electric-car. The latter he regarded with equanimity. It symbolized that advance in material prosperity and comfort which seemed to him one of the special glories of this age. He loved those exhibitions of how brute force could be transformed into something of the highest utility and yet retain a touch of that barbaric power which is inseparable from Nature. When, however, he found himself for the first time in his life bewildered amid the throng of people in the business centre of the great town to the prosperity of which he had himself contributed in large degree, and on attempting to board a car which had just begun to move, was thrown to the ground, he realized that the inevitable had come. Some people express it by saying that they are not as young as they once were. They utter it with a laugh, hoping to meet a denial and to be told how many years they are still "good for." Old Mr. Helmuth despised such flattery. He ordered his coupé to meet him at a precise hour each day, and no more said about it.

The door opened noiselessly at his approach. As he crossed the threshold the

tones of a piano fell upon his ear. The instrument was played with so imperious a touch that the note of mastery was perceptible even to the old gentleman whose ignorance of music was surpassed in degree only by his contempt for the art.

He turned an inquiring look upon the butler, who had already taken his hat and was preparing to relieve him of his coat.

"Is that Mr. Endicott playing?"

"I'm not quite sure, sir," answered the man, "he has a gentleman with him." After a moment's pause, "it doesn't sound like Mr. Endicott—it's louder, sir."

"What is the gentleman like?"

"He has black hair, sir, and a great deal of it, not long but very thick. I believe he's a foreigner of some sort."

"It's that Frenchman," said Helmuth, turning abruptly into the library at the left of the hall.

He sank into an easy-chair before the fire-place, adjusted his eye-glasses and presently became absorbed in the columns of an evening paper. The waves of sound from the drawing-room mounted higher and higher, and flooded every corner of the house with their tumultuous harmony. An inarticulate expression of impatience escaped the reader's lips. Once he made a start, as if for the purpose of shutting the door, but his eye fell upon some engrossing item of news, and he presently became unconscious of the disturbing sound.

Dinner was announced. The old gentleman rose with difficulty, but once upon his feet marched with energetic step toward the dining-room. Passing into the hall he met his son and the stranger face to face.

"Mr. Alexis DuBois, father," said Endicott, presenting his friend. "You have heard me speak of Mr. DuBois from time to time." The young man's manner was affectionate and studiously deferential.

Old Mr. Helmuth bent his eyes suspiciously upon the visitor, nodded curtly, uttered some expression which, being inaudible, might be construed as a welcome

or the reverse, and led the way to the table.

The contrast between father and son was marked. People who had never known Mrs. Helmuth took it for granted that the son must be the "image" of his mother, basing the conclusion on the fact that he looked so little like his father. People who had known that stately and handsome woman said that the likeness was indeed marked. At the time this narrative opens she had been dead seven years. From her Endicott inherited his dark eyes with their habitual expression of sadness when his face was in repose. From her came his smile which was gracious, and touched with a quality of shrewdness. And he certainly inherited from her his quiet tenacity of purpose.

Singular stories were told of Eleanor Helmuth's will-power. Two or three, exaggerated in the telling, had a rather uncanny quality, but they were now almost forgotten. People in her old home only remembered the persistency of her determination to marry the young German-American who had come from one of the Western States, and who had wooed her with a captivating directness that went straight to her heart. Though born in America the young man had much of the Old World naïveté in his manner. He was capable of falling in love at first sight; and being in love it was impossible for him to do other than urge his suit with German impetuousness of manner.

He won the young woman's heart. Eighteen months later he carried her back to the home which he had in the meantime built and furnished for her, a home containing a reasonable amount of everything that money could buy, and so little that taste could suggest. Eleanor laughed as she found herself standing in the centre of this polished, varnished, unspeakably crude newness. The laugh was suggestive of the idea that she had found a world to conquer and to civilize. She laughed again as she thought of the quaint old homestead in a Massachusetts sea-coast town where her father, her grandfather, and her great-grandfather, had each been born, had lived and had died. The contrast was humorous. She wondered what Aunt Rebecca and Aunt Sue would think of this strange young city sprawling over

the bluffs, of the mansion on the hill so inaccessible, and with such wonderful views when you got to it, of the blaze of sunshine from which there was no escape, and of that unceasing wind with its tremendous blasts at some seasons which modulated into a mild purr at other seasons, but which, being without intermission, occasionally purred its victims into the insane asylum.

Aunt Rebecca and Aunt Sue were not less puzzled than the other relatives over this marriage. Later they concluded that they had fathomed the mystery in so far as there was a mystery. With Eleanor's circle the explanation that she loved her lover seemed hardly adequate. At most it was only sufficient to account for the fact of the marriage, and quite insufficient to account for her fine enthusiasm over the prospect of a new life in the West. The aunts said that it was a passion for adventure. They meant the superficial accidents of life in what was then a raw frontier town, where society might be amusing but was sure to be mixed, and where livelier traditions of Western enterprise, the hold-up and the spectacular train-robbery had not yet become entirely traditional. They would have come nearer the truth had they realized, as Eleanor did, that passionate longing of the human heart to be emancipated from the fetters of a civilization which presses heavily and binds the nature.

She had been carried away by typhoid fever when Endicott was fifteen. Seven years had not sufficed to dim the outlines of that gracious image in the young man's mind. He was conscious, even in his earliest boyhood days, of an extra maternal love, which he attributed in his childish reasoning to the fact that she was loving him not only for himself but for her first-born who died when a mere baby. Endicott believed that he owed all that he was to his mother, including a strong bias for music. His first lessons had come from her. His easy mastery of the elements of piano-playing surprised everybody, and the more so because it seemed not to interfere with his studies. When, on his return from an Eastern university, Endicott found himself at issue with his father on the question of his future, he was troubled. Men in New York and Boston,

whose opinions he respected, had urged him to think seriously of a musical career. Old Mr. Helmuth had been amused at first over the preposterousness of the idea. He laughed scornfully as he might have done had someone said to him, "Your son would make an excellent tight-rope performer." When Endicott offered a few reasons chiefly in support of the dignity of the profession of music he was annoyed.

The subject came up at intervals. Endicott made no declaration of his purpose, but the whole miserable business began to loom large like a spectre in the father's mind. The persistency of the young man reminded him of the persistency of his mother. Helmuth recalled the admiration with which he had watched the quiet operation of her will in subduing the antagonism of parents, brothers, to say nothing of the rank and file of relatives, and in shaping her course so as to follow him to his home in the West. A feeling akin to suffocation came over him when he compared mother and son and realized how alike they were. The presence of the distinguished pianist at his dinner-table had the effect of a challenge on old Helmuth.

There was a note of defiance in his voice when he turned to DuBois and said: "You belong to that unfortunate race called musicians?"

"I have that honor," said the young man.

"It's a poor business."

DuBois took it for granted that the eminent man of affairs alluded to the small financial emoluments of the artistic life, and he uttered some commonplaces about the rewards which are better than money.

"I don't mean that," said Helmuth, positively. "I mean that it's a little business, petty, undignified. I've seen a girl play the violin, and I thought the instrument fitted her. I had no pleasure in the performance, but I thought it was a very lady-like occupation; but I can't imagine anything worse than the spectacle of a man fiddling. You fellows who play the piano make more noise—I hope I'm not abusive?"—this with a faint gleam of ironic humor in his eyes—"that is, you get a greater volume of tone from your instrument, and you have more to show for the effort than the fiddlers; but what does it all amount to in the end?"

"I understand father's feeling," said Endicott, not giving DuBois time to reply. "It is not merely that he thinks a man ought to be practical, but there are so many large interests in the world which affect numbers of people for good or ill, and so few men with the ability or the training to manage those interests, that he says it's a great risk to run—setting aside the important work for art."

Endicott idealized his father's attitude a little. The senior Helmuth's feeling toward "art" was plain, undisguised contempt. It was akin to the attitude shown by a chess-player toward a man who deems himself to the trivialities of checkers; the man might be doing something useful, namely, playing chess. This great man of affairs had played the game of life with the most vital of interests at stake, many dollars, many risks, many dangers, not to himself alone, but to all who remotely depended upon him. He had made money, it is true, but, after all, that had been a minor consideration, an incident in his career. The true object of the game was in the splendid playing of what other men might have played with a timid grasp and ineffectually.

His motives had not been altruistic, either. He was as far removed from that as he had been from sordidness. He wanted his son to take up the whole complex affair and carry it on, and now the son prated of art.

"Your word art," said old Helmuth, turning to DuBois as if he were guiltily responsible both for the thing itself and the name, "your word art always reminds me of something I heard a Kentuckian say. Who was that fellow, Endicott, the one we met in Jacksonville? No matter. He had a school somewhere in Kentucky. I talked with him; he was a man of sense. He said to me: 'I can size up a girl the minute she lands at my school; if she wears big sleeves and says she only wants to study literature and art, I know she's a fool.' Now, that may not be quite just, Mr. DuBois, but there's a good deal in it."

"It is much like politics," said DuBois, smiling imperturbably. He spoke with a marked accent, often choosing his words well, but weaving in an occasional bit of slang, which he employed with almost

comic precision. "We have no common ground. I am of a country where art is held in highest repute, where musicians and painters and sculptors are admired. You have no art, because you have no public to comprehend art. Americans are continually saying: 'Behold us; we are great!' There is need of something besides steam to make a nation great—art, par example. You are not off it—I mean *in* it—you and your nation, in comparison with the nations of Europe. You say, 'Does it pay?' always 'Does it pay?' If it does, you approve; if it pays not, you ——" and he ended with a pantomimic expression of the way in which an American millionaire would relegate art to the devil.

"Yes," said Helmuth, "we value the thing that pays: I admit it. But when we say 'It pays' we don't always mean that it pays in money. However, money is a good test. It shows that the enterprise is in a healthy condition. I notice," darting a sharp glance at DuBois from under his shaggy eyebrows, "that you fellows, with your horns and fiddles, like our steam-made money pretty well."

"One must live," said DuBois, simply. After a pause he added: "I am a missionary here. I help to civilize the country. If I suffer, I also get money; it is a little compensation."

Old Helmuth snorted derisively. Civilizing America by means of music seemed to him unspeakably grotesque. Perhaps some philanthropic foreigner would undertake to cleanse our politics by sprinkling violet water on the ward bosses.

A moment later his anger began to kindle toward a man who could have the vanity to talk in his presence of civilizing America. The anger was natural. Helmuth had been one of the vanguard of that great army which subdues a new country, wrests it from the grasp of brute nature and brute man. He had been public-spirited. If the world immediately about him did not always recognize that fact, it is because the world is pretty stupid, and understands an ostentatious display of public spirit better than any other kind.

Perhaps he would not have felt so bitter had he not once gloried in the thought of how Endicott would take hold of the thousand complexities of his great business interests and master them with easy

superiority. They were too manifold for men of less force than his. And the whole fabric was so delicate that it required constant attention. It was not alone a great opportunity; it was a great duty. How could a young man with a conscience put by the duty and the opportunity alike? Helmuth believed in work; work for poor men because they must, for rich men, because they had the power to work effectively, above all for rich men's sons, because of their magnificent opportunities. And here was Endicott proposing to throw away his great chance. It was worse than mere flippancy; it was eating the bread of idleness.

"Your newness to our country can be the only possible explanation of a remark like that," said Helmuth. "You haven't looked about you, or, if you have, your eyes are not open. What this country needs is not more musicians, but more men."

"There is room for both," said DuBois.

"There is room for men, the musicians will come whether or no."

"And it is possible," continued DuBois, "for some that they be both men and musicians—like Mr. Endicott here."

"I'd rather see him digging in the ditch along with a pack of common Italian laborers," rejoined Helmuth, fiercely. "I can excuse you, Mr. DuBois, because you were brought up to think as you do; but there's no excuse for an American. There's work to do here."

Helmuth was surprised at the sudden growth of his own hostility toward his son's guest. At first he had liked the fellow, had admired a little the way in which he played his part—a part which to the financier's mind consisted chiefly in taking the attitude of one who was doing something useful rather than teaching girls and women to strum on the piano, and teaching them solemnly in order to dignify the foolish business.

But his hostility to music was as nothing compared with his hostility to the thought of Endicott's abandoning a plain duty to ally himself with these waifs and gypsies of civilization. The city might overrun with singers and players on instruments for all he cared, but that they should come into his life vexed him unspeakably.

Not until this minute had he felt how definite and settled Endicott's purpose was. His heart sank. He wished he could plead abandonment, appeal to the youth's sympathies. That would be to act a part indeed. Never had a man shown himself so rugged, so little dependent upon the outward manifestations of affection. He loved Endicott in his rough, silent way, but it would never have occurred to him either to give or to expect tenderness of speech and gesture. Love, passion, were words the meaning of which he had known but once. From Endicott he expected loyalty.

And the shame of it ! To be asked at the club what Endicott was up to, and be obliged to reply that he was playing the piano ! He could see the look of quizzical astonishment in General Nash's eyes at this disclosure. To be sure the General's son was "up to" nothing useful. "He was having his fling," the General briefly explained one day ; there was a reminiscent tone in his voice. The fling seemed largely to consist in the young man's being brought home at unusual hours of the night, and in a condition which did not permit of his walking or even stumbling up-stairs. Once, indeed, he was found in his dress-suit with hat crushed over his eyes, curled up on the lowest step of the staircase, and fiercely resentful of any proposition which looked toward putting him to bed.

Helmuth knew all this. He had no feeling about it. Getting drunk was not a gentleman-like occupation ; however, this much could be said for it—it was not abnormal. But there was no cure that he had ever heard of for the disease of piano-playing.

II

"He will never give his approval," said Endicott, as the two young men mounted the last turn of the steps leading to the studio, followed by the butler with the after-dinner coffee.

"You must be content to go without his approval," responded DuBois. "You have no alternative. It is written."

"I wish I felt sure that it *was* written. Who can know? It is impossible to speak with certainty."

"I am sure ; take my judgment upon it. Is it that I ever flatter? What motive have I that can make for any good but your own?"

DuBois took his cigarette-case from his pocket, lighted one of the slender little rolls and commenced to blow long shafts of pale-blue smoke into the air. He looked about him with intense satisfaction. He loved the atmosphere of Endicott's musical work-shop. Here was one place where the eye was not wearied with hackneyed portraits of "great composers" and where the walls were blessedly innocent of photographs of operatic celebrities with scrawling autographs as ostentatiously displayed as if the writers expected to figure in the advertisement of a nerve-tonic or a pomade.

Endicott poured the coffee and passed one of the cups to DuBois.

"Grazie," he said. He drank, and smoked, and looked serene. "You never have any portraits of opera-singers here ; it is a relief. There are three things which I detest : a cornet-player, a fat opera-singer, and a curly-maple piano. Kelly, the broker, wanted me to try the piano in his wife's sitting-room the other night—I dined with him. I said, 'No, I never play on a *white* piano. I can play nothing lighter colored than rosewood.'"

Endicott laughed, "Didn't you play at all?"

"Certainly not ; one must draw the line somewhere. The instrument was indecent. You cannot fancy a violinist playing on a white violin."

"Kelly knows a good deal about music, doesn't he?"

"So much that if he didn't talk about it one would think he knew it all. But he judges a pianist as he judges an express-train—by its velocity. He would have ten instruments in a row and a man at each instrument. He would give the signal for them all to begin on the same piece. The one who finished first would be the best player. Kelly admires speed ; he is an American."

The two men chatted for a while and then were silent, enjoying that form of comradeship which permits those who understand one another to exchange some of their best thoughts without the trouble of uttering them.

Once DuBois went to the piano and played. Endicott listened and studied his guest, rehearsing to himself the narrative of the famous pianist's life, and living over again their personal relations during the last six months.

Alexis DuBois was French by descent, Russian by accident of birth, and had received his musical education in the chief city of Bavaria. His gifts were unusual and his training had been severe. Fame came to him rather easily, and one of its results was that in a surprised moment he put his signature to a contract to give a series of concerts in America. The management was said to be competent, and the salary appeared to him bewilderingly magnificent.

He found himself the sensation of a brief day, trumpeted in strident tones that abashed him; his name printed in letters taller and redder than he had ever seen before; his picture stuck up in innumerable windows; the simple facts of his unpretentious life dramatically rendered and shamefully exaggerated, and a piano shipped about the country for his use with the name of the maker emblazoned in gold on the side turned toward the audience. At first he was confused; the glitter, the noise, the air of vulgar advertising about the whole business stunned him. He played his concerto at two or three concerts in a dream. This manner of thrusting art down the public throat was new to him. Then music was something to be commended from the house-tops, as one might vociferate the merits of a soap, a baking-powder, a sewing-machine? Never before had this occurred to him.

For a while his distress was so great that he thought to give it all up, to abandon the golden reward that was to be earned by this sacrifice of the decencies; he would steal away, and leave the matter to explain itself as best it might. The "eccentricity" of genius would cover much. And really the splendid honorarium seemed insufficient to pay for the degradation.

One evening as he thought it all over, dealing with the problem point by point, the matter clarified as by magic, and his duty lay before him so clearly marked and so easy withal that he wondered he

had not seen it before. He realized the thing visually. He seemed to be in a crowded room, all chatter and laughter and noise, where people pressed about him and stared with smiling and good-natured but vulgar curiosity. And when the heat and the light and the gleam of silk and flash of diamonds became oppressive, suddenly a door opened near him, and he found himself in a cool, dimly lighted passage, fragrant with flowers, where two or three people wandered about. They seemed to know him. They glanced at him with interest, but appeared rather to avoid him, as if they knew he wished to be alone. He was drawn to them by this touch of delicacy, and he wondered who they were.

Then it was that he understood exactly the duty and the spirit in which it should be performed.

In those vast audiences which had greeted him, there were a few who understood perfectly what he was trying to accomplish. He could not know who they were (the pianist is not able to study the faces of his audience), and applause tells nothing, since it is not always the most appreciative listener who applauds the loudest. None the less they were there. He had a message for them, a duty to perform. He owed them something. For their sake he was under obligation to display his art in its most gracious aspect. His peculiar power lay in a reverential treatment of the work of certain masters, in the suppression of self and the exaltation of the composer's genius till it seemed as if the great dead were present and spoke through him, their viceroy. In this spirit he played, and trusted that the message found its way to the hearts that could understand it.

This had happened three years since. The blare of advertising trumpets was over. It had quieted down only to burst out afresh when the wisdom and the thrift of piano-makers and impresarios should have decided what would pay best. Alexis DuBois was no longer the sensation. His qualities were not brilliant enough to satisfy the mob, and the genuine lovers of music were too few to make possible the support of an art so eminently self-effacing.

His life resolved itself into very simple

elements, the humdrum of daily teaching varied by an occasional recital before a handful of friends, and at intervals a trip to Europe. It had never occurred to him to return to Germany to live. The break with the Old World and the old life was complete. His mission was here ; and it was as high as it was definite. He must save souls for music. Exactly thus did he phrase it to himself. No religious devotee ever toiled more passionately than did this apostle of sincerity and truth in musical art. Some few among the hundred who came to him would have the rare and precious gift. To find this gift, and having found it, to cherish and develop it by every means in his power—this was Alexis DuBois's life.

His intimacy with Endicott Helmuth began in the commonplace relation of teacher and pupil. After a few lessons DuBois said to him : "I can teach you nothing, but you must continue to come to me. I will play for you, you will play for me. I will take the fee as for lessons, since one must live. You are rich, and I do not know if you would wish to accept my time for a gift. After a few months I shall know perfectly about you."

He then explained to Endicott his idea. The difficulty seemed to be mechanical. DuBois felt that he had not time to become a drill-master ; he was a discernor of men, an interpreter of music, not a technician. There was a pedagogue in Germany who had a remarkable gift in developing the hand. He had done wonders with muscles far less pliable than Endicott's appeared to be. Two years with this teacher and every last difficulty between the mind and the hand would be destroyed. The hand would perfectly execute the "soul's intending."

DuBois's persuasion was hardly needed to lead Endicott definitely to take the step. He had been growing into the idea for several years. Perhaps this last opinion from an eminent authority brought the matter more speedily to the inevitable conclusion.

The young men talked as they loved best to talk, in generous silences broken by occasional brief and pointed expressions. So completely had every point been discussed that they enjoyed a free inter-

change of ideas with only a minimum of words.

There was a timid knock. Endicott rose, went to the door, and threw it open. One of the maids handed him a note. "From Mr. Helmuth," she said. "There is no answer." There was but a sentence. Endicott had read it before the rustle of her skirts died away, as she moved quietly down the staircase. The father's broad hand filled the page with these words : "Come to my room when you are at liberty ; no matter what hour—I shall be awake."

Endicott went back to the divan.

"I am going presently," said Alexis, as if he had divined the contents of the note.

"There is no reason why you should go. I am to have a talk with father some time to-night, but it makes no difference when. If he wanted to see me now he would say so. It's all one to him whether we talk at nine in the evening or three in the morning.

"Quite the same, I am going," said DuBois. "There is a call to be made on the way home, and at home there is always the work. Perhaps your talk may last longer than you expect ; you are well to begin soon."

"Well, then, if you insist, go ; but it is too late for your call, see—eleven o'clock." Endicott held up his watch. "And by the way," he said, jestingly, "take a parting look at me so that you will remember me. I may go to-morrow. In that case there'll be no time for farewells."

An expression very like tenderness came into the great musician's eyes. "I shall not forget your face," he said. "I shall not forget *you*." He paused a moment, then put his hands on Endicott's shoulders and looked earnestly and long into the young man's eyes. "I could almost be—what is your word ?—sentimental," he said.

"Don't be," said Endicott, smiling very much and really afraid his friend would become demonstrative, perhaps salute him on either cheek in that dreadful German fashion. "I'll walk over to the street-car with you," he added. And as he led the way down the stairs he reflected on that peculiarity of human nature whereby two women are permitted to fall into each

other's arms and embrace passionately, smothering one another with kisses, while two men will stare at one another like sheep, each in terror lest he betray his honest manly liking for his friend.

They crossed the boulevard to the parallel street along which the electric-cars flashed to and fro. DuBois began to signal his car before it had left the block. His method was original; Endicott had not been able to cure him of it and had ceased to try. Usually he would grasp his umbrella by the middle and pump it up and down horizontally as if it were the brake of an old-fashioned fire-engine. It was grotesque, but it was effective.

"I think," said Endicott, gravely, "that it may stop if you keep that up."

"Surely it will," replied DuBois with intense conviction.

The car halted. DuBois gave a hurried, anxious glance as if to assure himself that the monster had stopped at both ends and then scrambled aboard. He turned with a serene expression and waved a good-by. That look of triumph always came into his eyes when he had successfully achieved his entrance into an open electric-car.

Endicott stood for a moment watching the receding car, laughing to himself partly with amusement, partly with affection, then strolled back to the house. A huge Angora cat was gravely crossing the dimly lighted hall as he entered, and turned an instant to look at him, with big, inscrutable eyes. Endicott spoke a bantering word to the animal as it vanished in the darkness, and then went to his father's room.

He knew exactly what the old gentleman would be doing. Ever since the boy could remember, old Helmuth had been accustomed to read in bed. He had reduced it to a science. He had studied the problem of light, the angle of the body, and the size of type, until he knew perfectly how to get the greatest amount of comfort. He had a rack for holding the heavy book, for he refused to read anything printed in small or blurred type, and he was often compelled to take an unwieldy volume.

He read principally fiction of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The longer and heavier the novel the better. He had a contempt for a short story

as he had a contempt for a little business undertaking involving petty risks and childish small returns. With all his reading he was absolutely blind to the artistry of the work. That it required years of observation and practice to enable one to depict the facts of life as these novelists did hardly occurred to him. So far as he reflected upon it at all, story-writers were a lower order of being, like vaudeville "artists." He classed them with dancers, with performers upon the trapeze, the horizontal bars.

As Endicott approached the bed he was struck with the wonderful appearance of youth in his father's face. Could it be the way the tempered light fell upon the features, hiding rather than bringing out the marks of time? The old man had lost ten years since they parted at the dinner-table not six hours ago. The grotesque image of those fathers of standard fiction and drama who age suddenly in the struggle with wilful sons, flashed across the young man's mental vision. He compared the fathers in books with this living reality. *His* father at least had grown younger. It came to him as by a revelation that conscious of the son's intended desertion the old warrior had renewed his youth to meet responsibilities he had thought to put by. At an age when so many men are anxious to rest, to drowse over the newspaper, to hug the fireplace, or the whist-table, to let care go, this wonderful old man had summoned all his force to meet the great emergency. For an instant Endicott rejoiced that he was taking this step since its first result was to rob his father of the infirmities of age.

Helmuth motioned Endicott to a seat and pushed away the rack that held the volume.

"Well, what do you propose?" He bent upon his son a penetrating look, full of sagacity and worldly wisdom, and touched with a grim humor not unmixed with scorn.

"I want to go abroad and study for two years. The idea is one that has been maturing in my mind almost unconsciously for a long time. I wish I might go with your entire approval, father."

"To study, you say—study what?"

"Music—the piano."

"You call it study?" said Helmuth

with that fine note of sarcasm which Endicott loved to hear.

"Yes," said the young man, "musicians call it study."

"Give me, if you can, an intelligent account of your aims. I'll summon all my waning mental powers to my aid and see if I can comprehend it." The proud curl of his lips as he spoke of his waning mental powers was something to see and to admire. "Do your best with it; I'll listen without a word. If the argument can be reduced to plain terms so that a plain man can understand it, so much the better. Come, what does it all mean?"

Endicott had often noted how arguments for the existence of art seemed to wither before the homely questioning of the man of affairs. Now he realized it afresh. It is more agreeable to plead the cause of music before an audience of musicians. The speaker and the hearers keep one another in countenance. They take the main fact for granted, and argue only about the unessentials.

Endicott felt that in a way he had mastered the argument. He had often rehearsed it to himself, not with a view to meeting creditably an emergency like this, but to confirm himself in his belief. But he knew at the moment his logical ingenuity was most subtle and penetrating that if the last shred of argument were shown to be fallacious, he would believe exactly the same. He needed no ground for his belief; his nature asserted an inborn right to be itself.

Nevertheless he stated the case clearly, in as succinct phrases as he could command, first in its broader aspects, then in its relation to himself. He disguised none of the unfavorable aspects of the matter, the comparatively low estimate put upon music in the New World, the petty financial gains. There was something eloquent in his phrasing at moments, but the most eloquent argument was one of which he was unconscious; it was that look of his mother in his eyes.

He was silent. The father studied his face for a time without uttering a word. Endicott fancied that he might acquiesce, that the reasons had been put with a definiteness sufficient to command respect.

"This is the best you can say for it?"

Endicott smiled. Had he not said much?

"Have you no argument for explaining your willingness to shirk a duty as plain as the daylight?"

"Does it look like shirking a duty, father?"

"Endicott," rang out the old man, "I can give you a stronger word than that: it's cowardice!"

Endicott shook his head.

"Cowardice," repeated the father. "Admit that you're a skulker, that you haven't the nerve to face the battle of life. Admit that it's loafing, this thing that you propose; disguise it to your friends under any one of the book phrases you like best, but admit to *me* that it's loafing and I'll say no more. I'll do the work"—that wonderful look of youth flamed up in the old man's face—"I'll do the work."

"Father," cried Endicott, springing to his feet, "*you're glad that I'm going!*" You would have been disappointed if I had given up."

A light came into Helmuth's eyes such as the youth had never seen before. It was the light of returning ambition. What must the father have been in his prime who could show energy like this in his old age!

Endicott was right. Bitterly as he had resented his son's pusillanimity Helmuth had an emotion akin to rapture when the decision was made.

This antagonism to his will had taught him that his own power of achievement was unimpaired. He felt that nothing was beyond his reach. He could take up the whole complex scheme to-morrow and handle it as became a master.

He was like an athlete who after years of disuse finds that he is able to do what he imagined to be long since impossible. It is with bitterness of heart that age abases itself before youth.

With something akin to exaltation old Helmuth thought he saw his son quail before responsibilities which he himself had borne so lightly.

"I've said my last word, Endicott."

"Will you say good-by, father?"

The old man took the youth's hand for an instant. Whatever emotions may or may not have been surging in their hearts there was not a shadow of external disturbance. They parted like men who have failed to understand one another.

Old Helmuth turned out the reading-light.

Endicott opened the door and examined the night-latch to see that it worked properly. He turned and glanced toward the bed. The old man was breathing regularly. He must have fallen asleep at once. Endicott approached and looked with admiration at the massive head outlined on the pillow. Unconquered energy was written in every lineament. He then went noiselessly out of the room. The faint click of the night-latch sounded behind him.

III

THE place had but little to give it distinction in the eyes of tourists. It lay at one side out of the beaten track. The vast army of sight-seers hurried through the broad valley all the summer months, only a few stragglers penetrating to this clean, old-fashioned town.

The few in question were the wide-eyed victims of other few, who, clamorous of novelty and weary of their kind, had tried to make a virtue of coming here. They extolled to the skies the serenity and charm of this neglected corner of Europe. When questioned by callow fellow-voyagers, who, being happy over such platitudes as the Rhine or Interlaken, might have been left alone in their innocent enjoyment, as to what they should find in case they went, the hardened ones always became vague but earnest. There were pictures, at least there was one very remarkable picture, and then, with real enthusiasm, "Besides, you know, Kammerhauser is buried there!"

The painting was, indeed, old enough and ugly enough to deserve its modest reputation. But, after all, one old painting and the tomb of one third-rate German poet cannot make a summer-resort, much less a shrine, worthy the attention of pilgrims. None the less, people continued to come. They stayed a few days or a few hours, paid their bills in full consciousness that the accommodations of the excellent little hotel were worth all and more than the landlord asked. And, besides, there was the "indescribable charm," you know.

Ashamed to confess that they had been

cheated, they spoke of the charm to other travellers; and thus it happened that every summer small parties detached from the great army of tourists mounted the wooded ridge beyond which lay the town. These people formed a sort of religious sect after their return to America. They were always delighted to meet one another. Usually each had a friend who had been there; the friend had felt that vague something.

There were visitors of another sort, young men for the most part, who came with every appearance of intending to stay for a month, a year, for several years. They had no eyes for the old painting or the ugly tomb. They were of every nationality: Russians, Germans, English, Italians, Americans, a Greek, and one queer youth who might have stood as the general representative of dwellers in Mesopotamia, or perchance in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene.

The Americans were lads of the sort you may see in the assembly-room of any high-school. Their bright, clear, unsophisticated faces, their good-humored assurance, their bantering ways, were American. So, too, were their enthusiasms, their awkwardnesses, their innocent Bohemianisms. Many of them wore spectacles, and all allowed their hair to grow a little longer than they would have done had they been at home in Oswego or Muscatine. A few were quite poor, the majority were decently provided for, one or two were rich.

They were here because of their devotion to that intractable instrument, the piano-forte. Not a few of these students played well, but in every instance the interpretative power had outstripped the ability to execute.

The magnet which drew them to this obscure corner of Germany was a certain wonderful pedagogue of the painstaking type which this extraordinary country produces in the few hours of respite from military drill. Originally a physician, who played the piano and wrote epic poetry in order to keep his mind fully occupied, he had made a profound study of the fingers and wrist in their relation to his favorite musical instrument, and had published an epoch-making book, "*Die Klavier-Spielende Hand*," an ordered, thor-

ough-going, minutely exact and all-comprehensive treatise, which, in its twenty-seventh much-augmented *und viel verbesserte Ausgabe*, was the *vade mecum* of every student in the town.

Eminent masters sent promising pupils to this man for technical repairs, as one might say. The Herr Doctor drilled each pupil separately, and wrote special exercises for the peculiarities of the individual hands. He was paid for each lesson in advance, and he always gave a receipt for the laughably small fee. He refused to allow the tuition to be paid in a lump sum at the beginning of the term, because he discovered that he lost interest in the pupil's progress; and he was equally loath to have it paid at the close of the term, because he had had the misfortune more than once to lose both pupil and fees.

The system was terribly exhausting—physically and mentally. If you lived through it, had not been ill-taught before coming there, and had talent besides, you might get on. Very few lived through it. The hours of mechanical drill killed the musical sensibilities. The Doctor would allow no tunes to be played. The liveliest air ever heard in that town was the scale of C major in double-thirds.

"Another three months of this and *my* earthly career closes," said a lank, homely youth whose great hands and long bony wrists seemed out of proportion to his body and head. "What I ought to have done was to stay right home in Oquawka and help father run the button factory."

"Do you regret coming?"

"Do I regret coming? Of *course* I regret coming. Why should I seek an early grave in this way? I'm no Mozart to be buried young."

"You don't look frail and you don't eat frail."

"Looks have nothing to do with it. I wish you felt as frail as I feel at this minute. You'd write home for money to-night and when it came you'd start by the first cattle-steamer and hope to die in the bosom of your family."

"Cheer up, Lemuel," shouted a bullet-headed, black-haired, young New Englander. "Think how you've improved!" He slapped the desponding Lemuel on the shoulder. "You've got a career be-

fore you. You'll astonish America when you get back. You're going to show all Illinois and Iowa how the piano ought to be handled."

"That's it," said Lemuel, "I can show them exactly how a piano ought to be handled, but I was idiotic enough to suppose that I could demonstrate how the piano ought to be played. Yes, that's exactly what I'm fitting myself for, a piano-mover. Can any of you fellows tell how it got into my head that I could learn that devilish instrument? My natural vehicle of expression is the bass drum; it's melodious, inspiring, and requires a minimum of technique. I might even have risen to the concertina, though p'r'aps it's presumptuous to say so."

The frequenters of the small restaurant were always a little the happier when Lemuel Shattuck had an attack of what he called "the solemn!" He was an earnest soul and took his griefs severely.

"When did this fit come on you, Lemuel?" asked Endicott Helmuth.

"'Tisn't a fit this time; it's the shadow of approaching dissolution. I'm liable to die any day now during my afternoon practise hour. How is it the historical musicians always go off? Don't they pass away just at sunset? And they improvise strange harmonies just before the supreme moment. . . . I'm going to do that. I shall be playing the descending scale in parallel sixths, full of weird unearthly melody, and just as I reach the bottom my tired spirit will flap its wings and soar hence."

He lifted his beer-mug, drank copiously, and with a sigh set it down. The boys grinned at him. They sympathized, but no one ever felt at liberty to tell him the truth, namely, that he was trying to master something that was out of his reach. Said one: "You're homesick, that's all."

"Homesick! Were you ever in Oquawka? . . . I thought not. No sir, I'm not homesick."

He turned to Endicott: "Your work's done."

Endicott nodded.

"When do you go?"

"Next week; I'm waiting for a letter from Munich."

"May I go with you and carry your valise and your music-roll?"

Endicott laughed. "You'll feel better when you've eaten that sausage."

"No, sir; my nature's blighted. I shall never be a well man again."

Here another young man broke in and began to anathematize the "method" in good set terms. It was all wrong. Any forcing process was necessarily wrong. People were going to see the folly of this and stop coming. It was unnatural. Technique and expression must go hand in hand.

"You are not obliged to stay," said Helmuth. "You can stop whenever you think you've had enough. A man must judge for himself about that."

"I defy any man to stop after the Doctor has hold of him," retorted the critic. "He may die in his tracks, but he can't stop. The fellow inoculates you with his enthusiasm and the disease has to run its course. You say to yourself, 'What does it matter if my brain does dry up? After he's done with me I'm a free man for life.' And you keep right on."

Endicott had kept right on, and so far as he could tell he was none the worse for it. The time of his probation proved shorter than he anticipated. He saw the advantages of that early training from his mother when she had put him through a course of drill looking toward nothing more than giving him an additional resource, a finer pleasure as he came to manhood.

He was now awaiting a letter from an eminent composer and teacher in Munich. He had written asking if he might come. After a slight delay the answer arrived; the eminent composer was too busy to see anyone. Endicott packed his trunk and started for Munich. He called and presented his card. "I told you not to come," said the master with a frown such as one might wear in trying to look more severe than one really felt.

"I told you not to come. I have no time to give you—not a half hour, not even the minutes you are taking from me now."

He seemed not to be angry at the unexpected apparition in his drawing-room of the handsome young man, but rather surprised. His manner was as if he had

said, "The box is full and the lid closes easily, why do you try to put more into it?"

Endicott reflected for a moment. "Will you hear me play?" he asked.

"To what purpose? The day contains just so many hours."

"May I touch the instrument merely? I wish if possible to justify my coming for the sake of one of my masters."

The world-famous musician gave a shrug of assent which said more plainly than words that the sooner this pushing young man played the sooner his visit would terminate.

Endicott seated himself at the piano. He was conscious that much—he hardly dared to think how much—depended on the first half-dozen notes. He wondered at his own coolness. He looked down at his hands as he held them poised over the key-board. They might have been of bronze; not a tremor, not the flutter of a nerve. Yet he was in the presence of one of the eminent composers of the day, a man of vast learning and unparalleled fecundity, a successful practitioner in nearly all the forms of his art, a writer of symphonies, string-quartets, sonatas for the violin, sonatas for the piano, sonatas for the organ, as well as a precious series of *pièces de salon* which were thought to have brought out hitherto unknown resources of the piano. And Endicott must interest this man at the time when he was too busy to be interested. He played two sketches of his own; they were brief, captivating, but scientific. His object was to show the master that he had inventive power and that he was learned in the traditions of the schools. Then with an audacity at which he afterward shuddered he played one of the master's own most hackneyed compositions, an *étude-impromptu* which had literally gone round the world in its uncompromising popularity. He had always felt that there was a meaning which the public imperfectly apprehended. He now sounded its profoundest depths, and showed that he was not of the mob which hears superficially. It was a venture which, if it did not mean loss, meant triumphant gain. At the expiration of twenty minutes he rose from the piano.

He hardly knew how the rest of it came

about. He tried afterward to recollect the exact phrases, but they were blurred by the superior radiance of the blazing central fact that the master accepted him. The knowledge that someone had to suffer for his small triumph was uncomfortable, but he put that aside ; it was a world where he always seemed to be profiting at the expense of others, and with no effort whatever, by merely letting himself go, he could have become morbid on the subject. The eminent composer had explained briefly that for his own peace of mind and for the sake of art he would "release" a pupil, the least promising of several whose resources of talent were in arrears of their resources of pocket-book. Endicott should have his hours. There was no opportunity for remonstrance. The master had merely told him what he proposed to do, and then had bundled him out of the house.

The months that followed were the most fruitful and in some respects the happiest of Endicott Helmuth's life. He was conscious of making abnormally long strides in his art, but he felt that he was doing it easily. The impossibilities of yesterday resolved themselves into possibilities to-day, and by to-morrow they would be met and conquered. He made two or three public appearances under the protection of his master and received a tempered praise from high sources that was worth much to him. The concerts yielded a few marks—comically few the chief performer thought. Endicott stood in no small need of money ; he had brought but little with him, none had been tendered from the overflowing coffers at home, and he had not been able to bring himself to ask for relief.

In the brief notes which he sent home at regular intervals money and music were the two subjects never mentioned. That his father tossed the letters aside and left them unanswered did not surprise Endicott. A man who during his son's college days had corresponded generally by means of checks, was not likely to be communicative in these altered conditions.

Endicott's position was anomalous. In America he was believed to be heir to an immense fortune. He had always accepted the common view of his financial status and had thought no more about it. Dol-

lars looked bigger now and he had more time to reflect. He began to wonder how much of that "fortune" was tied up in the multifarious business interests of the sort his father had been conducting for years. He knew that the father had never looked upon money as something to be hid in a napkin. He thought he remembered having overheard the remark that all Helmuth's money was "in the business," though it might well be that he had heard it so often of other men that he took it for granted as true of his father also. He knew how often those fortunes had proven insubstantial after the financier's death. He began to wonder whether any part of the old man's antagonism to the musical project was due to apprehension lest this vast fabric was insecurely based. On that point Helmuth's lips had been tightly closed ; never once had he said, "For my sake don't do this thing," but always "For your own sake."

Endicott could have reconciled himself easily to the prospect of having nothing. More and more he began to fear the effect of that fortune upon his art. He had a singular fancy. As nearly as he could express it to himself it was in substance this :

He thought that the artist should be paid for the exercise of his power, and if, because of an attractive quality in his art, the rewards were large, this was a blessing to the artist and a credit to the public. But he also felt that it was a questionable proceeding for a rich man to practise art and accept money for it. If the rich man wrote books let him not print ; if he painted pictures let him keep them in his studio and lock the studio ; if he was a musician let him perform behind closed doors and in a sound-proof room. In the world of science it seemed otherwise. The rich man might with propriety take an active part in the expedition or exploring party which his money had fitted out. With respect to the arts there was only one legitimate relation which the rich man could sustain ; he was bound to be a generous patron and to show himself as intelligent as his limitations would permit.

Endicott longed to feel that the nakedness of his financial resources was real and not apparent. Prosperity which came by way of inheritance rather than by work

would, he felt, ruin him. He laughed at the absurdity of his apprehensions. Was this a thing to give one insomnia? Most men were kept awake from lack of money, not from fear of having it.

At the present moment he could have fortified himself cheerfully to undergo for a few months at least the discipline of wealth. But this was during a period of depression. The virtues are human; they need rest and a change now and then, and courage among the others.

Exactly at this critical time Endicott met the famous lion-tamer who for a year at least was to play an important part in his affairs. The man dropped down from North Germany, having previously made clear, by a series of telegrams, for what general purpose he intended to drop. This was to save time, as he afterward explained; he must take a steamer on the tenth, everything remained to do. He was a round-visaged, round-bellied New York German, dressed as if he had made up for the other side rather than this side of the footlights. Endicott had a bewildered impression of a fur-lined overcoat, crumpled though immaculately clean linen, more diamonds than a man ought to wear, a silk hat, a vast capacity for the national beverage, and a bustling, energetic, New World manner. Endicott had the strangest sensation as he talked with him; in some queer way this raucous-voiced manager, whose German accent was more conspicuous than his diamonds, seemed to be the American, while Endicott, with an ancestry running straight back to the Mayflower, felt like an alien, a foreigner.

The manager greeted the young man cordially, showed his credentials, and explained his business.

In the first place, did Herr Helmoot know or know of, Herr Jorgerson, the great Swedish pianist?

Yes, Helmut had heard of him.

"*Ach, Gott*, there was a great man!" The manager buried his face for an instant in his beer-mug.

Jorgerson, it seems, was something new and unapproachable in the world of music. He was a giant, a son of Anak, or better yet, the son of a hundred Vikings. It was a marvel to see his great frame move across the stage. Everything was dwarfed

by his presence, and he smote the piano as if it had been the anvil of Thor. He had a face like a baby's, a great crop of yellow hair, and his benign countenance was decorated with an immense pair of spectacles which gleamed from afar like carriage-lamps. A remarkable player, too. They had nearly secured him for a hundred concerts in America, but the negotiations had fallen through. Jorgerson's sister was to be married soon. He himself was to be married in early winter. In short, the giant refused to come.

The vast syndicate of influences which the manager represented wanted to bring over somebody in the place of Jorgerson. They had thought of Herr Rathskeller. Probably there was not now living the man who could play so many notes to the minute as Herr Rathskeller. But he could wait. Indeed, he must wait, for they had decided to make a venture of a totally different sort. The Syndicate of Influences was going in for something new. Unobtrusiveness in art was to be exploited. The public was to be summoned by a tremendous discharge of advertising artillery to behold and see that a pianist could be quiet and musicianly. The discharge was to be unusual, to the end that the public might hear with greater distinctness the silence which should follow.

"We Americans are a peculiar people," said the manager, and again Endicott had that guilty foreign feeling, "we desire always the new or else the old a little more so; *verstehen Sie?*"

Jorgerson represented the old, that is to say, the noisy and musicianly. If they could have had him, all the requirements would have been met; Jorgerson was "more so" than any man now living. Failing to get him they were quite satisfied to go off on another tangent. Endicott was given to understand that he represented that other tangent; or, as the manager said, with a wave of the mug in his jewelled grasp, "*You are it.*"

Moreover, Endicott was an American, and that was a good point. The *neue Geist* was at work. Americans were beginning to take an interest in America. "Already are we become self-conscious"—another wave of the mug. A rich New Yorker had recently bought a picture by an American artist. This was

one of the signs of the times. And did Herr Helmoort know that Miss Myrta Indiana, the singer, had made a successful *début* without the customary six weeks of coaching from Madame Parcheesi?

Our young artist grasped afresh the great truth that Man was made for Advertising and not Advertising for Man. He marvelled that so much real philosophy, knowledge of the world and buncombe could dwell inside one fur overcoat.

The next day he signed a contract for 150 concerts to be given in America, the contract stating, with superfluous exactness, that he was not to go west of San Francisco or south of New Orleans.

IV

THE waiter received the order with the deference characteristic of a well-conducted club, and then departed noiselessly. Old Helmuth took up a magazine and went into the smoking-room. The place was in the sole possession of General Nash, who had fallen asleep over his newspaper, and was doubled up in an attitude that would have been infinitely uncomfortable if he had been awake to realize it.

Helmuth settled himself in an easy-chair. The waiter came with the tray on which was a tumbler containing a hot mixture. He drew up a small table, placed the tray upon it, and presented a slip to be signed. Helmuth took a swallow from the steaming glass, signed the little paper and leaned back with a feeling akin to contentment.

The slight noise had awakened General Nash, who recovered himself out of his invertebrate position and sat bolt upright, with wide open eyes which saw nothing.

The two men continued to stare at one another for several minutes. Helmuth sipped from his glass and wondered how long a man could sleep with his eyes open, and whether the General would come back to life by aid of the sense of smell or the sense of vision.

"You're the only man I know," he said, "who can sleep sitting upright."

The General bowed his head gravely.

"Did you have a good nap? Or rather are you having a good nap? Wake up, Nash!"

The General rubbed his eyes, yawned, and began to look intelligent.

"Yes, I was very sleepy—Oh, it's you! When did you come in?"

"Five minutes ago."

The General continued to look at his friend with a singular expression; one eye seemed to be focused on Helmuth's face, and the other on the glass that he held in his hand.

"What are you drinking?" he asked, growing wider awake with the effort of speech.

Helmuth named his mixture.

"I think I'll have one of those." He rose to his feet. By this time he was himself. "I had the oddest sensation when you woke me up," he said. "I knew it was you, but I thought it ought to be your boy, and I couldn't make out how the devil the transformation had come about."

Helmuth began to think that the General was not as nearly awake as he pretended to be.

"You see I'd been reading about him—all these things in the New York papers," continued the General, "and I suppose he was on my mind." He turned to look for the papers. Having slept in them for nearly an hour Nash had succeeded in reducing them to something like chaos. He smoothed them out, pieced them together, and tried to find the articles over which he had fallen asleep. At the same time he went on with his comments:

"I congratulate you—I congratulate you with all my heart. But I couldn't help thinking what a deuced close-mouthed fellow you were. I suppose you felt doubtful about the result, and you didn't care to say anything until you saw how it was going to turn out. There!" and he thrust the papers into Helmuth's hands.

It was the familiar story of popular success, one more illustration of how the public, greedy for a new sensation, will, with equal avidity, seize upon the genuine or the meretricious.

Helmuth ran his eye down the columns and tried to make it out. But he couldn't make it out. He could see quite clearly, however, the half columns of criticism and the whole columns of interviews. Here were formal biographical notices in which

he caught sight of his own name coupled with phrases eulogistic of his public spirit, his generous handling of great moneyed interests, and his force of character. One paper had a short leader commenting on the significant fact that, as the senior Helmuth had so triumphantly shown, if the cause of art was to take real strides in America, rich men must be willing to give, not only their dollars, but their sons and their daughters; the editor commended the well-known financier for urging his gifted son to a course which must have involved some considerable sacrifice of his own preferences with respect to that son's future.

There were pen-portraits, chiefly sketched in phrases relating to personal characteristics, and letters to the editors, framed in the well-known manner of letters to the editor.

"He seems to have turned the metropolis upside down," said General Nash. "I don't remember anything quite like it since Thalheimer came to this country. You wouldn't remember about that because he didn't come this far west. I was living in Boston then. We paid two dollars for the privilege of standing. That was a high price for standing-room in those days."

It was Helmuth who now looked as if he had just waked up. He stared at the General much as he might have done had his old fellow-clubman begun to talk Greek."

"Did you read those criticisms? Look here," and Nash pointed to certain passages bristling with admiring sentiments uttered in an unknown tongue. "Now it's rather remarkable that they should be so unanimous; they rarely think alike."

Helmuth comprehended nothing of the jargon. His anger flamed a little at men who could write so much and be so unintelligible. Nash explained it somewhat, and incidentally made the astounding disclosure that he had been for years a shameless haunter of symphony concerts and piano-recitals; he and his fat wife were two of the best-known figures in the city, conspicuous for their regularity and their invariable position in the front row. Helmuth wondered that he could know a man so well and for so long a time and not know this.

In brief, the critics had all found something to admire in Endicott's playing, and each had discovered a virtue the others had overlooked. The most neurotic among them was at peace. One eminent authority declared that he had felt the thrill. This was regarded as decisive. The critic in question was always satisfied if he had his thrill, apparently judging of music by its effect on his spinal column, as children judge of ghost-stories.

Another critic thanked God by name, and with the aid of frenzied superlatives, mixed metaphors, and split infinitives, that the brilliant young pianist played Brahms in a way to show his contempt for this pompous, blatant charlatan. It was the most tremendous piece of satire ever known, the most subtle, the most withering. What a rapture to see the foolish audience sitting there with pleased, stupid faces, while he, the critic, alone understood the player's meaning and could feel the contempt in every note! It was a great thing to be a great pianist, but how much greater to be the only critic who knew how great the pianist really was.

Another critic was happy in the thought that one man at least could play Brahms in that reverent spirit which must always come upon one when he approaches the works of this truly profound master.

Still a fourth rejoiced that now we had a pianist who did not go at his instrument with an axe. For ten years the critic had been trying to make artists understand that a piano was *not* to be considered in the light of a potential wood-pile. His teaching had at last borne fruit.

As to the last of the great metropolitan authorities on music, he could not fully express his admiration of Endicott's breadth of tone and enormous power. He doubted, did the critic, whether Jorgerson of the Mammoth Hands could produce such volume of tone. By the way, when were they to have Jorgerson? Had the Syndicate of Influences conspired with itself as usual to cheat the Public of its Rights?

Nash chatted on amiably, explaining these points, plying his astonished friend with questions, and overwhelming him with congratulations. He remembered that Endicott used to play rather prettily when a little boy, but he never dreamed

that he had kept up practise during his college days. It was very remarkable.

"He gives his first concert here in about two weeks," said General Nash, "but you knew that, of course."

Helmuth observed that he hadn't known just when it was to be.

"Yes, two weeks from to-morrow. I have my seats reserved. You don't go to such things very much, but you'll be on hand that night, I suppose. I wish you had a seat near us."

Just then an old fellow with an immense iron-gray beard appeared at the door of the smoking-room. He stopped and gazed at the two friends. He said not a word, but "whist" was written in capital letters all over his face.

"Have you got a partner?" inquired Nash.

The man with the iron-gray beard nodded.

"I can't stop to play," said Helmuth, intent on his bewildering newspapers. "I'm going to Omaha to-night."

Nash looked toward the old fellow in the doorway. He emitted two words: "Get Baker," and turned away. Nash followed him.

Helmuth sat a minute longer, then tossed the papers to one side and rose to his feet. The magazine slipped to the floor. As he stooped to pick it up, he thought that he caught sight of Endicott's name. He turned over the leaves. At first the article eluded him; presently he found it. It was a "symposium" of learned opinions on the new pianist's art, in which the word "mentality" and "intellectuality" seemed to struggle for prominence; an admirable portrait of Endicott stood at the head. Helmuth's bewilderment increased. How it was in the air, this perfume of newly acquired renown! He did not see in the advertising supplement of the same magazine a statement in which by ingenious wording the young man was made to say that if he were to play the piano by machine rather than by hand he would certainly adopt this particular machine in preference to any other.

Old Helmuth returned from his business trip the night of Endicott's concert. He was unusually fatigued. The responsibilities that he had undertaken weighed upon him. He had felt them these last

few weeks as never before. He accepted gratefully the help of the porter in alighting from the sleeping-car. He drove to the club, but changed his mind on arriving and had the cabman take him to The Beckham. He dined deliberately and felt better. The Academy was near by. At five minutes before eight he strolled out thinking to take a seat well back under the gallery where he could observe without being observed.

The sidewalk in front of the entrance was blocked with people. Carriages were arriving and departing. The brilliantly arrayed ladies who alighted from the vehicles and preceded their attendants into the lobby were according the young artist the highest honor in their power: they were dressed as for grand opera.

Helmuth tried to make his way to the box-office. People were standing in single file awaiting their turn. He took his place at the foot of the line. Ticket-holders hurried past. A gentleman recognized the eminent financier and spoke to his companion. She turned quickly and glanced back over her shoulder.

Helmuth grew weary with the effort of standing. The line began to move more rapidly. He found himself before the little window of the box-office. He thrust in a ten-dollar note. Said the ticket-agent: "Give you a general admission, no seats left." Helmuth nodded, took the ticket, crumpled the change in his hand and passed on.

He now saw why the line moved with such rapidity. Many who found it impossible to buy seats had refused to take admissions and were trying to get out. He heard a lady say to her companion: "Yes, I'm disappointed, but it really makes no difference. He's going to give two recitals. I should like to hear him with an orchestra, but I will not stand up the whole evening for any man living."

Helmuth passed through the barrier into the densely thronged house. He had the feeling which the strong, self-reliant man seldom entertains, the feeling of being forgotten. It might have been lessened had he known that in the mass of correspondence heaped upon his office-table was a letter from Endicott's manager enclosing two of the best seats in the house. Even this would have made little difference

Helmuth was singularly devoid of sentiment. He had given no favors, and he expected none. Many a man in circumstances similar to those involving himself and his son would have cherished resentment. He was conscious of none. The youth had chosen to go his own way rather than that indicated by his father; he must work out the problem for himself. Old Helmuth would not hinder, and on no account would he help. If the elder man accused the younger of anything, he accused him of trifling; he had shown the way to a position of dignity and influence, and the son had, as it were, elected to exhibit a Punch and Judy show in the street.

The spectacle upon which Helmuth gazed at the present instant was at least no Punch and Judy show. The old man had small prejudice in favor of society, but he was not so hypocritical as to pretend to despise it. He knew the look of money and breeding, and he saw that in some mysterious way his son had become the magnet which drew these people together. That son had, in his opinion, but one real weakness, and through that weakness the present triumph became possible; for these moneyed people did not come here, plainly, to pay their respects to that set of fiddlers.

He lived painfully through the first orchestral numbers. He was not unaccustomed to places where music was used as an aid to conversation, or as a stimulant to the public thirst. This was the first time he had realized the impressive silence produced by the tap of a conductor's baton.

Endicott's appearance was the signal for a great wave of applause, which rose and instantly fell. People seemed afraid of delaying, by the warmth of their reception, the commencement of their pleasure. The old father's interest quickened as the performance went on. He was not affected by the music. Indeed, his first feeling, as the ridiculous tinkle of the piano fell upon his ear, was of amused disdain; but he found himself strangely wrought upon by the vivid interest of the audience. Had it been his habit, as it certainly was not, to think in images, he might have likened these tumultuous and massive harmonies to mountains of cumulous cloud, flushed with the sunlight, changing every instant, beautiful beyond the power of

words to describe, yet painful in their beauty because so insubstantial and fleeting. He had at one instant a quickened sense of being in the presence of a contest, a struggle for supremacy, the nature of which he could not understand. At this point the foolish piano seemed to dominate the orchestra, to assert itself, to lose its trifling character and speak nobly. He heard an exclamation of "My God, how beautiful, how beautiful!" He looked toward the little knot of people standing near him and saw old Tom Sykes, as he was called, one of the town characters, a musician of real influence in his day, now a vagabond and a drunkard. Tom stood there with tears in his eyes. He was shabby as ever, but he wore, as always, a fresh rose in his button-hole. People turned as they heard the voice, smiled when they recognized Tom, and exchanged significant glances.

Helmuth wondered anew at the surprises of this evening; on the front row was Nash with his millions and his colossal reputation for whist, and here, broken-down Tom Sykes—less old in years than in dissipation—and Endicott was the force which brought them there.

A few people took advantage of the applause and the general disturbance to go out. Helmuth stood a few minutes longer, for Endicott had repeatedly to come back and bow his acknowledgments. He was recalled again and again. Finally he went toward the piano, at which the applause redoubled and instantly ceased. Those in the aisle stood still or dropped into seats just vacated.

Helmuth watched rather than listened, and as Endicott got up from the piano amid the applause and the general movement, he saw old Tom Sykes standing down close to the stage, holding up to Endicott the rose from his button-hole. The young man advanced with a frank smile and took the little tribute, and then grasped the old musician's hand. There was some laughter: everybody knew old Tom Sykes. Two or three were touched by this tribute of age and failure to youth and success.

Helmuth felt queer. The room was close, and he had a moment of dizziness. He attributed it to indigestion, bad air, weariness. His legs would not obey him,

but with an immense effort of the will he started out. A man who knew him saw that he was not right, and offered assistance. Helmuth glared at the man, recognized him, and clung to his arm.

"To the drug-store," he gasped. "I—think I'm sick."

He was helped to one of the chairs in front of the soda-fountain. He had an immediate sense of relief, and sat for an instant looking down at his hands. Then his eyes closed and he fell over against the marble counter. The white-coated clerk dropped the glass of bromide to catch him. Other hands came to his rescue. Someone ran to the telephone to call a physician.

V

HE lingered a week. Endicott was constantly at his bedside. There was but one day on which the old man seemed to realize his surroundings. The youth tried to believe that in those brief hours of consciousness it was a pleasure to the father to have him at his side. Once indeed, as he took the sick man's hand, there was an answering pressure. No question had been asked, but the son would not flatter himself into the belief that this pressure of the fingers meant approval or fatherly pride. He knew the rugged old man too well. He knew him for one as incapable of approving what his nature taught him to disapprove, as he was incapable of being brutally unjust because his will was thwarted. And the boy was too sincere to wish that the father should be converted by the flashy argument of a popular success. That alone was a genuine conversion which accepted the art for its own sake and without the clapping of hands.

In the weeks immediately following his father's death, Endicott suffered the anxieties of those who have thrust upon them duties for the meeting of which they know themselves to be ill-trained and ill-endowed. A modest competency would have gratified him, and instead of that he was condemned to the discipline of wealth. His heart sank as he contemplated the burden of care about to be laid on his shoulders. Trusted friends of his father told him that these

matters could not be easily delegated; he must attack the problems himself. They congratulated him on his fortune. He accepted their congratulations. How could he explain that wealth and its care threatened his dearest ambitions? How would it have been possible for them to understand such an explanation?

The concerts had to be postponed in spite of the howling of managers and the remonstrances of the press. This, together with the harassing details of a business which would not stop, and could not be put off, went far to convince Endicott that existence had been aptly described as "the dreadful, fatal, too much."

And how grotesque the fabric of life was! He saw it anew as he was walking along State Street late one afternoon, wearied with the hours at the office, where daily for the past two weeks he had been trying to comprehend the merest outlines of his new study. He was attracted by a crowd gathered about a show-window. He saw that the shop was of a dealer in second-hand pianos, or new pianos worse than second-hand. A cloth sign stretched across the front of the gaudy place invited public attention to the wonderful performances of Hair-Trigger Bill, the cow-boy pianist, who had been secured at enormous expense to play exclusively on this brand of piano. "One of nature's marvels," said the flamboyant sign, "equal to the greatest living players, and never had a lesson in his life. Step in and see this miracle of the prairies."

The cow-boy pianist had begun to perform when Endicott reached the place. The "miracle" had on the conventional costume, including a sombrero and a pair of revolvers. A knife hung in a sheath at his belt. At his feet were showily displayed a saddle and lasso. Endicott stopped to snatch a little amusement from this characteristically American scene, and then found himself lingering because the young man played so much better than he would have thought possible.

The cow-boy did popular melodies, alternating with snatches of what the public vaguely calls "classical music." Endicott's curiosity grew. As some of the gazers moved a little or went away,

he pressed nearer. He wanted to get to the extreme left of the window in order to catch a glimpse of the man's face. The uncouth hands and bony wrists fascinated him, they were so ugly and so familiar.

Having finished the "Blue Bells of Scotland," the cow-boy began to play scales with such terrific speed as to extort an exclamation of "Golly" from a newsboy standing with his nose pressed against the window. He played them up and down, in thirds and in octaves, ending each figure with a thump of the last note in a way immensely to tickle the crowd; the newsboy laughed outright. The miracle of the prairies lifted his head a trifle and looked straight at Endicott. His pupils distended, but there was no other sign of recognition. The mystery of the flat large hands and bony wrists was solved. It was Lemuel Shattuck.

Endicott stepped inside. Lemuel turned an impassive face toward him.

"Walk up the street to Heins's restaurant. I'll overtake you. I have half an hour before my next concert."

He came within two or three minutes. He had put on a derby and a long ulster that reached to his heels.

"I didn't want those fellows in the piano-room to recognize you," he said. "They

know everything, and they've got eyes like hawks. If they'd caught a glimpse of you they'd 'a turned you into an advertisement like that"—with a snap of his fingers.

Endicott appreciated this genuine exhibition of delicacy.

"Yes," Lemuel continued, "I left soon after you went to Munich. Couldn't stand it any longer. 'Twasn't natural. Like it? This business I'm in now? Oh, yes, I *like* it. Work's steady and the pay's tip-top."

Endicott had his doubts and asked some question that was embarrassing to them both.

"Oh, thunderation, no! Haven't any use for it. Make a lot of money, a lot!" He added reflectively: "Besides if the interest wears off, I'm always sure of one thing: I can go back to Oquawka and work in the button-factory."

They shook hands in the street, like the comrades in misery and art that they were.

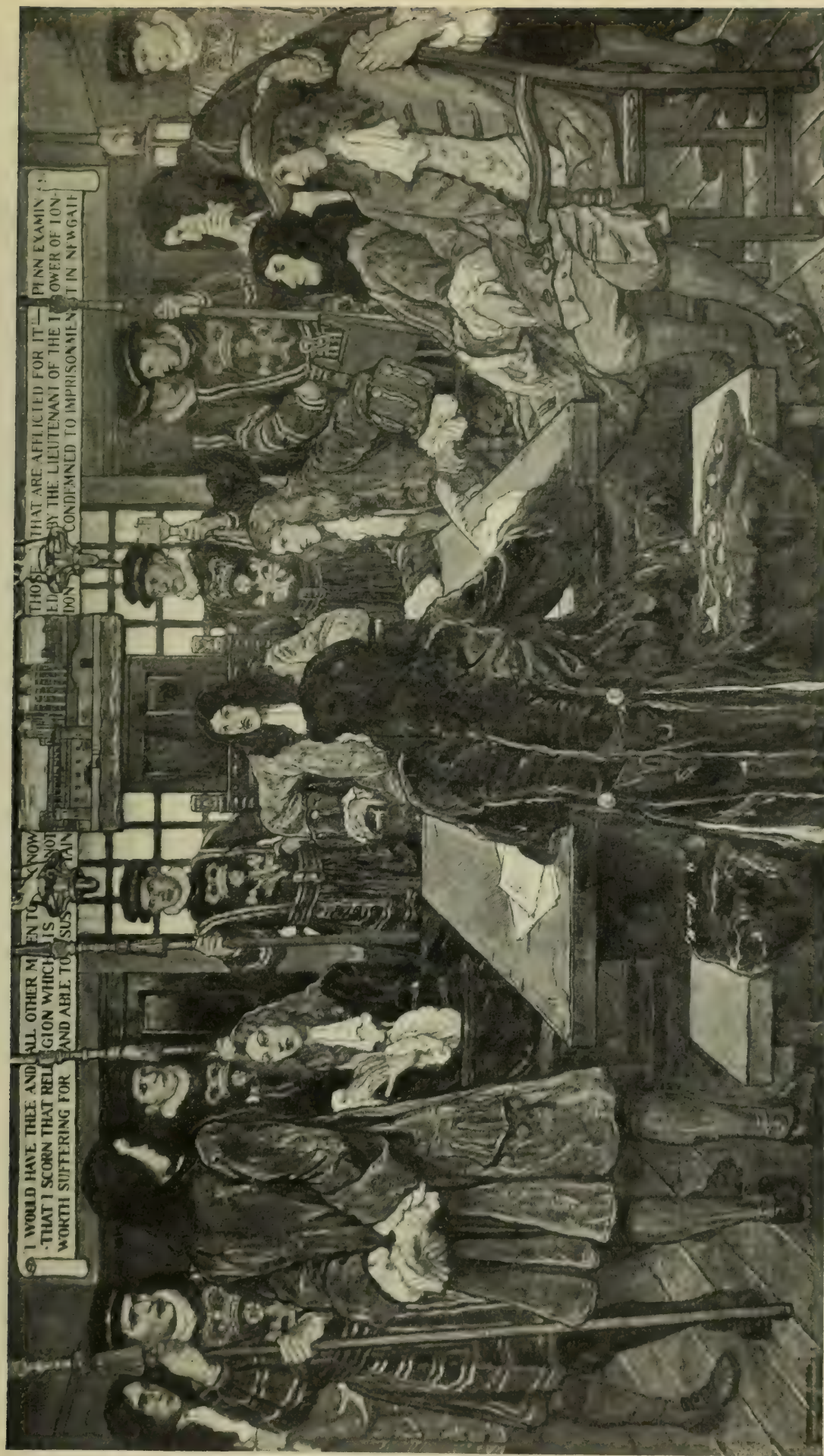
Endicott's was the greater problem of the two, and it was still unsolved when the gypsy Lemuel met him six months later. There were lines of care in his brow not to be seen there when, after his triumph at the Academy, Alexis DuBois embraced him and cried: "Ah, my pupil, my friend, did I not tell you that it was written?"

APRIL NOON

By Brian Hooker

SILENCE. Faint warmth of the awakening sun
 Drowned in pale light. The meadows lapse away—
 Ridges of brown and slopes of sallow gray—
 To where the leafless hills are dusky-dun.
 Earth holds her breath, and waits while slowly run
 The ordered hours in pitiless delay,
 Fearing the vanished snows of yesterday
 Nor daring yet to deem the summer won;

As a sick woman, from the house of death
 But newly ransomed, overweak to care
 For life renewed and love made warm again,
 Faints slowly back to life with each calm breath,
 Finding a joy almost too keen to bear
 Only in this, that there is no more pain.



Copyright 1906 by Violet Oakley.

The Committal of William Penn to Prison by the Lieutenant of the Tower.

From a Copley Print, copyright 1900 by Curtis & Cameron.

—See "The Field of Art," page 637.

THE CHEESE MARKETS OF NORTH HOLLAND

By Florence Craig Albrecht

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMIL POOLE ALBRECHT



EVER though he uses his own pleasure, or perhaps expresses his opinion, in placing accent as he speaks of Edam cheese—everyone knows the round red balls by sight and by name if not by flavor—yet of all the travellers who scour North Holland each summer, and although that low peninsula between the North Sea and the Zuyder Zee, where cheeses most do congregate and ripen, spells all Holland for the average tourist, few give a morning hour or two to those great markets where one may study this cheese, its maker, and its buyer at leisure, and certainly not without pleasure or interest.

A chance picture in color of the cheese market at Alkmaar and a heated discussion on color values in photography, isochromatic plates, color screens, *et al.* were the incentive to our pilgrimage.

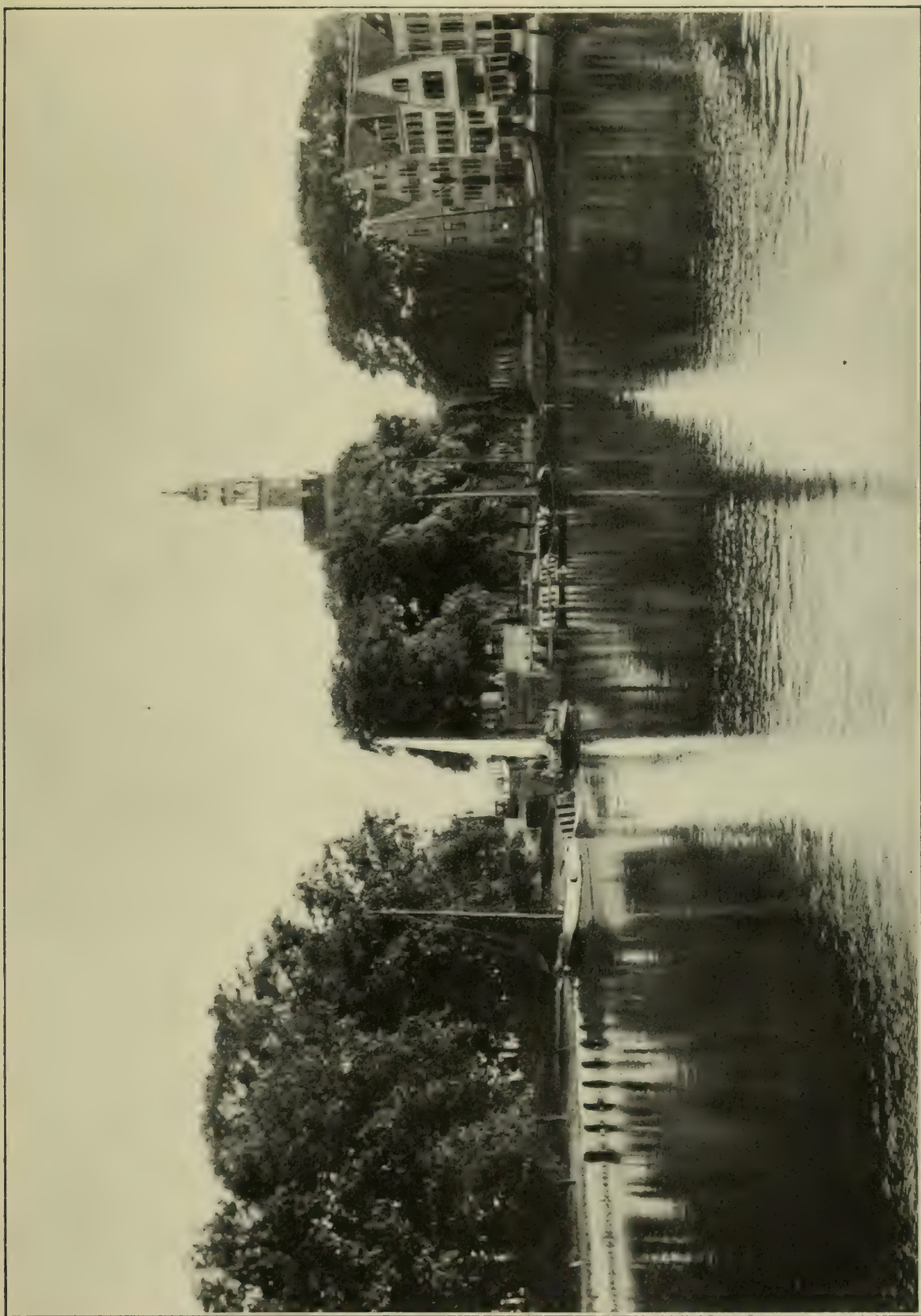
Distances are nowhere great in Holland, and if one be tired of trains and trams, boats are frequent, cheap, and comfortable—waterways lead to and from almost every town. There is no need to tempt fate in the small inns of the market towns if one loves the “modern conveniences” of Amsterdam’s big hotels, but a fairly early start should be made if the entertaining hours preceding the market are to be enjoyed.

While Edam gives its name to these cheeses, the town itself plays an unimportant rôle in their commerce, and the little market held there each Saturday morning, picturesque and tempting as it is to the camera, seems child’s play if one has been at Alkmaar the day before.

Our own summer journey to the so-called Dead Cities on the rim of the Zuyder Zee had been planned to bring us to Hoorn on Wednesday afternoon in good time for Thursday’s market. There was not the slightest trace of the innumerable cheeses we understood were sold there weekly when we arrived. You can trace cheeses a long way on a summer day, you know. The market square was sunny and deserted, the

weigh-house closed and silent, the town was enjoying its afternoon *siesta*, and there were few people in its winding streets. Hoorn has many other attractions for the photographer, however, than its cheese market, and a summer afternoon there goes all too swiftly if plates are plentiful. The historian and archæologist may find it interesting, too, but it must be on other days than one like this. Battle and warfare, architectural styles and dates slip very far back in one’s memory and seem unreal, uninteresting, useless things if one digs them up when the sun is shining and a soft sea breeze is blowing in this peaceful, quiet, sunny seaside town, as fortunately memories of disagreeable things often fade away when happier ones succeed them. Pleasanter far than to delve in forgotten corners of one’s brain for scraps of long-past struggle is to sit on the high wall of the dyke under tall, shady trees and watch the smoke of a distant steamer trailing away toward Amsterdam, or a dark fisher sail float idly by on the lazy wind, like a huge brown bird settling down to its nest, or a lock gate open to let some big barge slip out to the sea. It is a good time, too, to dream idle dreams of that bold sailor who gave the name of his home town to a cape the width of the world away and then go walk the streets and fancy where he lived and how he followed them from home to harbor, for perhaps they have not changed so greatly since his day.

It was once the capital of North Holland and a great city, this pleasant, clean, and quiet town of Hoorn and though travellers and historians now class it among those once-famous Dead Cities, on a summer day the chance tourist marks little sadness in the few remainders of its one-time glory and power and much solid comfort and content in its tidy streets and substantial dwellings. We scour it from its east gate to its west, from the tall tower which guards its harbor to the tree-shaded arch by the bridge which leads to the meadows. Its citizens salute us gravely, courteously, as we pass. It gives



The inner harbor, Hoorn.—Boat coming through the lock.

us cheer and courage in a strange land, such as one misses in great cities. There is no other stranger, no chance kodaker, here apparently; the field is all our own and we are welcome. It is selfish, but exceedingly pleasant and unusual.

Early in the morning the quiet street is awakened by the quick, hard trot of heavy horses, the rattle of many wagons, and when we reach the square on which the weigh-house fronts, there are already long rows of cheeses neatly laid in readiness for the market and others being rapidly unloaded from those heavy wagons which had broken our slumbers. Down every street which leads to the market they are still coming, these high, strong, well-built, well-kept wagons, drawn by big, heavy-trotting, well-groomed horses, driven by the cheese-making *boer* and loaded with wife, a blue-eyed child or two, and many round yellow cheeses.

Swiftly they take up their positions on the square, the horse is quickly unfastened and led to a near-by stable, the wife clambers down and hurries off on shopping intent, while the children trot along after her or feast their eyes in near-by shop-windows. Someone has already climbed into the wagon, another helper stands close beside it, a third kneels upon canvas stretched on the stone pavement. Women, as well as men, assist here at Hoorn in the unloading and reloading, the piling of the cheeses, the preparation for the market, and the after cleaning. The work goes forward with astonishing rapidity and dexterity. The golden yellow balls fly from hand to hand, sometimes across a considerable distance. Looking over the market the air seems full of them, a peaceful battle of yellow cannonballs in which there are no wounded. Never a cheese falls to the ground, though they are fairly heavy and very slippery. The experts show their skill by receiving and tossing two at a time. The wagon unloaded, it is drawn away into a side-street or convenient stable shed, and another takes its place. After each farmer's load is arranged it is carefully covered with a layer of straw and a heavy white tarpaulin, a protection from sun or possible showers—dust seems an unknown quantity in cleanly, watery Holland.

Much care, apparently, is exercised in placing the cheeses, in selecting those for the corners and outer rows, and setting them carefully so their soft roundness shall not

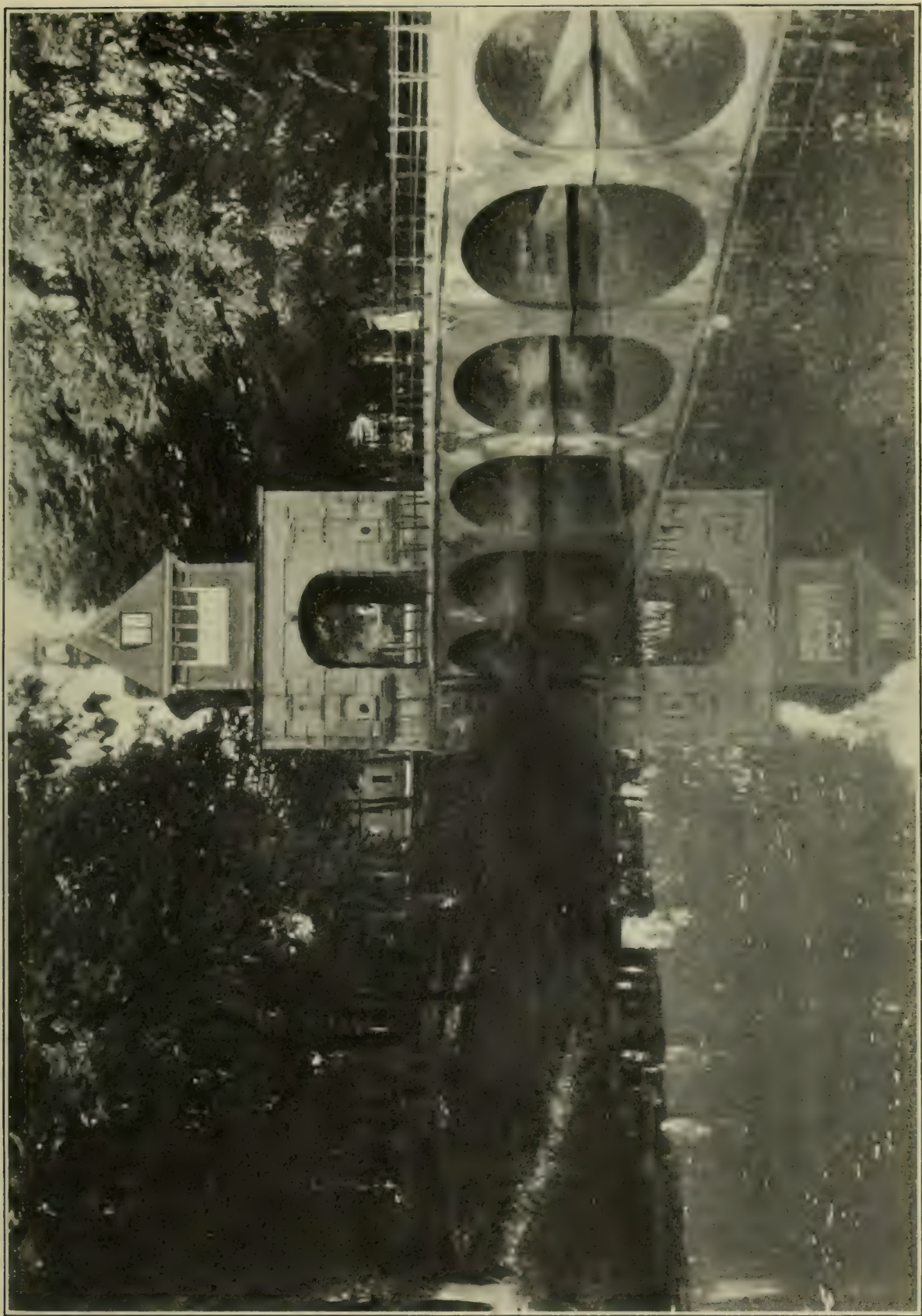
suffer, but all this work is done by the regular helpers, and the farmer, though he watches the work attentively, seldom ventures a remark or suggestion. His attitude suggests complete confidence in the workers, or his wares, or both.

The cheeses are piled in but two layers, sometimes one directly above the other, sometimes the upper layer dropped in the hollows left by the lower, but the first method, while taking more time and care, is the more popular and preferred. In color, odor, and flavor they are still totally unlike the Edam cheese of our home acquaintance, and it is only after considerable drying and ripening on the long racks of the airy storehouses, that they receive the coat of shining red paint which here distinguishes them.

The cheese of the markets is golden yellow, often oiled or *geschmiert*, to prevent injury in its many handlings, until it glistens in the morning light like a miniature sun, soft and tender within, yet firm enough to permit considerable testing and "hefting," and somewhat sour to taste and particularly to smell, as fresh curds are apt to be. They are sold solely by weight and weighed directly the price per kilo has been agreed upon by seller and buyer.

The broad window-sill of a vacant house gave us a resting-place and a vantage-ground to watch the busy scene, well out of its stress, but close enough to enjoy its picturesque-ness. The market hour is ten o'clock, but long before that time the big doors of the weigh-house are thrown open and the huge scales run out on great beams, so that one big square pan rests without on the stones to receive the cheeses, the other swings within the building ready for the weights. These stand close at hand on a stout platform, while on the wall behind them there are blackboards, upon which the various amounts are chalked and the market tax reckoned.

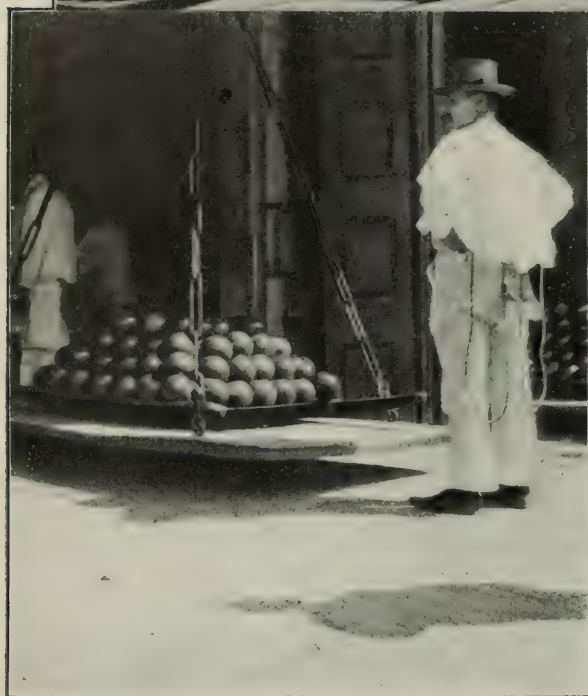
Watching intently every new move in the novel scene, our astonished eyes were dazzled by the appearance of a tall, broad-shouldered man arrayed from head to foot in glossy white linen—a surprising sight enough in Holland, where no summer is so hot as to tempt masculinity from its customary dark-hued clothing—and topped with a straw hat painted a most brilliant scarlet. There was a circus at Leyden. Had he come to advertise it? No, he carried no



The Oostpoort, Hoorn.



The market at Edam.



Weighing the cheeses.

banner, distributed no circulars, but nodded cheerfully to various men as he passed them on his way to the weigh-house, as if an old acquaintance or fellow-townsmen. Here comes another from a near-by doorway, and another across the square, only his hat is bright green. Then more and more white linen suits and gay hats appear and gather about the scales and the mystery is solved. From beneath the short white jackets hang long slings, and piled up between the scales are many heavy wooden trays painted in the same gay colors, red, blue, yellow and green, as these remarkable straw hats. These are

the authorized market porters, whose heavy duty it is to bring the cheeses to the weigh-house. Each scale is presided over by a pair of weighers, whose hat color is similar, and all the trays brought to the scale must be of the same color and be carried by bearers with hats to correspond; the work of the market is thus systematized and evenly distributed, and in spite of the hurry and apparent confusion after market opens, there is no shirking, no strife or wrangling, and no confusion.

To an uninformed spectator with no deep interest in the buying or selling to enforce upon him what a serious business it is, the scene becomes decidedly theatrical, not only from the setting of quaint, Old-Worldly, mediæval buildings which surround the market, but the occasional odd costumes of the participants, the white uniforms of the assistants, and the gorgeous yellow of the cheeses. It is easy enough to fancy one is enjoying a most picturesque light opera, and even after the actual business of the day begins in eager earnest, it is difficult to realize what an important commercial enterprise it represents.

As market hour approaches the square becomes more and more crowded. Still a few belated wagons come rattling up and



The Tribunalshof, facing the market-place, Hoorn.
Preparing for the market.

begin to unload far on the outer edges of the low piles or along an adjacent street, for the market pavement is about full. The buyers are arriving; keen, business-like looking men, armed with their cheese drills, or "testers," and protected by heavy leather leggings, or puttees, from ankle to knee, a

most admirable precaution for those whose business it is to walk between the close rows of these much *geschmiert* cheeses. The sellers have taken up their stations near their respective piles, but the white tarpaulins still cover the yellow balls and the rows and rows of regular mounds, the solemn coun-

tenances of the *boers*, now suggest more a huge battle-field where sombre sentinels guard the graves of the honored dead than preparation for a busy market.

The clock strikes ten, the chimes ring out a gay tune from various steeples over Hoorn, the market bell sounds, and in a moment the scene changes. The white canvas is

drawn back, the gay golden balls glisten in the sunshine, the buyers hasten up and down between the long rows, hefting, testing, bargaining, each followed by a crowd of interested onlookers as a popular golf player trails his "gallery." The quietest people are the sellers. The *boer* looks on in seeming indifference as the buyer thumps

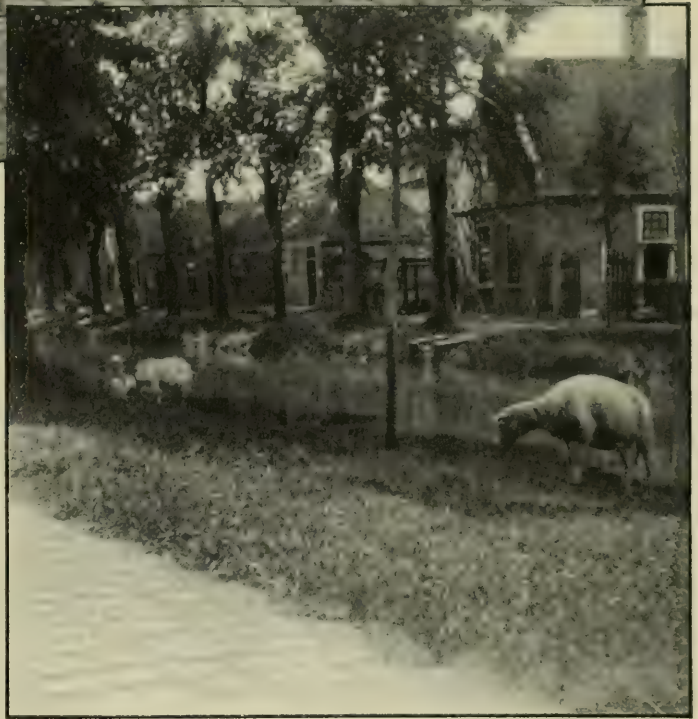


Torenstraat, Edam.



Preparing for market.—Piling cheeses.

and whacks and samples his yellow wares, and neither moves nor speaks from the moment he draws back the cover to display them until the question of price comes up. He is no professional salesman, this cheese farmer, and apparently he never "talks up his wares," perhaps because there is a large and growing market for them and their quality speaks further for itself. The buyer wastes no time at his work. He has plenty of rivals and long tiers of racks in his warehouse are waiting to be filled, so he must be brisk and keen and clever. He knows his business well and may only heft a cheese or two in one lot and pass on to another, or he may stop and pick one here and there from the long rows, diving down to the second layer, or choosing one from the very centre, whacking, hefting, smelling, and occasionally running his long sampler into a cheese's very heart. He crumbles the curd between his fingers, smells it, very rarely tastes it, and if all be to his liking, the bargaining begins. Here an intimate knowledge of Dutch is necessary to appreciate the questions and answers, the bids and



A quiet canal in Edam.

counter-bids, made in low tones and as rapidly to our ears as the clack of the windmills in a storm, but a friendly listener often helps us to a better understanding of the situation by a slower repetition of the quick phrases, and the veriest tyro in the language can read from the faces who has the better of the discussion. If the men come to terms, hands are struck together audibly, and sometimes thrice, the terms being repeated with each blow as a seal to the transaction. "Striking a bargain" is no empty term at a cheese market.

The last word is scarcely spoken before

the buyer is off to another row of cheeses and the seller to the weigh-house to notify the porters. It is his duty to attend to all the details of the sale, the weighing and delivery of the goods. The buyer jots down in his note-book a brief memorandum of the

usual load, and weight varies from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty kilos. The slings raise the trays but a few inches from the ground and their rather awkward side swing and great weight cause the bearers to shuffle along rapidly, indeed, but most ungracefully.

The work of carrying to the scales, weighing, and taking the trays to the wagons in the side-streets goes on with marvellous rapidity. The piles of cheeses in the square disappear before your eyes, the columns of figures on the weigh-house blackboard lengthen rapidly, the trays are dropped on the scales, the weights swung on the opposite pan, the



The cheese-buyer testing.
Alkmaar.

sale, the name, rate, and approximate weight or number of the cheeses, and hastens to buy more. Five minutes, at most, after the market opens the porters are at work, so rapidly are the first tests made and the sales consummated. Soon there is a long procession, waddling quickly, with their heavy burdens, to and from the scales. Those who aided in placing the cheeses for the market, assist again in piling them on the trays and later in reloading them into the wagons to be hauled to storehouse or boat. The trays carry as many as a hundred and fifty cheeses, although a hundred is a more



There is no one apparently so indifferent as the owner of the cheeses.—Alkmaar.

amount called, and the carriers are off again with their yellow load, to deposit it beside a wagon and hasten with an empty tray for more cheeses, faster than you can photograph them. To the eye they do not



Old houses on De Mient, Alkmaar.

appear to be moving so rapidly as the lens and the emptying square prove.

On this particular market morning in early August two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of cheese were sold between ten and twelve o'clock. When the chimes rang their long noon-day call there was scarce a cheese pile left in the great square,

the wagons had delivered their burdens at one of the great warehouses near the harbor, or into a waiting boat on the canal, and were already rattling out over the hard brick pavements to their country homes; an hour later not a trace of cheeses, straw, canvas, wagons, horses, farmers, or buyers remained to attest that a great market had



The weigh-house, Alkmaar.

been. The weigh-house was closed for another week, the stone pavement of the open square lay spotlessly clean, sunny, silent, and deserted as on the afternoon before, the day's work was all done.

The farmers and their wives had gone home to those broad, low meadows, where their great black and white cattle are at

pasture, doubtless to make more cheeses for future markets, and the buyers to their warehouses, perhaps to reckon up their purchases and prepare for the next day's market at Alkmaar.

"This market is nothing," they told us, "you should see Alkmaar!" There are cheese markets weekly at Enkhuysen and Purmer-

end, at Edam and at Hoorn, but no one speaks of them; it is always Alkmaar. "Go to Alkmaar," they said in Amsterdam, and even here at Hoorn, with the odor of a hundred thousand cheeses in the air, men repeat, "Go to Alkmaar!" So we eat some luncheon, count up how many films we have used—we won't say squandered until after development, but trying to "strike a bargain" on a sensitive plate is not easy or certain—figure up those that are left us and are off by train to Alkmaar.

The flags had been flying gayly all the morning at Hoorn. We assumed it was in honor of market day, quite sure it was not in *our* honor. At Alkmaar we find still more flags and the chimes are ringing gayly, persistently, as for a festival, until we finally ask the reason and find the Queen Dowager is celebrating a new birthday. If her new year of life is half so merry as the bells of Alkmaar this sunny afternoon, the dear lady will have little to trouble her in the next twelvemonth.

The changes which this portion of the Netherlands suffered, whereby little country villages became important seaport cities, and again, when the seas or lakes which brought them their commerce failed or were drained, relapsed into demure towns surrounded by pasture fields once more, have been the subject of too many writers to need repetition. Perhaps the great city on the Amstel has swallowed up all their substance in her might, yet they seem neither jealous nor discontented. Perhaps, after all, they are not dead; just sleeping, like the lovely immortal princess of the fairy-tale, to awaken one day at the touch of some laggard prince, who tarries now at Amsterdam, or is coming by *trekschuit*, that man-power boat which makes haste slowly across Holland.

The chance summer visitor, especially he who seeks the cheese markets with a camera, is pretty sure to do naught, if the weather be fine, but to accept Alkmaar as it is to-day, clean and prosperous-looking in a demure, quiet way, and to trouble his imagination or his memory very little with her past greatness or future prospects. His one idea is to see the town as it now appears, to enjoy its quaintness, to search out its picturesqueness, to appreciate its cleanliness, its neatness. Can a combination of these latter qualities be found anywhere but in Holland? So often the picturesque is quite the reverse of clean or neat. The art-

ist may ignore dirt or find its gray veilings but an added charm to his color scheme, but the lens is uncompromising and displays dirt and untidiness in all their unattractiveness and discomfort, so the photographer revels in this water-scoured land, well-groomed and dainty from end to end.

There is no lack in Alkmaar of quaint old house fronts with curious stepped gables, or low-drooping red tiles; there is a seventeenth-century *Stadhuis*, which looks like one you have seen elsewhere, and set, as usual, on a narrow street where a photographer has hard work to get a shot at it; there is a big, old church, also presenting difficulties to the camera, but the centre of your interest is undoubtedly the very remarkable weigh-house and the busy streets and canals leading to it. Truly, sufficient water, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" though it be, still remains where once, if Alkmaar's name means what it says, was all water, and many goodly boats float in and out the town. The weigh-house looks from its height down one long busy canal to the far-away pastureland guarded by big brown windmills, and another stretches its lazy length at right angles along the market front.

On the afternoon before market day these canals are busy places and along the square the boats lay tied in rows, each unloading thousands of golden cheeses. Before night the great open place beside the weigh-house is fairly well filled with rectangular mounds of various extent, and next morning, when the wagons come trundling in from nearer or smaller farms, they only find space for their wares on the edges. The methods of placing the cheeses, the rules for buying and selling, the weighing and delivery, are precisely as at Hoorn. And the buyers are often the same, for, like the photographers, they make the round of the markets.

The market here is larger in sales, there were more than a hundred thousand cheeses sold on the morning of our visit, and each cheese weighs between four and five pounds, but, in spite of the near-by canals, the boats, the enormous number of cheeses and men, the scene is scarcely as picturesque as at Hoorn because of its very bigness. If one goes far enough from the weigh-house to take in all its considerable height, the lens loses the details of the market scene, the cheeses are marbles, the men, boys; if one photographs men and cheeses, the pictur-

esque background vanishes in a crowd of farmers, buyers, and spectators, interesting only as incidents.

The weigh-house deserves better treatment than to have its head chopped off or its lines distorted by a refractory camera, as one occasionally sees it. This imposing shelter for Alkmaar's public scales is an addition, a new façade to a much older building, once a church, and in the rear, behind this very ornate seventeenth-century front, and beneath the tower which carries that much-admired clock and the beautiful set of chimes to which Alkmaar citizens point with pride, awaiting appreciative comment, you may find the nave of this plain old church, now used as a storage-house for the great stacks of cheese trays and the town's fire apparatus. That old joke concerning churches as a means for defence against fire perhaps began life at Alkmaar.

The wagons which bring their yellow loads to Alkmaar market are very similar to those used at Hoorn and certainly deserve more than a passing mention. They are most admirably made, of hard wood, most frequently with a natural finish and carved on sides and front in graceful curves and scrolls. If painted they are exceedingly gay in color, and all are apparently so clean and well kept that each appears perfectly new, shining like the oily cheeses within. A steering apparatus worked by the foot sends up a huge rounded curved horn from the axle. Perhaps the unicorn of Hoorn suggested the model, though his horn is very straight and looks war-like rather than peacefully commercial.

The plump, rosy-cheeked, pleasant-looking women who come into town along with husbands and cheeses on these high wagons, and whom one meets so often on the streets of Alkmaar or Hoorn, wear above their lace cap with its gold bands and pins a curious straw hat or bonnet, which also suggests by its uprearing shape the aggressive horn of that famous unicorn.

I can, perhaps, do no better than to repeat De Amicis's description. Styles do not change rapidly at Alkmaar. Fancy quoting a book thirty years old to describe Madame Americaine's last headgear from Paris! "They" (these demure Alkmaar dames) "wear upon their heads a great straw hat of an almost cylindrical form, with a broad brim lined with green or yellow silk, turned

up in front and having a large gap between the forehead and brim, reminding one of the open mouths of those monsters which Chinese soldiers used to wear to strike terror into their enemies."

They are a bit awe-inspiring, no doubt, these peaked hats, but the gentle faces below have nothing to cause fear, only surprise at the incongruity. Ugly as De Amicis's beauty-loving eye found these odd bonnets, they are hardly as uncouth and incongruous as the flower-bedecked monstrosities one observes sometimes mounted above the flowing lace caps and golden bands and helmets in other towns and cities in these days of transition. The young women of to-day have rebelled against the heavy metal casque, which always conceals and ultimately ruins their pretty blonde hair, and they are taking most kindly to cheap imitations of prevalent Paris styles in feminine headgear. The old women of the provinces cling to the fashion of their youth, and in between a large class exists which wears at home the lace and gold of ancient costume, but mounts above it a frumpy attempt at a modern hat or bonnet to go abroad. The result is exactly what one might expect when a woman tries to follow two fashions at one and the same time, and not precisely what she fondly hopes.

In spite of the great number of cheeses sold, the market at Alkmaar consumes scarcely more time than at Hoorn; the porters are numerous, quick, and skilful, the weighers prompt. The market opens at ten, and an hour after noon-day all the cheeses have been sold—it is very seldom that a farmer has to take his load home, although sometimes the price does not reach his expectations—weighed, stowed into boats or wagons, and are off to the warehouses; the weigh-house doors have swung shut for another week; the great crowd of men, with its sprinkling of women and children, has vanished completely; the square has fallen asleep.

On Saturdays Edam holds its little market at eleven. Perhaps there is enough glory for the quaint, clean, sleepy, little town in giving its name to the chief product of all North Holland's broad meadows, for it sells less cheese than any other cheese-market town. To the photographer, however, its market square is a delight just because of its smaller size. The whole scene

may here be grasped with ease, yet no details lost. The weigh-house and the other buildings facing the square are smaller, less imposing, perhaps, but not less picturesque. If the market-place at Hoorn resembled a stage-setting, the one at Edam is a toy theatre for which the six-foot farmers are sometimes too big unless relegated far to the background.

It is difficult, indeed, to realize that Edam once was a goodly, prosperous, and important city. There are no reminders, to the casual eye, of past greatness, no imposing

ruins, no stately houses falling to decay; only its great church with the beautiful tower and bells, and great churches and beautiful towers and bells are common in Holland. In spite of history one feels it must always have been a sleepy residence town, contented, comfortable, unmoved by breathings from an outside world, swayed by no fierce ambitions, clouded by no regrets. There are no harsh angles, no excrescences or depressions. It is wholesome and sound and solid and smooth and round as the cheese which bears its name.

THE DOUBLE VIOLET

By Mildred Howells

WHEN first the wandering flowers awoke
In Eden's garden bower,
Thus to itself reflective spoke
A certain purple flower:

"The lily and the rose may grow
Tall as they will, for who
Would shrink from sight when they can show
Perfect in form and hue?

"But I, with feeble stem that bends
Awry, and sadly drest,
Find the enchantment distance lends
Becomes my beauty best.

"Though man and I are new, I know
He seeks what is denied,
So I'll pretend my head below
My sheltering leaves to hide.

"Yet so contrive with artful care
That as I gently sigh
My perfume forth upon the air,
My face shall catch his eye.

"Then of himself, man shall suppose,
He found me out, and set
Above the lily and the rose,
The modest violet."

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK II—(Continued)

XII



LHAT evening when dinner ended, Mrs. Ansell, with a glance through the tall dining-room windows, had suggested to Bessy that it would be pleasanter to take coffee on the verandah; but Amherst detained his wife with a glance.

"I should like Bessy to stay," he said.

The dining-room being on the cool side the house, with a refreshing outlook on the garden, the men preferred to smoke there rather than in the stuffily-draped Oriental apartment destined to such rites; and Bessy Amherst, with a faint sigh, sank back into her seat, while Mrs. Ansell vanished discreetly through one of the open windows.

The group surrounding Richard Westmore's table was the same which, nearly three years earlier, had gathered in his house for the same purpose: the discussion of conditions at the mills. The only perceptible change in the relation to each other of the persons composing this group was that John Amherst was now the host of the other two men, instead of being a subordinate called in for cross-examination; but he was so indifferent, or at least so negligent, a host—so forgetful, for instance, of Mr. Tredegar's preference for a "light" cigar, and of Mr. Langhope's feelings on the duty of making the Westmore madeira circulate with the sun—that the change was manifest only in his evening-dress, and in the fact of his sitting at the foot of the table.

If Amherst was conscious of the contrast thus implied, it was only as a restriction on his freedom. As far as the welfare of Westmore was concerned, he would rather have stood before his companions as the assistant-manager of the mills than as the husband of their owner; and it seemed to him, as he looked back, that he had done very little with the opportunity which looked so

great in the light of his present restrictions. What he *had* done with it—the use to which, as unfriendly critics might insinuate, he had so adroitly put it—had landed him, ironically enough, in the ugly *impasse* of a situation from which no issue seemed possible without some wasteful sacrifice of feeling.

His wife's feelings, for example, were already revealing themselves in an impatient play of her fan that made her father presently lean forward to suggest, in his most urbane manner: "If we men are to talk shop, is it necessary to keep Bessy in this hot room?"

Amherst rose and opened the window behind his wife's chair.

"There's a breeze from the west—the room will be cooler now," he said, returning to his seat.

"Oh, I don't mind—" Bessy murmured, in a tone intended to give her companions the full measure of what she was being called upon to endure.

Mr. Tredegar coughed slightly. "May I trouble you for that other box of cigars, Amherst? No, *not* the Cabañas." Bessy rose and handed him the box on which his glance significantly rested. "Ah, thank you, my dear. I was about to ask," he continued, looking about for the cigar-lighter, which flamed unheeded at Amherst's elbow, "what special purpose will be served by a preliminary review of the questions to be discussed tomorrow."

"Ah—exactly," murmured Mr. Langhope. "The madeira, my dear John? No—ah—*please*—to the left!"

Amherst impatiently reversed the direction in which he had set the precious vessel moving, and turned to Mr. Tredegar, who was conspicuously lighting his cigar with a match extracted from his waist-coat pocket.

"The purpose is to define my position in the matter; and I prefer that Bessy should do this with your help rather than with mine."

Mr. Tredegar surveyed his cigar through drooping lids, as though the question propounded by Amherst were perched on its tip.

"Is not your position naturally involved in and defined by hers? You will excuse my saying that—technically speaking, of course—I cannot distinctly conceive of it as having any separate existence."

Mr. Tredegar spoke with the deliberate mildness that was regarded as his most effective weapon at the bar, since it was likely to abash those who were too intelligent to be propitiated by it.

"Certainly it is involved in hers," Amherst assented; "but how far that defines it is just what I have waited till now to find out."

Bessy at this point recalled her presence by a restless turn of her graceful person, and her father, with an affectionate glance at her, interposed amicably: "But surely—according to old-fashioned ideas—it implies identity of interests?"

"Yes; but whose interests?" Amherst asked.

"Why—your wife's, man! She owns the mills."

Amherst hesitated. "I would rather talk of my wife's interest in the mills than of her interests there; but we'll keep to the plural if you prefer it. Personally, I believe the terms should be interchangeable in the conduct of such a business."

"Ah—I'm glad to hear that," said Mr. Tredegar quickly, "since it's precisely the view we all take."

Amherst's colour rose. "Definitions are ambiguous," he said. "Before you adopt mine, perhaps you will let me develop it a little farther. What I mean is, that Bessy's interests in Westmore should be regulated by her interest in it—in its welfare as a social body, aside from its success as a commercial enterprise. If we agree on this definition, we are at one as to the other: namely that my relation to the matter is defined by hers."

He paused a moment, as if to give his wife time to contribute some sign of assent and encouragement; but she maintained a puzzled silence and he went on: "There is nothing new to you in this. I have tried to make Bessy understand from the beginning what obligations I thought the ownership of Westmore entailed, and how I hoped to help her fulfill them; but ever since our marriage all definite discussion of the sub-

ject has been put off for one cause or another, and that is my reason for urging that it should be brought up at the directors' meeting tomorrow."

There was another pause, during which Bessy glanced tentatively at Mr. Tredegar, and then said, with a lovely rise of colour: "But, John, I sometimes think you forget how much has been done at Westmore—the Mothers' Club, and the play-ground, and all—in the way of carrying out your ideas."

Mr. Tredegar discreetly dropped his glance to his cigar, and Mr. Langhope sounded an irrepressible note of approval and encouragement.

Amherst smiled. "No, I have not forgotten; and I am grateful to you for giving my ideas a trial. But what has been done hitherto is purely superficial." Bessy's eyes clouded, and he added hastily: "Don't think I undervalue it for that reason—heaven knows the surface of life needs improving! But it's like picking flowers and sticking them in the ground to make a garden—unless you transplant the flower with its roots, and prepare the soil to receive it, your garden will be faded tomorrow. No radical changes have yet been made at Westmore; and it is of radical changes that I want to speak."

Bessy's look grew more pained, and Mr. Langhope exclaimed with unwonted irascibility: "Upon my soul, Amherst, the tone you take about what your wife has done doesn't strike me as the likeliest way of encouraging her to do more!"

"I don't want to encourage her to do more on such a basis—the sooner she sees the futility of it the better for Westmore!"

"The futility—?" Bessy broke out, with a flutter of tears in her voice; but before her father could intervene Mr. Tredegar had raised his hand with the gesture of one accustomed to wield the gavel.

"My dear child, I see Amherst's point, and it is best, as he says, that you should see it too. What he desires, as I understand it, is the complete reconstruction of the present state of things at Westmore; and he is right in saying that all your good works there—night-schools, and nursery, and so forth—leave that issue untouched."

A smile quivered under Mr. Langhope's moustache. He and Amherst both knew that Mr. Tredegar's feint of recognizing the justice of his adversary's claim was merely

the first step to annihilating it; but Bessy could never be made to understand this, and always felt herself deserted and betrayed when any side but her own was given a hearing.

"I'm sorry if all I have tried to do at Westmore is useless—but I suppose I shall never understand business," she murmured, vainly seeking consolation in her father's eye.

"But this is not business," Amherst broke in. "It's the question of your personal relation to the people there—the last thing that business considers."

Mr. Langhope uttered an impatient exclamation. "I wish to heaven the owner of the mills had made it clear just what that relation was to be!"

"I think he did, sir," Amherst answered steadily, "in leaving his wife the unrestricted control of the property."

He had reddened under Mr. Langhope's thrust, but his voice betrayed no irritation, and Bessy rewarded him with an unexpected beam of sympathy: she was always up in arms at the least sign of his being treated as an intruder.

"I am sure, papa," she said, a little tremulously, "that poor Richard, though he knew I was not clever, felt he could trust me to take the best advice——"

"Ah, that's all we ask of you, my child!" her father sighed, while Mr. Tredegar drily interposed: "We are merely losing time by this digression. Let me suggest that Amherst should give us an idea of the changes he wishes to make at Westmore."

Amherst, as he turned to answer, remembered with what ardent faith in his powers of persuasion he had responded to the same appeal three years earlier. He had thought then that all his cause needed was a hearing; now he knew that the practical man's readiness to let the idealist talk corresponds with the busy parent's permission to destructive infancy to "run out and play." They would let him state his case to the four corners of the earth—if only he did not expect them to act on it! It was their policy to let him exhaust himself in argument and exhortation, to listen to him so politely and patiently that if he failed to enforce his ideas it should not be for lack of opportunity to expound them. . . . And the alternative struck him as hardly less to be feared. Supposing that the incredible happened, that his reasons prevailed with his wife, and,

through her, with the others—at what cost would the victory be won? Would Bessy ever forgive him for winning it? And what would his situation be, if it left him in control of Westmore but estranged from his wife?

He recalled suddenly a phrase he had used that afternoon to the dark-eyed girl at the garden-party: "What risks we run when we scramble into the chariot of the gods!" And at the same instant he heard her retort, and saw her fine gesture of repudiation. How could he ever have doubted that the thing was worth doing at whatever cost? Something in him—some secret lurking element of weakness and evasion—shrank out of sight in the light of her question: "Do *you* act on that?" and the "God forbid!" he had instantly flashed back to her. He turned to Mr. Tredegar with his answer.

Amherst knew that any large theoretical exposition of the case would be as much wasted on the two men as on his wife. To gain his point he must take only one step at a time, and it seemed to him that the first thing needed at Westmore was that the hands should work and live under healthier conditions. To attain this, two important changes were necessary: the floor-space of the mills must be enlarged, and the company must cease to rent out tenements, and give the operatives the opportunity to buy land for themselves. Both these changes involved the upheaval of the existing order. Whenever the Westmore mills had been enlarged, it had been for the sole purpose of increasing the revenues of the company; and now Amherst asked that these revenues should be materially and permanently reduced. As to the suppression of the company tenement, such a measure stuck at the roots of the baneful paternalism which was choking out every germ of initiative in the workman. Once the operatives had room to work in, and the hope of homes of their own to return to when work was over, Amherst was willing to trust to time for the satisfaction of their other needs. He believed that a sounder understanding of these needs would develop on both sides the moment the employers proved their good faith by the deliberate and permanent sacrifice of excessive gain to the well-being of the employed; and once the two had learned to regard each other not as antagonists but as collaborators,

a long step would have been taken toward a readjustment of the whole industrial relation. In regard to general and distant results, Amherst tried not to be too sanguine, even in his own thoughts. His aim was to remedy the abuse nearest at hand, in the hope of thus getting gradually closer to the central evil; and, had his action been unhampered, he would still have preferred the longer and more circuitous path of practical experiment to the sweeping adoption of a new industrial system.

But his demands, moderate as they were, assumed in his hearers the consciousness of a moral claim superior to the obligation of making one's business "pay"; and it was the futility of this assumption that chilled the arguments on his lips, since in the orthodox creed of the business world it was a weakness and not a strength to be content with five per cent. where ten is obtainable. Business was one thing, philanthropy another; and the enthusiasts who tried combining them were usually reduced, after a brief flight, to paying fifty cents on the dollar, and handing over their stock to a promoter presumably unhampered by humanitarian ideals.

Amherst knew that this was the answer with which his plea would be met; knew, moreover, that the plea was given a hearing simply because his judges deemed it so pitifully easy to refute. But the knowledge, once he had begun to speak, fanned his argument to a white heat of pleading, since, with failure so plainly ahead, small concessions and compromises were not worth making. Reason would be wasted on all; but eloquence might at least prevail with Bessy. . . .

When, late that night, he went upstairs after an hour's restless pacing of the garden, he was surprised to see that a light still burned in her room. She was not addicted to midnight study, and fearing that she might be ill he knocked at her door. There was no answer, and after a short pause he turned the handle and entered.

In the great canopied Westmore couch, her arms flung upward and her hands clasped beneath her head, she lay staring fretfully at the globe of electric light which hung from the centre of the embossed and gilded ceiling. Seen thus, with the soft curves of throat and arms revealed, and her face childishly set in a cloud of loosened

hair, she looked no older than Cicely—and, like Cicely, inaccessible to grown-up arguments and the stronger logic of experience.

It was a trick of hers, in such moods, to ignore any attempt to attract her attention; and Amherst was prepared for her remaining motionless as he paused on the threshold and then advanced toward the middle of the room. There had been a time when he would have been exasperated by her pretense of not seeing him, but a great weariness of spirit now dulled him to these minor pricks.

"I was afraid you were not well when I saw the light burning," he began.

"Thank you—I am quite well," she answered in a colourless voice, without turning her head.

"Shall I put it out, then? You can't sleep with such a glare in your eyes."

"I should not sleep at any rate; and I hate to lie awake in the dark."

"Why shouldn't you sleep?" He moved nearer, looking down compassionately on her perturbed face and struggling lips.

She lay silent a moment; then she faltered out: "B—because I'm so unhappy!"

The artifice of indifference was swept away by a gush of childish sobs as she flung over on her side and buried her face in the embroidered pillows.

Amherst, bending down with a sigh, laid a quieting hand on her shoulder. "Bessy—"

She sobbed on.

He seated himself silently in the arm-chair beside the bed, and kept his soothing hold upon her shoulder. The time had come when he went through all these accustomed acts of pacification as mechanically as a nurse soothing a fretful child. And once he had thought her weeping eloquent! He looked about him at the spacious room, with its heavy hangings of damask and the thick velvet carpet which stifled his steps. Everywhere were the graceful tokens of her presence—the vast lace-draped toilet-table strewn with silver and crystal, the embroidered muslin cushions heaped on the lounge, the little rose-lined slippers she had just put off, the lace wrapper, with a scent of violets in its folds, which he had pushed aside when he sat down beside her; and he remembered how full of an exquisite and intimate charm these things had once appeared to him.

It was characteristic that the remembrance made him more patient with her now. Perhaps, after all, it was his failure that she was crying over. . . .

"Don't be unhappy. You decided as seemed best to you," he said.

She pressed her handkerchief against her lips, still keeping her head averted. "But I hate all these arguments and disputes. Why should you unsettle everything?" she murmured.

His mother's words! Involuntarily he removed his hand from her shoulder, though he still remained seated by the bed.

"You are right. I see the uselessness of it," he assented, with an uncontrollable note of irony.

She turned her head at the tone, and fixed her plaintive brimming eyes upon him. "You *are* angry with me!" she exclaimed.

"Was that troubling you?" He leaned forward again, with compassion in his face. *Sancta simplicitas!* was the thought within him.

"I am not angry," he went on; "be reasonable and try to sleep."

But at that she started upright, the light masses of her hair floating about her like silken sea-weed lifted on an invisible tide. "Don't talk like that! I can't endure to be humoured like a baby. I am unhappy because I can't see why all these wretched questions should be dragged into our life. I hate to have you always disagreeing with Mr. Tredegar, who is so clever and has so much experience; and yet I hate to see you give way to him, because that makes it appear as if . . . as if . . ."

"He didn't care a straw for my ideas?" Amherst smiled. "Well, he doesn't—and I never dreamed of making him. So don't worry about that either."

"You never dreamed of making him care for your ideas? But then why do you——"

"Why do I go on setting them forth at such great length?" Amherst smiled again. "To convince you—that's my only ambition."

She stared at him, shaking her head back to toss a loose lock from her puzzled eyes. A tear still shone on her lashes, but with the motion it fell and trembled down the soft curve of her cheek.

"To convince *me*? But you know I am so ignorant of such things."

"Most women are."

"I never pretended to understand anything about—economics, or whatever you call it."

"No."

"Then how——"

He turned and looked at her gently. "I thought you might have begun to understand something about *me*."

"About you?" The colour flowered softly under her clear skin.

"About what my ideas on such subjects were likely to be worth—judging from what you know of me in other respects." He paused and glanced away from her. "Well," he concluded deliberately, "I suppose I've had my answer tonight."

"Oh, John——!"

He rose and wandered across the room, pausing a moment to finger absently the trinkets on the dressing-table. The act recalled with a curious vividness certain dulled sensations of their first days together, when to handle and examine these delicate little accessories of her toilet had been part of the wonder and amusement of his new existence. He could still hear her laugh as she leaned over him, watching his mystified look in the glass, till their reflected eyes met there and drew down her lips to his. He laid down the fragrant powder-puff he had been turning slowly between his fingers, and moved back toward the bed. In the interval he had reached a decision.

"Well—isn't it natural that I should think so?" he began again, as he stood beside her. "When we married I never expected you to care or know much about economics. It isn't a quality a man usually chooses his wife for. But I had a fancy—perhaps it shows my conceit—that when we had lived together a year or two, and you'd found out what kind of a fellow I was in other ways—ways any woman can judge of—I had a fancy that you might take my opinions on faith when it came to my own special business—the thing I'm generally supposed to know about."

He knew that he was touching a sensitive chord, for Bessy had to the full her sex's pride of possessorship. He was human and faulty till others criticized him—then he became a god. But in this case a conflicting influence restrained her from complete response to his appeal.

"I *do* feel sure you know—about the treatment of the hands and all that; but

you said yourself once—the first time we ever talked about Westmore—that the business part was different——”

Here it was again, the ancient ineradicable belief in the separable body and soul! Even an industrial organization was supposed to be subject to the old theological distinction, and Bessy was ready to co-operate with her husband in the emancipation of Westmore's spiritual part if only its body remained under the law.

Amherst controlled his impatience, as it was always easy for him to do when he had fixed on a definite line of conduct.

“It was my situation that was different; not what you call the business part. That is inextricably bound up with the treatment of the hands. If I am to have anything to do with the mills now I can only deal with them as your representative; and as such I am bound to take in the whole question.”

Bessy's face clouded: was he going into it all again? But he read her look and went on reassuringly: “That was what I meant by saying that I hoped you would take me on faith. If I want the welfare of Westmore it's above all, I believe, because I want Westmore to see you as *I* do—as the dispenser of happiness, who could not endure to benefit by any wrong or injustice to others.”

“Of course, of course I don't want to do them injustice!”

“Well, then——”

He had seated himself beside her again, clasping in his the hand with which she was fretting the lace-edged sheet. He felt her restless fingers surrender slowly to his touch, and her eyes turned to him appealingly.

“But I care for what people say of you too! And you know—it's horrid, but one must consider it—if they say you are spending my money imprudently. . . .” The blood rose to her neck and face, suffusing her with a crimson blush. “I don't mind for myself . . . even if I have to give up as many things as Papa and Mr. Tredegar think . . . but there is Cicely . . . and if people said . . .”

“If people said that I was spending Cicely's money on improving the condition of the people to whose work she will some day owe all her wealth——” Amherst paused: “Well, I would rather hear that said of me than any other thing I can think of, except one.”

“Except what?”

“That I was doing it with her mother's help and approval.”

She drew a long tremulous sigh: he knew it was always a relief to her to have him assert himself strongly. But a residue of resistance still clouded her mind.

“I should always want to help you, of course; but if Mr. Tredegar and Halford Gaines think that your plan is unbusiness-like——”

“Mr. Tredegar and Halford Gaines are certain to think that. And that is why I said, just now, that it comes, in the end, to your choosing between us: taking them on experience or taking me on faith.”

She looked at him wistfully. “Of course I should expect to give up things . . . You wouldn't want me to live here?”

“I should not ask you to,” he said, half-smiling.

“I suppose there would be a good many things we couldn't do——”

“You would certainly have less money for a number of years; after that, I believe you would have more rather than less; but I should not want you to think that, beyond a reasonable point, the prosperity of the mills was ever to be measured by your dividends.”

“No.” She leaned back wearily among the pillows. “I suppose, for instance, we should have to give up Europe this summer——?”

Here at last was the bottom of her thought! It was always on the immediate pleasure that her soul hung: she had not enough imagination to look beyond, even in the projecting of her own desires. And it was on his knowledge of this limitation that Amherst had deliberately built.

“I don't see how you could go to Europe,” he said.

“The doctor thinks I need it,” she faltered.

“In that case, of course——” He stood up, not abruptly, or with any show of irritation, but as if accepting this as her final answer. “What you need most, in the meantime, is a little sleep,” he said. “I will tell your maid not to disturb you in the morning.” He had returned to his soothing way of speech, as though definitely resigned to the inutility of farther argument. “And I will say goodbye now,” he continued, “because I shall probably take an early train, before you're awake——”

She sat up with a start. "An early train? Where are you going?"

"I must go to Chicago some time this month, and as I shall not be wanted here tomorrow I might as well start at once, and join you next week at Lynbrook."

Bessy had grown pale. "But I don't understand——"

Their eyes met. "Can't you understand that I am human enough to prefer, under the circumstances, not being present at tomorrow's meeting?" he said with a dry laugh.

She sank back on the pillows with a moan of discouragement, turning her face away as he began to move toward his room.

"Shall I put the light out?" he asked, pausing with his hand on the electric button.

"Yes, please."

He pushed in the button and walked on, guided through the obscurity by the line of light under his door. As he reached the threshold he heard a little choking cry from his wife.

"John—oh, John!"

He paused.

"I can't *bear* it!" The sobs increased.

"Bear what?"

"That you should hate me——"

"Don't be foolish," he said, opening his door.

"But you do hate me—and I deserve it!"

"Nonsense, dear. Try to sleep."

"I can't sleep till you've forgiven me. Say you don't hate me! I'll do anything . . . only say you don't hate me!"

He stood still a moment, thinking; then he turned back, and made his way across the room to her side. As he sat down beside her, he felt her arms reach for his neck and her wet face press itself against his cheek.

"I'll do anything . . ." she sobbed; and in the darkness he held her to him and hated his victory.

XIII

MRS. ANSELL was engaged in what she called picking up threads. She had been abroad for the summer—had, in fact, transferred herself but a few hours earlier from her returning steamer to the little station at Lynbrook—and was now, in the bright September afternoon, which left her in sole possession of the terrace of Lynbrook House, using that pleasant eminence as a point of

observation from which to gather up some of the loose ends of history dropped at her departure.

It might have been thought that the actual scene outspread below her—the descending gardens, the tennis-courts, the farm-lands sloping away to the blue sea-like shimmer of the Hempstead plains—offered, at the moment, little material for her special purpose; but that was to view them with a superficial eye. Mrs. Ansell's trained gaze was, for example, greatly enlightened by the fact that the tennis-courts were fringed by a group of people indolently watchful of the figures agitating themselves about the nets; and that, as she turned her head toward the entrance avenue, the receding view of a station omnibus, followed by a luggage-cart, announced that more guests were to be added to those who had almost taxed to its limits the expansibility of the luncheon-table.

All this, to the initiated eye, was full of suggestion; but its significance was as nothing to that presented by the approach of two figures which, as Mrs. Ansell watched, detached themselves from the cluster about the tennis-ground and struck, obliquely and at a desultory pace, across the lawn toward the terrace. The figures—those of a slight young man with stooping shoulders, and of a lady equally youthful but slenderly erect—moved forward in absorbed communion, as if unconscious of their surroundings and indefinite as to their direction, till, on the brink of the wide grass terrace just below their observer's parapet, they paused a moment and faced each other in closer speech. This interchange of words, though brief in measure of time, lasted long enough to add a vivid strand to Mrs. Ansell's thickening skein; then, on a gesture of the lady's, and without signs of formal leave-taking, the young man struck into a path which regained the entrance avenue, while his companion, quickening her pace, crossed the grass terrace and mounted the wide stone steps sweeping up from it to the house.

These brought her out on the upper terrace a few yards from Mrs. Ansell's coign of vantage, and exposed her, unprepared, to the full beam of welcome which that lady's rapid advance threw like a search-light across her path.

"Dear Miss Brent! I was just wondering how it was that I hadn't seen you before." Mrs. Ansell, as she spoke, drew the

girl's hand into a long soft clasp which served to keep them confronted while she delicately groped for whatever thread the encounter seemed to proffer.

Justine made no attempt to evade the scrutiny to which she found herself exposed; she merely released her hand by a movement instinctively evasive of the mechanical endearment, explaining, with a smile that softened the gesture: "I was out with Cicely when you arrived. We've just come in."

"The dear child! I haven't seen her either." Mrs. Ansell continued to bestow upon the speaker's pale dark face an intensity of attention in which, for the moment, Cicely had no perceptible share. "I hear you are teaching her botany, and all kinds of wonderful things."

Justine smiled again. "I am trying to teach her to wonder: that is the hardest faculty to cultivate in the modern child."

"Yes—I suppose so; in myself," Mrs. Ansell admitted with a responsive brightness, "I find it develops with age. The world is a remarkable place." She threw this off absently, as though leaving Miss Brent to apply it either to the inorganic phenomena with which Cicely was supposed to be occupied, or to those subtler manifestations that engaged her own attention.

"It's a great thing," she continued, "for Bessy to have had your help—for Cicely, and for herself too. There is so much that I want you to tell me about her. As an old friend I want the benefit of your fresher eye."

"About Bessy?" Justine hesitated, letting her glance drift to the distant group still anchored about the tennis-nets. "Don't you find her looking better?"

"Than when I left? So much so that I was unduly disturbed, just now, by seeing that clever little doctor—it *was* he, wasn't it, who came up the lawn with you?"

"Dr. Wyant? Yes." Miss Brent hesitated again. "But he merely called—with a message."

"Not professionally? *Tant mieux!* The truth is, I was anxious about Bessy when I left—I thought she ought to have gone abroad for a change. But, as it turns out, her little excursion with you did as well."

"I think she only needed a rest. Perhaps her six weeks in the Adirondacks were better than Europe."

"Ah, under *your* care—that made them better!" Mrs. Ansell in turn hesitated, the lines of her face melting and changing as if a rapid stage-hand had shifted them. When she spoke again they were as open as a public square, but also as destitute of personal significance, as flat and smooth as the painted drop before the real scene it hides.

"I have always thought that Bessy, for all her health and activity, needs as much care as Cicely—the kind of care a clever friend can give. She is so wasteful of her strength and her nerves, and so unwilling to listen to reason. Poor Dick Westmore watched over her as if she were a baby; but perhaps Mr. Amherst, who must have been used to such a different type of woman, doesn't realize . . . and then he's so little here. . . ." The drop was irradiated by a smile that seemed to make it more impenetrable. "As an old friend I can't help telling you how much I hope she is to have you with her for a long time—a long, long time."

Miss Brent bent her head in slight acknowledgment of the tribute. "Oh, soon she will not need any care——"

"My dear Miss Brent, she will always need it!" Mrs. Ansell made a movement inviting the young girl to share the bench from which, at the latter's approach, she had risen. "But perhaps there is not enough in such a life to satisfy your professional energies."

She seated herself, and after an imperceptible pause Justine sank into the seat beside her. "I am very glad, just now, to give them a holiday," she said, leaning back with a little sigh of retrospective weariness.

"You are tired too? Bessy wrote me you had been quite used up by a trying case after we saw you at Hanaford."

Miss Brent smiled. "When a nurse is fit for work she calls a trying case a 'beautiful' one."

"But meanwhile—?" Mrs. Ansell shone on her with elder-sisterly solicitude. "Meanwhile, why not stay on with Cicely—above all, with Bessy? Surely she is a 'beautiful' case too."

"Isn't she?" Justine laughingly agreed.

"And if you want to be tried——" Mrs. Ansell swept the scene with a slight lift of her philosophic shoulders—"you'll find there are trials everywhere."

Her companion started up with a glance

at the small watch on her breast. "One of them is that it's already after four, and that I must see that tea is sent down to the tennis-ground, and the new arrivals looked after."

"I saw the omnibus on its way to the station. Are many more people coming?"

"Five or six, I believe. The house is usually full for Sunday."

Mrs. Ansell made a slight motion to detain her. "And when is Mr. Amherst expected?"

Miss Brent's pale cheek seemed to take on a deeper tone of ivory, and her glance dropped from her companion's face to the vivid stretch of gardens at their feet. "Bessy has not told me," she said.

"Ah—" the older woman rejoined, looking also toward the gardens, as if to intercept Miss Brent's glance in its flight. The latter stood still a moment, with the appearance of not wishing to evade what ever else her companion might have to say; then she moved away with a rapid step, entering the house by one window just as Mr. Langhope emerged from it by another.

The sound of his stick tapping across the bricks roused Mrs. Ansell from her meditations, but she showed her sense of his presence simply by returning to the bench she had just left; and accepting this mute invitation, Mr. Langhope crossed the terrace and seated himself at her side.

When he had done so they continued to look at each other without speaking, after the manner of old friends possessed of occult means of communication; and as the result of this inward colloquy Mr. Langhope at length said: "Well, what do you make of it?"

"What do *you*?" she rejoined, turning full upon him a face so released from its usual defences and disguises that it looked at once older and more simple than the countenance she presented to the world.

Mr. Langhope waved a deprecating hand. "I want your fresher impressions."

"That's what I just now said to Miss Brent."

"You've been talking to Miss Brent?"

"Only a flying word—she had to go and look after the new arrivals."

Mr. Langhope's attention deepened. "Well, what did you say to her?"

"Wouldn't you rather hear what she said to *me*?"

He smiled. "A good cross-examiner al-

ways gets the answers he wants. Let me hear your side, and I shall know hers."

"I should say that applied only to stupid cross-examiners; or to those who have stupid subjects to deal with. And Miss Brent is not stupid, you know."

"Far from it! What else do you make out?"

"I make out that she's in possession."

"Here?"

"Don't look startled. Do you dislike her?"

"Heaven forbid—with those eyes! She has a neat wit of her own, too—and she certainly makes things easier for Bessy."

"She guards her carefully, at any rate. I could find out nothing."

"About Bessy?"

"About the general situation."

"Including Miss Brent herself?"

Mrs. Ansell smiled faintly. "I made one little discovery about her."

"Well?"

"She's intimate with the new doctor."

"Wyant?" Mr. Langhope's interest dropped. "What of that? I believe she knew him before."

"I daresay. It's of no special importance, except as giving us a possible clue to her character. She strikes me as interesting and mysterious."

Mr. Langhope smiled. "The things your imagination does for you!"

"It helps me to see that we may find Miss Brent useful as a friend."

"A friend?"

"An ally." She paused, as if searching for a word. "She may restore the equilibrium."

Mr. Langhope's handsome face darkened. "Open Bessy's eyes to Amherst? Damn him!" he said quietly.

Mrs. Ansell let the imprecation pass. "When was he last here?" she asked.

"Five or six weeks ago—for one night. His only visit since she came back from the Adirondacks."

"What do you think his motive is? He must know what he risks in losing his hold on Bessy."

"His motive? With your eye for them, can you ask? A devouring ambition, that's all! Haven't you noticed that, in all except the biggest minds, ambition takes the form of wanting to command where one has had to obey? Amherst has been made to toe the

line at Westmore, and now he wants Truscomb—yes, and Halford Gaines, too!—to do the same. That's the secret of his servant-of-the-people pose—gad, I believe it's the whole secret of his marriage! He's devouring my daughter's substance to pay off an old score against the mills. He'll never rest till he has Truscomb out, and some creature of his own in command—and then, *vogue la galère!* If it were women, now," Mr. Langhope summed up impatiently, "one could understand it, at his age, and with that damned romantic head—but to be put aside for a lot of low mongrelly socialist mill-hands—ah, my poor girl—my poor girl!"

Mrs. Ansell mused. "You didn't write me that things were so bad. There's been no actual quarrel?" she asked.

"How can there be, when the poor child does all he wants? He's simply too busy to come and thank her!"

"Too busy at Hanaford?"

"So he says. Introducing the golden age at Westmore—it's likely to be the age of copper at Rushton."

Mrs. Ansell drew a meditative breath. "I was thinking of that. I understood that Bessy would have to retrench while the changes at Westmore were going on."

"Well—didn't she give up Europe, and cable over to countermand her new motor?"

"But the life here! This mob of people! Miss Brent tells me the house is full for every week-end."

"Would you have my daughter cut off from all her friends?"

Mrs. Ansell met this promptly. "From some of the new ones, at any rate! Have you heard who has just arrived?"

Mr. Langhope's hesitation showed a tinge of embarrassment. "I'm not sure—some one has always just arrived."

"Well, the Fenton Carburys, then!" Mrs. Ansell left it to her tone to annotate the announcement.

Mr. Langhope raised his eyebrows slightly. "Are they likely to be an exceptionally costly pleasure?"

"If you're trying to prove that I haven't kept to the point—I can assure you that I'm well within it!"

"But since the good Blanche has got her divorce and married Carbury, wherein do they differ from other week-end automata?"

"Because most divorced women marry again to be respectable."

Mr. Langhope smiled faintly. "Yes—that's their punishment. But it would be too dull for Blanche."

"Precisely. *She* married again to see Ned Bowfort!"

"Ah—that may yet be hers!"

Mrs. Ansell sighed at his perversity. "Meanwhile, she's brought him here, and it is unnatural to see Bessy lending herself to such combinations."

"You're corrupted by a glimpse of the old societies. Here Bowfort and Carbury are simply hands at bridge."

"Old hands at it—yes! And the bridge is another point: Bessy never used to play for money."

"Well, she may make something, and offset her husband's prodigalities."

"There again—with this *train de vie*, how on earth are both ends to meet?"

Mr. Langhope, grown suddenly grave, struck his cane resoundingly on the terrace. "Westmore and Lynbrook? I don't want them to—I want them to get farther and farther apart!"

She cast on him a look of startled divination. "You want Bessy to go on spending too much money?"

"How can I help it if it costs?"

"If what costs—?" She stopped, her eyes still wide; then their glances crossed, and she exclaimed: "If your scheme costs? It *is* your scheme, then?"

He shrugged his shoulders again. "It's a passive attitude——"

"Ah, the deepest plans are that!" Mr. Langhope uttered no protest, and she continued to piece her conjectures together. "But you expect it to lead up to something active. Do you want a rupture?"

"I want him brought back to his senses."

"Do you think that will bring him back to *her*?"

"Where the devil else will he have to go?"

Mrs. Ansell's eyes dropped toward the gardens, across which desultory knots of people were straggling back from the ended tennis-match. "Ah, here they all come," she said, rising with a half-sigh; and as she stood watching the advance of the brightly-tinted groups she added slowly: "It's ingenious—but you don't understand him."

Mr. Langhope stroked his moustache. "Perhaps not," he assented thoughtfully. "But suppose we go in before they join us?"

I want to show you a set of Ming I picked up the other day for Bessy. I flatter myself I *do* understand Ming."

XIV

JUSTINE BRENT, her household duties discharged, had gone upstairs to her room, a little turret chamber projecting above the wide terrace below, from which the sounds of lively intercourse now rose increasingly to her window.

Bessy, she knew, would have preferred to have her remain with the party from whom these evidences of gaiety proceeded. Mrs. Amherst had grown to depend on her friend's nearness. She liked to feel that Justine's quick hand and eye were always in waiting on her impulses, prompt to interpret and execute them without any exertion of her own. Bessy combined great zeal in the pursuit of sport—a tireless passion for the saddle, the golf-course, the tennis-court—with an almost Oriental inertia within doors, an indolence of body and brain that made her shrink from the active obligations of hospitality, though she had grown to depend more and more on the distractions of a crowded house.

But Justine, though grateful, and desirous of showing her gratitude, was unwilling to add to her other duties that of joining in the amusements of the house-party. She made no pretense of effacing herself when she thought her presence might be useful—but, even if she had cared for the diversions in favour at Lynbrook, a certain unavowed pride would have kept her from participating in them on the same footing with Bessy's guests. She was not in the least ashamed of her real position in the household, but she chose that every one else should be aware of it, that she should not for an instant be taken for one of the nomadic damsels who form the camp-followers of the great army of pleasure. Yet even on this point her sensitiveness was not exaggerated. Adversity has a deft hand at gathering loose strands of impulse into character, and Justine's premature contact with different phases of experience had given her a fairly clear view of life in the round, what might be called a sound working topography of its relative heights and depths. She was not seriously afraid of being taken for anything but what she really was, and still

less did she fear to become, by force of proximity and suggestion, the kind of being for whom she might be temporarily taken.

When, at Bessy's urgent summons, she had joined the latter at her camp in the Adirondacks, the transition from a fatiguing "case" at Hanaford to a life in which sylvan freedom was artfully blent with the most studied personal luxury, had come as a delicious refreshment to body and brain. She was weary, for the moment, of ugliness, plain and hard work, and life seemed to recover its meaning under the aspect of a graceful leisure. Lynbrook also, whither she had been persuaded to go with Bessy at the end of their woodland cure, had at first amused and interested her. The big house on its spreading terraces, with windows looking over bright gardens to the hazy distances of the plains, seemed a haven of harmless gaiety and ease. Justine was sensitive to the finer graces of luxurious living, to the warm lights on old pictures and bronzes, the soft mingling of tints in faded rugs and panellings of time-warmed oak. And the existence to which this background formed a setting seemed at first to have the same decorative qualities. It was pleasant, for once, to be among people whose chief business was to look well and take life lightly, and Justine's own buoyancy of nature won her immediate access among the amiable persons who peopled Bessy's week-end parties. If they had only abounded a little more in their own line she might have succumbed to their spell. But it seemed to her that they missed the poetry of their situation, transacting their pleasures with the dreary method and shortness of view of a race tethered to the ledger. Even the verbal flexibility which had made her feel that she was in a world of freer ideas, soon revealed itself as a form of flight from them, in which the race was distinctly to the swift; and Justine's phase of passive enjoyment passed with the return of her physical and mental activity. She was a creature tingling with energy, a little fleeting particle of the power that moves the sun and the other stars, and the deadening influences of the life at Lynbrook roused these tendencies to greater intensity, as a suffocated person will suddenly develop abnormal strength in the struggle for air.

She did not, indeed, regret having come. She was glad to be with Bessy, partly be-

cause of the childish friendship which had left such deep traces in her lonely heart, and partly because what she had seen of her friend's situation stirred in her all the impulses of sympathy and service; but the idea of continuing in such a life, of sinking into any of the positions of semi-dependence that an adroit and handsome girl may create for herself in a fashionable woman's train—this possibility never presented itself to Justine till Mrs. Ansell, that afternoon, had put it into words. And to hear it was to revolt from it with all the strength of her inmost nature. The thought of the future troubled her, not so much materially—for she had a light bird-like trust in the morrow's fare—but because her own tendencies seemed to have grown less clear, because she could not rest in them for guidance as she had once done. The renewal of bodily activity had not brought back her faith in her calling: her work had lost the light of consecration. She no longer felt herself predestined to nurse the sick for the rest of her life, and in her inexperience she reproached herself with this instability. Youth and womanhood were in fact crying out in her for their individual satisfaction; but instincts as deep-seated protected her from even a momentary illusion as to the nature of this demand. She wanted happiness, and a life of her own, as passionately as young flesh-and-blood had ever wanted them; but they must come bathed in the light of imagination and penetrated by the sense of larger affinities. She could not conceive of shutting herself into a little citadel of personal well-being while the great tides of existence rolled on unheeded outside. Whether they swept treasure to her feet, or strewed her life with wreckage, she felt, even now, that her place was there, on the banks, in sound and sight of the great current; and just in proportion as the scheme of life at Lynbrook succeeded in shutting out all sense of that vaster human consciousness, so did its voice speak more thrillingly within her.

Somewhere, she felt—but, alas! still out of reach—was the life she longed for, a life in which high chances of doing should be mated with her finer forms of enjoying. But what title had she to a share in such an existence? Why, none but her sense of what it was worth—and what did that count for, in a world which used all its resources to barricade itself against all its opportunities?

She knew there were girls who sought, by what is called a "good" marriage, an escape into the outer world of doing and thinking—utilizing an empty brain and full pocket as the key to these envied fields. Some such chance the life at Lynbrook seemed likely enough to offer—one is not, at Justine's age and with her penetration, any more blind to the poise of one's head than to the turn of one's ideas; but here the subtler obstacles of taste and pride intervened. Not even Bessy's transparent manœuvrings, her tender solicitude for her friend's happiness, could for a moment weaken Justine's resistance. If she must marry without love—and this was growing conceivable to her—she must at least merge her craving for personal happiness in some view of life in harmony with hers.

A tap on her door interrupted these musings, to one aspect of which Bessy Amherst's entrance seemed suddenly to give visible expression.

"Why did you run off, Justine? You promised to be down-stairs when I came back from tennis."

"*Till* you came back—wasn't it, dear?" Justine corrected with a smile, pushing her arm-chair forward as Bessy continued to linger irresolutely in the doorway. "I saw that there was a fresh supply of tea in the drawing-room, and I knew you would be there before the omnibus came from the station."

"Oh, I was there—but everybody was asking for you——"

"Everybody?" Justine gave a mocking lift to her dark eyebrows.

"Well—Westy Gaines, at any rate; the moment he set foot in the house!" Bessy declared with a laugh as she dropped into the arm-chair.

Justine echoed the laugh, but offered no comment on the statement which accompanied it, and for a moment both women were silent, Bessy tilting her pretty discontented head against the back of the chair, so that her eyes were on a level with those of her friend, who leaned near her in the embrasure of the window.

"I can't understand you, Justine. You know well enough what he's come back for."

"In order to dazzle Hanaford with the fact that he has been staying at Lynbrook!"

"Nonsense—the novelty of that has

worn off. He's been here three times since we came back."

"You are admirably hospitable to your family——"

Bessy let her pretty ringed hands fall with a discouraged gesture. "Why do you find him so much worse than—than other people?"

Justine's eye-brows rose again. "In the same capacity? You speak as if I had boundless opportunities of comparison."

"Well, at any rate, you've Dr. Wyant!" Mrs. Amherst suddenly flung back at her.

Justine coloured under the unexpected thrust, but met her friend's eyes steadily. "As an alternative to Westy? Well, if I were on a desert island—but I'm not!" she concluded with a careless laugh.

Bessy frowned and sighed. "You can't mean that, of the two—?" She paused and then went on doubtfully: "It's because he's cleverer?"

"Dr. Wyant?" Justine smiled. "It's not making an enormous claim for him!"

"Oh, I know Westy's not brilliant; but stupid men are not always the hardest to live with." She sighed again, and turned on Justine a glance charged with conjugal experience.

Justine had sunk into the window-seat, her thin hands clasping her knee, in the attitude habitual to her meditative moments. "Perhaps not," she assented; "but I don't know that I should care for a man who made life easy; I should want some one who made it interesting."

Bessy met this with a pitying exclamation. "Don't imagine you invented that! Every girl thinks it. Afterward she finds out that it's much pleasanter to be thought interesting herself."

She spoke with a bitterness that issued strangely from her lips. It was this bitterness which gave her soft personality the sharp edge that Justine had felt in it on the day of their meeting at Hanaford.

The girl, at first, had tried to defend herself from these scarcely-veiled confidences, distasteful enough in themselves, and placing her, if she listened, in an attitude of implied disloyalty to the man under whose roof they were spoken. But a precocious experience of life had taught her that emotions too strong for the nature containing them turn, by some law of spiritual chemistry, into a rankling poison; and she had

therefore resigned herself to serving as a kind of outlet for Bessy's pent-up discontent. It was not that her friend's grievance appealed to her personal sympathies; she had learned enough of the situation to give her moral assent unreservedly to the other side. But it was characteristic of Justine that where she sympathized least she sometimes pitied most. Like all quick spirits she was often intolerant of dullness; yet when the intolerance passed it left a residue of compassion for the very incapacity at which she chafed. It seemed to her that the tragic crises in wedded life usually turned on the stupidity of one of the two concerned; and of the two victims of such a catastrophe she felt most for the one whose limitations had probably brought it about. After all, there could be no imprisonment as cruel as that of being bounded by a hard small nature. Not to be penetrable at all points to the shifting lights, the wandering music of the world—she could imagine no physical disability as cramping as that. How the little parched soul, in solitary confinement for life, must pine and dwindle in its blind cranny of self-love!

To be one's self wide open to the currents of life does not always contribute to an understanding of narrower natures; but in Justine the personal emotions were enriched and deepened by a sense of participation in all that the world about her was doing, suffering and enjoying; and this sense found expression in the instinct of ministry and solace. She was by nature a redresser, a restorer; and in her work, as she had once told Amherst, the longing to help and direct, to hasten on by personal intervention time's slow and clumsy processes, had often been in conflict with the restrictions imposed by her profession. But she had no idle desire to probe the depths of other lives; and where there seemed no hope of serving she shrank from fruitless confidences. She was beginning to feel this to be the case with Bessy Amherst. To touch the rock was not enough, if there were but a few drops within it; yet in this barrenness lay the pathos of the situation—and after all, may not the scanty spring be fed from a fuller current?

"I'm not sure about that," she said, answering her friend's last words after a deep pause of deliberation. "I mean about its being so pleasant to be found interesting. I'm sure the passive part is always the dull

one: life has been a great deal more thrilling since we found out that we revolved about the sun, instead of sitting still and fancying that all the planets were dancing attendance on us. After all, they were *not*; and it's rather humiliating to think how the morning stars must have laughed together about it!"

There was no self-complacency in Justine's eagerness to help. It was far easier for her to express it in action than in counsel, to grope for the path with her friend than to point the way to it; and when she had to speak she took refuge in figures to escape the pedantry of appearing to advise. But it was not only to Mrs. Dressel that her parables were dark, and the blank look in Bessy's eyes soon snatched her down from the height of metaphor.

"I mean," she continued with a smile, "that, as human nature is constituted, it has got to find its real self—the self to be interested in—outside of what we conventionally call 'self': the particular Justine or Bessy who is clamouring for her particular morsel of life. You see, self isn't a thing one can keep in a box—bits of it keep escaping, and flying off to lodge in all sorts of unexpected crannies; we come across scraps of ourselves in the most unlikely places—as I believe you would in Westmore, if you'd only go back there and look for them!"

Bessy's lip trembled and the colour sprang to her face; but she answered with a flash of irritation: "Why doesn't *he* look for me there, then—if he still wants to find me?"

"Ah—it's for him to look here—to find himself *here*," Justine murmured.

"Well, he never comes here! That's his answer."

"He will—he will! Only, when he does, let him find you."

"Find me? I don't understand. How can he, when he never sees me? I'm no more to him than the carpet on the floor!"

Justine smiled again. "Well—be that then! The thing is to *be*."

"Under his feet? Thank you! Is that what you mean to marry for? It's not what husbands admire in one, you know!"

"No." Justine stood up with a sense of stealing discouragement. "But I don't think I want to be admired——"

"Ah, that's because you know you are!" broke from the depths of the other's bitterness.

The tone smote Justine, and she dropped into the seat at her friend's side, silently laying a hand on Bessy's feverishly-clasped fingers.

"Oh, don't let us talk about me," complained the latter, from whose lips the subject was never long absent. "And you mustn't think that I *want* you to marry, Justine; not for myself, I mean—I'd so much rather keep you here. I feel so much less lonely when you're with me. But you say you won't stay—and it's too dreadful to think of your going back to that dreary hospital."

"But you know the hospital's not dreary to me," Justine interposed; "it's the most interesting place I've ever known." Mrs. Amherst smiled indulgently on this extravagance. "A great many people go through the craze for philanthropy—" she began in the tone of mature experience; but Justine interrupted her with a laugh.

"Philanthropy? I'm not philanthropic. I don't think I ever felt inclined to do good in the abstract—any more than to do ill!—I can't remember that I ever planned out a course of conduct in my life. It's only," she went on, with a puzzled frown, as if honestly trying to analyze her motives, "it's only that I'm so fatally interested in people that before I know it I've slipped into their skins; and then, of course, if anything goes wrong with them, it's just as if it had gone wrong with me; and I can't help trying to rescue myself from *their* troubles! I suppose it's what you'd call meddling—and so should I, if I could only remember that the other people were not myself!"

Bessy received this with the mild tolerance of superior wisdom. Once safe on the tried ground of traditional authority, she always felt herself Justine's superior. "That's all very well now—you see the romantic side of it," she said, as if humouring her friend's vagaries. "But in time you'll want something else; you'll want a husband and children—a life of your own. And then you'll have to be more practical. It's ridiculous to pretend that comfort and money don't make a difference. And if you married a rich man, just think what a lot of good you could do! Westy will be very well off—and I'm sure he'd let you endow hospitals and things. Think how interesting it would be to build a ward in the very hospital where you'd been a nurse! I read something like that

in a novel the other day—it was beautifully described . . . all the nurses and doctors that the heroine had worked with were there to receive her . . . and her little boy went about and gave toys to all the crippled children . . .”

If the speaker's concluding instance hardly produced the effect she had intended, it was perhaps only because Justine's attention had been arrested by the earlier part of the argument. It was strange to have marriage urged on her by a woman who had twice failed to find happiness in it—strange, and yet how vivid a sign that, even to a nature absorbed in its personal demands, not happiness but completeness is the inmost craving! “A life of your own”—that was what even Bessy, in her obscure way, felt to be best worth suffering for. And how was a spirit like Justine's, thrilling with youth and sympathy, to conceive of an isolated existence as the final answer to that craving? A life circumscribed by one's own poor personal consciousness would not be life at all—far better the “adventure of the diver” than the shivering alone on the bank! Bessy, reading encouragement in her silence, returned her hand-clasp with an affectionate pressure.

“You *would* like that, Justine?” she said, secretly proud of having hit upon the convincing argument.

“To endow hospitals with your cousin's money? No; I should want something much more exciting!”

Bessy's face kindled. “You mean travelling abroad—and I suppose New York in winter?”

Justine broke into a laugh. “I was thinking of your cousin himself when I spoke.” And to Bessy's disappointed cry—“Then it *is* Dr. Wyant, after all?” she answered lightly, and without resenting the challenge: “I don't know. Suppose we leave it to the oracle.”

“The oracle?”

“Time. His question-and-answer department is generally the most reliable in the long run.” She started up, gently drawing Bessy to her feet. “And just at present he reminds me that it's nearly six, and that you promised Cicely to go and see her before you dress for dinner.”

Bessy rose obediently. “Does he remind you of *your* promises too? You said you'd come down to dinner tonight.”

“Did I?” Justine hesitated. “Well, I'm coming,” she said, smiling and kissing her friend.

(To be continued.)

THE LAMP-RACE

By Edith M. Thomas

THOU, in the lamp-race of life, that all human must run,
Take thou the light from my hand, ere it dwindle away!
Thou, yet unwearied, undoubting—thou Heaven-loved one—
With the speed of young feet, how the flame rekindles to-day!

Darkling the ways of the future, to vision outworn;
Thou, with the new-plenished light, its reaches explore;
By thee shall the outpost a little farther be borne,
Nor fear thou the travelling shadow man casteth before!

• THE POINT OF VIEW •

THIS department of this magazine has taken its part in the increasing and increasingly successful agitation of the past decade and more against the defacement of natural scenery by the abuse of the advertiser's art. But there is one kind of defacement which has not been effectively resisted, and which yet is grievous to many.

About the great work of nature we are all agreed, excepting those who are pecuniarily interested in disagreeing. None of us would willingly see anybody's private business publicly displayed along the precipitous enclosures of the gorge of Niagara or of the Grand

Canyon of the Colorado. But when it comes to merely peaceful and pastoral passages of scenery which

have nothing sensational about them, but merely convey to one who has been long in cities pent some sense of the healing influences of Nature, the case is different. No "Scenic and Historic Preservation Society" busies itself to prevent that kind of desecration. Nobody is interested to prevent it, and two classes of persons are interested to promote it, the advertiser whose unhallowed arts cover every conspicuous and unoccupied space, and the agriculturist who presumably collects some kind of return for the ground on which he permits the shrieker to stand and shriek.

There is nothing about the route by rail from New York to Philadelphia which can fairly be called "scenic" and not much that can fairly be called "historic." It is a fat, flat, tame country, in favor of which, from the picturesque point of view, there is nothing to be said beyond the fact that it is "country," or would be but for the unholy machinations of the advertiser. Let the traveller secure his seat, as the wise traveller does, on the rear car of one of the Congressional Limiteds, with the notion that he will for those two hours, at least, escape from citification, and watch the receding landscape and the riparian ruralities. How awfully sold that traveller will be. There is no riparian rurality. On the contrary, he runs, from New York to Philadelphia, a gauntlet of space-devouring and scenery-hiding signs. John Ruskin, remonstrating, in his mediæval way, against the railroads, remarked that "thousands who

once, in their necessarily prolonged travel through the woods and fields, were subjected to an influence not less effectual because not known or confessed, now bear with them, even there, the ceaseless fever of their life." Although we are by no means going back to stage-coaches in order to appease the manes of the Early Victorian æsthete, the remark is just. We really ought to keep as much as we can of the beauties, even of the simplest and least "scenic" aspects of nature in the necessities of modern life. And, without doubt, this experience between the two cities is calculated to put to flight the finer feelings.

It is not at all the fault of the railroad. That Prince of Darkness of the Populists is a gentleman: and the gentlemanly spirit of the corporation is evinced in the fact that of all the horrors of this gauntlet of ninety miles that one runs between the two great cities, none occurs within its sacred right of way, which is managed of course on strictly utilitarian principles, but still managed with the minimum of interference with refined sensibilities. These horrors are jointly "up to" the advertiser and the agriculturist, the advertiser who is willing to pay for this kind of publicity, and the agriculturist who does not see his way to refuse a pecuniary compensation for otherwise waste spaces upon his farm or its fences. Let us sympathize with the agriculturist. Let us also, in extreme moderation, sympathize with the advertising promoter. But that is no reason why we should forget that, between them, they have vulgarized a hundred miles of "sweet and cheerful country," which might have gladdened the heart, but which now merely revolts the instincts of the sensitive traveller. Mr. Hamlin Garland has a story of the Western farmer who, in a moment of weakness, permitted a strange hustler to advertise a nostrum on his barn, and afterward, repenting himself, climbed up in the night, and, with a lamentably insufficient sense of the obligation of contracts, painted out the abominable thing on the sly. Many New Jersey farmers ought to sympathize with that Western man. It may be well enough for them to take toll of the advertising agent for outlying lands otherwise unavailable. But when it comes

Advertising
and the Farmer

to allowing the advertising agent to paint his proclamations on the very homestead and its outlying barns, the self-respect of the Jersey farmer ought really to assert itself. How can he expect his children, brought up in a homestead disfigured with advertisements, to "twine their young affections," as Carlyle has it, "round that sort of object?" The New Jersey farmer is not the first person we have heard of, nor is he likely to be the last, to be approached with proposals to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. But, when it comes to a clear question of his birthright and the birthright of his children, it seems that the New Jersey farmer should hesitate.

Old Things **I**T is a mark of our times that no one keeps old things any more. Taking it in the concrete, commonplace, every-day, matter-of-fact way, it is perhaps the most distinctive sign. It gathers up into itself and generalizes all sorts of other signs. We look back upon the homes of a generation ago, and the individual existences passed therein, with a feeling of closeness. The past, at that particular distance, seems stuffy. When analyzed the stuffiness resolves itself into a confused perception of the weight of outworn accessories that all old-fashioned things carried along with them. Perhaps the difference between things that are old and valuable and old-fashioned and valueless is precisely this, that the first have had time to drop off the accretions of worthless detail that yet stick to the second.

People kept old things a generation ago because they still had time to keep them. They kept them because they had time to nurse the sentiments that come of the sense of association—which sense made them want to keep them. Modern lives have no attics, any more than modern houses. They haven't the space to spare. They don't keep old diaries on their own account, nor old letters, ribbons, trinkets, photographs, on their friends' account. Especially not old photographs. Friends last longest to the really modern person when they are of the type whose various metamorphoses, as time goes on, are of the rapid and painless sort, and who, through all changes, keep abreast with the hour. Why, then, photographs, or any other memorial, of periods antecedent to the actual moment—periods when your friend was a different being, and so were you?

But where do all the old things go? They cannot all lightly float into the waste-paper basket, along with the pretty dross of *menus* and cotillion favors semi-sentimentally preserved for half a season. All thrifty *ménagères* know that since the poor have been growing richer it is much more difficult to give away old things "advantageously"—meaning old clothes especially. Some of us, I am sure, wear clothes indeed of which we feel that our servants would not approve for themselves. Is the key to the mystery to be found in that vast subterranean business (it must be vast, since we are told that millions are invested in it) which acts as an intermediary between what some want to cast off and others want to acquire? And who are the people who sell to the seller of old clothes? From what class, or classes, does he recruit the upper elements of his trade? Has our haste to be free of all perishable accumulations perceptibly enlarged an industry which, after all, is in the hands chiefly of a race whose refusal to mix the things of sentiment with material things is one of its great powers? Why *not* the commercial spirit about old things, since we decline to be unduly sentimental any more about our past phases in general?

There are those who deplore this callousness—so they call it—and think that the want of atmosphere, the superficiality, of typical modern existences is due just to the light ballast they carry on the side of reverence and piety for by-gones. It is not certain that the criticism is fair. If the very modern person finds personal relics usually an incumbrance, it does not perforce mean that he has not been able to get out of the phase, the experience, that the relic stands for, all that it could yield from the romantic, or ethical, or educational point of view. Doubtless people would be more interesting if we felt and saw all their past and its enrichment in them every time they looked at us. One of the eternally disconcerting things is that persons who are pointed out to us as having gone through so much appear to have retained so little. But it is principally in our emotionally lavish earlier days that we dwell upon this especial form of disappointment. Or perhaps it is that we get to care only for the sum total of experiences as expressed in character. In other words, there is a way of having old things even without keeping them. This would seem to be the modern aim, and it is not a bad one.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Copyright 1906 by Violet Oakley.

From a Copley Print, copyright 1906 by Curtis & Cameron.

Fig. 1.

MISS OAKLEY'S PICTURES IN THE HARRISBURG STATE-HOUSE

IN a recent number of *The Field of Art** there was discussion of Mr. Van Ingen's lunettes, now all in place in the Harrisburg State-house. Miss Violet Oakley's paintings, forming, when they are put up side by side, a frieze about six feet high, will adorn a large room in the same building, the governor's reception-room. In neither case does the *Field of Art* undertake, at this time, to discuss the paintings as works of technical skill or as works of color composition. The time has not come to treat the building with its permanent decorations; and the general subject which we are considering now is the use, as a chief subject for mural decoration, of historical narrative, historical allusion, historical presentation of moral truths. The great influence of Puvis de Chavannes has carried the art away from human subject into a perhaps excessive study of impersonation and allegory. It is easy to grow very tired of the Spirit of Law, of Justice, of Anarchy, of Good Government, all represented as in-

dividual men and women. It is quite on the cards that personified Zoology, Botany, and Astronomy become less attractive than might be human beings engaged in actions of some celebrity. When we have studied the great hemicycle in the Sorbonne (see *The Field of Art* for October, 1905), we may feel that there is enough, for a while, of symbolism; of personified Science in one grove, of the Manual Arts in bodily form under the trees of another plantation, and even of the Lay Virgin who presides over that great composition. It is not wholesome to ridicule or even to feel too much dissatisfied with the serious work of really serious men; but when painting seeks another subject than the obvious, artistic one of form and colored light and shade, it has difficulty in choosing that subject, now that the constant succession of biblical and legendary incidents have ceased to force themselves upon the artist as his one possible theme.

Mr. Van Ingen treated the historical problem in close connection with the State of Pennsylvania, and Miss Oakley takes up the past of Pennsylvania in the way of absolute

*See *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* for April, 1907.

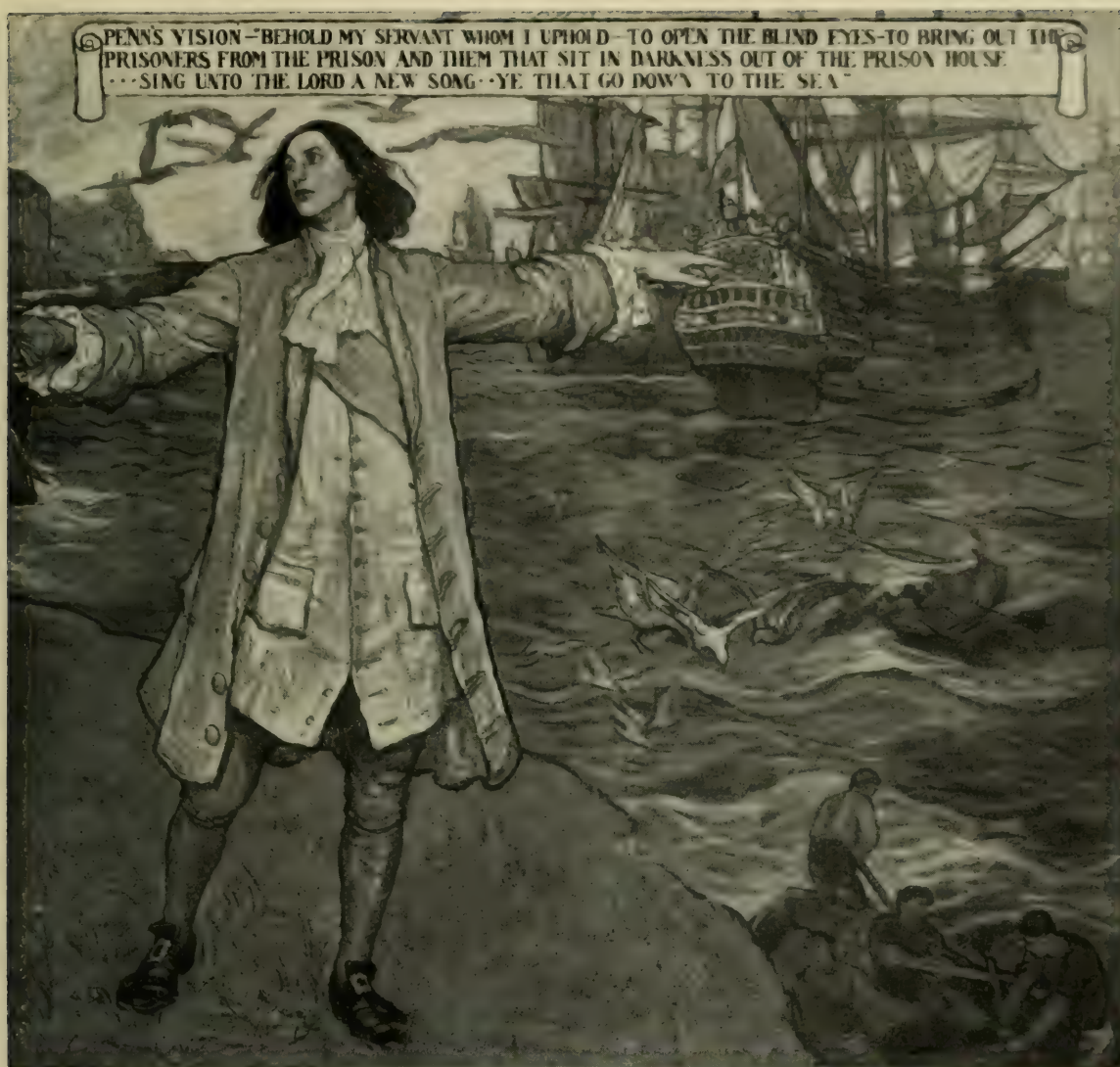


Fig. 2.

record, as of events that happened in the life of William Penn, the deservedly honored founder of the commonwealth. And yet the title she has given to her series of compositions expresses to the full the hyperhistorical sense in which they are to be viewed. "The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual" is a significant collocation of words. Some themes of a general character were needed to form a kind of preface to the relation of Penn's life experience. The conditions which surrounded him had also to be explained. England in 1640 was not the home of religious freedom. Thus, in theme and in purpose, very interesting is the picture of the charge of steel-clad horsemen with the motto, "Rise of the Puritan Idea: Intolerance and Persecution Culminating in Civil War." The rendering of the subject in flat profile is excusable, and is even at once suggested by the conditions of the frieze, raised somewhat high above the floor; and that same dispo-

sition reminds the student that he must not expect an actual study of a charge of horse in 1642. The picture is reproduced in Fig. 1, and it must be stated that the action of the mounted men, with their way of handling their swords, is not to be judged on strict grounds of military history. It is not just so that the leader and his followers held sword and standard, while the enemy was still at some distance beyond their points.

Of the same prefatory character are the pictures of Tyndall printing his translation of the Bible in 1525, of the New Testament smuggled into England in 1526, of George Fox on the Mount of Vision, of Anne Askew refusing to recant. These, in spite of the inevitable tendency of such compositions to become mere studies of costume with human figures gracefully disposed in a composition, are yet in the case before us marked by a sincerity and straightforwardness which command respect and will draw attention.



From a Copley Print, copyright 1906 by Curtis & Cameron.

The lover of painting is always harassed by the thought that for all the purposes of historical art a wood-cut, if fairly well made, or an etching ten inches long and costing ten dollars, is just as fit to excite interest and as certain to reach as great a number of interested spectators, as a mural painting of large size and of properly great pretensions. The question is always whether the subject is helped by the presentation of it on a great scale, and with all the splendor of color and elaborate light and shade. There is many an instance of celebrated mural paintings which, to the ardent lover of painting, had far better be denied their color, their great size, and their position in a grandiose setting, better fitted as they are felt to be for book illustration, lacking as they are felt to be in manual and decorative qualities. But the question in this article is merely the fitness of historical subject for mural painting, and to the complaints one hears, or indulges in,

of the excess of allegory, the answer is that other people are as tired of the cocked hat and the broad-skirted coat as anyone can be of pictured Faith, Hope, and Charity. Therefore it is not precise accuracy in costume and setting that we demand nowadays, but rather the presentation of an historical incident in such a way as to impress the reader of it very strongly. Thus I find myself greatly touched by the small panel shown in Fig. 3, "His [*i.e.*, Penn's] Arrest, While Preaching at Meeting, under the Conventicle Acts which made Unlawful any Service but the Church of England." This refers to the early days of Penn's life, to the time when, while still living with his father, the admiral, he insisted on attaching himself to the Quaker worship. The figures are as purposeful and expressive as the statues in a cathedral porch, and they teach by observation in the same way. Those statues were cut, not merely to adorn the portal, but also to stand for the bodily presence

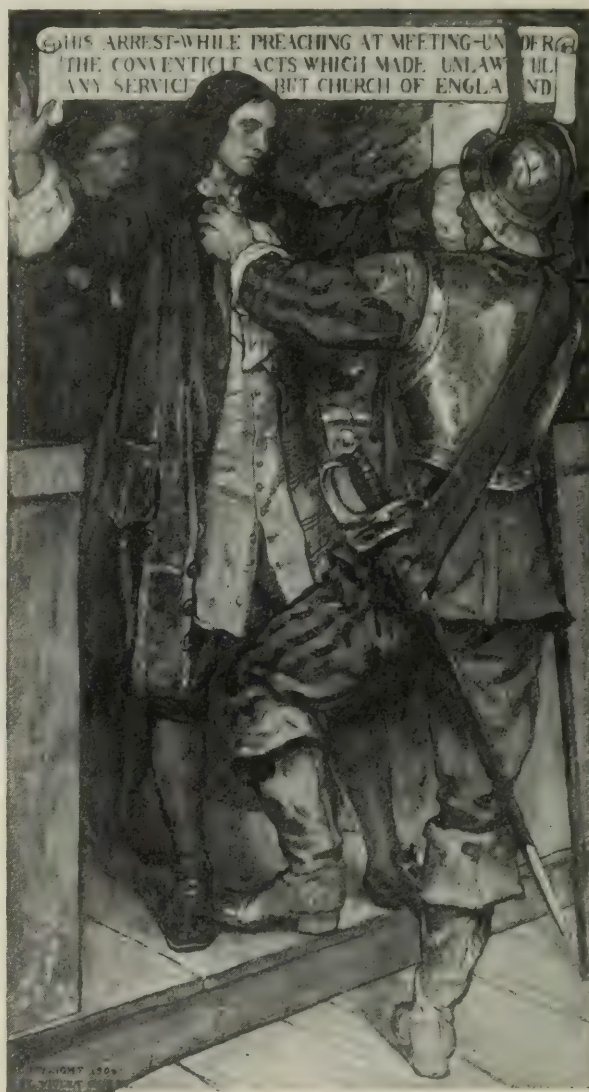
of King David and Saint John, of Saint Denis or Saint Sebastian; and in like manner William Penn at the age of twenty-four, arrested by a soldier of King Charles I, may stand forever as the record of the patient and non-resisting worshipper who was determined, in spite of his meekness, to continue to worship and to guide the worshipping of others.

A very large panel shows the committal of Penn to prison by the lieutenant of the Tower, with Penn's words added to the descriptive legend. The array of personages in their official costume, or dressed as citizens dressed in 1640, is well handled. The personages in power, and their attendants sitting and standing, are shown with the mingled evidence of sympathy and mockery passing over their faces. Many are full of pity, while all are full of surprise at what is to them the wanton obstinacy of a youth. Indeed the expression of face is well managed in this large composition; and we are not to forget that expression of face has been thought to be the peculiar mark of greatness in more

than one tremendous school of painting. It is a task worthy of anyone's devotion, the painting of fifteen faces of men whose attention is closely fixed upon the single man who stands among them as the object of all their pity, all their contempt, all their puzzled inquiry as to motives and meaning. The photograph (page 605) enables one to judge of

this nearly as well as the painting—in fact, quite as well, if we bar the possibility of some hue in the color composition betraying the confidence of the camera. An expression which depends entirely on the loaded color or the thin oily smear may be one thing on the canvas and another in the brown and white reproduction.

It is easy to see that preference will be given by many to the symbolical picture, Fig. 2, "Penn's Vision," in which he, though still a young man, is seen on the wild sea-bank with castled cliffs in the background, and close at hand a frowning portal with a raised portcullis, from which portal a crowd of people—men and women, old and young, a shorn friar, a white-clad nun, a heavily draped rabbi—are all shown as just released, while Penn, holding the hand of the leading figure, a haggard woman, points with elation and the enthusiasm of a boy in his eyes and gesture, to the stately seventeenth-century ships which lie at anchor, close at



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Fig. 3.

hand. A boat in the extreme corner of the picture, half seen, with its rowers getting ready to put off, and another boat just beyond, already under way, carry the interest onward and outward, and explain the proposed emigration to a land where universal toleration shall be the rule.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

THE SPIRIT OF ENCHANTMENT WAS IN THE PLACE.

"Between the Lupin and the Laurel," page 669.

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THE MAN IN THE HIGH-WATER BOOTS

By F. Hopkinson Smith



NOW and then in my various prowlings I have met a man with a personality; one with mental equipment, heart endowment, self-forgetfulness, and charm—the kind of charm that makes you glad when he comes and sorry when he goes.

One was a big-chested, straight-backed, clear-eyed, clean-souled sea-dog, with arms of hickory, fingers of steel, and a brain in instant touch with a button marked "Experience and Pluck." Another was a devil-may-care, bare-footed Venetian, who wore a Leporello hat canted over one eye and a scarlet sash about his thin, shapely waist, and whose corn teeth gleamed and flashed as he twisted his mustache or threw kisses to the pretty bead-stringers crossing Ponte Lungo. Still a third was a little sawed-off, freckled-faced, red-headed Irishman, who drove a cab through London fogs in winter, poled my punt among the lily-pads in summer, and hung wall-paper between times.

These I knew and *loved*; even now the cockles of my heart warm up when I think of them. Others I knew and *liked*; the difference being simply one of personality.

This time it is a painter who crosses my path—a mere lad of thirty-two or three, all boy—heart, head, and brush. I had caught a glimpse of him in New York, when he "blew in" (no other phrase expresses his movement) where his pictures were being hung, and again in Philadelphia when some crushed ice and a mixture made it pleasant for everybody, but I had never examined all four sides of him until last summer.

We were at Dives at the time, lunching in the open courtyard of the inn, three of us, when the talk drifted toward the young

painter, his life at his old mill near Eure and his successes at the Salon and elsewhere. Our host, the Sculptor, had come down in his automobile—a long, low, double-jointed crouching tiger—a forty-devil-power machine, fearing neither God nor man, and which is bound sooner or later to come to an untimely end and the scrap heap.

All about, fringing the tea-tables and filling the summer air with their chatter and laughter, were gathered not only the cream, but the very top skimmings of all the fashion and folly of Trouville—twenty minutes away, automobile time—their blossoming hats, full-blown parasols, and pink and white veils adding another flower-bed to the quaint old court-yard.

With the return of the Man from the Latin Quarter, his other guest, who knew the ins and outs of the cellar, and who had gone in search of a certain vintage known only to the initiated (don't forget to ask for it when you go—it has no label, but the cork is sealed with yellow wax; M. Ramois, the good landlord, will know the kind—if *he thinks you do*), our host, the Sculptor, his mind still on his friend the painter, looked up and said, as he reached for the corkscrew:

"Why not go to-morrow? The mill is the most picturesque thing you ever saw—an old Louis XIII house and mill on the River Rille near Beaumont-le-Roger, once inhabited by the poet Chateaubriand. The river runs underground in the sands for some distance and comes out a few miles from Knight's—cold as ice and clear as crystal and packed full of trout. Besides Knight is at home—had a line from him this morning."

The Man from the Quarter laid down his glass.

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"How far is it?" This man is so daft on fishing that he has been known to kiss the first trout he hooks in the spring.

"Only fifty-six miles, my dear boy—run you over in an hour."

"And everything else that gets in the way," said the Man from the Quarter, moving his glass nearer the Sculptor's elbow.

"No danger of that—I've got a siren that you can hear for a mile—but really, it's only a step."

I once slid down a salt mine on a pair of summer pantaloons and brought up in total darkness (a godsend under the circumstances). I still shudder when I think of the speed; of the way my hair tried to leave my scalp; of the peculiar blink in my eyes; of the hours it took to live through forty seconds; and of my final halt in the middle of a moon-faced, round-paunched German who was paid a mark for saving the bones and necks of idiots like myself.

This time the sliding was done in an overcoat (although the summer sun was blazing), a steamer cap, and a pair of goggles. First there came a shivery chuggetty-chug, as if the beast was shaking himself loose. Next a noise like the opening of a bolt in an iron cage, and then the Inn of William the Conqueror—the village—beach, inlet—wide sea, streamed behind like a panorama run at high pressure.

The first swoop was along the sea, a whirl into Houlgate, a mad dash through the village, dogs and chickens running for dear life, and out again with the deadly rush of a belated wild goose hurrying to a southern clime. Our host sat beside the chauffeur, who looked like the demon in a ballet in his goggles and skull-cap. The Man from the Quarter and I crouched on the rear seats, our eyes on the turn of the road ahead. What we had left behind, or what might be on either side of us was of no moment; what would come around that far-distant curve a mile away and a minute off was what troubled us. The demon and the Sculptor were as cool as the captain and first mate on the bridge of a liner in a gale; the Man from the Quarter stared doggedly ahead; I was too scared for scenery and too proud to ask the Sculptor to slow down, so I thought of my sins and slowly murmured, "Now I lay me."

When we got to the top of the last hill and had swirled into the straight broad turn-

pike leading to Lisieux, the Sculptor spoke in an undertone to the demon, did something with his foot or hand or teeth—everything with which he could push, pull, or bite was busy—and the machine, as if struck by a lash, sprang into space. Trees, fences, little farmhouses, haystacks, canvas-covered wagons, frightened children, dogs, now went by in blurred outlines; ten miles, thirty miles, then a string of villages, Liseau among them, the siren shrieking like a lost soul sinking into perdition.

"Watch the road to the right," wheezed the Sculptor between his breaths; "that is where the Egyptian prince was killed—" this over his shoulder to me—"a tram-car hit him—you can see the hole in the bank. Made that last mile in sixty-five seconds—running fifty-nine now—look out for that cross-road—" Wow-wow-oo—wow-wow (siren). "Damn that market cart—" Wow-wow-o-o-wow. "Slow up, or we'll be on top of that donkey—just grazed it. Can't tell what a donkey will do when a girl's driving it." Wow-oo-w-o—.

Up a long hill now, down into a valley—the road like a piece of white tape stretching ahead—past school-houses, barns, market gardens; into dense woods, out on to level plains bare of a tree—one mad, devilish, brutal rush, with every man's eyes glued to the turn of the road ahead, which every half-minute swerved, straightened, swerved again; now blocked by trees, now opening out, only to close, twist, and squirm anew. Great fun, this, gambling with death, knowing that from behind each bush, beyond every hill-crest, and around each curve there may spring something that will make assorted junk of your machine and send you to Ballyhack!

"Only one more hill," breathed the Sculptor, wiping the caked dust from his lips. Woo-oo-wow-o-o (nurse with a baby-carriage this time, running into the bushes like a frightened rabbit). "See the mill-stream—that's it flashing in the sunlight! See the roof of the mill? That's Aston Knight's! Down brakes! All out—fifty-six miles in one hour and twenty-two minutes! Not bad!"

I sprang out—so did the Man from the Quarter—the flash of the mill-stream glistening in the sunlight had set his blood to tingling; as for myself, no sheltering doorway had ever looked so inviting.



"Marie! Marie!" cried out the Sculptor.

"Marie! Marie! Where's monsieur?" cried out the Sculptor from his seat beside the demon.

"Upstairs, I think," answered a stout, gray-haired, rosy-cheeked woman, wiping her hand and arms on her apron as she spoke. She had started on a run from the brook's edge behind the house, where she had been washing, when she heard the shriek of the siren, but the machine had pulled up before she could reach the door-step.

"He went out early, but I think he's back now. Come in, come in, all of you. I'm glad to see you—so will he be."

Marie was cook, housemaid, valet, mother, doctor, and any number of things beside to Knight; just as in the village across the stream where she lived—or rather slept, o' nights—she was bill-poster, bell-ringer, and town-crier, to say nothing of her being the mother of eleven children, all her own—Knight being the adopted twelfth.

"The mill might as well be without water as without Marie," said the Sculptor. "Wait

until you taste her baked trout—the chef at the Voisin is a fool beside her." We had all shaken the dear woman's hand now and had preceded her into the square hall filled with easels, fresh canvases, paintings hung on hooks to dry, pots of brushes, rain-coats, sample racks of hats, and the like.

All this time the beast outside was snorting like a race horse catching its breath after a run, the demon walking in front of it, examining its teeth, or mouth, or eyes, or whatever you do examine when you go poking around in front of it.

Up the narrow stairs, now in single file, and into a bedroom—evidently Knight's—full of canvases, sketching garb, fishing rods and creels lining the walls; and then into another—evidently the guest's room—all lace covers, cretonne, carved chests, Louis XVI furniture, rare old portraits, and easy-chairs, the Sculptor opening each closet in turn, grumbling, "Just like him to try and fool us," but no trace of Knight.

Then the Sculptor threw up a window



"Stay where you are till I get this high light."

and thrust out his head, bringing clearer into view a stretch of meadow bordered with clumps of willows shading the rushing stream below.

"Louis! Louis! Where the devil are you, you brute of a painter?"

There came an halloo—faint—downstream.

"The beggar's at work somewhere in those bushes, and you couldn't get him out with dynamite until the light changed. Come along!"

There's no telling what an outdoor painter will submit to when an uncontrollable enthusiasm sweeps him off his feet, so to speak. I myself barely held my own (and within the year, too) on the top step of a crowded bridge in Venice in the midst of a cheering mob at a regatta, where I used the back of my gondolier for an easel, and again, when years ago, I clung to the platform of an elevated station in an effort to get, between the legs and bodies of the hur-

rying mob, the outlines of the spider-web connecting the two cities. I have watched, too, other painters in equally uncomfortable positions—that is, out-of-door painters; not steam-heated, easy-chair fellows, with pencil memoranda or photos to copy from—but it was the first time in all my varied experiences that I had ever come upon a painter standing up to his armpits in a swift-flowing mill, or any other kind of a stream, the water breaking against his body as a rock breasts a torrent, he working away like mad on a 3 × 4 lashed to a huge ladder high enough to scale the mill's roof.

"Any fish?" yelled the Man from the Quarter.

"Yes, one squirming around my knees now—shipped him a minute ago—foot slipped. Awful glad to see you—stay where you are till I get this high light."

"Stay where I am!" bellowed the Sculptor. "Do you think I'm St. Peter or some long-legged crane that——"

"All right—I'm coming."

He had grabbed both sides of the ladder by this time, and with head in the crotch was sloshing ashore, the water squirting from the tops of his boots.

"Shake! Mighty good of you fellows to come all the way down to see me. Here, you stone-cutter—help me off with these boots. Marie's getting luncheon. Don't touch that canvas—all this morning's work—got to work early." (It looked to be a finished picture to me.)

He was flat on the grass now, his legs in the air like an acrobat about to balance a globe, the water pouring from his wading boots, soaking the rest of him, all three of us tugging away—I at his head, the Sculptor at his feet. How Marie ever helped him squirm out of this diving-suit was more than I could tell.

We had started for the mill now, the Man from the Quarter lugging the boots, still hoping there might be some truth in the trout story, the Sculptor with the palette (big as a tea-tray), Knight with the ladder, and I with the wet canvas.

Again the cry rang out: "*Marie! Marie!*" and again the old woman started on a run—for the kitchen this time (she had been listen-

ing for this halloo—he generally came in wringing wet)—reappearing as we reached the hall door, her apron full of clothes swept from a drying line stretched before the big, all-embracing fireplace. These she carried ahead of us upstairs and deposited on the small iron bedstead in the painter's own room, Knight close behind, his wet socks making Man-Friday footprints in the middle of each well-scrubbed step. Once there, Knight dodged into a closet, wriggled himself loose, and was out again with half of Marie's apronful covering his chest and legs.

It was easy to see where the power of his brush lay. No timid, uncertain, niggling stroke ever came from that torso or forearm or thigh. He hewed with a broad axe, not with a chisel, and he hewed true—that was the joy of it. The men of Meissonier's time, like the old Dutchmen, worked from their knuckle joints. These new painters, in their new technique—new to some—old really, as that of Velasquez and Frans Hals—swing their brushes from their spinal columns down their forearms (Knight's biceps measure seventeen inches) and out through their finger-tips, with something of the rhythm and force of an old-time blacksmith welding a tire. Broad chests, big



He had grabbed both sides of the ladder and was sloshing ashore.

boilers, strong arms, straight legs, and stiff backbones have much to do with success in life—more than we give them credit for. Instead of measuring men's heads, it would be just as well, once in a while, to slip the tape around their chests and waists. Steam is what makes the wheels go round, and steam is well-digested fuel and a place to put it. With this equipment a man can put "GO" into his business, strength into his literature, virility into his brush; without

of every nook and corner about us; a table for four, heaped with melons, grapes, cheese, and flanked by ten-pin bottles just out of the brook; good-fellowship, harmony of ideas, courage of convictions—with no headswelled to an unnatural size; four appetites—enormous, prodigious appetites; Knight for host and Marie as high chamberlainess, make the feasts of Lucullus and the afternoon teas of Cleopatra but so many quick lunches served in the rush hour of a downtown res-



From a sketch by Aston Knight.

Evidently the guest's room.—Page 643.

it he may succeed in selling spool cotton or bobbins, may write pink poems for the multitude and cover wooden panels with cardinals and ladies of high degree in real satin and life-like lace, but no part of his output will take a full man's breath away.

Sunshine, flowers, open windows letting in the cool breezes from meadow and stream; an old beamed ceiling, smoke-browned by countless pipes; walls covered with sketches

taurant! Not only were the trout-baked-in-cream (Marie's specialty) all that the Sculptor had claimed for them, but the fried chicken, soufflés—everything, in fact, that the dear woman served—would have gained a Blue Ribbon had she filled the plate of any committeeman making the award.

With the coffee and cigars (cigarettes had been smoked with every course—it was that kind of a feast) the four mouths had a breathing spell.



From a sketch by Aston Knight.

Not only were the trout-baked-in-cream (Marie's specialty).—Page 646.

Up to this time the talk had been a staccato performance between mouthfuls:

"Yes—came near smashing a donkey—don't care if I do—no—no gravy" (Sculptor). "Let me put an extra bubble in your glass" (Knight). "These fish are as firm as the Adirondack trout" (Man from the Quarter). "More cream—thank you, Marie!" (Knight, of course) "more butter." "Donkey wasn't the only thing we missed—grazed a baby carriage and——" (Scribe). "I'm going to try a red ibis after luncheon and a miller for a tail fly—pass that melon" (Man from the Quarter). That sort of hurried talk without logical beginning or ending.

But now each man had a comfortable chair, and filled it with shoulders hidden deep in its capacious depths, and legs straight out, only the arms and hands free enough to be within reach of the match-safe and thimble glasses. And with the ease and comfort of it all the talk itself slowed down to a pace more in harmony with that peace which passeth all understanding—unless you have had a seat at the table.

The several masters of the outdoor school were now called up, their merits discussed and their failings hammered: Thaulow, Sorolla y Bastida, the new Spanish wonder, whose exhibition the month before had as-

tonished and delighted Paris; the Glasgow School; Zorn, Sargent, Winslow Homer—all the men of the direct, forceful school, men who swing their brushes from their spines instead of from their finger-tips—were slashed into and made mincemeat of or extolled to the skies. Then the "patty-pats," with their little dabs of yellow, blue, and red, in imitation of the master Monet; the "slick and slimies," and the "woollies"—the men who essayed the vague, mysterious, and obscure—were set up and knocked down one after the other, as is the custom with all groups of painters the world over when the never-ending question of technique is tossed into the middle of the arena.

Outdoor work next came into review and the discomforts and hardships a painter must go through to get what he is after, the Man from the Quarter defending the sit-by-the-fire fellows.

"No use making a submarine diver of yourself, Knight," he growled. "Go and look at it and then come home and paint the impression and put something of yourself into it."

Knight threw his head back and laughed. "I'd rather put the brook in—all of it."

"But I don't see why you've got to get soaked to the skin every time you want to make a sketch.

"The soaking is what helps," replied Knight, reaching for a match. "I like to feel I'm drinking some of it in. Then, when you're right in the middle of it you don't put on any airs and try to improve on what's before you and spoil it with detail. One dimple on a girl's cheek is charming; two—and you send for the doctor. And she's so simple when you look into her face—I'm talking of the brook now, not the girl—and it's so easy to put her down as she is, not the form and color only, but the *mood* in

through by that time and waded ashore. You can see for yourselves how unhappy she was." He spoke as if the sketch was alive—and it was.

"But I always work out of doors that way," he continued. "In winter up in Holland I sit in furs and wooden shoes, and often have to put alcohol in my water-cups to keep my colors from freezing. My big picture of 'The Torrent'—the one in the Toledo Art Gallery—was painted in January, and out of doors. As for the brush-



From a painting by Aston Knight.

The Torrent.

Property Toledo Art Gallery.

which you find her. A brook is worse, really, than your best girl in the lightning changes she can go through—laughing, crying, coquetting—just as the mood seizes her. There, for instance, hanging over your head is a 'gray day'—and he pointed to one of his running-water sketches tacked to the wall. "I tried to cheer her up a little with touches of warm tones here and there—all lies—same kind you tell your own chickabiddy when she's blue—but she wouldn't have it and cried straight ahead for four hours until the sun came out; but I was

work, I try to do the best I can. I used to tickle up things I painted; some of the fellows at Julian's believed in that, and so did Fleury and Lefebvre to some extent.

"And when did you get over it?" I asked.

"When my father persuaded me to send a bold sketch to the Volney Club, which I had done to please myself, and which they hung and bought. So I said to myself: 'Why trim, clean up, and make pretty a picture, when by simply painting what I love in nature in a free, breezy manner while my enthusiasm lasts—and it generally lasts



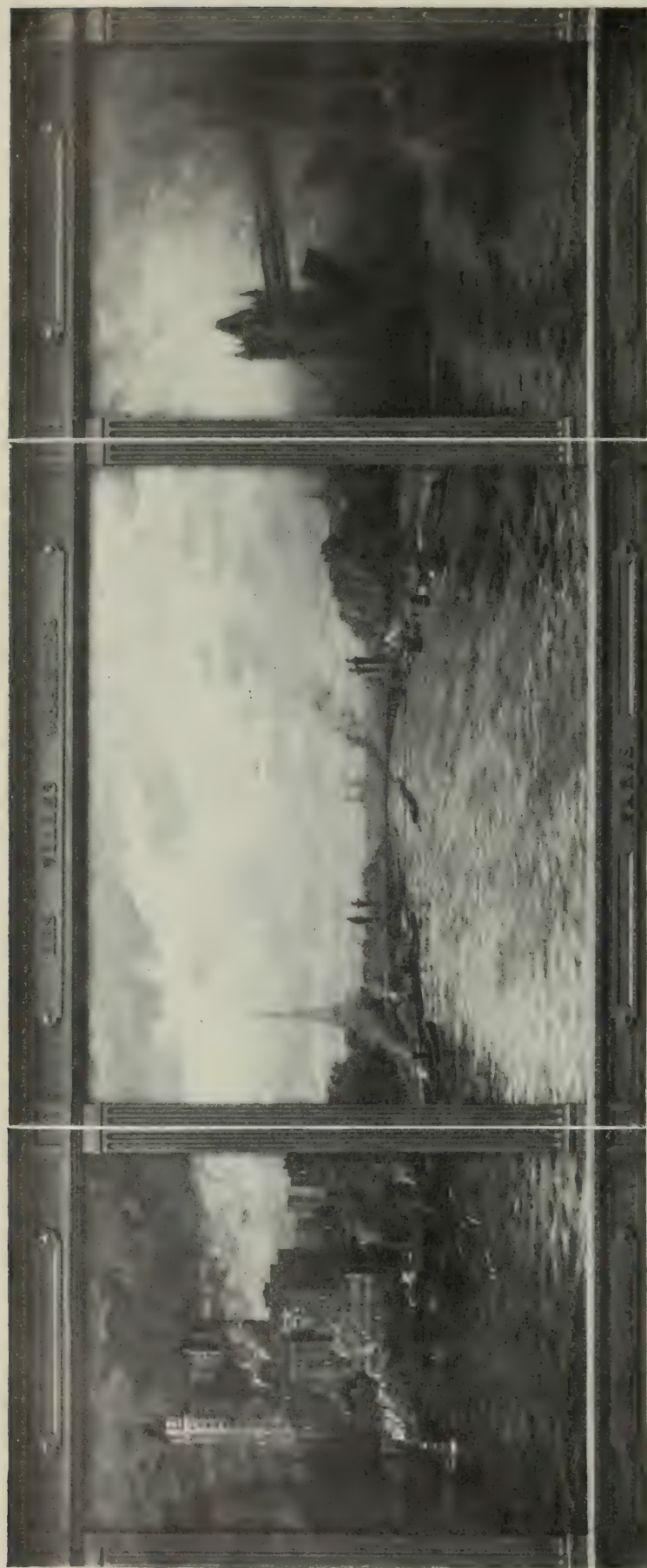
From a painting by Aston Knight.

He spoke as if the sketch was alive—and it was.—Page 648.

until I get through—sometimes it spills over to the next day—I please myself and a lot of people beside.”

We were all on our feet now examining the sketches—all running-brook studies—most of them made in that same pair of high-water boots. No one but the late Fritz Thaulow approaches him in giving the reality of this most difficult subject for an out-

door painter. The ocean surf repeats itself in its recurl and swash and by close watching a painter has often a chance to use his “second barrel,” so to speak, but the upturned face of an unruly brook is not only million-tinted and endless in its expression, but so sensitive in its reflections that every passing cloud and patch of blue above it saddens or cheers it.



The Giant Cities—New York, Paris, London.

From a triptych by Aston Knight.

"Yes, painting water is enough to drive you mad," burst out Knight, "but I don't intend to paint anything else—not for years, any way. Hired the mill so I could paint the water running *away* from you downhill. That's going to take a good many years to get hold of, but I'm going to stick it out. I can't always paint it from the banks, not if I want to study the middle ripples at my feet, and these are the ones that run out of your canvas just above your name-plate. *Got* to stand in it, I tell you. Then you get the drawing, and the drawing is what counts. Oh, I love it!" Knight stretched his big arms and legs and sprang from his chair.

"Really, fellows, I don't know anything about it. All I do is to let myself go. I always *feel* more than I *see*, and so my brush has a devil of a job to keep up. Marie! Marie!"

Had the good woman been a mile down the brook she could have heard him—she was only in the next room. "Bring in the boots—two pair this time—we're going fishing. And, Marie—has the chauffeur had anything to eat?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Anything to drink?"

"No, monsieur."

"*What!* Hand him this," and he grabbed a half-empty bottle from the table.

I sprang forward and caught it before Marie got her fingers around it.

"Not if I know it!" I cried. "We've got to get back to Dives. When he lands me inside my gar-

den at the inn he shall have a magnum, but not a drop till he does."

When the two had gone the Sculptor and I leaned back in our chairs and lighted fresh cigars. My enthusiasm has not cooled for the sports of my youth. With a comfortable stool, a well-filled basket, and a long jointed rod, I, like many another staid old painter, can still get an amazing amount of enjoyment watching a floating cork, but I didn't propose to follow those two lunatics. I knew the Man from the Quarter—had known him from the day of his birth—and knew what he would do and where he would go (over his head sometimes) for a poor devil of a fish half as long as his finger, and I had had positive evidence of what the other web-footed duck thought of ice-cold water. No, I'd take a little sugar in mine, if you please, and put a drop of—but the Sculptor had already foreseen and was then forestalling my needs, so we leaned back in our chairs once more.

Again the talk covered wide reaches.

"Great boy, Knight," broke out the Sculptor in a sudden burst of enthusiasm over his friend. "You ought to see him handle a crowd when he's at work. He knows the French people—never gets mad. He bought a calf for Marie last week, and drove it home himself. Told me it had ten legs, four heads, and twenty tails before he got it here. Old woman lost hers and Knight bought her another—he'd bring her a herd if she wanted it. All the way from the market the boys kept up a running fire of criticism. When the ringleader came too near Knight sprang at him with a yelp like a dog's. The boy was so taken aback that he ran. Then Knight roared with laughter, and in an instant the whole crowd were his friends—two of them helped him get the calf out of town. When a French crowd laughs with you you can do anything with them. He had had more fun bringing home that calf, he told me, than he'd had for weeks, and he's a wonder at having a good time."

Then followed—much of which was news to me—an account of the painter's earlier life and successes.

He was born in Paris August 3, 1873; his father, Ridgway Knight, the distinguished painter, and his mother, who was Rebecca Morris Webster, both being Philadelphians.

Not only is he, therefore, of true American descent, but his eight great-grandparents were Americans, dating back to Thomas Ridgway, who was born in Delaware in 1713. Thus by both the French and American laws he is an American citizen.

At fourteen he was sent to Chigwell School in England by his father, to have "art knocked out of him" by the uncongenial surroundings of the quiet old school where the great William Penn had been taught to read and write. He left in 1890, having won the Special Classical Prize, Oxford and Cambridge Certificate Prize, besides prizes for carpentering, gymnasium, running, and "putting the weight."

At home the boy always drew and painted for pleasure, as well as at school during the half-holidays. Some water-colors made during a holiday trip in Brittany in 1890 decided his father to allow him to follow art as a career. He entered Julian's studio, with Jules Lefebvre and Tony Robert-Fleury as professors in 1891, and studied from the nude during the five following winters. His principal work was, however, done in the country at and around Poissy, under the guidance of his father.

His exhibits in the Paris Salon (*artistes Français*) were twenty-four oils and water-colors from 1894 to 1906, obtaining an honorable mention in 1901 with the "Thames at Whitchurch"; a gold medal, third class, in 1905, with "The Torrent"; and a gold medal, second class, in 1906, with his triptych "The Giant Cities" (New York, Paris, London), which makes him *hors concours*, with the great distinction of being the first American landscape painter to get two Salon gold medals in two consecutive years. He won also a bronze medal in the American section of the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1900 with a water-color, and a gold medal of honor at Rheims, Cherbourg, Geneva, and Nantes.

His most important pictures are: "The Torrent," 4½ × 6 feet, owned by the Toledo Art Gallery; "The Abandoned Mill," 4½ × 6 feet; "The End of the Island," 6 × 8 feet; "Clisson Castle," 3 × 4½ feet, a water-color; "After the Storm," 3 × 5 feet; and "Winter in Holland," 3 × 4 feet.

I had listened to the Sculptor's brief account of his friend's progress with calm attention, but it had not altered my opinion

of the man or his genius. None of it really interested me except that somebody beside myself had found out the lad's qualities—for to me he is still a lad. None of the jury who made the awards ever looked below the paint—that is, if they were like other juries the world over. They saw the brush-mark, no doubt, but they missed the breeze that came with it—was its life, really—a breeze that sweeps through and out of him, blowing side by side with genius and good health—a wind of destiny, perhaps, that will carry him to climes that other men know not of.

But what a refreshing thing, this breeze, to come out of a man, and what a refreshing kind of man for it to come out of! No pose, no effort to fill a No. 8 hat with a No. 7 head; just a simple, conscientious, hard-working painter, humble-minded in the presence of his goddess, and full to overflowing with an uncontrolled spontaneity. This in itself was worth risking one's neck to see.

Again the cry rang out, "Marie!" and

two half-drowned water-rats stepped in; the Man from the Quarter in his underpinning—his pair of boots leaked and he had stripped them off—and Knight with his own half full of water. Both roared with laughter at Marie tugging at the huge white-rubber boots, the floor she had scrubbed so conscientiously spattered with sand and water.

Then began the customary recriminations: "Hadn't been for you I wouldn't have lost him!" "What had I to do with it?" etc., etc.—the same old story when neither gets a bite.

That night, bumping over the thank-you-marms, flashing through darkened villages, and scooting in a dead heat along ribboned roads ghostly white in the starlight, on the way back to my garden—and we did arrive safely, and the chauffeur had his magnum (that is, his share of it)—I could not help saying to myself:

"Yes, it's good to be young and buoyant, but it is better to be one's self."

IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY

By Charlotte Wilson

SLEEPING, still sleeping, after all the years!
 My earliest memory recalls them so—
 Stretching away, white row upon white row.
 'Tis meet the sward still velvet green appears,
 The wall its solemn weight of ivy wears,
 But they—so many men with blood aglow!—
 To see them still so patiently laid low,
 It stirs a pain too passionate for tears.

Strange! For the buried struggle had grown tame
 When first my father told it me: the ires
 Of battle but a story and a name;
 Yet, still they sleep as one who never tires,
 And still, where autumn sets the trees aflame
 Some ghostly sentinel tends their signal-fires.

THE ORIGIN OF CERTAIN AMERICANISMS

By Henry Cabot Lodge

Some words on language may be well applied,
And take them kindly, though they touch your
pride.

Words lead to things.



HE accepted manner of defining Americans, either male or female, in the London comic papers or in second-rate English novels is to lard their speech plentifully with "calculate" and "guess," and with "well" at the opening of each sentence. This mode of marking, or any other, is in itself totally unimportant, but linguistically it is not without interest, for while it is purely conventional as now used and has no relation to any American habits of the present day, whether good or bad, it is pleasant to note that the hard-worked insular humorists need not have gone so far afield to find the words necessary for the identification of Americans. They really had but to turn to the "New Letters" of Thomas Carlyle (vol. i, p. 178) and there read the following sentence: "He has brought you a Fox's book of Martyrs, which I *calculate* will go in the parcel to-day; you will get *right good* reading out of it, I *guess*."*

This was a private letter in which Carlyle was neither satirizing nor imitating anybody, and used quite naturally words to which he was accustomed. Yet every one of those which are printed in italics are employed by British writers to characterize American speech and to show at the same time how vulgar and degenerate it is. "Calculate," as used by Carlyle, was three-quarters of a century ago typically American and especially characteristic of New England. It is now rarely heard anywhere in the United States.

Carlyle's use of "guess" in the American fashion also, as meaning to "think" or "suppose," has behind it the best authority—one at least much older than Shakespeare, who was likewise American enough "to guess"; for Chaucer says, in the Prologue (i, 82), "Of twenty yeer of age, he was, I gesse." Gray has the American "guess"

in his letters (vol. ii, p. 109), and Coleridge was addicted to it. He uses it in "Christabel" (Pickering Ed., 1836, vol. ii, p. 32), "I guess, 'twas frightful there to see," and also in his letters, "I guess I shall be there in seven days" (vol. i, p. 434); and again (vol. ii, p. 664), "which formed, I guess, part of the impulse which occasioned my last letter."

Wordsworth also has it in "He was a lovely youth, I guess," a line which it seems almost cruel to quote, because it reflects so severely upon the memory of a great poet. Indeed, it almost surpasses that other bit of champion prosaic verse, "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," so beloved of Tennyson and Fitzgerald.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle—at least we Americans sin in good company when we "guess," and we might aptly say to the insular humorist who is unread in these authors that it is better

. . . to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

But of course, seriously speaking, the word "guess" is a good old English word, and the American usage is both excellent and correct, as well as far truer to the tradition and spirit of the language than the British substitutes of "fancy," "imagine," or "expect"; which last is grotesquely wrong, because it can properly apply only to the future.

Pope's name in Byron's line is a reminder that the other italicized phrase of "right good" in Carlyle's letter still demands a word of explanation. In justice to Carlyle it should be said, in passing, that he is not the only great writer of that period who used "right good." Dickens, who hated Americans and all things American with a sleepless hatred difficult now to comprehend, even as the result of wounded vanity, speaks of a "right good income" in one of his letters (Forster's "Life," Gadshill Ed., vol. i, p. 481). "Right good" is common in colloquial speech in certain parts of the United States, and "real good" in all. Both are, as I have said, colloquial;

*The italics are my own

neither would be considered good English or be employed by any careful writer or speaker. Yet I am sorry to say, for I dislike the use of either phrase, that those who indulge in them will find, if they turn to Spence's "Anecdotes" (p. 2), that Pope, the very apostle of "correctness," speaks of Prior as not a "right good man," and a little later (p. 46) is quoted as saying that Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve were the three most honest-hearted, "*real good men* of the poetical members of the Kitcat Club." I have tried to convince myself that Pope, if correctly quoted by Spence, used "real" as an adjective, but the punctuation renders this explanation, a strained one at best, impossible. Yet even the high authority of the greatest of Queen Anne's poets, while it shows whence Carlyle, Dickens, and Americans alike derive these phrases, cannot make "right good" the best English, or "real good" anything but a vulgarism. Yet it is well for the British critic to remember that when he is defending our common language from these two Americanisms he is at the same time condemning Pope, Dickens, and Carlyle, who would be surprised, I think, to find that they had been guilty of two typical instances of American short-comings in the difficult art of speaking English.

Let me pause a moment before I go further to say that I have not forgotten Mr. Lang's reply to Mr. Matthews, who had been printing some hideous neologisms and coinages taken from current British publications, of which we in the United States were quite guiltless. Mr. Lang then wrote, "A word or a phrase does not become a Britishism because one good writer lets it fall from his pen, nor because it appears in the prose of a writer of advertisements," and again, "I hope Mr. Matthews will understand that to pick a few neologisms or vulgarisms of no general currency out of such sources as he searches in is not to prove that the peccant terms are in general national use." If Mr. Lang would apply these rules in criticising the English spoken by a majority of those who now use and love that splendid speech, it would be well. But this does not concern me here. The examples I have thus far quoted and all that I shall quote are not culled from advertisements. Still less are they given to convict the inhabitants of Great Britain of using neologisms or vulgarisms. The

phrases I quote have been picked up casually in that desultory reading which Dr. Johnson so wisely defended, and which was not indulged in with any linguistic purpose. My object is merely to show that those British writers who talk idiotically (it is impossible to find a civil word) about the "American Language" and groan over the injury wrought in our common speech by American innovations, ought to know English literature, at least superficially, before they cry out. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, Gray, Coleridge, and Carlyle cannot be brushed aside as "advertisements" or as good writers who "let fall a word." They represent the best English of their times, and phrases they used, whether good or bad, may be set down as characteristic and accepted English in Great Britain at their respective periods. The employment of phrases by writers like these demonstrate the usage of the time. In this way we get the pedigree of many "Americanisms," and it is well to remember that because the men who brought Shakespeare's and Milton's English (the only English they could bring) to the New World retained phrases and words which have since become obsolete in England, it does not therefore follow that those words and phrases thus preserved are American inventions or dangerous and vulgar innovations.

Although it has not been so much insisted upon lately, not many years ago—from the time of Dickens and the "American Notes" onward—it used to be solemnly pointed out that Americans could be immediately identified by their shocking habit of using "well" constantly at the beginning of a sentence, either reflectively or as an exclamation. Some years since, in a brief essay, I pointed out that Shakespeare constantly used "well" in this fashion at the beginning of sentences. Since then I have noted some other authors of repute who were guilty of this habit, thereby identifying themselves as Americans with an imperfect knowledge of their native tongue. It occurs constantly, for example, in Sir Thomas Mallory's version of the "Morte d'Arthur," and we find it at the beginning of one of Marlowe's "mighty lines" when Cosroe says:

"Well, since I see the state of Persia droop."
Tamburlaine, Sc. I.

Another phrase for which we were wont

to be much censured was "good time," in the sense that one had enjoyed one's self. The clumsy circumlocution necessary to explain the words thus combined shows at once the soundness and excellence of the phrase. Yet in the later nineteenth century the British undertook to restrict the use of "good time" to a woman's confinement, just as in the same period they insisted that "sick," despite Shakespeare and the Bible and the Prayer-Book, must be limited to describing nausea and no other ill that flesh is heir to.

We need only go to Dryden to demonstrate that the American use of "good time" has the best authority. In "Absalom and Achitophel" (Scott's Ed., vol. ix, p. 235) occur these lines:

During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time.

So "glorious time" or "good time" was good seventeenth-century English, approved by Dryden, and the English-speaking people in America used it, and being isolated in those days, let it take root and kept it. They were wise in so doing, wiser than their English brethren, for it is a terse, sound phrase, good English, and not easily replaced. It must in justice be said that the British are now coming round to the usage of Dryden and of the United States. Sir Leslie Stephen, than whom there was no more careful writer, uses "good time" in the American sense in his introduction to the letters of J. R. Green (p. 22), and I have also found it employed in similar fashion by Canon Ainger ("Life," p. 142), who was certainly most fastidious in all things literary. So we may feel sure, I think, that this sound seventeenth-century "Americanism" has been vindicated and is returning to the complete possession of that wide application of which insular usage tried at one time to deprive it.

In the same way "mad" was used with the American sense of "angry" in the seventeenth century. We find it in Pepys (vol. ii, p. 72). It is also found in Defoe ("The Compleat Gentleman," p. 158):

"My lord," said I, "you are in a passion."
"It makes me mad," said he.

Here it is used explicitly in the sense of angry, but with Defoe, as with Pepys, it seems to be wholly colloquial. Yet still it

remained in use, never sinking apparently to the condition of a vulgarism or of mere slang. The seventeenth and eighteenth century usage, lost in England, has been retained in the United States, and the position of the word in the sense of angry has continued unchanged. No good writer or speaker would use it either in book or speech, but in the common talk of daily life "mad" for angry is still thought permissible, and if neither elegant nor of literary propriety, it is equally removed from being considered a mere vulgarism.

Another word not infrequently used, like "calculate," to mark an American in English books and comic papers is "smart" in the sense of "bright," "quick," "clever," descriptive of the intelligence, but with a shade of meaning which none of these equivalents exactly conveys. The word in this form is widely diffused in the United States, although it has been, perhaps, peculiarly characteristic of New England, where "smartness" was greatly admired. In England "smart" has of late been applied only to external objects, to appearance, to dress, to equipages, and the like. Both usages are old and good. One has been abandoned in England, both have remained in America. We find "smart" applied to dress in a "Lincolnshire Tale," cited by Halliwell in his "Dictionary of Archaisms." On the other hand, the word is employed in the American sense by Goldsmith in "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii, p. 153), who there speaks of a "youth of smart parts." Again he speaks of "Smart Verses" (vol. ii, p. 451). Gilman in his unfinished "Life of Coleridge" says (p. 259), "he [Coleridge] was according to modern phraseology, 'smart and clever.'" Gilman's book appeared in 1838, and this statement is curious, for it seems to indicate that the American usage, familiar to Goldsmith, was making a reappearance in England, and was regarded as a novelty. If it did so appear the word evidently failed to make its way at that time. Another interesting thing in Gilman's sentence is that he includes "clever" in the quotation marks with "smart," as if "clever" in the sense of quick and intelligent was a novel usage, one not thoroughly established. "Clever" is now generally, if not exclusively, used in that sense in both Great Britain and the United States, but in the middle of the last century and for twenty years later

"clever" was used universally in New England, and quite generally, I think, in the United States, in the sense of "good-natured," "honest and kindly," without any suggestion of keen intelligence. I well remember hearing people say sometimes when using the word in what is now the universally accepted manner, "I mean English clever." It seems evident that the old use of "smart" in both senses continued in England down to the end of the eighteenth century, and then the application of the word to a man's intelligence disappeared, while in America both applications survived. As to "clever" in the old American sense of "good-natured" not only Goldsmith, but Gray in his "Letters" (vol. ii, p. 318), are witnesses that this use of the word was in good and recognized standing in the England of the eighteenth century. The usage lingered on in the popular speech of America long after it had disappeared in England, and now is abandoned in both countries.

"Different from" can hardly be called an Americanism, because it can be found in English writers of the highest mark at all periods. Byron, for example, uses "different from" in his letters (Prothero Ed., vol. iv, p. 422). But during the last century a fashion grew up in England of saying and writing "different to." I have met with it in many recent authors of repute, and some Americans—the few who like to ape English habits, good or bad—undertook to use it in this country with very slight success. There never was either warrant or reason for "different to" and it is clearly ungrammatical, as was strongly shown by a writer in the "Spectator" not long since in an article condemning this practice among some of his countrymen. "Different from" is not only correct, but if anyone desires authority he can find a great one in Dr. Johnson, who uses it in his letters (Hill Ed., i, p. 189). The universal American usage, I am glad to think, is again prevailing in England, where it was set aside only in obedience to some strange freak for which no cause can be alleged.

In the latter part of the last century, also, it was the fashion in England to condemn "mutual friend" and insist upon "common friend." The latter never effected a lodgment in America except among those who wished to be "different to" their fel-

low-countrymen. Without discussing the merits of the two forms, it may be noted that there is excellent and abundant authority for the American usage. Not only did Dickens use "Mutual Friend" as the title of one of his novels, but I have found it more than a century earlier in one of Sterne's letters to Lydia (Letter II, 1740), and have also come across it in both Gilman's and Cottle's "Memoirs of Coleridge," as well as in Mr. Dyce's preface to his edition of Marlowe.

Turning from words and phrases which are admitted to good verbal society, there are some curious and ancient pedigrees to be found for others which do not now pass beyond popular speech and are, in many instances still lower in the scale, never having risen above the level of slang.

"Tramps" for vagrants has risen to an established position and may be said to be accepted in literature. But its lowly origin as convenient slang is still recent, and yet I find that it was used by De Quincey ("Confessions," vol. i, p. 147), who says, "tramps as they are called in solemn Acts of Parliament." So the ancestry of this Americanism is not only old English, but has statutory recognition.

"Slouch" as a noun, and generally in the form "he's no slouch," to express extreme effectiveness or skill, was widely used some years ago in the United States. The word is good English in other connections, and in the slang form was vigorous and expressive. But we cannot claim priority of invention in this phrase, for Gay in his first "Pastoral" (vol. i, p. 77, Underhill Ed.) writes, "Thou vaunting slouch." I also noticed that Michael Kelly in his "Reminiscences," published in 1825 (vol. ii, p. 54), says, "Captain Stanley, who for many years was no slouch at the bottle," which shows that the phrase was current in England at that time.

Many years older than "slouch" used as slang was the use of the word "notions" in popular American speech, and especially in New England, where it might be seen as a sign over village shops to indicate to passers-by that all sorts of things, and particularly articles of dress, might be bought within. "Yankee notions" was a current and common phrase. This, like so many other words in America, was a case of survival in the New World of a usage which had faded out in the Old. How old it was I do not

know, but that it was well understood in England in the American sense during the eighteenth century is clear, for Young in his "Night Thoughts" (Book II) has these lines:

And other worlds send odours, sauce and song,
And robes and notions framed in foreign looms!

"Yankee notions," which smacks so strongly of New England in earlier days, reminds me of the old pronunciation in that part of the country of "shire" as "sheer." Within thirty years "Shiretown" was generally pronounced "Sheer-town" by the country folk of New England. This pronunciation continues, of course, everywhere where "shire" is a final syllable, but when used alone or at the beginning of a word phonetic spelling has triumphed, and shire is pronounced as spelled. Yet the old Yankee pronunciation was not only the old English practice, but was that of cultivated society in Queen Anne's day. We may read it in the prologue to the "Satires" (lines 364-365), where Pope writes:

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire.

Swift, on the other hand, makes "shire" as a termination rhyme with "hire," which would be rather forced even at the present day.

There is another word, now growing old-fashioned, I think, much used on the coast in fishing, and I believe, formerly at least, widely used in a figurative sense, signifying to entice, or to draw on by degrees. This is the verb to "tole." Whether it survives in England I do not know, but in American speech it still continues a well-understood and descriptive term. If it be an Americanism it is one our earliest settlers brought with them from England, where it then mingled in the best society, for we find it used by Fletcher in the "Faithful Shepherdess" (act i, sc. i):

Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools to find my ruin.

The fact that Mr. Dyce thinks a note necessary to explain the meaning of "tole" leads me to believe that since the days of Fletcher it has become an Americanism, and has been lost to British speech.

Some years ago a Southern member of

Congress used the phrase "where are we at," which had a success little anticipated, I imagine, by its author, for it was caught up by the newspapers and passed widely into the current speech of the moment. I think it gained its attraction not merely because it was expressive, but because it was thought odd and ungrammatical. However this may be, the phrase was not new, for Leigh Hunt in his introduction to the "Dramatists of the Restoration" (p. xviii) writes, "The dramatic power of Wycherly would not have known what to be at with the unseasonable and arbitrary superfluities of Dryden." The parallel is not exact, but the relationship is very close. "What to be at," in the sense of, "what to do," is not far removed from "where are we at," in the sense of "where are we."

Leigh Hunt, I am sorry to say, was guilty of something much worse than this, despite the fact that he was not only a graceful writer, but an accomplished man, and both a lover and student of literature. He "let fall from his pen" ("Corresp.," ii, p. 104, letter to R. Bell, 1845) the entirely odious word "brainy." I fear that this word must now be called an Americanism, for it may be frequently seen in our newspapers, and not even the example of Leigh Hunt can redeem it from its utter hideousness. The fact is, and it always seems a very strange one, that many of our newspaper writers, especially our reporters, when they sit down to address the public do so in a strange language found only in newspapers and which they would never think of using when talking or writing to their wives, their children, or their friends. I commend to their consideration the following passage from Macaulay's "Essay on Johnson":

"When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the 'Journey to the Hebrides' is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. 'When we were taken upstairs,' says he in one of his letters, 'a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie.' This incident is recorded in the 'Journey' as follows: 'Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up, at our entrance, a man black as Cyclops from the forge.' Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "'The

Rehearsal," he said, very unjustly, 'has not wit enough to keep it sweet'; then, after a pause, 'it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.'"

Johnson was a great man from whom much wisdom may be learned, but here he gives us a vivid example, by his own bad habit, of what to avoid. If all newspaper men would only write as they talk, more carefully, of course, and without slang, but in the plain, simple, excellent words of their daily speech, they would render a real service both to their fellow-citizens and to the English language, and they would keep clear of such repulsive coinages as "brainy."

This objectionable word, however, reminds me of another slang term which has lately come into vogue. This is "dotty," signifying the decay of the faculties or debility of mind. I was interested to discover in the "Life of Edward Fitzgerald" that "dotty," with precisely the same significance as the modern slang, was used by the Suffolk peasants. Probably, therefore, it is a very ancient word, although a recent immigrant to the United States.

There is another word, of interest not only in itself, but on account of the brutal action which it represented. In the first half of the nineteenth century both word and custom were held to be characteristically American, and were flung at us as a reproach. Every reader of "Bon Gaultier's Ballads" will remember the very savage one about "Jabez Dollar," which attacked us for every conceivable shortcoming, but particularly for "gouging" as a recognized mode of fighting by forcing out an opponent's eyeball with the thumb or finger. How generally this barbarous and unutterably brutal form of attack was diffused among the criminal classes or the wild and rough population of the frontier it is impossible to say. There is no doubt that this mode of savage fighting, as well as the word which described it, was unfortunately well known in the United States. But we came by it by descent. Both word and habit existed in Yorkshire. Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," when describing Hawthorth (p. 26, Harper Ed.) writes: "As few 'shirked their liquor' [the occasion was funeral feasts] there were very frequently 'up and down fights' before the end of the day; sometimes with the horrid additions of 'paw-sing' [apparently a peculiarly painful mode

of kicking] and 'gouging' and biting." From this part of England, where is also found the very characteristic American word "bottom" (*ibid.*, p. 3) to describe low-lying lands in a valley, came many immigrants to colonial and provincial America, bringing their words and customs, good or bad, with them, and "gouging" was one of the latter. So the British satirist, with his eyes tight shut toward Yorkshire, held us up to scorn as peculiarly guilty of a particularly brutal kind of fighting.

There seems to be a moral to be drawn from this identification of the origin of a word and custom, and that is that it is well to exercise a little charity as well as to know one's ground before accusing one's neighbor of either barbarism or bad English. Indeed, all the pedigrees which I have brought together, and which have been gathered casually, without research, from authors whom everyone reads, teach the same lesson. There is no particular satisfaction, although there is some amusement, in pointing out the origin of words and phrases which reveal the absurdity of the British fault-finding that sets them down as Americanisms and as vulgar distortions of our common speech. But there is something far more important than this involved in any study, no matter how slight, of the varying forms of English words, and that is the language itself. People ordinarily accept the language to which they are born as they do the air they breathe, without any feeling of either responsibility or gratitude. Yet is the English language one of our greatest and most precious possessions, to be jealously watched and guarded. To take only the practical side, I have often wondered how many people have stopped to consider that our language is one of the greatest bonds which hold the Union together, perhaps the strongest, as it is the most impalpable of all. If it were not for our common speech Lincoln's "mystic chords" would be dumb indeed. In the language, too, lies the best hope of assimilating and Americanizing the vast masses of immigrants who every year pour out upon our shores, for when these new-comers learn the language they inevitably absorb, in greater or less degree, the traditions and beliefs, the aspirations and the modes of thought, the ideals and the attitude toward life, which that language alone enshrines.

These immeasurable gifts have a peculiar significance to us of the New World, but in addition are those, no less beneficent, which all who speak English share in common. To possess English as a birthright opens to every man so born, without effort and without price, the greatest literature except that of Greece, which the world has known. It makes us kin to both the Teutonic and the Latin languages, and the doors to both those great literatures open easily to any of us who would enter in.

A few years ago a German philologist (German, of course) counted the words in some of the principal modern languages and found that English had 260,000 in its vocabulary. Next, *longo intervallo*, came German, with 80,000 words, then Italian with 75,000, French with 30,000, Turkish with 22,500 and Spanish with 20,000. Mere size of vocabulary, as the French *Figaro* said in commenting upon the figures, does not imply literary excellence, or the reverse—literary deficiency. But the enormous number of English words, so much greater apparently than that of any other modern tongue, shows beyond question the assimilative, expansive quality of the language, as well as its richness and flexibility. It proves that the language has grown and spread with the growth and spread of the people who speak it, keeping pace with the exploration of all corners of the globe and with the multiplication of industries and the widening of knowledge. In the number of people who speak it, and in its distribution throughout the world, it comes to-day nearer to being a world language than any other now spoken.

Such a language, with its history and traditions, with its literature and its unequalled richness, is a great heritage, and the duty devolves upon all to whom it belongs as a birthright to guard and cherish it, to preserve its purity and strength, and in order that it may retain its commanding place not to encourage and cultivate differences, but strive to secure the greatest possible uniformity in its use in all quarters of the globe.

The importance of uniformity in usage, not only to the quality, but to the growth and spread of the language, can hardly be overestimated. Uniformity in pronunciation cannot be hoped for, because variations in pronunciation will range from the strange dialects of remote and isolated communities to those fine shades of difference which ex-

ist even among the best educated people who are in contact with the world of men and books and which are of little practical importance. Men may be capable of keeping their minds unchanged when they change their sky, but not the manner in which they sound their vowels and consonants. The fact that a hundred miles is enough, sometimes, to cause a difference in the manner in which people speaking precisely the same language sound the letter "a," for instance, is sufficient to show how inept it is to talk about phonetic spelling.

But although uniform pronunciation, desirable, no doubt, but not essential, may be unattainable, substantial uniformity in meaning and spelling is not only attainable, but practically attained. No matter where a book or a newspaper may be written or printed everyone in the English-speaking world can read it. This is the uniformity which should be sedulously maintained, for confusion or multiplication of forms, either of meaning or spelling, would be disastrous to the language.

Uniformity of meaning can be trusted in the long run to take care of itself, either by the process of adopting new meanings or abandoning old. But spelling excites a constant desire among many persons to effect instantaneous reforms and improvements, for both reforms and improvements seem so delightfully obvious and so easy to accomplish. No one will deny that there are many English words in which the spelling might be advantageously simplified, and the natural movement of the language has been in this direction. But the attempt to effect such changes suddenly and arbitrarily is as undesirable as it is difficult.

I have recently read Defoe's "Compleat Gentleman," which has just been printed for the first time from the original manuscript in the British Museum. Spelling reformers can find in its pages authority for many simplified spellings which would no doubt delight their hearts. But we can also find on many pages the same word spelled in different ways, the multiplication of silent and double letters, and we perceive, in short, that confusion reigns supreme. This book was written only a few years before Johnson brought out his dictionary and thereby rendered the inestimable service of erecting a standard, thus producing a uniformity in spelling which never existed before.

Since Johnson's time the whole movement of the language has been toward simplification, and silent letters have been silently and steadily disappearing. There are those who think that it is best to allow the language to work out its destiny in its own way and in accordance with its genius and spirit. It is possible that if Mr. Archer's plan of a meeting of representative scholars and writers from all parts of the English-speaking world, who should agree on certain changes in spelling, were carried out spelling might be simplified at one blow and at the same time uniformity be preserved. But it is absolutely certain that no self-constituted committee, no association here or there, no executive order, no body of men representing only themselves or groups of individuals in one or even two countries, can force a sudden reform in spelling. Such attempts only add confusion, and it is infinitely better to express an idea by a clumsy symbol which

everybody uses than to try to inject a far more accurate symbol which only a small minority will employ. As things are, it is much better to permit the language to work out its own modifications as it does its extensions in its own way. The cardinal object of all who love the English language should be to maintain its strength and purity and the greatest enemies to strength and purity are the abuse which warps and distorts the meaning of words and the confusion which results from efforts to reform either meanings or spelling to suit the taste and fancy of individuals. Let us be content with our great possession, which has come down to us through the centuries, meeting victoriously every chance and adventure and never failing those who have called upon it, whether for the simple needs of daily life or to express in the noblest verse the thoughts and visions of the greatest poets.

BETWEEN THE LUPIN AND THE LAUREL

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER AND H. T. DUNN



NO other time of the year, on our northern Atlantic seaboard, is so alluring, so delicate and subtle in its charm, as that which follows the fading of the bright blue lupins in the meadows and along the banks of the open streams, and precedes the rosy flush of myriad laurels in full bloom on the half-wooded hillsides, and in the forest glades, and under the lofty shadow of the groves of yellow pine. Then, for a little while, the spring delays to burgeon into summer: the woodland maid lingers at the garden gate of womanhood, reluctant to enter and leave behind the wild sweetness of freedom and uncertainty.

Winter is gone for good and all. There is no fear that he will come sneaking back with cold hands to fetch something that he has forgotten. Nature is secure of another season of love, of mating, of germination, of growth, of maturity—a fair four months

in which the joyful spirit of life may have its way and work its will. The brown earth seems to thrill and quicken everywhere with new impulses which transform it into springing grass and overflowing flowers. The rivers are at their best: strong and clear and musical, the turbulence of early floods departed, the languor of later droughts not yet appearing. The shrunken woods expand; the stringent, sparkling wintry stars grow mild and liquid, shining with a tremulous and tender light; the whole world seems larger, happier, more full of untold, untried possibilities. The air vibrates with wordless promises, calls, messages, beckonings; and fairy-tales are told by all the whispering leaves.

Yet though the open season is now secure, it is not yet settled. No chance of a relapse into the winter's death, but plenty of change in the unfolding of the summer's life. There are still caprices and wayward turns in nature's moods; cold nights when

the frost-elves are hovering in the upper air; windy mornings which shake and buffet the tree-tassels and light embroidered leaves; sudden heats of tranquil noon through which the breadth of sunlight pours like a flood of eager love, pressing to create new life. Birds are still mating; and quarrelling, too. Their songs, their cries of agitation and expectancy, their call notes, their lyrical outpourings of desire are more varied and more copious than ever. All day long they are singing, and every hour on the wing, coming up from the southward, passing on to the northward, fluttering through the thickets, exploring secret places, choosing homes and building nests. In every coppice there is a running to and fro, a creeping, a scampering, and a leaping of wild creatures. At the roots of the bushes and weeds and sedges, in the soft recesses of the moss, and through the intricate tangle of withered grass-blades pierced with bright-green shoots, there is a manifold stir of insect life. In the air millions of gauzy wings are quivering, swarms of ethereal, perishable creatures rising and falling and circling in mystical dances of joy. Fish are leaping along the stream. The night breeze trembles with the shrill, piercing chorus of the innumerable hylas. Late trees, like the ash, the white oak, the butternut, are still delaying to put forth their full foliage; veiled in tender, transparent green, or flushed with faint pink, they stand as if they were waiting for a set time; and the tiny round buds on the laurels, clustered in countless umbels of bright rose among the dark-green, glistening leaves, are closed, hiding their perfect beauty until the day appointed. It is the season of the unfulfilled desire, the eager hope, the coming surprise. To-day the world is beautiful; but to-morrow, next day—who knows when?—something more beautiful is coming, something new, something perfect. This is the lure of wild nature between the lupin and the laurel.

At such a season it is hard to stay at home. The streets all seem to lead into the country, and one longs to follow their leading, out into the highway, on into the winding lane, on into the wood-road, on and on, until one comes to that mysterious and delightful ending, told of in the familiar saying, where the road finally dwindles into a squirrel track and runs up a tree—not an ending at all, you see, but really a beginning! For

there is the tree; and if you climb it, who knows what new landscape, what lively adventure, will open before you? At any rate, you will get away from the tyranny of the commonplace, the conventional, the methodical, which transforms the rhythm of life into a logarithm. Even a small variation, a taste of surprise, will give you what you need as a spring tonic: the sense of escape, a day off.

Living in a university town, and participating with fidelity in its principal industry, I find that my own particular nightmare of monotony takes the form of examination papers—quires of them, reams of them, stacks of them—a horrid incubus, always oppressive, but then most unendurable when the book-room begins to smell musty in the morning, and the fire is unlit upon the hearth, and last night's student-lamp is stuccoed all over with tiny gnats, and the breath of the blossoming grape is wafted in at the open window, and the robins, those melodious rowdies, are whistling and piping over the lawn and through all the trees in voluble mockery of the professor's task. "Come out," they say, "come out! Why do you look in a book? Double, double, toil and trouble! Give it up—tup, tup, tup! Come away and play for a day. What do you know? Let it go. You're dry as a chip, chip, chip! Come out, won't you? will you?"

Truly, these examination questions that I framed with such pains look very dull and tedious now—a desiccation of the beautiful work of the great poets. And these answers that the boys have wrought out with such pain, on innumerable pads of sleazy white paper, how little they tell me of what the fellows really know and feel! Examination papers are "requisite and necessary," of course; I can't deny it—requisite formalities and necessary absurdities. But to turn the last page of the last pad, and mark it with a red pencil and add it to the pile of miseries past, and slip away from books to nature, from learning to life, between the lupin and the laurel—that is a pleasure doubled by release from pain.

I think a prize should be offered for the discovery of good places to take a free and natural outing within easy reach of the great city and the routine of civilized work—just-over-the-fence retreats, to which you can run off without much preparation, and from

which come back again before your little world discovers your absence. That was the charm of Hopkinson Smith's sketch, "A Day at Laguerre's"; and an English writer who calls himself "A Son of the Marshes" has written a delightful book of interviews with birds and other wild things, which bears the attractive title, "Within an Hour of London Town." But I would make it a condition of the prize that the name of the hiding-place should not be published, lest the careless, fad-following crowd should flock thither and spoil it. Let the precious news be communicated only by word of mouth, or by letter, as a confidence and gift of friendship, so that none but the like-minded may strike the trail to the next-door remnant of Eden.

It was thus that my four friends—Friends in creed as well as in deed—told to me, one of "the world's people," toiling over my numbing examination papers, their secret find of a little river in South Jersey, less than an hour from Philadelphia, where one could float in a canoe through mile after mile of unbroken woodland, and camp at night in a bit of wilderness as wildly fair as when the wigwams of the Lenni-Lenapé were hidden among its pine groves. The Friends said that they "had a concern" to guide me to their delectable retreat, and that they hoped the "way would open" for me to come. Canoes and tents and camp-kit? "That will all be provided; it is well not to be anxious concerning these sublunary things." Mosquitoes? "Concerning this, also, thee must learn to put thy trust in Providence; yet there is a happy interval, as it were, between the fading of the hepatica and the blooming of the mosquito, when the woods of South Jersey are habitable for man, and it would be most prudent to choose this season for the exercise of providential trust regarding mosquitoes." Examination papers? Duty? "Surely thee must do what thee thinks will do most good, and follow the inward voice. And if it calls thee to stay with the examination papers, or if it calls thee to go with us, whichever way, thee will be resigned to obey." Fortunately, there was no doubt about the inward voice; it was echoing the robins; it was calling me to go out like Elijah and dwell under a juniper-tree. I replied to the Friends in the words of one of their own preachers: "I am resigned to go, or resigned to stay, but most resigned to go"; and we went.

The statue of William Penn seemed to look benignantly down upon us as we passed, bag and bundle in hand, along the regular Philadelphia short-cut which leads through the bowels of the Court-house, from the Broad Street station to John Wanamaker's store. Philadelphians always have the air of doing something very modern, hurried, and time-saving when they lead you through that short-cut. But we were not really in a hurry; we had all the time there is; we could afford to gape a little in the shop-windows. The spasmodic Market Street trolley-car and the deliberate Camden ferry-boat were rapid enough for us. The gait of the train on the Great Sandy and Oceanic Railway was neither too fast nor too slow. Even the deserted condition of Hummingtown, where we disembarked about eleven o'clock in the morning, and found that the entire population had apparently gone to a Decoration Day ball-game, leaving post-office, telegraph station, fruit store, bakery, all closed—even this failure to meet our expectations did not put us out of humor with the universe, or call forth rude words on the degeneracy of modern times.

Our good temper was imperturbable; for had we not all "escaped as a bird from the hand of the fowler"—Master Thomas from the mastery of his famous boarding-school in Old Chester, and Friends Walter and Arthur from the uninspired scripture of their ledgers and day-books, and I from the incubation of those hideous examination papers, and the gentle Friend William from his—there! I have forgotten what particular monotony William was glad to get away from; but I know it was from something. I could read it in his face; in his pleased, communicative silence; in the air of almost reckless abandon with which he took off his straight-breasted Quaker coat, and started out in his shirt-sleeves to walk with Walter, ahead of the cart which carried our two canoes and the rest of us over to the river.

It was just an ordinary express wagon, with two long, heavy planks fastened across the top of it. On these the canoes were lashed, with their prows projecting on either flank of the huge, pachydermatous horse, who turned his head slowly from one side to the other, as he stalked along the level road, and looked back at his new environment with stolid wonder. He must have felt as if he



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

It was no easy task to guide the boat down the swift current.—Page 664.

were suffering "a sea change," and going into training for Neptune's stud. The driver sat on the dashboard between the canoes; and Master Thomas, Arthur, and I were perched upon the ends of the planks with our feet dangling over the road. It was not exactly what one would call an elegant equipage, but it rolled along.

The road was of an uncompromising straightness. It lay across the slightly undulating sandy plain like a long yellow ruler; and on each side were the neatly marked squares and parallelograms of the little truck farms, all cultivated by Italians. Their new and unabashed frame houses were freshly painted in incredible tones of carrot yellow, pea green, and radish pink. The few shade trees and the many fruit trees, with whitewashed trunks, were set out in unbending regularity of line. The women and children were working in the rows of strawberries, which covered acre after acre of white sand with stripes of deep green. Some groups of people by the wayside were chattering merrily together in the language which Byron calls

That soft bastard Latin
Which melts like kisses from a woman's mouth.

It was a scene of foreign industry and cheerfulness, a bit of little Italy transplanted. Only the landscape was distinctly not Italian, but south Jersey to the core. Yet the people seemed at home and happy in it. Perhaps prosperity made up to them for the loss of picturesqueness.

At New Prussia the road was lifted by a little ridge, and for a few minutes we travelled through another European country. Two young men were passing ball in front of a beer saloon. "Vot's der news?" said one of them in a strong German accent. We were at a loss for an answer, as it was rather a dull time in international politics; but Master Thomas began to say something about the riots in Russia. "Russia hell!" said the young man. "How's der ball-game? Vas our nine of Hummingtown ahead yet?" We could give no information on this important subject, but we perceived that New Prussia was already Americanized.

A mile or so beyond this the road dipped gently into a shallow, sparsely wooded valley and we came to a well-built stone bridge which spanned, with a single narrow arch, the little river of our voyage. It was like a big

brook, flowing with deep, brown current out of a thicket, and on through a small cranberry bog below the bridge. Here we launched and loaded our canoes, and went down with the stream, through a bit of brushy woodland, till we found a good place for luncheon. For though it was long past noon and we were very hungry, we wanted to get really into the woods before we broke bread together.

Scanty woods they were, indeed; just a few scrub pines growing out of a bank of clean white sand. But we spread a rubber blanket in their thin shade, and set forth our repast of biscuits and smoked beef and olives, and fell to eating as heartily and merrily as if it had been a banquet. The yellow warblers and the song sparrows were flitting about us; and two cat-birds and a yellow-throat were singing from the thicket on the opposite shore. There were patches of snowy sand-myrtle and yellow poverty-plant growing around our table; tiny, hardy, heath-like creatures, delicately wrought with bloom as if for a king's palace; irrepressible and lovely offspring of the yearning for beauty that hides in the poorest place of earth. In a still arm of the stream, a few yards above us, was a clump of the long, naked flower-scapes of the golden club, now half entered upon their silvery stage.

It was strange what pleasure these small gifts of blossom and song brought to us. We were in the mood which Wordsworth describes in the lines written in his pocket-copy of "The Castle of Indolence":

There did they dwell, from earthly labor free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen;
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden-queen.

But our "earthly labor" began again when we started down the stream; for now we had fairly entered the long strip of wilderness which curtains its winding course. On either hand the thickets came down so close to the water that there were no banks left; just woods and water blending; and the dark topaz current swirling and gurgling through a clump of bushes or round the trunk of a tree, as if it did not care what path it took so long as it got through. Alders and pussy-willows, viburnums, clethras and fringe-trees, choke-cherries, swamp maples, red birches, and all sorts of trees and

shrubs that are water-loving, made an intricate labyrinth for the stream to thread; and through the tangle, cat-briers, blackberries, fox grapes, and poison ivy were interlaced.

Worst of all was the poison ivy, which seemed here to deserve its other name of poison oak, for it was more like a tree than a vine, flinging its knotted branches from shore to shore, and thrusting its pallid, venomous blossoms into our faces. Walter was especially susceptible to the influence of this poison, so we put him in the middle of our canoe, and I, being a veteran and immune, took the bow-paddle. It was no easy task to guide the boat down the swift current, for it was bewilderingly crooked, twisting and turning upon itself in a way that would have made the far-famed Mæander look like a straight line. Many a time it ran us deep into the alders, or through a snarl of thorn-set vines, or crowded us under the trunk of an overhanging tree. We glimpsed the sun through the young leaves, now on our right hand, now on our left, now in front of us, and now over our shoulders. After several miles of this curlewurlie course, the incoming of the Penny Pot Stream on the left broadened our flowing trail a little. Not far below that, the Hospitality Branch poured in its abundant waters on the right, and we went floating easily down a fair, open river.

There were banks now, and they were fringed with green borders of aquatic plants, rushes, and broad spatter-docks, and flags, and arrow-heads, and marsh-marigolds, and round-leaved pond-lilies, and pointed pickerel-weed. The current was still rapid and strong, but it flowed smoothly through the straight reaches and around the wide curves. On either hand the trees grew taller and more stately. The mellow light of afternoon deepened behind them, and the rich cloud colors of approaching sunset tinged the mirror of the river with orange and rose. We floated into a strip of forest. The stream slackened and spread out, broadening into the head of a pond. On the left, there was a point of higher land, almost like a low bluff, rising ten or twelve feet above the water and covered with a grove of oaks and white pines. Here we beached our canoes and made our first camp.

A slender pole was nailed horizontally between two trees, and from this the shelter tent was stretched with its sloping roof to

the breeze and its front open toward the pond. There were no balsam or hemlock boughs for the beds, so we gathered armfuls of fallen leaves and pine needles, and spread our blankets on this rude mattress. Arthur and Walter cut wood for the fire. Master Thomas and William busied themselves with the supper. There was a famous dish of scrambled eggs, and creamed potatoes, and bacon, and I know not what else. We ate till we could eat no more, and then we sat in the wide-open tent, with the camp-fire blazing in front of us, and talked of everything under the stars.

I like the Quaker speech: the gentle intimacy of their "little language," with its quaint "thees" and "thous," and the curious turn they give to their verbs, disregarding the formalities of grammar. "Will thee go," "has thee seen," "does thee like"—that is the way they speak it; an unjustifiable way, I know, but it sounds pleasantly. I like the Quaker spirit and manners, at least as I have found them in my friends: sober but not sad, plain but very considerate, genuinely simple in the very texture of their thoughts and feelings, and not averse to that quiet mirth which leaves no bitter taste behind it. One thing that I cannot understand in Charles Lamb is his confession, in the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," that he had a prejudice against Quakers. But then I remember that one of his best bits of prose is called "A Quaker's Meeting," and one of his best poems is about the Quaker maiden, Hester Savory, and one of his best lovers and companions was the broad-brim Bernard Barton. I conclude that there must be different kinds of Quakers, as there are of other folks, and that my particular Friends belong to the tribe of Bernard and Hester, and their spiritual ancestry is in the same line with the poet Whittier.

Yet even these four are by no means of one pattern. William is the youngest of the group, but the oldest-fashioned Friend, still clinging very closely to the old doctrines and the old ritual of silent simplicity, and wearing the straight-cut, collarless coat, above which his youthful face looks strangely ascetic and serene. I can imagine him taking joyfully any amount of persecution for his faith, in the ancient days; but in these tolerant modern times, he has the air of waiting very tranquilly and with good-humor for



It was not what one would call an elegant equipage, but it rolled along.—Page 663.

the world to see that the old ways are the best, and to come round to them again.

Walter and Arthur are Young Quakers, men of their time, diligent in business, fond of music and poetry, loyal to the society of their fathers, but more than willing to see its outward manners and customs, and even some of its ways of teaching, quietly modified to meet the needs and conditions of the present. In appearance you could hardly tell them from the world's people; yet I perceive that inwardly the meeting-house has made its indelible mark upon them in a

certain poise of mind and restraint of temper, a sweet assurance of unseen things, and a mind expectant of spiritual visitations.

Master Thomas, the leader of our expedition, is a veteran school-teacher, in one of the largest and most successful of the Friends' boarding-schools. To him I think there is neither old nor new in doctrine; there is only the truth, and the only way to be sure of it is by living. He is a fervent instructor, to whom an indifferent scholar is a fascinating problem, and a pupil who "cannot understand mathematics" offers a

new adventure. But part of his instruction, and the part to which he gives himself most ardently, is the knowledge and love of the great out of doors. Every summer he runs a guest-camp in the Adirondacks, and in the fall he gives a big camp-supper for the old pupils of his school, who come back by the hundred to renew their comradeship with "Master Thomas." It is good to have an academic title like that. Arthur and William and Walter are among his old boys, and they still call him by that name. But it is partly because he has also been their master in fire-making, and tent-pitching, and cooking, and canoe-building, and other useful arts which are not in the curriculum of book-learning.

Here, then, I have sketched the friends who sat with me before the glowing logs on that cool, starry night, within a few miles of the railroad and not far away from the roaring town, yet infinitely deep in the quietude of nature's heart. Of the talk I can remember little, except that it was free and friendly, natural and good. But one or two stories that they told me of a famous old Philadelphia Quaker, Nicholas Waln, have stuck in my memory.

His piety was tempered with a strong sense of humor, and on one occasion when he was visiting a despondent sister, he was much put out by her plaintive assertions that she was going to die. "I have no doubt," said he finally, "but that thou wilt; and when thou gets to heaven give my love to the Apostle Paul, and tell him I wish he would come back to earth and explain some of the hard things in his epistles." At another time he overtook a young woman Friend in worldly dress, upon which he remarked, "Satin without, and Satan within." But this time he got as good as he gave, for the young woman added, "And old Nick behind!" When it was the fashion to wear a number of capes, one above another, on a great-coat, Nicholas met a young acquaintance dressed in the mode. Taking hold of one of the capes, the old Quaker asked innocently what it was. "That is Cape Hatteras," said the pert youth. "And this?" said Nicholas, touching another. "Oh, that is Cape Henlopen," was the answer. "Then, I suppose," said Nicholas gravely, pointing to the young man's head, "this must be the lighthouse." I think that Charles Lamb, despite his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, would have liked this turn to the conversation.

Bedtime comes at last, even when you are lodging at the Sign of the Beautiful Star. There were a few quiet words read from a peace-giving book, and a few minutes of silent thought in fellowship, and then each man pulled his blanket round him and slept as if there were no troubles in the world.

Certainly there were none waiting for us in the morning; for the day rose fresh and fair, and we had nothing to do but enjoy it. After fishing for an hour or two, to supply our larder, we paddled down the pond, which presently widened into quite a lake, ending in a long, low dam with trees growing all across it. Here was the forgotten village of Watermouth, founded before the Revolution, and once the seat of a flourishing iron industry, but now stranded between two railways, six miles on either side of it, and basking on the warm sand-hills in a painless and innocent decay.

Watermouth had done nothing to deserve ill fortune. But the timber which had once been floated down its river was all cut and gone; and the bog iron which had once been smelted in its furnaces was all used up; and the forest glass-makers and charcoal-burners who had once traded in its store had all disappeared; and the new colonies of fruit-growers and truck-farmers from Italy and Germany did not like to settle quite so far from the railway; and there was nothing left for Watermouth but to sit in the sun and doze, while one family after another melted away, and house after house closed its windows and its doors.

The manor-house stood in spacious grounds sloping gently down to the southern shore of the lake, well planted with a variety of shade trees and foreign evergreens, but overgrown with long grass and straggling weeds. Master Thomas and I landed, and strolled through the neglected lawn toward the house, in search of a possible opportunity to buy some fresh eggs. The long, pillared veranda, with its French windows opening to the floor; the wide double door giving entrance to a central hall; a score of slight and indefinable signs told us that the mansion had seen its days of comfort and elegance. But there were other signs—a pillar leaning out of plumb, a bit of railing sagging down, a board loose at the corner—which seemed to speak of the pluperfect tense. In a fragment of garden at one side, where a broken trellis led



There were a few quiet words read from a peace-giving book.—Page 666.

to an arbor more than half hidden by vines, we saw a lady, clad in black, walking slowly among the bewildered roses and clumps of *hemerocallis*, stooping now and then to pluck a flower or tenderly to lift and put aside a straggling branch.

"This is plainly the mistress of the house," said Master Thomas; "does thee think that we could make bold to speak with her upon the subject of fresh eggs?"

"I think," said I, "that with thy friendly tact thee could speak with anybody upon any subject."

"But my coat?" said Master Thomas, for he had left it in the boat.

"'Tis a warm day, Master Thomas," I answered, "and doubtless the lady will know that thee has a coat, when she hears thee speak. But in any event, it is wise not to think too much of these mundane things. Let us go up."

So we made our salutations, stated our names and our occupations, and described the voyage which had brought us to Watermouth, in a way that led naturally to an explanation of our present need and desire for fresh eggs: though indeed it was hardly necessary to be explicit on that point, for our little tin pail betrayed us as foragers. The lady in black received us with gracious dignity, identified and placed us without diffi-

culty (indeed she knew some relation of each of us), and gave us hospitable assurance that our wants in the matter of eggs could easily be satisfied. Meantime we must come up to the house with her and rest ourselves.

Rest was not an imperative necessity for us just then, but we were glad to see the interior of the old mansion. There was the long drawing-room, with its family portraits running back into the eighteenth century—one of them an admirable painting by Sully—and the library, with its tall book-shelves, now empty, and engravings and autographs hanging on the walls. The lady in black was rather sad; for her father, a distinguished publicist and man of letters, had built this house; and her grandfather, a great iron-master, had owned most of the land hereabouts; and the roots and tendrils of her memory were all entwined about the place; but now she was dismantling it and closing it up, preparatory to going away, perhaps to selling it.

By this time the tin pail had come in, filled with the nutritious fruit of the industrious and faithful hen. So we said farewell to the lady in black, with suitable recognition of her courtesy and kindness, and not without some silent reflections on the mutability of human affairs. Here had been a



Here we made our second camp.—Page 670

fine estate, a great family, a prosperous industry firmly established, now fading away like smoke. But I do not believe the lady in black will ever disappear entirely from Watermouth while she lives; for is there not the old meeting-house, a hundred years old (with the bees' nests in the weatherboarding), for her to watch over, and care for, and worship in?

The young men were waiting for us below the dam. Here was a splendid water-power running away almost idle. For the great iron forge, with its massive stone buildings, standing (if the local tradition is correct) on the site where the first American cannon-balls had been cast for the Revolutionary War, and where that shrewd Rhode Islander, Gen. Nathanael Greene, had invested some of the money he made in army contracts, had been put out of business many years ago by the development of iron-making in North Jersey and Pennsylvania. An attempt was made to turn it into a wood-pulp factory; but that had failed because the refractory yellow pine was full of hard knots that refused to let themselves be ground into pulp. Now a feeble little saw-mill was running from time to time in one corner of the huge edifice; and the greater part of the river out of work was foaming and roaring in wasteful beauty over the gates of the dam.

It was here, on the slopes of the open fields and on the dry sides of the long embankment, that we saw the faded remnants

of the beauty with which the lupins had surrounded Watermouth a few days ago. The innumerable plants with their delicate palmate leaves were still fresh and vigorous; no drought can wither them even in the dryest soil, for their roots reach down to the hidden waters. But their winged blossoms, with which a little while since they had "blued the earth," as Thoreau says, were now almost all gone; as if a countless flock of blue butterflies had taken flight and vanished. Only here and there one could see little groups of belated flowers, scraps of the cerulean color, like patches of deep-blue sky seen through the rents on a drifting veil of clouds.

But the river called us away from the remembrance of the lupins to follow the promise of the laurels. How charming was the curve of that brown, foam-flecked stream, as it rushed swiftly down, from pool to pool, under the ancient, overhanging elms and willows and sycamores! We gave ourselves to the current, and darted swiftly past the row of weather-beaten houses on the left bank, into the heart of the woods again.

Here the forest was dense, lofty, over-arching. The tall silver maple, the black ash, the river birch, the swamp white oak, the sweet gum and the sour gum, and a score of other trees closed around the course of the stream as it swept along with full, swirling waters. The air was full of a diffused, tranquil green light, subdued yet joyous, through which flakes and beams of golden sunshine flick-

ered and sifted downward, as if they were falling into some strange, ethereal medium—something half liquid and half aërial, midway between an atmosphere and the still depths of a fairy sea.

The spirit of enchantment was in the place; brooding in the delicate, luminous midday twilight; hushing the song of the strong-flowing river to a humming murmur; casting a spell of beautiful immobility on the slender flower-stalks and fern-fronds and trailing shrubberies of the undergrowth, while the young leaves of the tree-tops, far overhead, were quivering and dancing in the sunlight and the breeze. Here Oberon and Titania might sleep beneath a bower of motionless royal *Osmunda*. Here Puck might have a noon-tide council with Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, holding forth to them in whispers, beneath the green and purple sounding-board of a Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Here, even in this age of reason, the mystery of nature wove its magic round the curious mind of man,

Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought in a green shade.

Do you remember how old Andrew Marvell goes on from those two lovely lines, in his poem?

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

There were many beautiful shrubs and bushes coming into bloom around us as we drifted down the stream. Two of the fairest bore the names of nymphs. One was called after *Leucothoë*, "the white goddess," and its curved racemes of tiny white bells hanging over the water were worthy emblems of that pure queen who leaped into the sea with her babe in her arms to escape from the frenzy of Athamas. The other was named for *Andromeda*; and the great Linnaeus, who gave the name, thus describes his thought in giving it: "*Andromeda polifolia* was now in its highest beauty, decorating the marshy grounds in a most agreeable manner. The flowers are quite blood-red before they expand, but when full-grown

the corolla is of a flesh-color. As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of *Andromeda* as described by the poets; and the more I meditated upon their descriptions, the more applicable they seemed to the little plant before me. *Andromeda* is represented by them as a virgin of most exquisite and unrivalled charms. . . . This plant is always fixed on some little turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as *Andromeda* herself was chained to the rock in the sea, which bathed her feet as the fresh water does the roots of the plant. Dragons and venomous serpents surrounded her, as toads and other reptiles frequent the abode of her vegetable resembler. As the distressed virgin cast down her face through excessive affliction, so does this rosy colored flower hang its head. . . . At length comes *Perseus* in the shape of summer, dries up the surrounding water and destroys the monsters."

But more lovely than any of the shrubs along the river was that small tree known as the sweet bay or the swamp laurel. Of course it is not a laurel at all, but a *magnolia* (*Magnolia glauca*), and its glistening leaves, dark green above, silvery beneath, are set around the large, solitary flowers at the ends of the branches, like backgrounds of malachite, to bring out the perfection of a blossom carved in fresh ivory. What creamy petals are these, so thick, so tenderly curved around the cone-like heart of the flower's fertility! They are warm within, so that your finger can feel the soft glow in the centre of the blossoms. But it is not for you to penetrate into the secret of their love mystery. Leave that to the downy bee, the soft-winged moth, the flying beetle, who, seeking their own pleasure, carry the life-bestowing pollen from flower to flower. Your heavy hand would bruise the soft flesh and discolor its purity. Be content to feast your eyes upon its beauty, and breathe its wonderful fragrance, floating on the air like the breath of love in the south and wild summer.

About the middle of the afternoon, after passing through miles of enchanted forest, unbroken by sign of human habitation, we

Came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

Low-rolling ridges of gravel, clothed with pine and oak, came down along the river. The bank on the right rose higher, and, at a sharp angle in the stream, lifted itself into

a bluff-like point. Opposite was the serpentine course of the Dead River, coiling through an open marsh-meadow. Below the junction of the two streams our own river flowed swiftly, through a straight reach, to the mouth of the still lagoon where Mare Run came in.

Here we made our second camp, on the point, among the pines and the hollies. For here, at last, we were in the heart of the region of laurels, which we had come to see. All along the river we had found some of them, just beginning to open their flowers, here and there. But above and below the mouth of the Dead River the banks and ridges, under the high shadow of the pines, were crowded with shining clumps of the *Kalmia latifolia*, and something in the soil and exposure, or perhaps even the single day of warm sunshine that had passed since we began our voyage, had brought them already into the young flood of bloom.

I have seen the flame azaleas at their bright hour of consummation in the hill country of central Georgia—lakes of tranquil and splendid fire spreading far away through the rough-barked colonnades of the pineries. I have seen the thickets of great rhododendrons on the mountains of Pennsylvania in coronation week, when the magic of June covered their rich robes of darkest green with countless sceptres, crowns, and globes of white bloom divinely tinged with rose, superb, opulent, imperial flowers. I have seen the Magnolia Gardens near Charleston when their "Arabian Nights'" dream of color was unfolding beneath the dark cypresses and moss-bannered live-oaks. I have seen the tulip and hyacinth beds of Holland rolled like a gorgeous carpet on the meadows beneath the feet of Spring; and the royal gardens of Kew in the month when the rose is queen of all the flowers; but never have I seen an efflorescence more lovely, more satisfying to the eye, than that of the high laurel along the shores of the unknown little river in South Jersey.

Cool, pure, innocent, and virginal in their beauty, the innumerable clusters of pink and white blossoms thronged the avenues of the

pine woods, and ranged themselves along the hillsides and sloping banks, and trooped down by cape and promontory to reflect their young loveliness in the flowing stream. It was as if some quiet and shadowy region of solitude had been suddenly invaded by companies of maidens attired for a holiday and joyously confident of their simple charms. The dim woodland was illumined with the rosy blush of conscious pleasure.

Seen at a distance the flower clusters look like big hemispheres of flushed snow. But examine them closely and you see that each of the rounded umbels is compounded of many separate blossoms—shallow, half-translucent cups poised on slender stems of pale green. The cup is white, tinted more or less deeply with rose-pink, the color brightest along the rim and on the outside. The edge is scalloped into five points, and on the outer surface there are ten tiny projections around the middle of the cup. Looking within, you find that each of these is a little red hollow made to receive the crimson tip of a curving anther, cunningly bent like a spring, so that the least touch may loosen it and scatter the pollen. There is no flower in the world more exquisitely fashioned than this. It is the emblem of a rustic maid in the sweet prime of morning.

We were well content with our day's voyage and our parting camp on the river. We had done no harm; no accident had befallen us; we had seen many lovely things and heard music from warbler and vireo, thrush and wren, all day long. Even now a wood thrush closed his last descant in flute-like notes across the river. Night began silently to weave her dusky veil upon the vast loom of the forest. The pink glow had gone from the flower-masses around us; whitely they glimmered through the deepening shadows, and stood like gentle ghosts against the dark. To-morrow we must paddle down to the village of Way's Landing, where the railroad crosses the river, and hurry back to civilization and work. But to-night we were still very far off; and we should sleep at the foot of a pine-tree, beneath the stars, among the blooming laurels.

THE CALL OF THE WEST: AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

II—THE TEACHING OF THE HUGUENOTS

I



It is hard to state precisely when mariners of France first obeyed the call which drove seafarers of Europe across the veiled ocean of the West. There is a likelihood that, while Columbus was still a humble pilot of the Mediterranean, a sailor of Dieppe found his way from a West Indian island to the mainland of Brazil, and, making an inland expedition there, came home with supplies of dye-wood, monkeys, and parrots. It is unquestioned that at the opening of the sixteenth century the ports of Dieppe, Honfleur, St. Malo, and St. Jean de Luz despatched fleet after fleet of tiny craft in the vain hope of sharing with the captains of Cadiz, Palos, and Huelva the profits and perils of the American venture. Throughout the sixteenth century French sagacity lagged behind Spain, quite as far as English sagacity, in formulating and executing successful plans of exploration or occupation. But, in the early decades of the Spanish triumph, Normans, Bretons, and French Basques, with a persistency unknown at the date to Englishmen, repeatedly challenged adventure in both the northern and southern continents of the New World.

The colonial methods and motives of France may seem, at a first rapid glance, merely to reflect Spanish endeavor with pale and ineffectual fire. The earliest French explorers of America shared Spain's enthusiasm for bringing the heathen natives of the New World within the ecclesiastical fold of the Old. The French adventurers, like their Spanish compeers, marked their landing-places on the new continent by the erection of wooden crosses and of pillars surmounted by the arms of the sovereign of France. Such symbols implied that the French explorers, no less than the Spanish

discoverers, claimed to be European missionaries of the settled order of things at home, both in Church and State. In point of fact, the French explorers were soon moved by quite other hopes; it was small part of their ultimate ambition slavishly to reproduce on American soil the institutions of their mother-country. Yet the material results of the colonial aspirations of France through the wonderful century look so puny, when they are compared with the triumphal issue of the Spanish effort, that the superficial observer might well be pardoned for treating the whole series of early French experiments as futilities signifying nothing.

Closer investigation throws another light on the story of French endeavor. Sixteenth-century Frenchmen never acquired the priceless practical arts of colonial organization of which the sixteenth-century Spaniard enjoyed the mastery as if by intuition. But the French mind was then, as always, more accessible than the Spanish to broad original ideas. Out of the early sporadic expeditions across the Atlantic of Norman, Breton, and French-Basque mariners, there gradually grew a series of conceptions about America which were quite alien to the Spanish spirit, and were as big with meaning for after ages as the material spoils of Spain. For the moment French aspirations either found no record on the American map or were inscribed there very faintly, but French ideas about America proved in the long run hardly less memorable than the consummated conquest of Spain.

French minds first matured the notion of colonizing with Europeans the wintry latitudes of the northern continent which lay beyond the sunlit range of Spanish ambition. The vision had already flitted across English and Portuguese brains; English aspiration was subsequently to make it a permanent and an imposing reality, but France first gave the fancy definite shape.

Other conceptions which French intelligence especially cherished and developed were cast in more philosophic or speculative moulds. Frenchmen eagerly credited native American society with simplicity of life and strict adherence to natural law; the culture of the Old World was seething with corruption and its only chance of cure lay in assimilating the purity of the New World. An even more stimulating French conception breathed the confident faith that the thinly peopled paradises of the West were destined to give asylum to those who were yearning at home for a liberty of thought or action which the existing polity of Europe denied them. Such ideas of life and liberty reflected more or less distinctly phases of enlightenment which were peculiarly characteristic of the liberality of the French Renaissance. Something of their inception may be traced to foreign suggestion. More's "Utopia" enshrines cognate speculation. But France contrived to stamp her American ideas with her own individuality, and England learned of French teachers the crowning conception of the New World as the unfettered land of freedom.

The French endeavored during the sixteenth century to give practical effect to this trinity of conceptions. They sought to prove by experiment the capacity of Europeans to live in the frozen zone; they taught by active example faith in the innocence of native America, and in the boundless opportunity of liberty on American soil. It was such notions which brightened French colonial philosophy alike in its infancy and its manhood. At the outset the attempts to put these ideas into practice reaped only tragedy. The record is permeated by frustrated hopes. But in spite of the chill of early disappointment, none of the aspirations which America bred in the French mind perished altogether. All in due time blossomed into flower, ripened, indeed, into rich fruit. The French conception of the "simple life" of America and of the beneficence of nature's reign there bore the least opulent harvest; yet it excited that fruitful kind of scepticism regarding the meaning of civilized progress which Rousseau was to systematize in the eighteenth century; it generated a rational interest in aboriginal history and a humanity in the treatment of the natives which lay beyond the mental range of most of the conquering Spaniards.

The fertility of the other two conceptions is more obvious. The hope of a vast European settlement amid North American snows issued in the imposing settlement of Canada; while the French vision of America as a limitless expanse of liberty, although it merely flashed like an insubstantial pageant over the early colonial history of France, acquired lasting substance in the momentous colonial ventures of Puritan England.

II

It is my main aim to sketch here the conception of liberty which Frenchmen came to reckon indigenous to American soil, and to indicate the effects which that conception worked on the Elizabethan spirit. In the middle distance of the picture there gleams the allied fancy of the golden age of innocence which glorified native America in French eyes. In the background there looms French adventure in the extreme north of the American continent which preceded the birth of both the emancipatory and the Utopian ideals, and, after a brief period of suspense, marched onward to effective victory. The perspective of history requires brief preliminary notice of these impressive features of the scene, amid which the French notion of New-World freedom grew to maturity.

Frenchmen's attention was first drawn to the northern territories of America by very prosaic motives—by the expectation of finding new fishing grounds, for which their scent was keener than that of the other maritime peoples of Europe. The early predominance of Breton and French Basque in the North American fisheries is indicated on the earliest American maps by the title of Cape Breton, which was crudely bestowed for all time on an island off the Nova Scotian coast, and by the Basque appellation of Baccalaos (*i. e.*, codfish) which was borne by the sea-girt territory of Canada through the early years of the sixteenth century. But the exploits of French fishermen off Newfoundland and Labrador quickly generated in France the larger hope of a Northwest waterway, which should conduct French enterprise to the imaginary empire of Cathay. English and Portuguese pilots, Italian and German geographers, had long vaguely suggested a north-west passage to the fabled

treasury of the East. It was French mariners who first put the theory to a sustained test. South America had already aroused their curiosity, but it was in North America that they achieved their first genuine triumphs of exploration.

Francis I, who absorbed the venturesome spirit of the French Renaissance, was ambitious of extending French power at sea. When he was warned that Spain and Portugal had already divided the New World among themselves, he replied by asking to see Adam's will in order to acquaint himself with the original terms of the bequest. Under the French king's patronage, the Italian pilot, Giovanni de Verrazano, surveyed, at close quarters, the North American coast. He passed from Florida to Newfoundland in the vain quest of a north-west avenue to wealth. He succeeded in outlining North American territory on map and globe with a precision that had no precedent. By his pencil for the first time the title of Nova Gallia or New France was written on the American continent, and places so familiar under their subsequent designations as Charleston (South Carolina), Newport (Rhode Island), and Portsmouth (New Hampshire), were given a "local habitation." Six decades afterward the records of Verrazano's experiences helped to fire belated endeavor in Elizabethan England.

This Franco-Italian achievement was quickly surpassed in its own sphere of activity by the experiment of a mariner of pure Breton blood. Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, first crossed the Atlantic in 1534 in a fixed resolve to sail the north-west passage. For eight years he clung persistently to hopes of triumph. The outcome of his efforts belied his expectations. Something better than he anticipated was achieved. A great tract of Canadian territory was explored and described. The first foundations were laid within the zone of snow and ice of a spacious and prosperous French colony under the established law and religion of France. In his second, and again in his third expedition Cartier spent more than a year on Canadian soil. He learned by experience the rigors of the wintry climate. Yet he pronounced the country capable of conquest and settlement by the French. On the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence he set up, in the presence of a great assembly of natives, the heraldic symbol of

the *fleur-de-lis*, and he entered into friendly relations with the tribes who occupied the sites of Quebec and Montreal. His courteous attitude to the natives inaugurates a new tradition on the North American continent. His disinterested curiosity regarding their language and customs renders his narratives of travel the most enlightened of all early records of American exploration and well fitted them to become text-books of Elizabethan enterprise.

The communistic ideal of the simple native life roused in Cartier keen admiration, and he brought home from his first expedition ten of the aborigines to teach his enlightened sovereign and fellow-countrymen new views of social conduct. Yet it was as a work of orthodox piety that Cartier mainly recommended the Canadian venture to his fellow-countrymen. He lost no opportunity of testifying his loyalty to his faith. His ambition was to spread among the American Indians the light of Rome, and he solemnly assured his sovereign, Francis I, that it was the will of God that he should teach them his religion. He adopted the Spanish custom of naming the places he discovered after saints or festivals of the Roman Church. The great island at the mouth of St. Lawrence's Gulf he called Assumption, because he desecrated it on the day consecrated to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The Gulf of St. Lawrence he so designated because he entered it on the day of St. Lawrence, the Roman deacon and martyr.

Intense as was Cartier's spiritual ardor, sincere as was his sympathetic attitude to the natives, it was his persevering adherence to the northern trails which most boldly differentiated his achievement from that of the Spaniards, and gave it its importance in the future. The third and last expedition to North America in which Cartier engaged was not destined at the moment to fulfil his plan of establishing "New France" in the north of the western hemisphere as firmly as "New Spain" was rooted in the south. Cartier was not to blame for the want of success. A miscellaneous band of colonists sailed under the command of a lord of Picardy, Le Sieur de Roberval. The noble leader was formally appointed by the French Crown the first viceroy and lieutenant-general of Canada, and was also decorated with other titles drawn from native place names of the region. Cartier, the pioneer, now

filled a subordinate post. His noble chief proved unequal to his exalted office. The viceroy's chosen pilot, a heroic mariner of southern France, Jean Alphonse de Saintonge, had only enjoyed experience of Eastern and tropical seas. The French colonists' knowledge and equipment yielded for the time to the strain of the climatic conditions, and Cartier failed to retrieve the situation.

The last ambitious attempt of Cartier and his companions to erect a Canadian viceroyalty thus ended in apparent failure. But there were pregnant compensations. The country was never again completely shut to French trade. Thenceforward French merchants fetched from North America year by year rich skins and furs. The French fishing fleets off the coast grew larger annually and returned home with heavier spoils. More than half a century was still to pass away while individual Frenchmen, fired by commercial ambition, made inland excursions summer after summer. But at the end of the period of probation French dominion over Canada was to emerge full-fledged.

III

GREAT French literature always kept in close touch with French colonial effort and spurred it onward. The magnetic attraction which the American North possessed for Cartier and his fellow-sailors found an echo in the later pages of Rabelais. That master comedian expounded fantastically the whole spirit of the age, and kept the essence of it alive through many generations. It is a strange medley of current maritime experience which Pantagruel undergoes on his voyage from the port of Thalasse to the country of Bacbuc, where lies the shrine of the Divine Bottle. But the author crudely fuses with his heterogeneous news from East and West the current story of North American exploration. Rabelais's Thalasse is Cartier's St. Malo; Rabelais's Captain Brayer is the hero himself. Many grotesque sounds and sights which afflict Pantagruel distort very slightly the records of Cartier's experience off Newfoundland or Labrador. So, too, the adventures which Rabelais puts to the credit of Xenomanes, Pantagruel's strangely learned hydrographer, reflect the moving accidents which befell Cartier's rival, Jean Alphonse of Saintonge, who pi-

loted to Canada Le Sieur de Roberval, the first French viceroy of Canada.

Jean Alphonse, although a somewhat shadowy figure in the history of exploration, left as marked an impression as Cartier himself on the French literature of his epoch. He penned his own gallant story, in which a great poet of the time, Mellin de St. Gelais betrayed an even deeper interest than Rabelais acknowledged. Not merely did St. Gelais defray the expenses of publishing Jean Alphonse's record, but he commended in original prefatory verse the seamanship which disclosed unsuspected marvels of ocean, heaven, and earth. It was such sort of literary fuel which ministered to the flame of French maritime energy in North America.

The work of Rabelais and St. Gelais lived long, but the authors passed away long before Cartier's mantle found a fit wearer. Samuel de Champlain, who came, like Roberval's pilot, Jean Alphonse, from the neighborhood of La Rochelle, ultimately proved to be the most successful of all French explorers or colonists of North America. It was in cruises along the West Indies and Mexico, at the extreme end of the sixteenth century, that he won his spurs. There he gave earnest of his sagacity by suggesting the formation of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. That project, which had already occurred to a Biscayan pilot, has waited long for realization. Subsequently Champlain faced the more familiar problem of a short way to Asia by a north-west passage. But he did not set a foot on North American soil until the year of Queen Elizabeth's death, when England, at length dimly conscious of her colonial destiny, had commenced her own gallant attack on the geographical puzzle. Then Champlain's companions set out to enforce a trade monopoly which the Crown of France had granted them over the natural products of Canada. But Champlain subordinated mercantile hopes to his passion for discovery. He pursued an original inland clew. His bold endeavors first brought within the ken of Europeans the mighty chain of Canadian lakes. The existing town of Quebec was his foundation. His quest well served the assertion of French sovereignty over Canada. Although British political rivalry for a time rendered the issue doubtful, the French claim was formally admitted before Cham-

plain's death. When he breathed his last in Quebec in 1637, he knew that genuine fruit had come of the aspirations which Cartier formulated, and he and his companions revived and developed. At length a French province was established, with boundless possibilities of expansion, about the mysterious oceans and lakes of the far north. French maritime energy had aimed first at new fishing grounds in the north, and then at a rapid seaway to Eastern opulence. Finally its scope broadened, under stress of commercial instinct, into a colonial empire. The victory had been won over snow and ice which looked impenetrable.

IV

THE French attack on North America in the sixteenth century consisted of a series of brilliant reconnaissances. It was no continuous campaign and never absorbed the whole of French colonial effort. American territory lying farther to the south from the outset divided French colonial aspirations. Through the early, and especially through the middle years of the century, it was to Brazil or to Florida that philosophic and religious speculation drew some of the most enlightened hopes of France.

The early associations of France and Brazil form a somewhat obscure episode in the history of the New World. Their beginnings can be vaguely traced to a period anterior to the first Spanish landing in South America. But certainty is only reached after the Spanish monopolists of empire abandoned Brazil to Portuguese rivals in the first year of the sixteenth century. That measureless region was sixteen times the size of France, and not very much smaller than the whole of Europe. The Portuguese long exerted mere nominal control of their unwieldy American province. The restricted scope of the organized government of Portugal gave opportunity for unlicensed invasion, of which French adventurers took much advantage, both before and after they had turned their attention to the less tractable north.

No sooner had the Portuguese set up their first outpost at San Salvador (Bahia de Todos or Santos), the midmost point of the long, winding Brazilian coast, than a brave Norman adventurer, Captain de Gonneville,

of Honfleur, was driven by adverse winds from the African passage to a distant point on the expansive Brazilian main. There, in accord with Spanish ritual, he planted, in view of the sea, on Easter Day, 1504, amid beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, firing of guns, and intoning of prayer, a cross thirty-five feet high, on which he carved the names of the Pope, Julius II, and of his sovereign, King Louis XII of France.

French sovereignty in the New World was asserted with the accepted formalities on Brazilian soil for the first time. Cartier's like ceremonial procedure in the north was anticipated by De Gonneville. The captain of Honfleur himself stayed in Brazil only six months, and never revisited the land; but his experience and spoils stimulated French hopes of the future. He brought home with him red dye-wood and brilliantly plumed birds. His cargo appealed to his countrymen's sense of color, and sharpened French interest in the New World. There also accompanied De Gonneville the son of a Brazilian chieftain, who was the first of a long line of American natives to visit sixteenth-century France. His presence excited vast curiosity about an unsuspected phase of human life. The Catholic Church was quick to claim the captive's soul, and he was baptized. The geniality of his French host's temperament and the pliancy of his own reconciled him to his new environment. He soon married his captor's daughter, and founded a family which long flourished in France. Such a precedent had no precise sequel. But it challenged ancient prejudice and tended to broaden sympathy.

Until the sixteenth century well rounded its meridian France displayed no small zest in maintaining association with Brazil and the Brazilians. Cartier schooled himself for his passage northward by engaging in an expedition to Brazil. Ships from St. Malo, Dieppe, and La Rochelle constantly challenged the artillery of Spanish fleets in order to fetch home from the Brazilian forests rich wood and birds, rare fruits and plants, which found a ready market among fashionable purveyors of Paris. Natives, in small numbers, invariably returned in the train of the voyagers, and were warmly welcomed by clergy and laity. Cartier, in bringing Eskimos from the north, was conforming to a custom which was in force already among those sailing to southern seas.

In the Cathedral of Rouen and the chief church of St. Malo Brazilians received from time to time rites of baptism. An early sixteenth-century *bas relief*, which may still be seen in the Church of St. Jacques, at Dieppe, shows a group of Brazilian natives, their heads decorated with plumes of feathers. The carved stone was the gift of a rich merchant of the port, who organized much maritime exploration. The highest ranks of society showed active interest in the native visitors. In the middle of the century members of a Brazilian tribe called Tupinamba took prominent part in the pageants which celebrated the entry of the King of France (Henri II) and Catherine de Medici into Rouen. The scenery of Brazil was artificially reproduced on the banks of the Seine. In a mimic forest the Brazilian chief addressed his followers in their own tongue, and the savages gave an imitation of native modes of warfare. Twice in the following year did American aborigines play a like part in the ceremonials of the French court, and on the latest of these occasions the most enlightened Frenchman of his epoch, Montaigne, was moved to inquire of one of the strangers his impressions of civilized France. The American confided to the French philosopher his difficulty in accounting for the presence of rich and poor, of well-fed and ill-fed, side by side. He wondered at the respect which was paid by strong, bearded men to weak, beardless youths on grounds of high hereditary rank.

In his romance of "Utopia," Sir Thomas More pictured the ideal polity and economy of a primal age of golden purity, which he located in an imaginary island near Brazil. Rabelais borrowed literally some of More's invented topography of the New World. The direct intercourse of Frenchmen with their Brazilian guests reanimated in France More's beatific vision of an American Utopia, and gave it new strength and reality. Montaigne's conversation with the Brazilian suggested to him an half-ironic eulogy of the natural state of man and a new social philosophy.

In this region of speculation Montaigne had many companions. The most melodious and thoughtful poet of the French Renaissance, Ronsard, versified the theory of uncivilized man's purity. Free from sin or fear of law, ignorant of the names of virtue or vice, of senate or king, the natives, ac-

cording to Ronsard's verse, pursued a life of unsullied pleasure cherishing their own idiosyncrasies and exercising a rare faculty of self-control (*seul maitre de soi*). The perfection of social order was reached in the communistic ideal of savage Brazil, where possession of the earth was no more restricted than ownership of the air or the water of the sea. The aboriginal American was no degenerate. He still cultivated the Garden of Eden. It was not the European who could teach the American how to live; the European must crave that instruction of the American.

Ils vivent maintenant en leur âge doré. . .
Vivez, heureuse gent, sans peine et sans souci,
Vivez joyeusement, ie voudrais vivre ainsi.

The poetic fancy long scorned all scientific refutation, and fostered a spirit of criticism which touched the oldest of religious, social, and political institutions in France. Elizabethan thought and literature showed traces of the conception, which travelled far beyond French boundaries. The powerful impulse which Montaigne's argumentative presentation gave the theory colored some of Bacon's speculation, and found a faint echo in the work of Shakespeare.

V

MEANWHILE religious revolution threatened France, and her social and civil equilibrium tottered. The claims of the Church of Rome to the allegiance of Christians were called in question throughout Europe. The new model of Christianity, which Luther had devised in Germany, was welcomed with enthusiasm by masses of Frenchmen and was carried even further from the original pattern by the zeal of a Frenchman, Calvin. The French reformers of religion, who adopted the designation of Huguenot from the German word *Eidgenossen* (*i. e.*, confederate), were soon to acknowledge discipleship to none but Calvin. In north, south, and west bands of Frenchmen abjured the old papal traditions. A Presbyterian form of church government was adopted, and congregations which lacked neither rank, nor wealth, nor intelligence multiplied in the great centres of population. The Catholic Church appealed to the French king to crush by physical force this re-

bellion of the spirit which stirred thought of change in the political as well as in the religious sphere. A furious persecution of the Huguenots was initiated. The Church denounced the apostates as pestilent heretics, and not obscurely recommended to the secular power a policy of massacre. The law of the land soon prohibited the Huguenots' form of worship, made it a penal offence to acknowledge or publish their opinions, questioned their title to property, banished them from public employment, overwhelmed with heavy penalties any who harbored them, and bribed informers to bring forward damnatory evidence. Neither the Protestants in England under Queen Mary nor the Catholics there under Queen Elizabeth were exposed to so merciless a storm of penal legislation as the Huguenots of France endured in the middle of the sixteenth century. But neither fire nor sword, neither fine nor imprisonment, killed the new creed. Its growth was very slightly retarded. So far from dying, it developed new means of life.

The poetic theory of the persistence in America of the primeval age of innocence seems first to have moved a section of the Huguenots when the persecution was nearing its full tide to look across the Atlantic for relief from immediate torment and for opportunity of final enfranchisement. The New World, which was imagined to preserve human nature in its primordial simplicity, might well serve as an asylum for the Christian faith, which had at length been restored to its original purity. The persecuted Huguenots were easily persuaded to identify the uncorrupted evil of America with their land of promise. Many of them proclaimed it their mission to rebuild God's violated temple in the Far West. Their hope of enjoying free scope for their own spiritual development was sustained and strengthened by the consolation that they would be spreading spiritual salvation among the innocent heathen, who did not yet number among their felicities true knowledge of Christ. The Catholic invaders had infected large numbers of the aborigines of the new continent with their erroneous teaching, and their missionary triumphs provoked loud exultation among the servants of Rome. It was the destined duty of a Protestant immigration to provide an antidote in the recovered Christian truth.

In the highest quarters of the state the French conception of America as the future home of Protestant freedom first found substantial encouragement. Coligny, the admiral of France, and a statesman of sagacity, long cherished sympathy with the Huguenot faith before he openly declared himself the militant chief of the Huguenot movement. It was, when Coligny's relations with his Protestant fellow-countrymen were still in doubt, that he lent the weight of his great name to a scheme for founding a Protestant empire of liberty on the other side of the Atlantic. A man of paradoxical character came forward to put the aspiration to practical tests. Nicholas Durand, Seigneur de Villegagnon, had, a quarter of a century before, been one of Calvin's fellow-students at the University of Paris. He had since seen both naval and military service in many parts of Europe, and had risen to the position of vice-admiral of Brittany. Acquiring a taste for theological controversy, he acknowledged the force of the Huguenot argument. But abnormal vanity played a prominent part in his visionary and mystical temperament, and the event proved that his religious convictions rested on shifting foundations. As a bold and efficient naval officer, he attracted the favor of Coligny, and his patron approved a scheme of his propounding to raise the Huguenot flag in South America.

Brazil, the spacious province of South America, whither a long succession of French mariners had already voyaged, was Villegagnon's chosen haven. In the summer of 1555 a little fleet of three vessels under his command brought from Havre and Dieppe to the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro a hundred Protestant Frenchmen, after a four months' voyage. Christening the land "La France Antarctique," Villegagnon formed, on a palm-clad island in the bay, a settlement which was named by him Coligny, but is now called after himself. The tropical vegetation and the strange splendor of the flowers and birds satisfied him and his fellow-voyagers for a moment that they had reached the heavenly paradise. But the expedition was ill-equipped for the practical needs of colonial life. A library of theological books, which Villegagnon brought with him, proved a poor substitute for stores and implements of building and agriculture which he left behind. In a few months

Villegagnon sent most of his companions home to crave of Coligny adequate supplies and re-enforcements of Protestant enthusiasm.

The most significant message that Villegagnon's envoys carried to Europe was addressed not to French laymen, but to the spiritual chief of the Huguenot faith. It was of Calvin in Geneva, whither the reformer had been driven by persecution in France, that Villegagnon begged help in building a Protestant empire in Brazil. Calvin was by accident absent when Villegagnon's messengers arrived in Switzerland. But French and Swiss ministers and magistrates welcomed them to Geneva, and at a special service in the Church of St. Pierre, there was preached the obligation to plant in Brazil a free community of Calvinists. Fervent thanks were offered to God for having given French lovers of the true doctrine a home where threats of suppression lost significance and where God's saints might reign in peace.

A large band of Genevans offered themselves as colonists, and two ministers of Calvin's Church, Pierre Richer and Guillaume Chartier, accepted the posts of chaplains. These two men were the earliest ordained ministers of the Reformed Church who reached the American continent. Calvin, dreaming of the day when priests should fill the places of kings, gave the enterprise his blessing. Coligny invited the leader of the Genevan contingent to visit him on his way through France, and dismissed him with encouraging courtesies. Hundreds of Huguenot enthusiasts, including students and mechanics, flocked to Honfleur, where the embarkation took place. On the eve of their departure the emigrants suffered a cruel reminder of the murderous rancor which their new faith bred. While a party of them was celebrating the Lord's Supper in their lodgings, an angry Catholic mob broke in, and one of their number was slain. But at length, on November 20, 1556, three vessels, crowded with the Protestant zealots, put out to sea. The pure Christian faith was openly crossing the Atlantic to expand and fructify under new skies. With the emigrants and their preachers and teachers there sailed six French boys and six French girls, who were to learn the native language and were in due course to interpret the faith to the aborigines. No Frenchwomen had

previously ventured on the American continent. Every hope of the Pilgrim Fathers was stirring in these French adventurers of 1556, although sixty years and more were to elapse before the *Mayflower* left Plymouth Sound.

A four months' voyage brought the Calvinist zealots to Villegagnon's settlement on Coligny Island, off Rio de Janeiro (in the spring of 1557). Villegagnon gave the new-comers a fitting Puritan welcome. He warned them against vice and bade them flinch not from the simple life. He promised a refuge to all persecuted believers in a land which was free from fear of king, emperor, or potentate. Leading the new-comers to a chapel fashioned on a Genevan model in the centre of the island, he bade all sing in unison (in the version of the French Protestant poet, Clement Marot) one of David's psalms of exile (Psalm v):

Mon Dieu, guide moy et convoye
Par ta bonté, que ne soys mis
Soubz la main de mes ennemis,
Et dresse devant moy ta voye,
Que ne fourvoye.

Then the Genevan minister, Richer, preached with fervor from Psalm xxviii, verse 4: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life."

The hope that the pathless Brazilian forests would provide the van-guard of Christianity with the security that Europe denied it seemed for a time on the road to realization. Ministers soon wrote home to Calvin that the colony resembled the Christian household which Nymphas founded in the time of the apostles (Colossians iv, 15). They assured friends at home that Calvinism was destined to be the religion of America. But the perversity of the chieftain, Villegagnon, stirred clouds on this sunlit horizon. Liberally interpreting Calvin's theocratic theory of government, he constituted himself high priest and chief magistrate. In all that pertained to morality or theology he declared himself sole arbiter. Extravagance in dress or diet became a criminal offence. He revised the ritual of worship, and suffered no religious service to conclude without a sermon of an hour's duration. He himself cultivated a gift for extemporaneous prayer, which he exercised mercilessly.

The only recreation in which Villegagnon suffered any to indulge was discussion of recondite points of dogmatic theology. Thence came grievous peril to the whole colonial fabric which had been raised under tropical skies. The theological debates led to dissensions which spread from minutiae to fundamentals. The despotic ruler began an inquiry into the fitness of American corn for use in the manufacture of sacramental bread, and then challenged the mysterious problem of transubstantiation. Villegagnon himself grew distracted by perplexities, and Pastor Chartier was ordered home to invite Calvin's judgment. The minister took with him an incongruous gift of ten Brazilian natives for the French king. Meanwhile a young colonist from the Paris Sorbonne, who was no mean dialectician, acquired a singular influence over Villegagnon, and the despot's Calvinist convictions showed signs of weakening. The poison spread quickly. Villegagnon renounced allegiance to Calvin and pronounced him a heretic.

Stanch Calvinists made an attempt to depose the erratic and despotic governor, and when they failed, sought a new asylum on the mainland. There the natives welcomed them with warmth, and the loyal Huguenots consoled themselves for their companions' apostasy by missionary energy. The natives delighted in the Frenchmen's psalmody, and heard sermons in an unknown tongue with exemplary patience. Villegagnon meanwhile passed beyond redemption. Four rebellious Protestants who approached him with an appeal for peace he condemned to death. They were flung by his order into the sea. In such paradoxical circumstances was the martyrdom of Protestants inaugurated on the American continent.

Finally almost all the settlers returned to Brittany, after a voyage which exposed them to tragic hardships. Villegagnon followed in their train, and a handful of adherents whom he left behind on Coligny Island, fell a prey to Portuguese vengeance three years later (1560). The Portuguese tardily awoke to the trespass of Frenchmen on their territory and, swooping down on the survivors of Villegagnon's colony, killed or imprisoned them all. Amid massacre and theological broils the first endeavor to settle the Reformed Church in America came to a violent end.

Not that Huguenot hopes of Brazil were

thereby quenched. Huguenot sailors of Normandy were ill-content to abandon to the sway of Romanist Portugal the land which had been watered with Calvinist blood, but they adopted methods of asserting their pretensions which hardly entitled them to success. Religious scruples did not deter Huguenot enthusiasts from overhauling unprotected Portuguese ships on the Brazilian voyage in order to kill or drive into the sea priests or Jesuits who were found aboard. Guns and ammunition were regularly sold by Huguenot buccaneers to Brazilian natives. The desperate policy was pursued to the end of the century. But it failed to retrieve the situation that Villegagnon's perverseness was thought to have flung away.

Yet there remains to mention one pleasant trace of the Huguenots' association with Brazil. The natives long cherished tender memories of their guests. Near the close of the century, fortune condemned an English sailor, Anthony Knivet, to many years' wanderings among the aborigines of South America; and when he fell in with a Brazilian tribe, a self-protecting instinct led him to feign to be a Frenchman. Before his eyes his native hosts slew his Portuguese companions, but they gave him kindly hospitality in the belief that he belonged to a nation whom they loved.

VI

THE tragedy of Villegagnon in Brazil had not dismayed Coligny, whose Huguenot sympathies were no longer disguised. When those who had remained steadfast to Calvinism came back from Brazil, they found eight hundred sympathizers ready to carry on the great Huguenot mission across the Atlantic, while it was estimated that ten thousand more were willing, at need, to risk in the cause their lives and property. Such wide-spread zeal was not easily balked, and, within five years of Villegagnon's failure, the old hope of a Huguenot empire of the West was flaming more brightly than before. But it was not to Brazil, where the Portuguese were now active against intruders, that Coligny and the projectors of a second Huguenot colony turned their gaze.

News recently spread through France that a tract of country in the northern continent excelled in luxuriance and fragrance

the fields and forests of Brazil. The territory was known as Florida, because the Spaniards had discovered it on Palm Sunday (Pascha Florida), and not, as the word was often interpreted, because of the region's wealth of flowers. Florida then included within its ill-defined boundaries, in addition to the Southern State of the American Union which now alone bears the appellation, an expanse of land reaching as far north as Maryland, if not beyond. Many events which contemporary writers of the sixteenth century locate in Florida really took place in what are now the States of North or South Carolina, or Virginia. Spaniards had made many spasmodic attempts to occupy this vague country which they had very partially explored. In 1560 the smiling pastures were still in undisputed possession of sparse native tribes and were believed in Europe to lie open to all comers. Many Frenchmen were prone to identify the rumored beauty of the scenery and the reputed mineral wealth with the Garden of Eden or the Land of Ophir. The Huguenots were easily brought to imagine that there a final refuge had been divinely appointed for their spotless faith. At the same time Frenchmen, who were not Huguenots, moved by jealousy of Spanish predominance, favored a project of peaceful conquest which gave promise of a colonial empire of rare natural fertility.

Jean Ribaut, of a good family of Dieppe, that nursery of expert sailors, made the first step forward. He was a master of seacraft and had fully identified himself with the Huguenot movement. To him Coligny entrusted the command of the first Huguenot expedition to Florida. Joined by Calvinists of all walks in life, he steered his fleet on an original course which avoided the West Indian islands. Without sighting land, he reached, in little more than two months, the shores of North America near the present town of St. Augustine in Florida. The adjacent St. John's River, which Ribaut, like some Spanish predecessors, confusedly took to be the Jordan, he christened the River of May, because on May day he discovered it. On its bank he set up, with accustomed ceremonies, a stone pillar inscribed with the insignia of the French monarch, Charles IX; the pillar was soon worshipped by the natives as an idol. Thus the French occupation of Florida was inaugurated.

Travelling a little to the north, Ribaut reached a spot on the South Carolina coast, which he called Port Royal, and it is still so called on many maps. On a neighboring island he finally placed his Huguenot settlement, naming it Charles Fort, after his sovereign. That site is now occupied by the town of Beaufort. As soon as the foundations of the colony were laid, Ribaut and his chief officers took leave of their companions and sailed home to consult Protestant friends about large plans of future developments.

In France the Huguenot strife had developed into a furious civil war in which the Catholic forces were gaining the upper hand. It was no time to pursue a visionary project across the Atlantic. Ribaut, in despair, retired to England, and there published a spirited account of his hopes and experiences in Florida, which stirred the emulation of Protestant Englishmen. For a time Ribaut abandoned active colonial endeavor.

The trouble at home gave small opportunity of sending out assistance to those whom Ribaut had left behind in South Carolina. But after two years the domestic strife subsided, and Coligny then equipped a larger fleet than any that went before to relieve and extend the Florida colony. Ribaut was still absent from France, and the chief command was bestowed on his chief companion in the first expedition, René de Laudonnière, a pious Huguenot nobleman, who had seen service at sea, and had the merits and defects of a confident and religious naval officer. He was bidden take with him none but God-fearing Calvinists. Small attention was paid to the more useful characteristics of prospective colonists. An artist, Le Moyne, was of the company, together with noblemen, soldiers, lawyers, and artisans. Practical agriculturists were not invited. Amid psalmody the expedition left Havre, and to the like accompaniment it disembarked in Florida near St. John's River. Ribaut and Laudonnière had landed on the same spot two years before, but had not tarried there. Now Laudonnière laid there the site of a new settlement, which he christened La Caroline. That title was an accidental anticipation of the name of Carolina, which English occupiers a century later bestowed on the adjacent territory in honor of their king, Charles II of England.

Of the older Huguenot settlers in South Carolina no trace was found. They had

rebelled against their leader, and through ignorance of colonizing arts, had been reduced to helpless starvation, which they tried to alleviate by eating one another. A few survivors built a pinnacle, on which they ventured out to sea, to be rescued by an English vessel and to be landed at an English port. Unknowingly Laudonnière had crossed the path of these colonial derelicts on his recent outward voyage.

Laudonnière's colony suffered most of the torments of its predecessor. His companions despised manual labor, and, when supplies were exhausted, threatening famine bred mutiny. The malcontents were expelled, and sailed away to excite, by acts of piracy off the West Indian islands, the perilous resentment of Spain. Laudonnière's loyal adherents sought comfort in their sufferings in prayer and psalmody. The land echoed with Marot's pious verse, and friendly natives, catching the sacred tunes, adapted them to their pagan rites. For a generation afterward, Protestant melody haunted the aboriginal habitations of the land. With the natives in his near neighborhood Laudonnière cultivated cordial relations. But he challenged disaster by taking their side in warfare with more distant tribes.

After a year the prospect of the Huguenot settlers looked black. Cut off from home, they grew sullen and listless. Suddenly relief offered from an unexpected quarter. An English expedition under Sir John Hawkins, which was returning from a slave-trading errand in the West Indies, coasted along Florida. On one of the English ships was a Dieppe pilot, who had brought Ribaut out two years before. Communications were easily opened with his compatriots on shore. Laudonnière welcomed Hawkins with eagerness, and declared him to be "a good and charitable man." But, to the dismay of his companions, he declined the English captain's offer to carry him and his colonists home. He was content with purchasing of his visitor a small ship, some foodstuffs, and wax for the making of candles; he gave in exchange guns and ammunition, of which he blindly thought that he had no need.

Within three weeks of Hawkins's departure the scene suffered further change. Reports of Laudonnière's misgovernment had reached France. It was said that he was playing the tyrant, and was counterfeiting

royal power. Ribaut, recalled from exile in England, was ordered out as the king's lieutenant, at the head of a large company of new settlers, to supersede the alleged pretender. After leaving Dieppe, one of Ribaut's ships spent three weeks on repairs off the Isle of Wight and spread intelligence of the venture in England. Ribaut crossed the ocean without adventure. Laudonnière received him with natural misgiving. But the days of the Huguenot colony were numbered. Spain was preparing to strike a fatal blow at the heretic invasion of her imperial sphere of dominion.

Five days after Ribaut's arrival in Florida, fifteen Spanish vessels, carrying 2,600 men, hove in sight of the luckless Huguenots, under the command of a fanatical Catholic, Don Pedro Menendez de Avila. Laudonnière wrangled with Ribaut over lines of defence, but possibilities of resistance were negligible. With a revolting brutality, which has few parallels in history, all but a score of the Huguenot colonists were massacred by the Spaniards. Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics, wrote the Spanish leader, were they done to death. Ribaut cheerfully marched to his doom chanting a psalm.

Laudonnière, with a score of Frenchmen, succeeded in escaping the barbarous slaughter of his compatriots and coreligionists. They safely emerged from the peril of an Atlantic voyage in a small boat. By error the distressed mariners landed on the coast of Wales. From Swansea they made their way to London. Laudonnière gratefully acknowledged hospitalities on the road and received assistance which enabled him finally to reach his native land. One of his companions, the artist, Jacques le Moyne, who brought from Florida a valuable collection of sketches and maps, was befriended by the English Puritans and set up a studio in Blackfriars.

Meanwhile, the French Government vainly sought through diplomatic channels some redress of the cruel wrong which Spain's agents had wrought on the Frenchmen in Florida. Private patriotism devised cruder but more effective means of vengeance. Le Sieur Dominique de Gourgues, a passionate Gascon, enlisted a troop of desperadoes, and, convoying them in three small vessels from La Rochelle to La Caroline, surprised the Spanish occupants. Relentlessly there was meted out to them the

same barbarous penalties which they had already exacted of Ribaut and his men. The natives welcomed the avenging host with snatches of the psalm tunes which the slaughtered Huguenots had taught them, and showed active sympathy with the work of French retaliation. "Not as Spaniards, nor as mariners, but as murderers, robbers, and traitors, did the Spanish conquerors suffer," declared Gourgues, in grim mockery of the words which the Spaniards had applied to their Huguenot victims. Though Gourgues was himself no Protestant, he had punished Spain's murderous assault on the Huguenot settlement. The Huguenot town of La Rochelle gave him a triumphant reception on his return from his deed of blood.

Huguenot statesmen subsequently meditated a further experiment in Florida on the old pattern. But little came of such design save lawless buccaneering, which lacked official sanction. Among the crews of the French privateers, Calvinists commonly predominated, and they gave short shrift to Spanish priests and monks who fell into their clutches. But the formal settlement of the Huguenot colonist was stayed almost as effectually in Florida by Ribaut's murder as in Brazil by Villegagnon's apostasy.

The last of the early Huguenot efforts in America took a different direction and need not detain us here. By the end of the century the Huguenots had won toleration in France, and were exhibiting rare commercial aptitude. It was their mercantile ambition rather than their old ideal of liberty of faith which opened a new chapter in the history of their colonial endeavor. Abandoning past hopes of Southern settlements in America, they revived, mainly with a view to increase of trade, the earlier hopes of a French empire in Canada. In 1603, when England was at length turning to solve colonial problems for herself, a Huguenot leader of La Rochelle obtained a royal charter granting him a monopoly of North American commerce. The exclusive privilege excited the hostility of private traders of Brittany and Normandy and it roused resentment among Catholics. By sale or regrant the charter passed from hand to hand, and its successive holders, aided by the contemporary discoveries of the heroic explorer, Champlain, gradually brought Canada under French sway. Experience revealed practical difficulty in keeping French colonial

endeavor under Calvinist control. For a few years Protestants maintained the upper hand. Then for a brief season toleration of Calvinist and Catholic was enjoined on those who were responsible for the Canadian government. But neither Protestant nor Catholic took kindly in colonial life to that principle of enlightenment. Between the two creeds there raged on American soil a furious strife, which perplexed the natives, whom both parties sought to bring into the Christian fold. Huguenot captains were reluctant to release Catholic seamen from the psalm-singing and exercises in prayer which were part of the Huguenot discipline both at sea and on land. Catholics retaliated by obstructing Protestant worship. Finally supreme power over Canada was acquired by a patroness of the Jesuits, and her protégés converted the North American colonies of France into outposts of rigid Catholicism.

VII

BEFORE this consummation was reached, England had assimilated the colonial teaching of the Huguenots in its early and most enlightened phase. At first the Elizabethans studied the Huguenot lesson listlessly, but, as the colonial spirit gained robustness among them, they paid it an earnest attention, which led to momentous consequences. In the event Protestant England fully avenged in the seventeenth century all the injuries and rebuffs which Protestant France endured in the New World during the sixteenth.

The colonial teaching of the Huguenots reached the Elizabethans through many channels. Englishmen enjoyed opportunities of personal intercourse with some who had actively engaged in the French enterprises across the Atlantic, while the voluminous French literature, which reported at first hand the whole course of the moving Huguenot story, was rendered with singular promptness into English.

Elizabethan Englishmen came into close touch with the Huguenot colonists of Florida. Survivors of the first settlement were rescued from shipwreck by English mariners. Survivors of the second settlement landed at Swansea, and, trudging through the heart of England to London, were relieved in their destitution by English sym-

pathizers. The martyred Ribaut spent in exile in the English capital nearly the whole of the two years which intervened between his first and his second voyage to Florida. Part of his time there he devoted to describing from his own experience "the wonderful strange natures and manners of the people [of Florida], with the marvellous commodities and treasures of the country, as also the pleasant ports, havens, and ways thereunto, never found out before." Though he wrote in French, his original narrative is now only extant in the English translation, which came out in 1563 with a dedication to the chief goldsmith of London, a leading alderman of the corporation, Sir Martin Bowes. Another actor on the Florida scene, who was hardly less imposing than Ribaut, figured, too, for a season on the English stage. The Gascon Gourgues's deed of vengeance was loudly acclaimed in England. Queen Elizabeth, responding to popular sentiment, invited him to her court, where he was regally entertained and consulted as to further assaults on Spanish prestige.

News of Ribaut's tragic fate spread through Elizabethan England with lightning speed. A vivacious report of the massacre was quickly published in Paris by one of Ribaut's few surviving companions, Nicholas le Challeux, a Huguenot carpenter. Le Challeux's statement achieved instant popularity in an English translation. The humble author, on his journey out to Florida, had spent nearly three weeks in the Isle of Wight, and had made English friends there. Le Moyne, a second Huguenot survivor of the Spanish outrage, returned to Europe by way of England, and never left the country again. He was long a picturesque figure in the Huguenot colony of Blackfriars and enjoyed the patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. To Sidney's wife he dedicated a curious publication of drawings of beasts, birds, flowers, and fruits, and at Raleigh's expense he executed in colors a pictorial account of his American experience. When De Bry, the great Frankfort publisher, came to London to bargain with him for the purchase of his rich portfolio of sketches of Florida life and nature, the refugee declined to sell from a sense of loyalty to his English friends. But after his death his widow, ignoring his scruples, made over his artistic relics to the German

dealer, who at once gave them to the cultured world of Continental Europe.

A complementary link between Huguenot and English colonial hopes was forged by the visits to Paris of Englishmen to whom the Huguenot adventures appealed very directly and who thirsted for precise knowledge of them. Richard Eden, the earliest English compiler of the foreign literature of New World travel, was early in Elizabeth's reign for no less than ten years secretary to a chieftain of the Huguenots, the Vidâme de Chartres. The Vidâme lived in Paris, although he often visited England to beg help for his persecuted sect, and he finally fled thither for good after the St. Bartholomew's Massacre. Through nearly the whole period of the Florida adventure Eden was watching its ebb and flow at the headquarters of the Huguenot movement in France, while in the Vidâme's service. Other Englishmen emulated Eden's example. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, when preparing his spirited plea for the settlement of North America by Englishmen, consulted in Paris the aged geographer, André Thevet, who had written a fanciful account of Villegagnon's strange exploits in Brazil. Thevet, who had been a friend of Rabelais, claimed to have visited Villegagnon in Brazil. His story, which betrayed a whimsical credulity, circulated in an English translation. A few years later a greater colonial propagandist of English race than Eden or even Gilbert, Richard Hakluyt, also spent five years in Paris as chaplain to the English embassy there. With infinite zeal he cultivated personal intercourse with all who could instruct him in the French experience of America. He corresponded with Cartier's kindred, he visited Thevet and reprinted the English version of Ribaut's record. The pettiness of the advances, which Protestantism, despite the Huguenot sacrifices, had made in America, compared ill in Hakluyt's mind with the triumphal progress of Catholicism under the protection of Spain. His Parisian sojourn served to excite the passionate energy with which he urged on Protestant England the duty of retrieving the Huguenot defeat. Sir Walter Raleigh's persevering attempt to colonize Virginia, which formed part of the vaguely defined territory then bearing the name of Florida, was a reply to Hakluyt's summons.

Great as was Sir Walter Raleigh's debt

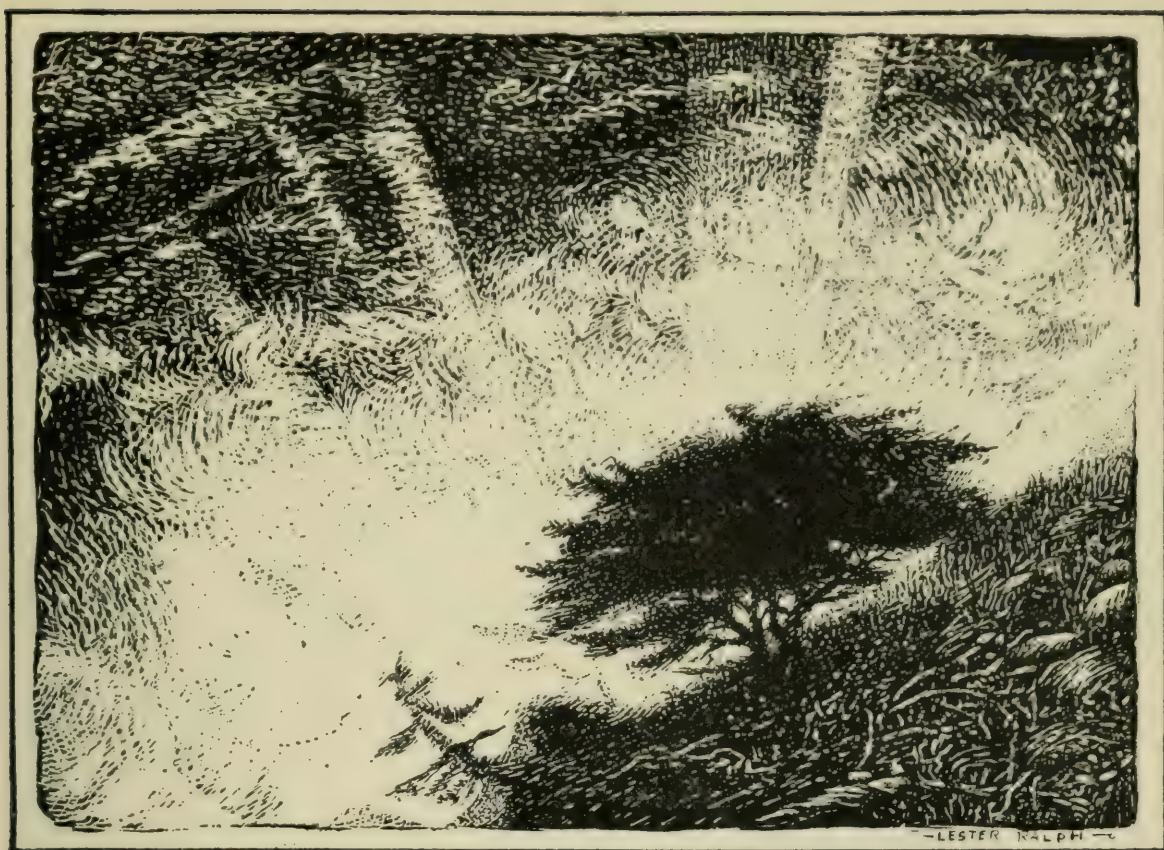
to Spanish example, the teaching of the Huguenots left on his mind abiding and fruitful traces. Hakluyt spread in France the notion that Raleigh was the hope of the Protestant cause in America. In 1586 there came out in Paris, in the French tongue, a collection of all the records of the Florida settlement, including not only Ribaut's narrative, but the reports of Laudonnière and of Gourgues, the avenger of the Huguenot massacre. The Huguenot editor dedicated the book to Raleigh, as the hero of colonial Protestantism. There mingled in those pages tales of adventurous exploits with pregnant comments on the theory and practice of colonization from religious, moral, and economic points of view. A year later Hakluyt published in London his own English translation of this "notable history." Again the dedication was addressed to Raleigh, who was adjured to redress in Virginia the Huguenot failure in Florida.

Meanwhile the Huguenot teaching acquired additional force from chance meetings of Huguenot sailors with Elizabethan adventurers in remote corners of South America. The mutual relations were invariably as cordial as those which distinguished the intercourse of Laudonnière and Sir John Hawkins in Florida in 1564. It was on the Isthmus of Panama that Francis Drake fell in with a Huguenot ship of Havre, whose captain brought him the first pathetic tidings of the St. Bartholomew Massacre and gave him as proof of friendship a pair of pistols and a fair gilt scimeter. At Drake's invitation the Huguenot mariner joined him in an inland exploring raid through the Isthmus of Panama, so unreservedly did French and English Protestants acknowi-

edge the unity of their cause. A quarter of a century later courtesies of like character were exchanged off Brazil by Sir James Lancaster, the adventurous voyager of London, and Captain Noyer, a merchant seaman of Dieppe, both of whom were raiding with Protestant zeal the Portuguese stations of the Brazilian coast. Through the same period Norman pilots of Calvinist sentiment readily found berths on Elizabethan fleets which were bound for the Spanish main. A pilot of Dieppe sailed with Sir John Hawkins in 1565. A pilot of Havre accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh to Guiana thirty years later. The Huguenot message repeatedly passed to the Elizabethan sailor by word of mouth.

It was in the Huguenot spirit that the Puritans of England, when penal legislation drove them from their homes, looked to America for protection and salvation. The vision of religious liberty in the New World was a Huguenot creation. It was slow to acquire stern enough sway over the minds of Englishmen to move them to action. But under stress of events the experiences of English Puritans fell into closer and closer agreement with those of the French Huguenots. Then the word written and spoken in France of the Calvinist colonies did penetrating work in England. The beginnings of New England were cast in the Huguenot mould. The great American project of Puritan England differed from the French schemes in Brazil and Florida neither in motive nor in principle, but in practical achievement and enduring triumph. From the colonial failures of Protestant France flowed the colonial successes of Protestant England.





“INTERMONT”

By John Finley

DECORATIONS BY LESTER RALPH

THE EAST MOUNTAINS

(MORNING)



OVER my mountains the morning is breaking,
 Out of the darkness my day is awaking,
 Day which the yesterdays' myriad dying
 All of their gold would have spent for the buying,
 Day which is mine, without asking, to measure
 All that I will from its infinite treasure.

Mountains, my mountains, fling open your portals,
 Ye who beheld the first day come to mortals,
 Saw the first miracled sky of their seeing,
 Heard the first heavenward cry of their being;
 Let in the hours with their splendors supernal,
 Journeying out of past ages eternal
 Into the other far-stretching forever,
 Bearing the gifts of the ages' endeavor.
 Far have they come to this soul-dwelling planet,
 Seeking my valley of green and of granite;
 Father of Lights, may no shadowing sorrow
 Fall on their path as they go to the morrow.



THE SOUTH MOUNTAINS

(NOON)

OVER my mountains the noontide is burning,
Past their still summits a continent's yearning
Cries to the sky for the gifts of its giving,
Cries for the food and the raiment of living,
Praying for bread with the wheel and the hammer,
Praying for drink with a hoarse-throated clamor,
Praying for light with the lens and the prism,
Praying for faith with the cross and the chrism.

.

Here 'mid my mountains of transfigurations
Would I have builded my lone habitations,
Tents for the friends of my soul, far from others,
Far from the greeds and the woes of my brothers;
Father of Men, give me pardon. Descending
O'er the dun highway, Thy spirit attending,
Back to the streets of the multitude's dwelling
Grateful I go. Do thou give me the telling
Often to those who have not known the glory,
Often to ears that have not heard the story,
Often to eyes that have not seen the vision,
What I have known in this valley Elysian,
Till from the whirring of wheels and their grinding,
Till from the shadows of walls and their blinding,
I shall at eve climb again to these mountains,
Rest in their quiet and drink of their fountains.

THE WEST MOUNTAINS

(EVENING)

OVER my mountains the sunset is glowing,
Yonder the rivers of argent are flowing
Down through the flower-lit fields, and my Vesper
Pales o'er the golden-boughed orchards of Hesper.
Here in my valley the day is declining,
Yonder the sun of a new day is shining,
There is the valley of youth and its questland,
There is the wonderful, ever-far westland.

.

Mountains, I care not to cross your dim ranges
Into the land where the seasons' dread changes
Come not to furrow, or wither, or whiten;
Come not to worry, or torture, or frighten
Youth into age. Not for youth and its gladness,
Not for its heart that has never known sadness,
Not for its strength that has never known tiring,
Not for its boundless undaunted aspiring—
Not for all these would I give what is left me,
If in its giving one friend were bereft me,
If in its giving I lost me the keeping,
Close to my heart till the hour of my sleeping,
What I have loved in my valley of living,
Though I should win me all else in the giving.



THE NORTH MOUNTAINS

OVER my mountains the north light is gleaming,
Back of their shadows a radiance is streaming
Such as they see who behold angel faces
Looking toward God from the infinite spaces,
Bright as the glow of a heaven-held spar-light,
So that I need neither sun nor the starlight,
Need not the light of the moon that remembers
Yesterday's sun in its flickering embers,
Need not the fires which the mountains are starting
Likewise to keep at my spirit's departing.

Listen, the night winds their complines are saying—
Down through the trails of the forests they're praying
Sleep to the eyes that are reddened with weeping,
Cheer to the hearts that lone vigils are keeping,
Rest to the feet that are tired with the faring,
Peace to the souls that are torn with the caring.

Fill me a cup from the brook by the birches,
Grail of my eager, long-wandering searches;
Share we a crust—our last supper together—
Comrade through fairest and roughest of weather;
Bind on my breast the red flower of the tourney,
Then I go forth with my Guide on the journey
Where He may lead through the Notch steep and narrow
Into the woodland of white where no arrow
Points the way back, and no star gives its guiding
Back to the valley of life's loved abiding.

THE HAT TRICK

By Churchill Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL



MY name is George Cuthbert, and I am on the pay-roll of a large retail jewelry firm, though you would never guess that unless you had a daughter married, or celebrated your silver wedding, or something of that sort. Even then, when I presented myself at your house in frock-coat or evening clothes you probably would pay me the compliment of momentarily doubting my introduction. For I do not look my part, and whatever success I have achieved is due partly to the offices of a good tailor, partly to an inheritance of gentle blood some way back in the family of which I am rather proud. Yet, for all that, I am a detective and my particular business it is to watch over wedding presents and the like while they are on display in your house.

A "near" detective, some of the facetious among my profession dub me, in derisive reference to the apparently passive nature of my duties and to the inexpertness as criminals of most of those against whom I pit myself. But, though my job usually calls for no greater physical exertion than holding down a chair in some inconspicuous corner or strolling among well-dressed people and showing a casual interest in grandfather clocks, impracticable vases, silverware, crystal, and piles of painted china, I am always busy hearing and seeing things which I am not supposed to hear or see, and maybe, putting these together and pulling them apart again in an effort to keep myself from being fooled by my ears and eyes. For in my business there is nothing to be mistrusted more than those same obvious deductions by which the detective at large often fortifies the indications of circumstantial evidence. There is no person, as my experience shows, upon whose countenance guilt frequently is writ so large as the unthinking individual suddenly apprised of the fact that his or her innocent examination of one of Mary's wedding gifts is being watched by a strange man. And there is

nothing easier than to mistake the wealthiest or most aristocratic old lady or gentleman for someone who has no right at all in such company, so seldom do the outward and visible signs of virtue agree with those of money or pedigree. My part it is to pick out the one and occasional offender from among the hundred habitually honest men and women—an offender, too, who presents to suspicious observation the very articles of identity, behavior, and dress which have just served as passport at the front door. Moreover, for me to make a single slip is fatal; no explanation explains, no apology atones for an error on my part, whether of omission or commission. And—but I think you will see that there are difficulties in my position, and that my post calls for something besides an acceptable presence and a cultivated appreciation of luxurious surroundings and pretty girls.

Of what I accomplish—ah! there's the rub! There is relatively little that is spectacular in my part; the newspapers are the last places in the world where anything about me must appear. And negative evidence, as I have learned, is not always convincing. Perhaps, then, as it will do no harm, I cannot better illustrate what sometimes falls my way than tell you of the wedding at the Anthony Tromwells, and of the problem I was there called on to settle—all within an hour and with no chance to get at the primary facts except through hearsay.

Tromwell wasn't his name, but it will do as well as any other for the banker whose daughter had been married that evening at six o'clock, and whose wedding reception filled the big house on the avenue. There had been plenty of toasting and fun-making, and it was after ten o'clock when the last carriage rolled away and the older members of the two families, eight in all, picked their way across the flower- and rice-strewn hall to the small breakfast-room in the rear, where a table awaited them with the butler in attendance. From my post in a room near the head of the first landing I faintly

heard them joking about their weariness, then an intervening door was closed, and the house was quiet except for the movements and whispered gossip of the maids straightening up the rooms about me.

It was my lazy hour, and, with eyes half closed, I was enjoying the prospect of one of Mr. Tromwell's excellent cigars, when the electric lights about me lost their incandescence and the room was in darkness.

Instantly I rose to my feet and moved to the doorway, standing across its threshold and blocking entrance to the room. Looking through a window, I noted that the street lamps, too, had failed, showing that the loss of light was accidental. Still, I remained in the doorway. But nothing happened, and, when, after half a minute, the lamps flashed up again, I was the only one in the room and a long look at the tables made me sure that none of

the gifts had been disturbed. I returned to my chair, and fifteen minutes, perhaps, had passed when I heard a door below sharply opened and my own name called by Mr. Tromwell. His voice was very even, obviously restrained in view of the fact that he was calling me himself when servants were plenty; and I was at the head of the stairs almost at once. He stood in the doorway of the breakfast-room and beckoned me to come down. I did so, wondering and just a bit apprehensive of what champagne and the spirit of the evening might have suggested to him as a joke. But it was no joke; that I saw immediately I entered the room.

It was a square room of moderate size, and lighted with softly shaded incandescent globes. In its centre was a round table of mahogany, now bare of cloth, and on this were a partly demolished plateau of fruit

with plates of nuts, wine-glasses, a flagon of Burgundy, and a flask of cordial. The chairs about the table had been pushed back. Five of them were still occupied by ladies, among whom I recognized Mrs. Tromwell. Three chairs were empty, and for these Mr. Tromwell and two elderly men who stood back of them accounted.

Mr. Tromwell had closed the door behind

him, locking it as my ears informed me, and now came forward. "This is Mr. Cuthbert," he said to the rest, and went on, after an instant's pause in which I noticed his throat working spasmodically: "Mr. Cuthbert, there has been an accident—a rather unusual accident, in a way. One of the ladies has lost a jewel—she believes, within the past twenty minutes. As we have all looked for it vainly, at my suggestion we have called you down. You see, it is—well, a very valu-

able jewel—a large ruby, and, I suppose we are all a little overstrained. Anyhow, we haven't been able to find it, though we've hunted everywhere and done everything that suggested itself. Of course, it's absurd—the ruby is somewhere in the room and we have overlooked it. The point is—it *must* be found. So we ask you to find it, if you can, and——" he looked at me significantly—"find it as quickly as possible. There are reasons, you will understand, why none of us should leave this room until—that is why no one else should enter the room—a servant, for instance—until it *is* found. The ruby was missed a minute or so after the lights went out; Mrs. Campion is sure it was in her tiara a few minutes earlier. I had dismissed Treadwell, my butler, a little while before that, and I am absolutely sure, as are we all, that no one was in the room at the



"The point is—it *must* be found."



ALONZO KIMBALL

What I learned from their answers did not help me much.—Page 691.

time except ourselves. I am sure of this, because an oil-lamp burns in the hall and the pantry is lighted by gas, and while it was dark I happened to notice the streaks of light under both doors. Had they been opened by anyone—— But—well, that is all, except that you are to go ahead, do what you see fit, and ask whatever questions you wish. We are all agreed on that, I believe?" He looked at the others, and I observed no sign of dissent.

But my own face, if expressive of my feelings, must have indicated a decided distaste for the task set me. In point of fact, the wish uppermost in my mind was that I had never seen the inside of Mr. Tromwell's house; for already it was patent to me that the chances of my coming out of the experi-

ence with anything but discredit were about one to ten. Why did I feel that way? You will laugh at me, but it remains so. From the moment Mr. Tromwell ceased speaking and I let my glance travel over his guests I was pretty sure of one thing. The ruby had not been lost; it had been stolen, and stolen by somebody still in the room. This extraordinary suggestion which may have been born, in my own case, of the atmosphere of tense nerves and the despatch with which I was summoned to the room, I distinctly perceived reflected in the faces of those about me. Just how this expressed itself so definitely I cannot say, but it was there. These people were uneasy; they avoided looking at one another. It was plain they shared a common suspicion, to

which not one of them would give name or direction, and yet each instinctively knew that he was suspected by the rest. But at *me* they did look, and it was that which warned me of danger ahead. I had been brought down to try to find the ruby. It was my business to find it. I must ask questions to do so. They foresaw that. Of what else I would do they had a very hazy, but very uncomfortable apprehension. And because of this and of what might result, already they were putting themselves in an attitude of defence—of defiance. Under such circumstances it was plain that I could expect but very little help from them. Also—and this is what concerned me personally the most—it was perfectly plain that, whether or not I found the ruby, I would probably earn their everlasting ill-will in trying to find it. If I failed to find it, each of them would continue to suspect the others and blame me for the suspicion. If I fixed upon the thief I would be held responsible for putting the brand upon one to whom they were bound by ties of blood and affection.

But it was too late for me to retreat, and inaction would do me no good. The best I could do was to go ahead and play for time; perhaps circumstance might accomplish for me what I balked at doing myself. So, because it was obviously the first move (though it was to be an empty performance, as, I believe, they also foresaw), I asked them all to move to the end of the room while I made a search. The result of twenty minutes of

this sort of thing, in which I twice went over every square inch of the floor, as well as the table and chairs, was only to tighten the nerves of us all and bring the crisis closer; and, as I straightened up and pretended to be busy picking a bit of fluff from my trousers, I felt rather than heard the intake of breath with which my watchers prepared themselves against what they anticipated would be my next move.

But for any suggestion of a search of their persons I was no more ready than I was inclined, and that is saying that I refused to consider it even privately. Before I did that—well, I was prepared to do a good many other things. So I asked them separately to tell me what they could remember of the few minutes immediately preceding and following the discovery of the jewel's loss; and I gave them the idea that the fact that a hit-or-miss hunt had failed only showed that the search must be gone at more systematically.

What I learned from their answers, however, did not help me much. They were alike sure that the ruby had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara, and that it was missed a few minutes



A glass raised to her lips.—Page 694.

after the lights had flashed up again. Also they were certain that no one but themselves had been in the room during the interval. Most of the rest of what they said I was convinced was borrowed of their wishes, or colored by their individual temperaments.

Mrs. Campion, a stout, elderly and, except for her rings and the tiara, rather se-



I kept my gaze upon the face of each one as he or she advanced.—Page 695.

verely dressed lady, whose extreme pallor was accented by two bright spots at the cheek-bones, contributed the only suggestive information. When the lights went out, she said, she was leaning forward and slightly toward a Mr. Crane, who sat on her left. Startled at the sudden darkness, she had straightened up and dropped both hands upon the arms of her chair; an instant afterward, she thought, she felt a slight tug at her hair, but to this, at the time, she had paid no attention. Indeed, she hastened to add, she had not recalled the impression until the present moment.

I had questioned Mrs. Champion the last of all, and I had purposely avoided showing any interest in the tiara to which the ruby had been attached. But her mention of that tug at her hair made it unwise, if not impracticable, for me to do so any longer. I asked to be allowed to examine the tiara. The moment it was in my hand the absurdity of the theory that the jewel had been accidentally shaken loose became too plain to be entertained even for the temporary ease of mind of the party. The ornament was somewhat oddly fashioned. It was of finely wrought gold and supported two

slender sprays of diamonds of moderate size but excellent value. Between these the ruby had swung in a stout arch of gold by a thin, gold, split ring; and this ring, luckily, still remained in place. But now it was split in *two* places—once where the jeweller had opened and closed it to fasten the setting of the jewel in position, again where it was severed, as if by some edge not overly sharp which had sheared through it unevenly, leaving a gap of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch.

So much I took in at a glance, and it did not particularly surprise me. Nor do I think a muscle quivered in my face. At least, there was nothing in my voice which would have encouraged those about me to think that the tiara had revealed anything. Nevertheless, it was very much in my mind to wish I could inspect the pocket-knives in the room, and particularly those pocket-knives which might be fitted with nail-scissors, if stout ones. That, however, being out of the question just yet, I turned once more to the room, and, with what had just been told me, reconstructed for myself a picture of the party around the table as it must have looked at the moment the lights went out.

The room had but two windows, which, as I had assured myself, were locked on the inside. I therefore dismissed finally from my mind the idea that the ruby had been stolen by someone not now in the room. A massive sideboard, a serving-table behind a shoulder-high, three-fold, leather screen in one corner, and the dining-table, with the chairs, were its only furniture. The table, now pushed back, had stood in the centre of the room. Mr. Tromwell had sat with his back toward the door into the hallway; Mrs. Tromwell, with her back toward the only other door, which was partly behind the screen and opened into the pantry. On Mrs. Tromwell's right had sat a Mr. Crane, the father of the bridegroom; and at his right hand had been seated Mrs. Campion. It was toward this Mr. Crane that Mrs. Campion said she had been turned when the lights went out; and it was Mr. Crane who specially interested me at this moment. For, other things being equal, and so they appeared to be, it was the persons who had been seated on either side of Mrs. Campion during those few seconds of darkness who would have had the best, if not the only chance, of securing the ruby without attracting the attention of the rest of the table; and it was the person on Mrs. Campion's left who would have been in a position to use his right hand to most advantage in reaching around and above her shoulder in doing this. Decidedly there were reasons why Mr. Crane should interest me.

And yet, as I looked at the man, tall, gray-haired, sober-faced, perhaps sixty, and recalled his honorable career as a merchant and his rating in Bradstreet's, I was almost for laughing at myself. Thinkable motive in his case there was none, and every dictate of common sense, every rule of life, should have restrained him. If it had not been that these same conditions and precisely the same argument applied with equal force to each and every one of his fellow-guests, I am sure I would have eliminated Mr. Crane from the calculation without a further thought.

As it was, in a sort of stubborn rebellion against the logic of the situation, and with no thought save to stave off a little longer the confession of my failure which seemed inevitable, I knelt once more at the spot where Mrs. Campion had sat, pretending

to examine the floor. And then it was that I chanced upon my first real clue.

I was bending down, one hand resting on the table, my eyes lowered, when my fingers encountered something hard and metallic on the mahogany surface. It had an unfamiliar feel, and, as I rose, I casually glanced at it. It was a pair of grape-scissors, silver mounted, and, for an instant, my grasp loosened. Then a remembrance of that severed link of gold in the tiara leaped to my mind, and I covered the scissors, and presently walked over to the screen, on the excuse of looking at the door to the pantry. Under an electric light over the serving-table, unobserved, I examined the scissors; and on the cutting edge of one of the blades, near its end, I found a tiny flake of color, scarcely more than a stain, yet unmistakably a particle of gold. At the first touch it was brushed from the steel, drifted to the floor, and was lost. But I had seen it. That was enough for me just then.

I had found the scissors lying in front of where Mr. Crane had been seated; but that might mean much or nothing at all; for whatever was on the table doubtless had been moved many times in the last three-quarters of an hour. Therefore, I dismissed the connection from my mind and tried to hit upon a plan by which I could make use of what seemed sure—that the scissors had been used by the thief. But here I was confronted by the same difficulty which had hampered me all along. To disclose what I had just found was to declare my belief in a theft—and that was not to be considered. I came from behind the screen almost ready to acknowledge that I could not find the jewel, and to make my apologies and retreat as quickly as possible.

They were all looking at me, the same anxious question in their faces, and I was trying for the words which should release me when my glance wandered from Mr. Tromwell, who stood at the end of the table, to the lady who sat next to him. She had been leaning back in the chair, but now her head was craned forward, and I saw her eyes widen as, for an instant, they fixed themselves, not upon my face, but, apparently, upon my right hand, which hung by my side. Then, with a wrench which I could not miss, she controlled herself and smiled faintly, as she looked up at her host.

For a moment afterward I was motion-

less; and, to be quite frank, what I did then was prompted rather by impulse than by reason, though afterward it was plain enough to me. But, whatever its inspiration, the move was effective. I walked down the room and, as I came close to the table, paused and laid my closed hand upon it. When I lifted it the scissors lay before the woman who had been staring at them. It was done with all the carelessness I could assume, and, I dare say, no one but she noticed that I had done it at all, or that the scissors lay there.

But she noticed it; and she knew I had deliberately done it, and that the scissors were intended to carry a message to her. Her back was toward me, but her face would have served me scarcely better; for the struggle between fright and the effort to restrain it was palpable in the convulsive movement of her head and shoulders. I have seen a good many frightened people, but this was a palsy which made me forget everything else for the moment in my pity for her, and dread lest others should observe it. Partly to cover her misery, partly to give her wits the chance to help her out of the straits she was in, as I hoped they would, I stepped back and turned on Mr. Tromwell with a question. "Is Mrs. Campion absolutely certain that the ruby is not caught in some fold of her gown?" I asked. "The longer I think of it," I added, "the more likely it seems to me that that is where it is, after all."

Mrs. Campion spoke up for herself promptly. She was very certain the ruby was not where I suggested. She called my attention to the fact that her gown was close-fitting to the neck and almost without lace or loose trimming. The other ladies who had aided her in the examination of her gown and hair were equally positive that the jewel was not concealed there.

"Then," I said, "it seems to me that almost surely it must still be caught in some fold of the clothing of those who sat next to her. It is certainly not on the floor. And what is left? The sideboard—the ceiling—the walls? Those are hardly likely places——"

Mr. Crane, contriving a laugh which was altogether miserable, interrupted me. "I never knew it before," he said; "but I am beginning to wonder if, after all, I am not, unknown to myself, a magician in disguise;

or perhaps my *alter ego* was at work while we sat there in the dark and got in his fine hand with that ruby. Who knows? I don't. At any rate, I insist on the point being settled, and right now. I want to be searched and searched thoroughly—by an expert. Mr. Cuthbert——"

He had spoken with an effort, for all the lightness of his tone, and his words came slowly. But for my part I had hardly heard them; for every sense had been busy with something going on back of him, back of all of them but the woman whom I pitied. She had risen from her chair as I made my last suggestion to Mr. Tromwell, and moved toward the end of the room. It was as if she was going to speak to her hostess, and, at first, I thought this was her intention. But in front of the sideboard she paused, and I saw her hand outreached. Then she tilted her head a little, and I caught a glimpse of a glass raised to her lips. The light struck out flashes of deep red from the facets of its cutting. And on the instant I knew where the ruby had been and—where it was now. There were seven glasses on the table—three of them with a remnant of wine still in them; four of them partly emptied of the almost colorless liqueur they had held. But at the place on Mrs. Campion's right there was no glass of any kind, though a tiny red stain there showed where one had been. In that glass, concealed by the wine, the ruby must have rested while we searched. And now—now it had just passed from the glass to the mouth of the woman who had been seated there.

My pity for the woman almost changed to disgust as I realized this; for with twenty chances to drop the jewel on the floor so that I might pick it up and declare it found, she had done, it seemed, the one thing which made it most difficult to avoid complicating her. And yet, almost as quickly, I understood why she had done it. The theft of the ruby had been the act of an impulse; the temptation to secure what in her eyes was one of the most beautiful and desirable things in the world had carried away her senses. Her person, glittering with diamonds, advertised her ruling passion; and splendid as these jewels of hers were, none of them, from what I know of rubies, was probably anything like as valuable as the stone which had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara. Of that splendid stone she probably

had been envious for a long time. Of it she had been thinking when suddenly the lights went out, and—— She had come to her senses when it was too late, and, in her extremity, her wits had deserted her. To her there had not seemed to be any way out; and the sight of those scissors and my aimless mention of the sideboard had turned her fright to blind desperation. Now—— Curiously enough the thing which I said to myself at this point was: “You drove her to that move; she’s gone to pieces; you’ve got to help her out.”

But Mr. Crane had walked around the table, and evidently expected me to carry out his demand to be cleared. “It’s the first time, Mr. Cuthbert,” he said, “that you’ve been called on to expose a magician, I suppose?”

I fell in with his spirit of jocularly. “The very first time,” I said. “It’s usually been the other way with me. I am something of an amateur magician myself. Still I’ll try——”

So suddenly that, when I recovered myself, it was to see them staring at me, I checked myself there, smitten with an idea which, for all its grotesqueness, was an inspiration. And, more slowly I repeated: “Of course, I’ll try what I can do. That is, if you’ll let me do it my own way,” I added.

“By all means,” Mr. Crane returned. “I’m at your service. Begin.”

“Very well,” I said. “But not with *you*. With Mr. Tromwell, if he is willing.”

Mr. Tromwell’s brows came together. “I don’t quite understand this, Mr. Cuthbert,” he said; “but—if—if——”

“It may not amount to anything,” I put in quickly. “But it may be— At any rate, have I your permission to go ahead?”

He nodded, and I did not wait for the warning which I saw was almost on his lips. “One moment,” I explained, and, unlocking the door, passed into the hall. On a table there were several silk hats. I picked up one and returned to the room. At the far end I took my stand.

“If you please,” I said, “this trick you have all doubtless seen before, but never done in just the way I do it. It is a variation of my own, and it requires the assistance of everyone in the room. I have named it ‘The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.’ Mr. Tromwell, will you kindly go behind that screen at the other end of the room and remain there till I call you. When I do call

you are to come out with your right hand clenched tightly and held at the full length of your arm in front of you. Then walk straight to me, put your hand down into this hat until it almost touches the bottom, and open it. Afterward, please take your stand over there by the door. And, remember, if the thing is to be successful, not a word must be spoken by anyone while the trick is in progress. Now, if you please!”

Mr. Tromwell walked behind the screen; I snatched two napkins from the table and, dropping one into the bottom of the hat, covered its upturned brim with the other, completely concealing its interior. Then, at my call, Mr. Tromwell came out, and, thrusting his hand beneath the enveloping napkin, did as directed. Mr. Crane came next; the ladies followed. There was some little smothered laughing, but the strain was still upon the party.

I had kept my gaze upon the face of each one as he or she advanced toward me with outstretched hand, and so when, at last, it was the turn of the woman with the diamonds, for a moment I held her eyes. They faltered and she was very pale, but in them was a question; and in mine, I believe, she read the answer she wanted. At any rate, there was at her lips, as she slid her hand beneath the napkin, a quivering twitch which warned me, if I would save her, to be quick.

As she turned away, I laid the hat, still covered with the napkin, upon the table. “In all legerdemain,” I said, “the odd factor must be in the magician’s favor. It is that which enables him to win. So it must be in this experiment. I have hunted for the missing jewel, perhaps, more thoroughly than any of you. I have had my opportunity to find it; and with this opportunity my—temptations. Who knows but what I did find it—upon the floor or—somewhere, and now have it? That chance you must allow to remain a—chance. But this is the trick of ‘The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.’ So——”

I slipped my clenched right hand into the hat and brought it out swiftly. The hat I overturned upon the table and drew away the napkins.

There was an instant’s silence and the craning forward of heads; then a gasp of astonishment, an applauding laugh from the men, and from the women a little cry of delight—from all but one woman.

BETWEEN THE HARBOR AND THE HILL

By Grace Duffield Goodwin

BETWEEN the harbor and the hill
The dead folk lie, serene and still;
Wise with the wonder of the sea,
They fearless face Eternity.

Beneath the sunset and the star
Where naught but peace and silence are,
They lie who make no haste to go
From this good earth that loved them so;
Full well content they seem to be
Within the calling of the sea.

Above their dreaming falls the dew,
Across their sleep strong, faring wings
Wake the old gladness that they knew
In days of far adventurings.
Not Heaven itself shall teach them yet
That those are blessed who forget.

Between the harbor and the hill
The earth that bore them holds them still;
The memoried sea draws closer yet,
Until each grave with mist is wet,
Beneath whose silver sheltering fold
Lies the long year's unreckoned gold.

Peace, soul that weeps—you could be still
Between the harbor and the hill;
Peace, soul that strives—you could be free
Below the hill, beside the sea.
No softer grave, no deeper tomb—
O fisher-folk, make room—make room!





Osprey spreading wings for flight.
(Spread, 5 feet 6 inches.)

THE AMERICAN OSPREY AS A GUEST

By Ernest Harold Baynes

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



DURING the summer of 1898, when the Spanish-American War was at its height, the Third Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, in which I was a private, lay in Niantic, preparing for duty at the front. Naturally there was little chance for the study of ornithology, but there were two birds which no one could fail to notice, no matter how busy he might

be. One was the whippoorwill, whose plaintive call we heard above the camp, as we lay in our tents after "taps" had sounded, or, when on guard, we paced silently in the moonlight. The other bird was the fish-

hawk or osprey, who winged his way across the parade-ground while we were drilling, and whom we saw, wheeling high above the Niantic River, when we went down to swim. Sometimes, between drills, I would steal away from the bustling camp for an hour to watch this great hawk plunging into the blue water for fish, and I fancy I felt as delighted as he did when I saw him arise, wet but triumphant, and after shaking the glittering spray from his plumage, square away across the white camp with his prey, which he invariably carried in a line with his body and head foremost, that it might offer the least resistance to the wind. I loved the bird for his courage, his skill, and his picturesque beauty, but more than all, perhaps, for his wild, whistling call, a call which harmonizes with the ocean, with the sound of a north-east wind through the rigging of a ship, or with the roar of surf when it breaks upon the rocks.



In the clouds.

ing, and walked across country to the abode of this celebrity, a cottage near the water, at the edge of a great salt-marsh. After working my way through a scratch pack of barking dogs, I was met at the doorway by a tall, broad-shouldered young man of

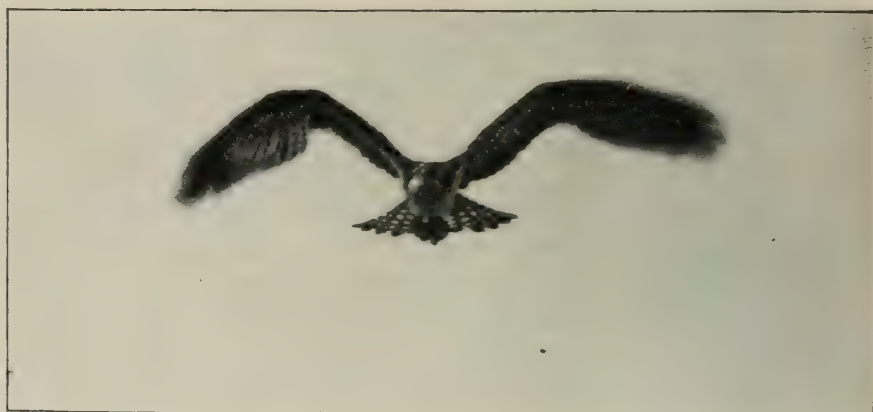


Osprey soaring

I made up my mind that if fate ever brought me near Niantic in time of peace I would pay a visit to the osprey in his own home.

My opportunity came in July several years ago. I arrived at Lyme on the evening of the 9th, and began inquiries concerning the fish-hawks which nested in the vicinity.

Everyone knew the birds well, and seemed proud of the osprey's long residence in Lyme, but for some time I could get no definite information concerning the whereabouts of an occupied nest. At last I heard of a man who lived far beyond the outskirts of the village, and who spent his time between poaching and stealing boats. His first name was "Tom" and we'll call the last one "Warren," and it was said that he knew every fish-hawk's nest within a radius of ten miles. I was up at daylight next morn-



Osprey flying.

about thirty-five, with a sun-burned face and a shock of curly red hair. His gray eye was as clear as a falcon's; it was the kind of an eye you'd hate to see looking at you along the sights of a rifle. But it was a merry eye, for all that, and sparkled with the health which comes with an open-air life.

"So you want to see a fish-hawk's nest?"

"Very much, indeed," I answered.

"Eggs or young ones?"

"Young ones; I wish to study their habits."

"Can you climb?" looking me over from head to foot and back again.

I admitted that I could.

"Then you'll need to," was the curt rejoinder.

He then proceeded to direct me to a lonely spot on the shore, some five miles away, where he said there was a fish-hawk's nest containing young ones which should be old enough to take. I followed his directions most carefully; crossed the bridge, took the second road to the right, struck into the woods at the fifth elm-tree and followed the foot-path until I came to the water. Thence I was to walk for two miles along the shore until I came to a clump of three oak-trees, and the first oak beyond that contained the nest.

In half an hour I came in sight of the oaks, and a moment later, a long-drawn, whistling cry called my attention to an os-

prey, homeward bound across the water. As I approached, another hawk, doubtless the mate, joined the first one, and both

birdsswung in wide circles far above me, uttering plaintive notes. Presently I reached the tree containing the nest, a vigorous oak, standing some fifty yards above high-water mark. The nest, a huge affair, built chiefly of sticks, rested in the solid branches some forty feet from the ground. The parent birds became more and more excited, and hovered close above the tree-top. One of them had a fish in her claws, a mackerel, judging from the size and shape, and in her excitement she dropped it. But it never

reached the earth, for like a plummet the bird fell through the air, with great dexterity caught up the shining prize and bore it aloft in her strong black talons.

I now began to climb the tree, not a diffi-



A young osprey.



An osprey over water.

cult task, after all, at least until the nest itself was reached. This huge structure was four feet in diameter and five feet in height, and getting to the top of it was like climbing round a globe from the under side. The problem was solved by pulling out a few sticks, enabling me to get a foothold. As I raised myself over the edge I found two fierce-looking young ospreys, which though as large as pullets and well feathered, lay on the flat floor of the nest, their necks stretched out in front of them. They reminded me of the griffins we see in ancient picture-books. They were not as savage as they looked, and made no resistance when I lifted them up and put them in a sack brought on purpose. I tied a cord about the mouth of the sack, and lowered the young birds to the ground. Meanwhile, the old hawks, instead of attacking me as they sometimes will, seemed to realize that the game was up, and soared away, higher and

higher, uttering farewell cries. I came down, shouldered my sack and set off for the station. We had a long railroad journey before us, and it was not until night that we made a stop long enough to enable me to get my charges some food. Unfortunately it was so late that all the stores were closed, so I went to a hotel, and bought a large portion of halibut, raw. On my return to the train I brought my young hawks out and fed them on the seat, much to the amusement of the other passengers in the car. One of the birds, the larger of the two, ate greedily, snatching the food from my hand, but the other refused to eat unless the fish was put into his mouth, when he swallowed it readily enough.

When we reached home I erected for my guests a large nest of oak boughs and leaves on the ground in the garden, making it as nearly like their old home as possible with the materials at hand. For several days the



An osprey's wings half-closed after flapping



Ospreys watching an enemy.

youngsters spent most of their time lying still, with necks extended and heads prone on the floor of the nest. When they saw anyone coming with food they staggered to their feet, quacking very much like ducks, but in a hoarser tone, sinking to rest again as soon as their hunger was appeased. Their wings were very long even at this age, and so heavy that the little fellows had not strength enough to hold them up, and they hung to the ground when the birds were on their feet.

The appetites of the young hawks increased rapidly, and in a few days they easily managed three and a half and four pounds of solid fish a day between them. At first we used to cut the meat in cubes and feed the birds by hand, but it was not long before they were able to tear up a whole fish for themselves. They often began by picking out the eyes, perhaps because those organs were conspicuous and easily removed. They held their food in their claws, and usually, before seizing any part of it, they would finger it, so to speak, with their bills, as though feeling for a good hold. When very hungry they would pounce upon the fish, raise their crests and lower their wings and tail to the ground, as though to protect themselves against possible robbery, often screaming lustily between the mouth-

fuls. They would tear off large pieces, jerk them backward into the throat and swallow them. They ate every part of a fish except the harder bones. Tough pieces were removed by a steady upward pull, and the ends of bones were twisted off with a pivotal movement such as a man would use to draw a nail with a pair of pincers. When they had finished a meal they cleaned their bills by thrusting them into the nesting material and turning them from side to side as one would force an awl into wood. Later, they ejected the bones and other indigestible particles in the form of pellets.

As they grew stronger they became able to hold their long wings in place at their sides. They also began to exercise their wings by flapping them steadily in front of their bodies for several seconds at a time, meanwhile rising on their toes. Later, when performing this wing exercise, they would keep jumping up and down, as though testing the strength of their pinions. During a rain-storm also they would flap their wings violently at frequent intervals, and thus keep their plumage comparatively dry. They had one habit which I never accounted for to my satisfaction. When any new or interesting object came in sight they would crane their necks, not forward, but rapidly from side to side, their heads moving in a

horizontal straight line. It occurred to me that this movement might be necessary in order to get the proper focus.

The larger of the two birds easily maintained his lead, being always stronger and more savage; the other was of a much gen-

harder and harder, and soon arose into the air. He flew away for half a mile, then wheeled and flew back over our heads and clean out of sight beyond a piece of woodland. Thinking he might have alighted within a mile or two, we spent the afternoon

in looking for him, but without success, and we returned, never expecting to see him again. Next day, however, as my brother was walking through a wood not far from the house, he heard the well-known voice of the bird, and looking up, saw him perched in an oak-tree. He was hungry, and seeing a friend whom he recognized, called loudly for food. As soon as I heard he was found, I ran over and climbed the tree, but the bird was on such a thin twig that it was impossible to get near him. So I shook the branch and he flew away again, my brother following and endeavoring to keep him in sight. After flying about a mile the hawk alighted on the rocky summit of a hill, whither we hied as fast as our legs would carry us. We soon found him walking about, and stretching his neck as though contemplating another flight. I approached gently, imitating as nearly as I could the quacking sound made by the bird himself. He allowed me to pick him up, and we carried him home for further study. It turned out afterward that we had been closely watched by two little girls, who learned for the first time, per-



Looking up from his dinner.

tlar disposition. Being fishermen by birth, we named them respectively Izaak Walton and Grover Cleveland, two famous members of the same brotherhood.

When their wings were thoroughly developed, we began to take the hawks off into the fields to experiment with them and photograph them. One day we had them out in this way, when "Walton," who was perched on the extremity of a branch of a dead tree, made his first attempt to fly; it was exactly three weeks from the day I took the birds from the nest. At first he sank toward the ground, but finding that he could hold his own, he worked his wings

haps, that it is not always necessary to put salt on a bird's tail in order to catch it. Soon afterward they met a farmer, whom they knew was in the habit of shooting hawks, and explained to him how much easier it was to catch them alive. "All you have to do when you see a big hawk," said one of the little girls, "is to walk along toward him, saying, 'quack, quack, quack,' and pick him right up."

A few days later we had the hawks out again, and again "Walton" flew away. As we were returning without him, my brother remarked, "What a joke it would be if we found him on his perch in the garden when



Osprey tearing a fish.

we got home." This was the most unlikely possibility we could think of, yet there we found the hawk, tearing to pieces the remains of a fish. Nor did he attempt to fly away when we approached, so we decided that he should have his liberty, and stay or go as he pleased. For the next few days, however, we kept the other hawk tethered with a strap to his leg, thinking that his presence might be an inducement for the free bird to remain. But we soon set him at liberty also, and ever since these birds have been more tame than domestic poultry. They roost on the chimney, and come down every day for the fish which we always have ready for them. If not annoyed they eat their food in their old nest or on a near-by perch, allowing any of us to walk up and literally slap them on the back. If a stranger appears, however, they raise their crests, their body feathers bristle with anger, and if he persists in approaching they will seize their fish with one foot and fly with it to the chimney, to a neighbor's windmill, or to some convenient dead tree.

The hawks have many visitors, among them red-shouldered, Cooper's, and sharp-shinned hawks, which hover above the house, attracted by the cries of the ospreys, which no longer quack like ducks, but have the piercing call of the adult bird. Sometimes they are attacked by a king-bird, or swooped at by swallows, but beyond raising their heads to follow the movements of these pigmies, they pay no attention to their impudence. The fierce cries of the hawks themselves, however, are highly alarming to some of the other birds. Neighbors' chickens often fly to cover when the hawks are on the wing, and a parrot whose cage is in the window of a house nearby throws herself on the floor and shrieks in an agony of fear whenever one of the ospreys sweeps over the roof. One day a boy came into my garden with a tame crow, and a fish-hawk, happening to fly over at the time, the crow flew squawking through an open door into the cellar.

One day my wife saw "Walton" make an unsuccessful attempt to catch a fish in a

pond near the house, and next morning, when I saw him sail away in the direction of the water, I followed and arrived in time to see him make another plunge. His tactics were similar to those employed by old and experienced ospreys, but the execution was clumsy. After sailing over the pond for a few minutes, he evidently caught sight of a fish, for he paused, flapped his wings to steady himself, and then dropped into the water. But it was the attempt of a tyro, and of course the fish escaped. The hawk disappeared, and when he came to the surface he struggled vainly to rise from the water. Then he seemed to give it up, and so afraid was I that he might drown, that I threw off my coat and prepared to go to his rescue. The next moment, however, he made a mighty effort and arose dripping wet and flew to his old roost on the chim-

ney, where he flapped his wings and spread them out to dry in the sun.

In a few days both hawks became more expert, and now they frequently catch perch and other fish in the ponds and lakes within a few miles of the house. But they still remember a certain little garden where fish may be had by simply screaming for it, and whenever their luck has been poor, back they come and shriek from the house-top until someone appears with their food. They allow us to approach and pick them up at any time, but when feeding "Walton" sometimes strikes savagely right and left with his great bill.

We have often flown them like homing pigeons, for short distances, and they invariably come back. Several times we have taken them up on to the hills and after releasing them watched them sailing homeward through the sun-lighted valleys below.



Osprey exerting great strength to tear off a tough morsel of fish.



THE AVALANCHE

By Robert Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I



HE moonlight stealing in from behind Lefroy touched the folds of the glacier at the base of Mount Victoria. Momentarily the uncertain white light spread until it lay across the majestic bosom of Victoria itself, and the broad snow-fields of the upper slopes glowed icily above the winding glacier. The little lake to which the glacier swept downward was as yet half in the shadow of Victoria and half rippled magically under the breath of evening air. All else was black—the encircling lower hills at left and right which held in their arms the lake, the fir-covered southern rim through which the river rushed noisily into the valley below.

To the group of people on the veranda of the mountain hotel, which stood by the river-mouth of the little lake, the scene presented itself as heart-shaped with the apex at the glowing snow-field of Mount Victoria, four miles away and six thousand feet above in the heavens. Between the sheer preci-

pices of this peak and the sloping flanks of Lefroy there flowed the silver stream of the glacier, like the body of a gleaming serpent.

In the rare night air human voices seemed to die; whatever sounded on the margin of the lake was swallowed by the silence of the mountains.

"That must be our guide now," one of the two men remarked, pointing to a figure at the edge of the water a few rods away. "Hey, Hans, come here!" he shouted.

There was something ugly in the sound of the human voice. The man repeated his call impatiently. The figure by the lake turned, looked up at the hotel, and slowly, with hands in pockets, sauntered toward the veranda.

"Damned independent, these Swiss guides!" the man who had called muttered. "I say, Hans!"

But the heavy figure did not change its gait. When the guide reached the veranda he placed his broad hands on the railing and looked stolidly at the group. His face was young, smooth-shaven, with grave eyes and large, intelligent features.

"Hans!" the gentleman exclaimed quickly. "We mean to do the Pass to-morrow, and Pelican, too, if the day is fine. They told you in the office?"

"Ja," Hans answered, unmoved, "they told me all right. Who go-es?"

"This gentleman here, Mr. Greenhow, and my wife."

"A woman?" the guide questioned, in his soft, even tones. "No, it cannot be—without another guide—not to Pelican, I thi-ink!"

He turned his head toward the mountains to look for Pelican where it shouldered behind Lefroy.

"And why not to Pelican?" the man demanded sharply, with a trace of arrogance, as if he were not prepared to have his orders contradicted by a servant. "Mrs. Archer and I are old climbers, and Mr. Greenhow is an able-bodied man. You know the other guides are engaged, and I have made up my mind to do it to-morrow."

"I do not take a woman," Hans answered gently, but imperturbably, his soft voice removing the offence of refusal. "One cannot tell what will happen up there behind the clouds. The snow is falling."

"Why, Hans, Mr. Greenhow is the real duffer among us. He doesn't know a crevasse from a hole in the ground, but Mrs. Archer is good for it."

"I do-an't take no woman," the guide repeated stolidly.

"We'll see!"

Mrs. Archer, who had been listening a little apart, raised a silencing hand and stepped from the veranda into the moonlight below.

"Hans!" At the sound of the woman's voice the guide raised his eyes respectfully to her face. "Hans, you are from the Glaurus Canton, aren't you? I did Todi once when I was a girl. Let me go to the top of the pass. Then if you think best, I will stay there while the others go on."

The guide listened, and noted the strong, light body of the woman, her fresh color and regular features.

"Very good," he assented submissively.

"Now tell me where we are to go?"

He pointed the way in the vague, moonlit landscape, across the lake, up the moraine and winding glacier, skirting the big flank of Victoria, up to the summit of the pass on the Continental Divide, now hidden by the crest of Lefroy.

Greenhow listened to the conference between the guide and Mrs. Archer, a smile on his face. When the latter came back to the veranda he asked quizzingly:

"Is that all so about Todi?"

"Yes—didn't it sound plausible?"

"You are always that!" he laughed.

"It's a pity your sister Nora can't be in this," Archer put in. "She will have a day with Judith's mamma, and there are more exciting ways of putting in one's time."

"It is arranged, then," Mrs. Archer resumed, over her shoulder to the two men. "We start very early, Hans says, an hour before sunrise. That means four o'clock at the latest. Hans says that another party goes with the other two guides part way, and it would be best for us to start with them, anyway. It's late! Another look at the lake and old Victoria, and then I'm for bed. Doesn't it make your blood swim to think of being up there to-morrow?"

"It's Valhalla, jewelled and burning," Greenhow murmured.

She stretched her hand lightly toward the "Valhalla" and her lips parted in a smile of content with the phrase. In the moonlight her face had a sombre pallor accentuated by heavy black hair.

"The mountain air can make one a poet?"

"It ought to."

"Perhaps to-morrow even I may be touched with the fire. At what altitude do you suppose inspiration starts?"

"It was good luck our running across you and your sister, wasn't it?" interrupted Archer. "To pick you up like this on our way back from Japan—why we couldn't have figured it better if we had tried! We ought to have a great day to-morrow."

He spoke with the content of one who experiences many similar pleasant fortunes, and, yawning, slipped his pipe into his pocket.

"Bedtime, Judith!"

The three sauntered down the deserted verandas.

"To-morrow, Greenhow!"

"To-morrow!"

II

IN the black night before the first trace of dawn figures began to move to and fro in

front of the hotel along the sandy shore of the little lake. The guide Hans came up from the boat-house where he had launched the skiff, and stared impatiently at the Archers' rooms in the gabled end of the hotel. All was dark there still. Another guide and two climbers came noisily forth from the dining-room, banging the door after them, and tramped down to the shore, their nailed shoes striking sharply on the flinty path. Hans watched them set out and waited. At last a candle flickered in the room above; then Greenhow stumbled out of the dark and hailed the waiting guide. But it was another half-hour before the others appeared—first Mrs. Archer, with troubled apologies; her husband could not be roused from his morning nap. He was snatching a bite of breakfast now, and would be with them by the time they were in the boat.

"An hour too late!" Hans grumbled, tying his pack.

"I know! Don is such a lie-a-bed," she exclaimed, turning to Greenhow.

"The snow will be soft," the guide growled. "It will be a hot day."

"It's cold enough now. Where are the others?"

"Before." Hans nodded across the dark lake where sounded in the distance the throb of oars against thole-pins.

"Wherever is he?" Mrs. Archer exclaimed impatiently.

Before the tardy one appeared the blackness had lifted from the nearer peaks, showing cavernous depths between their flanks. The gray morning mist still covered the lake, and hung about the fir-trees like a mantle loosely thrown from branch to branch.

"The sun will be up before we reach the snow!" Hans commented bitterly.

As he spoke Archer sauntered out of the dining-room, lighting a cigarette. His climbing costume revealed him as a powerful young man, handsome, blond, bronzed with the wholesome suggestion of outdoor sports in his easy motions. The air of comfortable health was, perhaps, too pronounced in his whole being. Polo, hunting, yachting, climbing—in these he spent the round year of joyous sport. To the chorus of reproaches that met him he waved his hand carelessly and struck another match.

"All the time in the world—hey, Hans?"

he called out good-naturedly, as one who was master of the elements and did not permit them to interfere with his peace of mind. "A couple of hours from now, Greenhow, you and Judith won't be so keen, eh, Hans!"

And he stepped leisurely into the boat, which Hans held ready; they pushed forth into the lake and were swallowed up forthwith in the low-lying fog. As the guide plied the oars, with a snappy, disapproving jerk of his shoulders, the mist dissipated around them, revealing the lake and the wooded shores in the cold light of dawn. Far above them gray peaks, sharp and toothed, cut the heavens. The mountain lake, flooded by day with brilliant color, was black as a pool at this hour and the oars dipped heavily without a ripple.

"Then Sir Bediver departed, and went to the sword," Greenhow quoted, "'and lightly took it up and went to the waterside; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might——'"

"What's that?" Archer interrupted, drawing another cigarette from his case.

"And there came an arm and a hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with sword in the water.'"

Judith Archer finished the quotation with a fleeting smile on her lips.

"Jim and I were just repeating a piece from an old school-book we used to study," she explained to her husband.

The guide listened to the talk with a puzzled pucker of the eyebrows, but Archer leaned back comfortably, tilting his eyes on the imperial slope of Victoria.

When the boat grounded on the moraine the morning light filled well the narrow pass up which lay their road, and in the neutral tones before sunrise the bulky masses of the stony peaks rose broad and fierce into the deep gray sky.

They took their way across the uneven surface of the moraine, following the footsteps of the earlier party, mounting from gravelly flank to flank of the dead glacier which flowed serpentinely from between the sides of Lefroy and Victoria down to the lake. Hans trudged morosely ahead, bearing the pack on his shoulders. Now and then he glanced back at the woman and at Greenhow. Judith Archer walked easily,

without effort or perceptible breathing, but Greenhow, evidently unused to the mountains, paused often and lagged behind.

"Doesn't feel like a railroad grade, eh, Jim?" Archer chaffed.

Greenhow merely smiled and glanced ahead at the field of snow toward which they were mounting.

When they reached the edge of the retreating glacier all halted and looked back, while the guide tightened his pack. A thousand feet below lay the lake, cupwise in a nest of firs, and at its extreme marge the long roof of the hotel rose from the green forest. A wandering shaft of sunlight, breaking through some lofty pass among the upper peaks, flashed magically across the still waters of the lake, and they shone green from shore to shore.

"A mantle of pure samite dropped from peak to peak!" Greenhow suggested, still panting.

"Hein! what do you see?" Hans questioned. "But it grows late. Forwards!"

Another thousand feet up the steep flank of the glacier, across the vast bed of gray ice, and then they paused in awe of the sheer grandeur about them.

Out of that sea of snow, between the rocky peaks that form the continental backbone, there flowed toward them a stream of purest snow, sinuously covering the slopes of Lefroy, banked against the precipices of Victoria, like a thick white road which ended in the grayish glacier. As they gazed upward between the narrowing ramparts of cliffs that made the pass the sun stole over the crest of Victoria.

"See!" Judith Archer waved toward the glittering crest, her face flushing with the excitement of the air, the cold beauty, the grandeur of the heart of the mountains. "Apollo has touched the earth at last!"

"The altitude of inspiration?" Greenhow remarked pantingly.

"Yes," she threw back. "Oh, if one were to live always like this, to see, to feel, to be, like this!"

"It will be a hot day, yes," Hans commented gutturally, shifting his pack.

"Just see how those long-legged Englishmen are steeple-chasing it up there!" Archer pointed to three black specks moving one behind the other up the steep wall of snow that breasted the summit of the pass.

"Ja," Hans nodded approvingly. "They know that the snow will be soft soon. Forwards!"

Moment by moment the sun crossed the crown of Victoria, kindling the snow to a blinding radiance that shone like a core of white-hot metal, creating the atmosphere of day in the heavens. Then in an instant the sun shifted above the shoulder of distant Pelican and shot from that height across the rim of the pass and down the full length of the snow sheet to the feet of the climbers. It leapt along the billowy drifts, kindling a purple day in place of the savage dawn, and mounted over the woman's figure to her face. She gazed steadily into the light, her nostrils dilating, her head reared proudly.

Archer and the guide, a little in advance, were watching the climbers ahead through glasses. Latterly Archer had wearied of quizzing the novice, and Greenhow and Judith Archer had fallen to the rear, the woman feigning fatigue to spare the man the mortification of being the weakest. The guide plodded forward like a low-g geared machine, and Archer, carelessly stepping to one side of the narrow path would sink to his waist, with impatient exclamations. The two behind, caught by the majesty of the scene, looked at one another without words, repressing the futile phrases at their lips. As they mounted, the spirit of the earth below seemed to fade from their hearts: as one peels a rose, petal by petal, to the white core of its being, so their souls became freed from the mould of experience, rejoicing in beauty.

Under the black shadow of a spur of Mount Victoria, the woman called to the others to halt and sat down. Hans rested moodily on his ice-pick, grumbling that each minute the snow became worse. They were close enough now to the summit of the pass to see the swirls of snow, driven by the westerly breeze along the sharp arete. The other party, having achieved the summit of the great divide, were resting also, fifteen hundred feet above them. Hans and Archer began to discuss something with much animation, while Greenhow and Judith Archer, feeling the mysterious intimacy of high places, gazed dreamily down to the speck of water they had left.

"It is like one great tourmaline," she murmured.

"The lake?"

"No; it is more like a milky turquoise—a body of milky-white colored by sapphires and set in emeralds and cairngorms." . . .

"Yes," Hans was drawling. "You can see off there the steps we made. It can be done!" Archer gazed earnestly through the glasses. "It was too late that afternoon, but some day it will be done."

"Let's get over there and have a look at it now," Archer suggested impulsively, his sportsman's pride challenging the hint of a feat unaccomplished.

Hans shook his head stolidly, nodding toward the others. "He couldn't!"

"We'll leave them here—I say, Judith, you don't mind staying here with Jim a half hour or so, do you? Hans and I are going to have a look into that chimney over yonder; he says there's a possible way up the north side of Victoria there."

"No, no," Hans objected. "We can't divide a party. It's against the rules."

"That's all right," Archer replied in his overbearing manner. "I'll take the responsibility. This is no Matterhorn affair, Hans."

"It is not best," the guide replied, not budging.

"Come on," Archer ordered, and without further discussion strode out into the dazzling snow-field.

The guide hesitated still.

"You had better follow him," Judith Archer counselled gently. "We shall do very well here, Hans, until you come back."

The guide reluctantly laid down his pack taking a coil of rope that he had prepared with which to rope the party together for the last pull up the slope. He was muttering something about fools and Americans.

"It is useless to argue with him," the wife said quietly. "The air makes him wild! We shall be quite safe. If necessary, we could get down all right. Hurry, Hans!"

The guide flung his pack into the snow and strode after his agile employer. The man and woman, left behind in the shadow of the mountain, watched the two figures without speaking. When Archer reached the jutting cliff of black rock that formed one side of the "chimney" he turned about and waved a hand and holloaed. In that wonderful clarity of the atmosphere he seemed but a few yards distant, though his voice came to them faintly, as if absorbed

by the crags of Victoria. He waved his cap, standing like an athlete on tiptoe for a race—alert, tense, his figure etched like ebony in the glittering snow.

"What a body!" Greenhow murmured enviously.

"Yes," the woman admitted dully.

Then the guide reached Archer, and the two stood for several moments gesticulating.

"He can not persuade him to give it up," she remarked in her ordinary tone of literal statement, which sounded thin.

With a wave of the hand Archer disappeared from sight around the dark cliff; Hans turning for a last time toward them, hesitated, then disappeared also.

"He should not have done that!" Greenhow exclaimed impulsively, regretting his words as they were spoken.

"No," Judith Archer responded heavily, "he should not have done it. But he has!"

And the man, closely watching her face, saw the serious, sombre look of the woman who hides her secret. Both instinctively glanced up to the summit of the pass, where the other party had been resting. The three black specks had gone, disappeared into the endless space of the heavens. From the pass a thin wind drew down upon them, driving before it dancing swirls of snow.

And suddenly, in the midst of the gleaming snow, up there in cloudland, the pinacles of rocky peaks rising tier on tier toward the deep heavens, they felt themselves alone! A wistful smile trembled on the woman's lips as his glance caught hers.

III

MINUTE by minute time sped, and they were speechless, awed by the vast silence of the mountains. Then Greenhow spoke, trying to break the oppression that beset them.

"Look at the lake now! It isn't turquoise or tourmaline. All your rich gems are too cold, too hard. It has the gorgeousness of old Gentile's brushwork, and the soft texture of some ancient fabric. It is samite, pure samite!"

"Maybe so," the woman responded indifferently, with no taste for a contest about colors. "Words tell merely lies."

"Yes," he agreed softly; "it seems like jabbering to say most things up here!"

And for a time each went his own way in thought.

"There was a touch of the Berserk in Don as he stood there against the snow just now," Greenhow mused. "He would make a tremendous fighter. What spirit, what courage!"

"Do you call that courage?" she queried literally, digging her gloved hand into the snow. "To race an automobile, or ride a vicious horse, or break one's neck in the mountains! Men like him crave a risk as other men crave drink. It relieves their nerves. They are like children; they can't sit still; they must shout or giggle—that's all."

"Yet you like the men who do these things?" he questioned.

"You think so?" she exclaimed with light irony, which set his thoughts back to the time he had first known her.

"Nora was praising you only yesterday for a wife of a man like Don, ready for the sport of the moment."

Judith Archer laughed, and the laugh tinkled unmerrily across the snow.

"Neighbor talks of neighbor down there below," she mused ironically. "Of course I am proud of his prowess. And there are reasons why—it is just as well—it is better for him to risk his neck like this—than to do other things."

As he looked inquiringly at her she dropped her eyes. And he began to remember in the silence that followed some things he had known about Archer from the days he had been with him as a young man.

"Well, it is a clean thing," he remarked lamely.

"Yes, without doubt, better than some other things," she admitted shortly. "As I said, it is a kind of—relief, of medicine, for some people."

She had evidently probed that question, and had the final word on it. That she was a woman of other ambitions than those of her husband he felt immediately. In the quickened sympathies of those snowy heights where feelings and ideas existed with the vividness of sensible objects, they read one another's mind in half words. Speech, which customarily had no background, suddenly held unspoken depths. Near the surface lay bright passions and fresh water-courses of thought. The man thought to

himself: "So she has learned him, and she nurses him! That big fellow, that athlete! Nurses him, for fear of mishap. So she told the guide to follow him without argument. Oh, she knows him! And her heart is hot within her. But having elected her path, she is of the blood that keeps the road to its bitter end!"

"You have no anxiety now?" he asked. "For, I take it, with Hans there is nothing to fear."

"Fear?" she repeated slowly. "One doesn't fear when one lives al——"

She paused on the brink of her confession, and he turned away his head. But she raised her veil, a quick flush of color shooting over her face, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Don't make me talk. This air is like strong wine. It makes you long to pour out all your heart, just for joy of emptying it of the burdens. And all along the way up here something sang inside me, and all the little thoughts that color my days drab seemed to drop away, abandoned down there on the earth. It makes me giddy! All our little secrets seem so childish up here!"

"Perhaps they are childish."

She drew a long breath.

"If we might leave them there! Do you suppose that is what heaven really is? A going up, up to the higher places and dropping ourselves on the way, all the baser parts we have had down there on earth, until we are fit to see God? After this I shall always think of it so, and when I close my eyes I shall see this cloudless sky rimmed round with these mighty peaks, and below this carpet of driven snow. And such silence, silence without end!"

"What am I babbling? You and I live lower down, in another altitude. We must remember that. Down there I hate the women who tell their secrets. And so do you. So let us keep our secrets, let us forget what we are down there, and think and feel for a little while like the old gods!"

"But heart may speak to heart," he protested.

"No, no," she murmured denyingly.

"There is no time on this earth where heart may speak to heart, neither here nor elsewhere, ever in all the long years. Look and be glad."

She pointed quickly across the pass to the north, where pinnacle behind pinnacle,

rampart and bastion and knife-like arete, of ragged gray rock circled in irregular amphitheatres and marched range behind range to the distant horizon.

"The truth of things lies in the hollows behind those peaks where no one has ever been—the sanctuary of the gods in Valhalla. To-day it is so still, so still, and we seem to be near the sanctuary. But it is far away yet, across all those bristling peaks."

Her lips trembled, and the deep black eyes filled with unexpected tears.

"So be it," he murmured; "we will not seek it."

Her gloved hand fell on his arm softly. As they sat there watching the peaks a field of cloud drifted between them and the summit of Victoria, shutting out the distant horizon. Up there above them on the higher slopes of the mountains it was snowing.

"They have been gone a long time," she exclaimed at last.

As she spoke there came from the mountain a deep murmur, like a vast undertow that was rolling in its embrace multitudinous boulders. Then there followed a muffled roar, which after a moment was hurled back and forth between the precipices of Victoria and Lefroy. Far down the pass there rose a spray of snow, a wreath of smoke. Then silence.

"What was that?" she demanded, looking into his eyes.

"An avalanche! See, where it has cut into that bank of snow on the flank of Victoria."

The breast of driven white along the mountain was cut by a long, irregular, jagged line, as if some hand had broken therefrom a crust of bread and tossed the fragment into the gulf below.

They rose to their feet and stood close to each other, listening.

"The gods have spoken," she murmured.

IV

THE reverberations of the avalanche subsided after a time. The ruffled bed of snow at their feet stretched lustreless to the hoary glacier. Far away to the north towered yet in the sun the great peaks, their serrated edges sharp as swords. It was all unutterably solitary. They drew close to

each other in the vast isolation of the mountains and listened. They could hear the pounding of their hearts beneath their thick sweaters. An awe of a fate unrealized—the nameless fear born of the silence and savage indifference about them—bound them fast together.

"They are all right," Greenhow remarked, and his voice betrayed his unspoken fear. "That snowfall was a good deal farther along the edge of the mountain than where they went in. It must be a mile away. And it will probably frighten them back. We shall see them any moment now coming around that cliff."

She shook her head sombrely.

"You don't know him. Men like him make it a point of honor to push on when the risks grow greater. That is their pride"—her lips curled scornfully—"the pride of children! They think it brave, and courage, you know, is always the virtue of aristocrats! Prudence is plebian."

"Well, I'll trust Hans to bring him back!"

She smiled mournfully. In that spirituous air, so near to her, the pulses of his thought quickened, and he read what the woman's life had been these years of gay wandering with her husband. How often had she waited like this with tense nerves while the man took his chances, knowing that it must be thus or worse! The love that had survived for him must be the love of a woman for a wayward child. Her eyes, restless and wistful, spoke of personal defeat. To the man the exuberance of the body and to the woman desolation of the spirit.

"How long have they been gone?" she asked in a whisper. "It might be hours—days!"

"Just thirty minutes," he answered, looking at his watch.

"Time does not exist up here."

"No," he assented; "we have got beyond the reign of time!"

She trembled, as if his words shot too close to her inner thought.

"But we shall go back to it."

As she spoke there broke in the air above them a faint ripping, tearing sound, so faint as scarce to be heard, and then in a few seconds came the heavy plunging and dull thud of the weight of many tons. Beneath the noise could be distinguished the gurgle of falling rocks disturbed by the sliding snow, rolling and dropping over the preci-

pices. And back and forth, solemnly, deliberately, the cliffs took up the echoes of the avalanche, as if the mountains were talking to themselves.

"Another!" she whispered.

He nodded.

"And nearer?"

"It is midsummer, the 12th of August; there are likely to be a good many as the day advances. Yesterday they began, but there were only a few. I think that we should move back toward the other slope. You see the line where this one fell—it was well to the east of us."

"No, no! We must stay here where they can see us; where they will look for us."

He made no remonstrance, and they stood silently, their hands tightly clasped together, waiting. Far off in some inner gulf of the mountains beyond their sight rolled faintly the solemn thunder of the falling snow.

"They come on all sides," she murmured. "Tell me, would you care if—if they came here also?" she demanded abruptly, shifting her eyes from the mountains to him.

"They will not come," he replied steadily.

"You say that to comfort me," she retorted unsatisfied. "I am not sure," she continued musingly. "I can think things here that I never thought before. It seems as if we had come a long way up the hill of life, and the struggle that goes on down there is well over for us. It would be hard to go back to one's mistakes. Here we are half in heaven already; it's more than any heaven I ever fancied. Up there beyond the pass lies Peace, I know, set in solitude and grandeur. All that! Ah, look!"

She seized his arm convulsively. Greenhow glanced up, following the path of her eyes. Fifteen hundred feet above, on the shoulder of Victoria, rested a ledge of snow, curled and wind swept. It yawned over the cliff like the thick lip of a snow-drift on the roof of a house. A clot of this mass was breaking off.

"Come!" He forced her back toward the other side of the Pass. As they retreated, Greenhow, keeping his eyes on the snowy spur, shouted: "It's coming, all along. Run! run!" and grasping her with one arm, he struggled desperately backward through the clogging snow. The lid of drift, fifty or more tons, gathered itself together for a plunge and hurled itself forth into the pass.

It poured off the mountain for several seconds, like a snowy, arched breaker with a crest of fluttering foam. As it struck the pass the snow beneath rose to meet it like froth, and the spume of the avalanche floated back, far up the black crags, fainting down at last like wreaths of steam.

Bits of the fall hit them, pelting them as with pebbles, but they had escaped the main torrent. The woman shook the snow from her head and pointed up the shoulder where the drift of snow had lain deeply many months. Across its face there was a great white gash. She shouted something to her companion which was swallowed in the thunder of the echoes solemnly answering one another across the pass. When the air was silent once more Greenhow looked for the rock chimney around which the guide and Archer had disappeared.

"Where is it?" she whispered.

The spot was one smooth slope of snow, as if some giant mason had freshly slapped his trowel there.

The man stood stunned, speechless, his eyes searching the mountain-side for the chimney.

"Gone—covered up!" he muttered. "I must get over there and see. Stay here."

But she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"No. Look!"

Immediately above the spot where he proposed to go there still frowned a long drift of snow. But he shook his head.

"They may have got in back under the lee of the rock. And I must find out; they may be in trouble. Curse the folly of it!"

"Wait!" She still held him. "It is mere suicide to cross over there now. Wait until the other party comes back."

"Hans said they were to return through the Valley of Ten Peaks. They are miles on their way there now!"

"Then we must go back below for help!"

"No," he answered slowly, deliberately. "Something must be done at once. It may be too late in a little while."

She trembled, but did not release his arm.

"I cannot let you go," she said with effort. "It is death; it is death!"

"May be not. And if it should be, what better plan is there?"

"No, no!" she cried. "Not for *you*!"

"Listen." He took her trembling hands in his grasp. "Stay here for another half-hour. Here, take my watch and count it,



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It's coming, all along. Run! run!"—Page 712.

and if you don't see us by that time, then you must go back. Follow this side of the pass, and you should have no trouble. All the falls are from Victoria so far."

"No, no!" she brushed aside his will impetuously. "Why should you walk alone into that pit?"

"Because there is nothing else to be done."

"How long would it take us to reach the hotel?"

"Two hours, at the best. Another five for men to get back up here. And it might be worse then."

She made no reply, and for the space of a minute they looked at each other and divined the thoughts coursing swiftly through their minds. In the silence that had succeeded the deafening surge of the last avalanche, in the dazzling light of the sun, which shone out afresh upon the snow, they seemed two motionless black points on the extreme verge of the world.

"Why must it be so? Why? For you, too? Why should you go into that awful white tomb—looking for the dead, for the dead?" she moaned.

He shook his head and took a step forward.

"Why not both—go down?" she barely whispered.

"Would you have it so?" he questioned fiercely.

Her eyes dropped from his face to the glittering snow. She loosened her clutch upon his arm. Tears stood in her eyes.

"No," she whispered.

"I must go! I must!" he repeated monotonously, looking up at the pitiless peaks beyond, which were resplendent in the vivid sky. "One never knows—never knows."

"Then I go, too!" She glanced up defiantly. "Why should I be left? At last heart may speak to heart. And neither man nor woman has ever known—I have kept my heart to myself until now. But now you know it all."

A little smile wreathed her lips. He placed his hands on her shoulders, and they stood there face to face.

"At last heart speaks to heart," she repeated. "Yes—at the end."

"Then, come!" he shouted roughly.

"Yes," she answered lightly. "I follow you."

Slowly, creeping like insects over the blazing floor of white, the two figures made their way across the pass to the black side of Victoria, where high in the air above hung that deep-banked crust of snow. Up from the south a soft cloud came swimming over the pass and coiled itself lazily around the broad bosom of Victoria. Northward in the Valley of the Ten Peaks and along the sharp pinnacles of the distant ranges the sun still poured its light from the brilliant heavens. Down, far away in the east, lay the broad valley where men lived. As the two neared the opposite wall the pass became dark and gray, and a few flakes of snow fell from the cloud, eddying over the crest of Victoria.



THE SONG OF THE CLOUDS

AFTER THE FRENCH OF ANATOLE LE BRAZ

By E. Sutton

BRETON, I sing those wandering prowls to you
For whom no harbor lighteth on the lee,
High-piled Armadas of th' unfathomed blue,
The crowding galleons of a shoreless sea.

How oft with them my nomad thoughts would pine
To cleave the unvexed levels of the sky,
Such flights illimitable and divine
As haply we may follow when we die!

Silvered or dark, as sun or storm decree,
Nightly, unheeding of the Shining Seven,
Squadrons of God, they ride eternally
The sweeping tide-rift of the open heaven.

The ancient stars their lanterns be, that swing
Glimmering aloft until the dawnlight pales,
Voices and mystic murmurs faintly wing
From the deep shadows of their towering sails.

* * * * *

Ah, ships no more, beneath the lucent beam
Re-orbing duskily with skirts of light,
Angels and wingèd Powers now they seem,
Kneeling before the beauty of the night.

Surely that music crystalline they know,
Those hidden harmonies of our vain desire,
That from the viewless battlements do blow
Based on the sapphire vault and fringed with fire.

Silence doth keep her temple, hushed with stars,
The winds are all her worshippers, and lo!
The red moon, waiting at the western bars,
Swings like a heavy censer, soft and slow.

* * * * *

Others may change, for toil and time are long,
Ah, but the Bretons, folk of faërie
Banished to sea-cliffs and the Land of Song,
Yearn like their clouds beyond the sky and sea!



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball

It was the moment both had desired.—Page 726.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK II—(Continued)

XV



WHEN the door closed on Mrs. Amherst a resolve which had taken shape in Justine's mind during their talk together made her seat herself at her writing-table, where, after a moment's musing over her suspended pen, she wrote and addressed a hurried note. This business despatched, she put on her hat and jacket, and with the letter in hand passed down the long corridor from her room, and descended to the entrance-hall below. She might have consigned her missive to the post-box which conspicuously tendered its services from a table near the door; but to do so would delay the letter's despatch till the morning, and she felt a sudden impatience to see it start on its way.

The tumult from the terrace had transferred itself within doors at sunset, and as Justine went down the stairs she heard the click of cues from the billiard-room, the talk and laughter of belated bridge-players, the movement of servants gathering up tea-cups and mending the fires. She had hoped to find the hall empty, but the sight of Westy Gaines's figure looming watchfully on the threshold of the smoking-room gave her, at the last bend of the stairs, a little start of annoyance. He would want to know where she was going, he would offer to go with her, and it would take some time and not a little emphasis to make him understand that his society was not desired.

This was the thought that flashed through Justine's mind as she reached the landing; but the next moment it gave way to a contradictory feeling. Westy Gaines was not alone in the hall. From under the stairway rose the voices of a group ensconced in that popular retreat about a chess-board; and as Justine reached the last turn of the stairs she perceived that Mason Winch, an ear-

nest youth with advanced views on political economy, was engaged, to the diversion of a circle of spectators, in teaching the Telfer girls chess. The futility of trying to fix upon such a problem the spasmodic attention of this effervescent couple, and their instructor's grave unconsciousness of the fact, constituted, for the lookers-on, the peculiar diversion of the scene. It was of course inevitable that young Winch, on his arrival at Lynbrook, should have succumbed at once to the tumultuous charms of the Telfer manner, which was equally attractive to inarticulate youth and to tired and talked-out middle-age; but that he should have perceived no resistance in their minds to the deliberative processes of the game, was, even to the Telfers themselves, a source of unmitigated gaiety. Nothing seemed to them funnier than that any one should credit them with any mental capacity; and they had inexhaustibly amusing ways of drawing out and showing off each other's ignorance.

It was on this scene that Westy's appreciative eyes had been fixed till Justine's appearance drew them abruptly to herself. He pronounced her name joyfully, and moved forward at once to greet her; but as their hands met she understood that he did not mean to press his company upon her. Under the eye of the Lynbrook circle he was chary of marked demonstrations, and even the incentive of Mrs. Amherst's approval could not, at such moments, bridge over the gap between himself and the object of his attentions. A Gaines was a Gaines in the last analysis, and apart from any pleasing accident of personality; but what was Miss Brent but the transient vehicle of those graces which Providence has provided for the delectation of the privileged sex?

These restraining influences were visible in the temperate warmth of Westy's manner, and in his way of keeping a backward eye upon the mute interchange of comment

about the chess-board. At another time Justine would have been amused by his embarrassment; but the feelings stirred by her talk with Bessy had not subsided, and she recognized with a sting of mortification the resemblance between her view of the Lynbrook set and its estimate of herself. If Bessy's friends were negligible to her she was almost non-existent to them; and, as against herself, they were overwhelmingly provided with tangible means of proving their case.

Such considerations, at a given moment, may prevail decisively even with a nature armed against them by insight and irony; and the mere fact that Westy Gaines did not mean to join her, and that he was withheld from doing so by the invisible pressure of the Lynbrook standards, had the effect of suddenly precipitating Justine's floating intentions.

If anything farther had been needed to hasten this result, it would have been accomplished by the sound of footsteps which, over-taking her a dozen yards from the house, announced her admirer's impetuous if tardy pursuit. The act of dismissing him, though it took but a word and was effected with a laugh, left her pride quivering with a hurt the more painful because she would not acknowledge it. That she should waste a moment's resentment on the conduct of a person so unimportant as poor Westy, showed her in a flash the intrinsic falseness of her position at Lynbrook. She saw that to disdain the life about her had not kept her intact from it; and the knowledge made her feel the deeper need of some strong decentralizing influence, some purifying influx of emotion and activity.

She had walked on quickly through the pale October twilight, which was still full of the after-glow of a vivid sunset; and a few minutes brought her to the village stretching along the turnpike beyond the Lynbrook gates. The new post-office dominated the row of shabby houses and "stores" set disjointedly under a double row of reddening maples, and its arched doorway formed the centre of Lynbrook's evening intercourse.

Justine, hastening toward the group of loungers on the threshold, had no consciousness of anything outside of her own thoughts; and as she mounted the steps she was surprised to see Dr. Wyant detach himself from the idlers and advance to meet her.

"May I post your letter?" he asked, lifting his hat.

His gesture uncovered the close-curling hair of a small delicately-finished head just saved from effeminacy by the vigorous jut of heavy eye-brows meeting above a pair of full grey eyes. The eyes again, at first sight, might have struck one as too expressive, or as expressing things too purely decorative for the purposes of a young country doctor with a growing practice; but this estimate was corrected by an unexpected abruptness in their owner's voice and manner. Perhaps the final impression produced on a close observer by Dr. Stephen Wyant would have been that the contradictory qualities of which he was compounded had not yet been brought into equilibrium by the steadying hand of time.

Justine, in reply to his question, had drawn back a step, slipping her letter into the breast of her jacket.

"That is hardly worth while, since it was addressed to you," she answered with a slight smile as she turned to descend the post-office steps.

Wyant, still carrying his hat, and walking with quick uneven steps, followed her in silence till they had passed beyond earshot of the loiterers on the threshold; then, in the shade of the maple boughs, he pulled up and faced her.

"You've written to say that I may come tomorrow?"

Justine hesitated. "Yes," she said at length.

"Good God! You give royally!" he broke out, pushing his hand with a nervous gesture through the thin dark curls on his forehead.

Justine laughed, with a trace of nervousness in her own tone. "And you talk—well, imperially! Aren't you afraid to bankrupt the language?"

"What do you mean?" he said, staring.

"What do *you* mean? I have merely said that I would see you tomorrow——"

"Well," he retorted, "that's enough for my happiness!"

She sounded her light laugh again. "I'm glad to know you are so easily pleased."

"I'm not! But you couldn't have done a cruel thing without a struggle; and since you're ready to give me my answer tomorrow, I know it can't be a cruel one."

They had begun to walk onward as they

talked, but at this she halted abruptly. "Please don't take that tone. I dislike sentimentality!" she exclaimed, with a tinge of imperiousness that was a surprise to her own ears.

It was not the first time in the course of her friendship with Stephen Wyant that she had been startled by this intervention of something within her that resisted and almost resented his homage. When they were apart, she was conscious only of the community of interests and sympathies that had first drawn them together; why was it then—since his looks were of the kind generally thought to stand a suitor in good stead—that whenever they had met of late she had been subject to these rushes of obscure hostility, the half-physical, half-moral shrinking from some indefinable element in his nature against which she was constrained to defend herself by perpetual pleasantry and evasion?

To Wyant, at any rate, the answer was not far to seek. His pale face reflected the disdain in hers as he returned ironically: "A thousand pardons; I know I'm not always in the key."

"The key?"

"I haven't yet acquired the Lynbrook tone. You must make allowances for my lack of opportunity."

The retort on Justine's lips dropped to silence, as though his words had in fact brought an answer to her inward questioning. Could it be that he was right—that her shrinking from him was the result of an increased sensitiveness to faults of taste that she would once have despised herself for noticing? When she had first known him, in her work at St. Elizabeth's some three years earlier, his excesses of manner had seemed to her merely the boyish tokens of a richness of nature not yet controlled by experience. Though Wyant was somewhat older than herself there had always been an element of protection in her feeling for him, and it was perhaps this element which formed the real ground of her liking. It was, at any rate, uppermost as she returned, with a softened gleam of mockery: "Since you are so sure of my answer I hardly know why I should see you tomorrow."

"You mean me to take it now?" he exclaimed.

"I don't mean you to take it at all till it's given—above all not to take it for granted!"

His jutting brows drew together again.

"Ah, I can't split hairs with you. Won't you put me out of my misery?"

She smiled, but not unkindly. "Do you want an anæsthetic?"

"No—a clean cut with the knife!"

"You forget that we're not allowed to despatch hopeless cases—more's the pity!"

He flushed to the roots of his thin hair. "Hopeless cases? That's it, then—that's my answer?"

They had reached the point where, at the farther edge of the straggling settlement, the tiled roof of the railway-station rose to confront the post-office cupola; and the distant shriek of a whistle reminded Justine that the spot was not propitious to private colloquy. She halted a moment before speaking.

"I have no answer to give you now but the one in my note—that I'll see you tomorrow, as you ask."

"But if you're sure of knowing tomorrow you must know now!"

Their eyes met, his eloquently pleading, hers kind yet still impenetrable. "If I knew now, you should know too. Please be content with that," she rejoined.

"How can I be, when a day may make such a difference? When I know that every influence about you is fighting against me?"

The words flashed a refracted light far down into the causes of her own uncertainty.

"Ah," she said, drawing a little away from him, "I'm not so sure that I don't like a fight!"

"Is that why you won't give in?" He pressed upon her with a despairing gesture. "If I let you go now, you're lost to me!"

She stood her ground, facing him with a quick lift of the head. "If you don't let me go I certainly am," she said; and he drew back without a word, as if conscious of the uselessness of the struggle. His submission, as usual, had a disarming effect upon her irritation, and she moved toward him, holding out her hand. "Come tomorrow at three," she said, her voice and manner suddenly seeming to give back the hope she had mockingly withheld from him.

He seized upon her hand with an inarticulate murmur; but at the same moment a louder whistle and the thunder of an approaching train reminded her of the impossibility of prolonging the scene. She was ordinarily careless of appearances, but while she was Mrs. Amherst's guest she did not care to be

seen romantically loitering through the twilight with Stephen Wyant; and she freed herself with a quick goodbye.

He gave her a last look, hesitating and imploring; then, in obedience to her gesture, he turned away and strode off in the opposite direction.

As soon as he had left her she began to retrace her steps toward Lynbrook House; but instead of traversing the whole length of the village she passed through a turnstile in the park fencing, taking a more circuitous but quieter way home.

She walked on slowly through the dusk, wishing to give herself time to think over her conversation with Wyant. Now that she was alone again, it seemed to her that the part she had played had been both inconsistent and undignified. When she had written to Wyant that she would see him on the morrow she had done so with the clear understanding that she was to give, at that meeting, a definite answer to his offer of marriage; and during her talk with Bessy she had suddenly, and, as it seemed to her, irrevocably, decided that the answer should be favourable. From the first days of her acquaintance with Wyant she had appreciated his intelligence and had been stimulated by his zeal for his work. He had remained only six months at Saint Elizabeth's, and though his feeling for her had even then been manifest, it had been kept from expression by the restraint of their professional relation, and by her absorption in her duties. It was only when they had met again at Lynbrook that she had begun to feel a personal interest in him. His youthful promise seemed nearer fulfilment than she had once thought possible, and the contrast he presented to the young men in Bessy's train was really all in his favour. He had gained in strength and steadiness without losing his high flashes of enthusiasm; and though, even now, she was not in love with him, she began to feel that the union of their common interests might create a life full and useful enough to preclude the possibility of vague repinings. It would, at any rate, take her out of the stagnant circle of her present existence, and restore her to invigorating contact with the fruitful energies of life.

All this had seemed quite clear when she wrote her letter; why, then, had she not made use of their chance encounter to give her answer, instead of capriciously postpon-

ing it? The act might have been that of a self-conscious girl in her teens; but it was neither inexperience nor coquetry that had prompted it. She had merely yielded to the spirit of resistance that Wyant's presence had of late aroused in her; and the possibility that this resistance might be due to some sense of his social defects, his lack of measure and facility, was so humiliating that for a moment she stood still in the path, half-meaning to turn back and overtake him——

As she paused she was surprised to hear a man's step behind her; and the thought that it might be Wyant's brought about another prompt revulsion of feeling. What right had he to pursue her in this way, to dog her steps even into the Lynbrook grounds? She was sure that his persistent attentions had already attracted the notice of Bessy's visitors; and that he should thus force himself upon her after her dismissal seemed suddenly to make their whole relation ridiculous.

She turned about to rebuke him for his insistence, and found herself face to face with John Amherst.

XVI



AMHERST, on leaving the train at Lynbrook, had paused in doubt on the empty platform. His return was unexpected, and no carriage awaited him; but the ready whip of the village cab-driver signalled his sense of the opportunity. Amherst, however, felt a sudden desire to postpone the moment of arrival, and after consigning his luggage to the cab he walked away toward the turnstile through which Justine had passed. In thus taking the longest way home he was yielding another point to his reluctance. He knew that at that hour his wife's visitors might still be assembled in the drawing-room, and he wished to avoid making his unannounced entrance among them.

It was not till now that he realized the awkwardness of such an arrival. For some time past he had known that he ought to go back to Lynbrook, but he had not known how to tell Bessy that he was coming. Lack of habit made him inexpert in the art of easy transitions, and his inability to bridge

over awkward gaps had often put him at a disadvantage with his wife and her friends. He had not yet learned the importance of acquitting himself of the small obligations which made up the daily ceremonial of their lives, and at present there was just enough soreness between himself and Bessy to make such observances more difficult than usual.

There had been no open estrangement, but peace had been preserved at the cost of a slowly-accumulated tale of grievances on both sides. Since Amherst had won his point about the mills, the danger he had foreseen had been realized: his victory at Westmore had been a defeat at Lynbrook. It would be too crude to say that his wife had made him pay for her public concession by the private disregard of his wishes; and if something of this sort had actually resulted, his sense of fairness told him that it was merely the natural reaction of a soft nature against the momentary strain of self-denial. At first he had been hardly aware of this consequence of his triumph. The joy of being able to work his will at Westmore obscured all lesser emotions; and his sentiment for Bessy had long since dwindled into one of those shallow pools of feeling which a sudden tide might still fill, but which could never again be the deep perennial spring from which his life was fed.

The need of remaining continuously at Hanaford while the first changes were making had increased the strain of the situation. He had never expected that Bessy would stay there with him—had perhaps, at heart, hardly wished it—and her plan of going to the Adirondacks with Miss Brent seemed to him a satisfactory alternative to the European trip she had renounced. He felt as relieved as though some one had taken off his hands the task of amusing a restless child, and he let his wife go without suspecting that the moment might be a decisive one between them. But it had not occurred to Bessy that any one could regard six weeks in the Adirondacks as an adequate substitute for a summer abroad. She felt that her sacrifice deserved recognition, and personal devotion was the only form of recognition which could satisfy her. She had expected Amherst to join her at the camp, but he did not come; and when she went back to Long Island she did not stop to see him, though Hanaford lay in her way. At the moment of her return the work at the

mills made it impossible for him to go to Lynbrook; and thus the weeks drifted on without their meeting.

At last, urged by his mother, he had gone down to Long Island for a night; but though, on that occasion, he had announced his coming, he found the house full, and the whole party except Mr. Langhope in the act of driving off to a dinner in the neighbourhood. He was of course expected to go too, and Bessy appeared hurt when he declared that he was too tired and preferred to remain with Mr. Langhope; but she did not suggest staying at home herself, and drove off in a mood of exuberant gaiety. Amherst had been too busy all his life to know what intricacies of perversion a sentimental grievance may develop in an unoccupied mind, and he saw in Bessy's act only a sign of indifference. The next day she complained to him of money difficulties, as though surprised that her income had been suddenly cut down; and when he reminded her that she had consented of her own will to this temporary reduction, she burst into tears and accused him of caring only for Westmore.

He went away exasperated by her inconsequence, and bills from Lynbrook continued to pour in on him. In the first days of their marriage, Bessy had put him in charge of her exchequer, and she was too indolent—and at heart perhaps too sensitive—to ask him to renounce the charge. It was clear to him, therefore, how little she was observing the spirit of their compact, and his mind was tormented by the anticipation of financial embarrassments. He wrote her a letter of gentle expostulation, but in her reply she ignored his remonstrance; and after that silence fell between them.

The only way to break this silence was to return to Lynbrook; but now that he had come back, he did not know what step to take next. Something in the atmosphere of his wife's existence seemed to paralyze his will-power. When all about her spoke a language so different from his own, how could he hope to make himself heard? He knew that her family and her immediate friends—Mr. Langhope, the Gaineses, Mrs. Ansell and Mr. Tredegar—far from being means of communication, were so many sentinels ready to raise the drawbridge and drop the portcullis at his approach. They were all in league to stifle the incipient feelings he had

roused in Bessy, to push her back into the deadening routine of her former life, and the only voice that might conceivably speak for him was Miss Brent's.

The "case" which, unexpectedly presented to her by one of the Hope Hospital physicians, had detained Justine at Hanaford during the month of June, was the means of establishing a friendship between herself and Amherst. They did not meet often, or get to know each other very well; but he saw her occasionally at his mother's and at Mrs. Dressel's, and once he took her out to Westmore, to consult her about the emergency hospital which was to be included among the first improvements there. That expedition had been memorable to both; and when, some two weeks later, Bessy had written suggesting that she should take Miss Brent to the Adirondacks, it seemed to Amherst that there was no one whom he would rather have his wife choose as her companion.

He was much too busy at the time to cultivate or analyze his feeling for Miss Brent; he rested vaguely in the thought of her, as of the "nicest" girl he had ever met, and was frankly pleased when accident brought them together; but the seeds left in both their minds by these chance encounters had not yet begun to germinate.

So unperceived had been their gradual growth in intimacy that it was a surprise to Amherst to find himself suddenly thinking of her as a means of communication with his wife; but the thought gave him such encouragement that, when he saw Justine in the path before him, he went toward her with unusual eagerness.

Justine, on her part, felt an equal pleasure. She knew that Bessy did not expect her husband, and that his prolonged absence had already been the cause of malicious comment at Lynbrook; and she caught at the hope that this sudden return might betoken a more favourable turn of affairs.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed; and her tone had the effect of completing his reassurance, his happy sense that she would understand and help him.

"I wanted to see you too," he began confusedly; then, conscious of the intimacy of the phrase, he added with a slight laugh: "The fact is, I'm a culprit looking for a peace-maker."

"A culprit?"

"I've been so tied down at the mills

that I didn't know, till yesterday, just when I could break away; and in the hurry of leaving—" He paused again, suddenly checked by the impossibility of uttering, to the girl before him, the little conventional falsehoods which formed the small currency of Bessy's circle. Not that any scruple of probity restrained him: in trifling matters he recognized the usefulness of such counters in the social game; but when he was with Justine he always felt the obscure need of letting his real self be seen.

"I was stupid enough not to telegraph," he said, "and I am afraid my wife will think me negligent: she often has to reproach me for my sins of omission, and this time I know that they are many."

The girl received this in silence, less from embarrassment than from surprise; for she had already guessed that it was as difficult for Amherst to touch, even lightly, on his private affairs, as it was instinctive with his wife to pour her grievances into any willing ear. Justine's first thought was one of gratification that he should have spoken, and of eagerness to facilitate the saying of whatever he wished to say; but before she could answer he went on hastily: "The fact is, Bessy does not realize how complicated the work at Westmore is; and when I caught sight of you just now I was thinking that you are the only one of her friends who has any technical understanding of what I am trying to do, and who might consequently help her to see how hard it is for me to take my hand from the plough."

Justine listened gravely, longing to cry out her comprehension and sympathy, but restrained by the sense that the moment was a critical one, where impulse must not be trusted too far. It was quite possible that a reaction of pride might cause Amherst to repent even so guarded an avowal; and if that happened, he might never forgive her for having encouraged him to speak. She looked up at him with a smile.

"Why not tell Bessy yourself? Your understanding of the case is a good deal clearer than mine or any one else's."

"Oh, Bessy is tired of hearing about it from me; and besides—" She detected a shade of disappointment in his tone, and was sorry she had said anything which might seem meant to discourage his confidence. It occurred to her also that she had been insincere in not telling him at once that she

had already been let into the secret of his domestic differences: she felt the same craving as Amherst for absolute openness between them.

"I know," she said, almost timidly, "that Bessy has not been quite content of late to have you give so much time to Westmore, and perhaps she herself thinks it is because the work there does not interest her; but I believe it is for a different reason."

"What reason?" he asked with a look of surprise.

"Because Westmore takes you from her; because she thinks you are happier there than at Lynbrook."

The dusk had fallen so rapidly that it was no longer possible for the speakers to see each other's faces, and it was easier for both to communicate through this veil of deepening obscurity.

"But, good heavens, she might be there with me—she's as much needed there as I am!" Amherst exclaimed.

"Yes; but you must remember that it's against all her habits—and against the point of view of every one about her—that she should lead that kind of life; and meanwhile——"

"Well?"

"Meanwhile, isn't it expedient that you should, a little more, lead hers?"

Always the same answer to his restless questioning! His mother's answer, the answer of Bessy and her friends. He had somehow hoped that the girl at his side would find a different solution to the problem, and his disappointment expressed itself in a bitter exclamation.

"But Westmore is my life—it's hers too, if she knew it! I can't desert it now without being as false to her as to myself!"

As he spoke, he was overcome once more by the hopelessness of trying to put his case clearly. How could Justine, for all her quickness and sympathy, understand a situation of which the deeper elements were necessarily unknown to her? The advice she gave him was natural enough, and on her lips it seemed not the counsel of a shallow expediency, but the plea of compassion and understanding. But she knew nothing of the long struggle for mutual adjustment which had culminated in this crisis between himself and his wife, and she could therefore not see that, if he yielded his point, and gave up his work at Westmore, the conces-

sion would mean not renewal but destruction. He felt that he should hate Bessy if he won her back at that price; and the violence of his feeling frightened him. It was, in truth, as he had said, his own life that he was fighting for. If he gave up Westmore he could not fall back upon the futile activities of Lynbrook, and fate might yet have some lower alternative to offer. He could trust to his own strength and self-command while his energies had a normal outlet; but the atmosphere of idleness and self-indulgence might work in him like a dangerous drug.

But Justine kept steadily to her point. "Westmore must be foremost to both of you in time; I don't see how either of you can escape that. But the realization of it must come to Bessy through *you*, and for that reason I think that you ought to be more patient—that you ought even to put the question aside for a time and enter a little more into her life while she is learning to understand yours." As she ended, it seemed to her that what she had said was trite and ineffectual, and yet that it might have passed the measure of discretion; and, torn between the two doubts, she added hastily: "But you have done just that in coming back now—that is the real solution of the problem."

While she spoke they passed out of the wood-path they had been following, and rounding a mass of shrubbery emerged on the lawn below the terraces. The long bulk of the house lay above them, dark against the lingering clearness of the west, with brightly-lit windows marking out its irregular outline; and the sight produced in Amherst and Justine a sudden sense of helplessness and constraint. It was impossible to speak with the same freedom, confronted by that substantial symbol of the accepted order of things, which seemed to glare down upon them in massive disdain of their puny efforts to deflect the course of events; and Amherst, without reverting to her last words, asked after a moment if his wife had many guests.

He listened in silence while Justine ran over the list of names—the Telfer girls and their brother, Mason Winch and Westy Gaines, a cluster of young bridge-playing couples, and, among the last arrivals, the Fenton Carburys and Ned Bowfort. The names were all familiar to Amherst—he knew that they represented the flower of week-end fashion; but he did not remem-

ber having seen the Carburys among his wife's guests, and his mind paused on the name, seeking to recover some lost impression connected with it. But it evoked, like the others, merely the confused sense of stridency and unrest which he had brought away from his last Lynbrook visit; and this reminiscence made him ask Miss Brent, when her list was ended, if she did not think that so continuous a succession of visitors was too fatiguing for Bessy.

"I sometimes think it tires her more than she knows; but I hope she can be persuaded to take better care of herself now that Mrs. Ansell has come back."

Amherst halted abruptly. "Is Mrs. Ansell here?"

"She arrived from Europe today."

"And Mr. Langhope too, I suppose?"

"Yes. He came from Newport about ten days ago."

Amherst checked himself, realizing that his questions betrayed the fact that he and his wife no longer wrote to each other. The same thought appeared to strike Justine, and they walked across the lawn in silence, hastening their steps involuntarily, as though to escape the oppressive weight of the words which had passed between them. But Justine was unwilling that this fruitless sense of oppression should be the final outcome of their talk; and when they reached the upper terrace she paused and turned impulsively to Amherst. As she did so, the light from an uncurtained window fell upon her face, and he saw that it glowed with the inner brightness which burned in her in moments of strong feeling.

"I am sure of one thing—Bessy will be very, very glad that you have come," she exclaimed.

"Thank you," he answered.

Their hands met mechanically, and she turned away and entered the house.

XVII



ESSY had not seen her little girl that day, and filled with compunction by Justine's reminder, she hastened directly to the school-room.

Of late, in certain moods, her maternal tenderness had been clouded by a sense of uneasiness in the child's presence, for Cicely was the argument most ef-

fectually used by Mr. Langhope and Mr. Tredegar in their efforts to check the triumph of Amherst's ideas. Bessy, still unable to form an independent opinion on the harassing question of the mills, continued to oscillate between the views of the contending parties, now regarding Cicely as an innocent victim and herself as an unnatural mother, sacrificing her child's prospects to further Amherst's enterprise, and now conscious of a vague animosity against the little girl, as the chief cause of the dissensions which had so soon clouded the skies of her second marriage. Then again, there were moments when Cicely's thriving graces reminded her bitterly of the child she had lost—the son on whom her ambitions had been fixed. It seemed to her now that if their boy had lived she might have kept Amherst's love and have played a more important part in his life; and brooding on the tragedy of the child's sickly existence she resented the contrast of Cicely's bloom and vigour. The result was that in her treatment of her daughter she alternated between moments of exaggerated devotion and days of neglect, never long happy away from the little girl, yet restless and self-tormenting in her presence.

After her talk with Justine she felt more than usually disturbed, as she always did when her unprofitable impulses of self-exposure had subsided. Bessy's mind was not made for introspection, and chance had burdened it with unintelligible problems. She felt herself the victim of circumstances to which her imagination attributed the deliberate malice that children ascribe to the furniture they run against in playing. This enabled her to cultivate a sense of helpless injury and to disdain in advance the advice by means of which she sought to mitigate it. How absurd it was, for instance, to suppose that a girl could understand the feelings of a married woman! Justine's suggestion that she should humble herself still farther to Amherst merely left in her mind a rankling sense of being misunderstood and undervalued by those to whom she turned in her extremity, and she said to herself, in a phrase that sounded well in her own ears, that sooner or later every woman must learn to fight her battles alone.

In this mood she entered the room where Cicely was at supper with her governess, and enveloped the child in a whirl of passionate

caresses. But Cicely had inherited the soberer Westmore temper, and her mother's spasmodic endearments always had the effect of confusing and silencing her. She dutifully returned a small fraction of Bessy's kisses, and then, with an air of relief, addressed herself once more to her bread and marmalade.

"You don't seem a bit glad to see me!" Bessy exclaimed, while the little governess made a nervous pretense of being greatly amused at this prodigious paradox, and Cicely, setting down her silver mug, asked judiciously: "Why should I be gladder than other days? It isn't a birthday."

This Cordelia-like answer cut Bessy to the quick. "You horrid child, to say such a cruel thing to me, when you know I love you better and better every minute! But you don't care for me any longer because Justine has taken you away from me!"

This last charge had sprung into her mind in the act of uttering it, but now that it was spoken it instantly assumed the proportions of a fact, and seemed to furnish another justification for her wretchedness. Bessy was not naturally jealous, but her imagination was thrall to the spoken word, and it gave her a sudden incomprehensible relief to associate Justine with the obscure causes of her suffering.

"I know she's cleverer than I am, and more amusing, and can tell you about plants and animals and things . . . and I daresay she tells you how tiresome and stupid I am"

She sprang up suddenly, abashed by Cicely's astonished gaze, and by the governess's tremulous attempt to continue to treat the scene as one of "Mamma"'s audacious pleasantries.

"Don't mind me—my head aches horribly. I think I'll rush off for a gallop on Impulse before dinner. Miss Dill, Cicely's nails are a sight—I suppose that comes of grubbing up wild-flowers."

And with this parting shot at Justine's pursuits she swept out of the school-room, leaving pupil and teacher plunged in a stricken silence from which Cicely at length emerged to say, with the candour that Miss Dill dreaded more than any punishable offense: "Mother's the prettiest—but I do like Justine the best."

It was nearly dark when Bessy mounted the horse which had been hastily saddled in

response to her order; but it was her habit to ride out alone at all hours, and of late nothing but a hard gallop had availed to quiet her tormented nerves. Her craving for constant occupation had increased as her life became more dispersed and agitated, and the need to fill every hour drove her to excesses of bodily exertion, since other forms of activity were unknown to her.

As she cantered along under the darkening sky, breasting a strong sea-breeze, the rush of air in her face and the effort of steadying her nervous thoroughbred filled her with a glow of bodily energy from which her thoughts emerged somewhat cleansed of their bitterness.

She had been odious to poor little Cicely, for whom she now felt a sudden remorseful yearning which almost made her turn her horse's head homeward, that she might dash upstairs and do penance beside the child's bed. And that she should have accused Justine of taking Cicely from her! It frightened her to find herself thinking evil of Justine. Bessy, whose perceptions were keen enough in certain directions, knew that her second marriage had changed her relation to all her former circle of friends. Though they still rallied about her, keeping up the convenient habit of familiar intercourse, she had begun to be aware that their view of her had in it an element of criticism and compassion. She had once fancied that Amherst's good looks, and the other qualities she had seen in him, would immediately make him free of the charmed circle in which her interests centred; but she was discouraged by his disregard of his opportunities, and above all by the fundamental differences in his view of life. He was never common or ridiculous, but she saw that he would never acquire the small social facilities. He was fond of exercise, but it bored him to talk of it. The men's smoking-room anecdotes did not amuse him, he was unmoved by the fluctuations of the stock-market, he could not tell one card from another, and his perfunctory attempts at billiards had once caused Mr. Langhope to murmur, in his daughter's hearing: "Ah, that's the test—I always said so!"

Thus debarred from what seemed to Bessy the chief points of contact with life, how could Amherst hope to impose himself upon minds versed in these larger relations? As the sense of his social insufficiency grew

upon her, Bessy became more sensitive to that latent criticism of her marriage which—intolerable thought!—involved a judgment on herself. She was increasingly eager for the approval and applause of her little audience, yet increasingly distrustful of their sincerity, and more miserably persuaded that she and her husband were the secret butt of their most effective stories. She knew also that rumours of the disagreement about Westmore were abroad, and the suspicion that Amherst's conduct was the subject of unfriendly comment provoked in her a reaction of loyalty to his ideas. . . .

From this turmoil of conflicting influences only her friendship with Justine Brent remained secure. Though Justine's outward adaptability made it easy for her to fit into the Lynbrook life, Bessy knew that she stood as much outside it as Amherst. She could never, for instance, be influenced by what Maria Ansell and the Gaineses and the Telfers thought. She had her own criteria of conduct, unintelligible to Bessy, but giving her an independence of mind on which her friend leaned in a kind of blind security. And that even her faith in Justine should suddenly be poisoned by a jealous thought seemed to prove that the consequences of her marriage were gradually infecting her whole life. Bessy could conceive of masculine devotion only as subservient to its divinity's least wish, and she argued that if Amherst had ever really loved her he could not so lightly have disturbed the foundations of her world. And so her tormented thoughts, perpetually circling on themselves, reverted once more to their central grievance—the failure of her marriage. If her own love had died out it would have been much simpler—she was surrounded by examples of the mutual evasion of a troublesome tie. There was Blanche Carbury, for instance, with whom she had lately struck up an absorbing friendship . . . it was perfectly clear that Blanche Carbury wondered how much more she was going to stand! But it was the torment of Bessy's situation that it involved a radical contradiction, that she still loved Amherst though she could not forgive him for having married her.

Perhaps what she most suffered from was his too-prompt acceptance of the semi-estrangement between them. After nearly

three years of marriage she had still to learn that it was Amherst's way to wrestle with the angel till dawn, and then to go about his other business. Her own mind could revolve in the same grievance as interminably as a squirrel in its wheel, and her husband's habit of casting off the accepted fact seemed to betoken poverty of feeling. If only he had striven a little harder to keep her—if, even now, he would come back to her, and make her feel that she was more to him than those wretched mills!

When she turned her mare toward Lynbrook, the longing to see Amherst had become uppermost. He had not written for weeks—she had been obliged to tell Maria Ansell that she knew nothing of his plans, and it mortified her to think that every one was aware of his neglect. Yet, even now, if on reaching the house she should find a telegram to say that he was coming, the weight of loneliness would be lifted from her heart, and everything in life would seem different. . . .

Her high-strung mare, scenting the homeward road, and excited by the fantastic play of wayside lights and shadows, swept her along at a wild gallop with which the fevered rush of her thoughts kept pace, and when she reached the house she dropped from the saddle with aching wrists and brain benumbed.

She entered by a side door, to avoid meeting any one, and ran breathlessly upstairs to her sitting-room, knowing that she had barely time to dress for dinner. As she opened the door some one rose from the chair by the fire, and she stood still, facing her husband. . . .

It was the moment both had desired, yet when it came it found them tongue-tied and helpless.

Bessy was the first to speak. "When did you get here? You never wrote me you were coming!" she exclaimed.

Amherst advanced toward her, holding out his hand. "No; you must forgive me. I have been very busy," he said.

Always the same excuse! The same thrusting at her of the hateful fact that Westmore came first, and that she must put up with whatever was left of his time and thoughts!

"You are always too busy to let me hear from you," she said coldly, and the hand which had sprung toward his fell back to her side.

Even then, if he had only said frankly: "It was too difficult—I didn't know how," the note of truth would have reached and moved her; but he had striven for the tone of ease and self-restraint that was habitual among her friends, and as usual his attempt had been a failure.

"I am sorry—I'm a bad hand at writing," he rejoined; and his evil genius prompted him to add: "I hope my coming is not inconvenient?"

The colour rose to Bessy's face. "Of course not. But it must seem rather odd to our visitors that I should know so little of your plans."

At this he humbled himself still farther. "I know I don't think enough about appearances—I'll try to do better the next time."

Appearances! He spoke as if she had been reproaching him for a breach of etiquette . . . it never occurred to him that the cry came from her humiliated heart! The tide of warmth that always enveloped her in his presence was receding, and in its place a chill fluid seemed to creep slowly up to her throat and lips.

In Amherst, meanwhile, the opposite process was taking place. His wife was still to him the most beautiful woman in the world, or rather, perhaps, the only woman to whose beauty his eyes had been opened. That beauty could never again penetrate to his heart, but it still touched his senses, not with passion but with a caressing kindness, such as one might feel for the bright movements of a bird or a kitten. It seemed to plead with him not to ask of her more than she could give—to be content with the outward grace and not seek in it an inner meaning. He moved toward her again, and drew her passive hands gently into his.

"You look tired. Why do you ride so late?"

"Oh, I just wanted to give Impulse a gallop. I hadn't time to take her out earlier, and if I let the grooms exercise her they'll spoil her mouth."

Amherst frowned. "You ought not to ride that mare alone at night. She shies at everything after dark."

"She's the only horse I care for—the others are all cows," she murmured, releasing her hands impatiently.

"Well, you must take me with you the next time you ride her," he said, smiling.

At this she softened a little, in spite of herself. Riding was the only amusement he cared to share with her, and the thought of a long gallop across the plains at his side brought back the warmth to her veins.

"Yes, we'll go tomorrow. How long do you mean to stay?" she asked, looking up at him eagerly.

He was pleased that she should wish to know, yet the question embarrassed him, for it was necessary that he should be back at Westmore within three days, and he could not put her off with a light evasion.

Bessy saw his hesitation, and her quick colour rose again. "I only asked because there is to be a fancy ball at the Hunt Club on the twentieth, and I thought of giving a big dinner here first," she said carelessly.

Amherst did not understand that she too had her inarticulate moments, and that the allusion to the fancy ball was improvised to dissemble an eagerness to which he had been too slow in responding. He supposed that she had enquired about his plans only that he might not again interfere with the arrangements of her dinner-table. If that was all she cared about, it became suddenly easy to tell her that he could not stay, and he answered lightly: "Fancy balls are a little out of my line; but at any rate I shall have to be back at the mills the day after tomorrow."

The disappointment brought a rush of bitterness to her lips. "The day after tomorrow? It seems hardly worth while to have come so far for two days!"

"Oh, I don't mind the journey—and there are one or two matters I must consult you about."

There could hardly have been a more ill-advised answer, but Amherst was reckless now. If she cared for his coming only that he might fill a place at a fancy-dress dinner, he would let her see that he had come only because he had to go through the form of submitting to her certain measures to be taken at Westmore.

Bessy was beginning to feel the physical reaction of her sharp struggle with the mare. The fatigue which at first had deadened her nerves now woke them to acuter sensibility, and an appealing word from her husband would have drawn her straight to his arms. But his answer seemed to drive all the blood back to her heart.

"I don't see why you still go through the

form of consulting me about Westmore, when you have always done just as you pleased there, without regard to me or to Cicely," said she.

Amherst made no answer, silenced by the discouragement of hearing the same old grievance on her lips; and she too seemed struck, after she had spoken, by the unprofitableness of such retorts.

"It doesn't matter—of course I'll do whatever you wish," she went on, with sudden listlessness. "But I could have sent my signature, if that is all you came for——"

"Thanks," said Amherst coldly. "I shall remember that the next time."

They stood silent for a moment, he with his eyes fixed upon her gravely, she with averted head, twisting her riding-whip between her fingers; then she said suddenly: "We shall be late for dinner," and passing into her dressing-room she closed the door.

Amherst roused himself as she disappeared.

"Bessy!" he exclaimed, moving toward her; but as he approached the door he heard her maid's voice within, and turning away he went to his own room.

Bessy came down late to dinner, with vivid cheeks and an air of improvised ease; and the manner of her entrance, combined with her husband's unannounced arrival, produced in their observant guests the sense of latent complications. Mr. Langhope, though evidently unaware of his son-in-law's return till they greeted each other in the drawing-room, was too good a card-player to betray surprise, and Mrs. Ansell outdid herself in the delicate art of taking everything for granted; but these very dissimulations sharpened the perception of the other guests, whom long practice had rendered expert in interpreting such signs.

Of all this Justine Brent was aware; and conscious also of the fact that, by every one but herself, the suspected estrangement between the Amhersts was regarded as turning merely on the question of money. To the greater number of persons present there was, in fact, no other conceivable source of conjugal discord, since every known complication could be adjusted by means of the universal lubricant. It was this unanimity of view which bound together in the compactness of a new feudalism the members of Bessy Amherst's world; which sup-

plied them with their pass-words and social tests, and defended them securely against the insidious attack of ideas.

The Genius of History, capriciously directing the antics of its marionettes, sometimes lets the drama languish through a series of unrelated episodes, and then, suddenly quickening the pace, packs into one scene the stuff of a dozen. The chance meeting of Amherst and Justine, seemingly of no significance to either, contained the germ of developments of which both had begun to be aware before the evening was over. Their short talk—the first really intimate exchange of words between them—had the immediate effect of creating a sense of solidarity that grew apace in the atmosphere of the Lynbrook dinner-table.

Justine was always reluctant to take part in Bessy's week-end dinners, but as she descended the stairs that evening she did not regret having promised to be present. She frankly wanted to see Amherst again—his tone, his view of life, reinforced her own convictions, restored her faith in the reality and importance of all that Lynbrook ignored and excluded. Her extreme sensitiveness to surrounding vibrations of thought and feeling told her, as she glanced at him between the flowers and candles of the long dinner-table, that he too was obscurely aware of the same effect; and it flashed across her that they were unconsciously drawn together by the fact that they were the only two strangers in the room. Every one else had the same standpoint, spoke the same language, drew upon the same stock of allusions, used the same weights and measures in estimating persons and actions. Between Mr. Langhope's indolent acuteness of mind and the rudimentary processes of the rosy Telfers there was a difference of degree but not of kind. If Mr. Langhope viewed the spectacle more objectively, it was not because he had outlived the sense of its importance, but because years of experience had familiarized him with its minutest details; and this familiarity with the world he lived in had bred a profound contempt for any other.

In no way could the points of contact between Amherst and Justine Brent have been more vividly brought out than by their tacit exclusion from the currents of opinion about them. Amherst, seated in unsmiling endurance at the foot of the long table, be-

tween Mrs. Eustace Ansell, with her carefully-distributed affabilities, and Blanche Carbury, with her reckless hurling of conversational pebbles, seemed to Justine as much of a stranger as herself among the people to whom his marriage had introduced him. So strongly did she feel the sense of their common isolation that it was no surprise to her, when the men reappeared in the drawing-room after dinner, to have her host thread his way, between the unfolding bridge-tables, straight to the distant corner where she sat. Amherst's methods in the drawing-room were still as direct as in the cotton-mill. He always went up at once to the person he sought, without preliminary waste of tactics; and on this occasion Justine, without knowing what had passed between himself and Bessy, suspected from the appearance of both that their talk had resulted in increasing Amherst's desire to be with some one to whom he could speak freely and naturally on the subject nearest his heart.

She began at once to question him about Westmore, and the change in his face showed that his work still offered him a refuge from all that made life disheartening and unintelligible. Whatever convictions had been thwarted or impaired in him, his faith in the importance of his task remained unshaken; and the firmness with which he held to it filled Justine with a sense of his strength. The feeling kindled her own desire to escape again into the world of deeds, yet by a sudden reaction it checked the growing inclination for Stephen Wyant that had resulted from her revolt against Lynbrook. Here was a man as careless as Wyant of the minor forms, yet her appreciation of him was not affected by the lack of adaptability that she accused herself of criticizing in her suitor. She began to see that it was not the sense of Wyant's social deficiencies that had held her back; and the discovery at once set free her judgment of him, enabling her to penetrate to the real causes of her reluctance. She understood now that the flaw she felt was far deeper than any defect of manner. It was the sense in him of something unstable and incalculable, something at once weak and violent, that was brought to light by the contrast of Amherst's quiet resolution. Here was a man whom no gusts of chance could deflect from his underlying purpose; while she felt that

the career to which Wyant had so ardently given himself would always be at the mercy of his passing emotions.

As the distinction grew clearer, Justine trembled to think that she had so nearly pledged herself, without the excuse of love, to a man whose failings she could judge so lucidly. . . . But had she ever really thought of marrying Wyant? While she continued to talk with Amherst such a possibility became more and more remote, till she began to feel that it was no more than a haunting dream. But her promise to see Wyant the next day reminded her of the nearness of her peril. How could she have played with her fate so lightly—she, who held her life so dear because she felt in it such untried powers of action and emotion? She continued to listen to Amherst's account of his work, with sufficient outward self-possession to place the right comment and put the right question, yet conscious only of the quiet strength she was absorbing from his presence, of the way in which his words, his voice, his mere nearness were slowly steadying and clarifying her will.

In the smoking-room, after the ladies had gone upstairs, Amherst continued to acquit himself mechanically of his duties, against the incongruous back-ground of his predecessor's remarkable sporting-prints—for it was characteristic of his relation to Lynbrook that his life there was carried on in the setting of foils and boxing-gloves, firearms and racing-trophies, which had expressed Dick Westmore's ideals. Never very keenly alive to his material surroundings, and quite unconscious of the irony of this proximity, Amherst had come to accept his wife's guests as unquestioningly as their background, and with the same sense of their being an inevitable part of his new life. Their talk was no more intelligible to him than the red and yellow hieroglyphics of the racing-prints, and he smoked in silence while Mr. Langhope discoursed to Westy Gaines on the recent sale of Chinese porcelains at which he had been lucky enough to pick up the set of Ming for his daughter, and Mason Winch expounded to a group of languid listeners the essential dependence of the labouring-man on the prosperity of Wall Street. In a retired corner, Ned Bowfort was imparting facts of a more personal nature to a chosen following who hailed with suppressed enjoyment the murmured

mention of proper names; and now and then Amherst found himself obliged to say to Fenton Carbury, who with one accord had been left on his hands, "Yes, I understand the flat-tread tire is best," or, "There's a good deal to be said for the low tension magneto——"

But all the while his conscious thoughts were absorbed in the remembrance of his talk with Justine Brent. He had left his wife's presence in that state of moral lassitude when the strongest hopes are infected by the stealing poison of indifference and hostility, and the effort of attainment seems out of all proportion to the end in view; but as he listened to Justine all his energies sprang to life again. Here at last was some one who understood the urgency of his task: her every word and look confirmed her comment of the afternoon: "Westmore must be foremost to you both in time—I don't see how either of you can escape it."

She felt it, as he did, to be the special outlet offered for the expression of what he was worth to the world; and with the knowledge that one other person recognized his call, it sounded again loudly in his heart. Yes, he would go on, patiently and persistently, conquering obstacles, suffering delay, enduring criticism—hardest of all, bearing with his wife's deepening indifference and distrust. Justine had said "Westmore must be foremost to both of you," and he would prove that she was right—in spite of the influences accumulated against him he would win over Bessy in the end!

Those observers who had been struck by the length and animation of Miss Brent's talk with her host—and among whom Mrs. Ansell and Westy Gaines were foremost—would hardly have believed how small a part her personal charms had played in attracting him. Amherst was still under the power of the other kind of beauty—the soft graces personifying the first triumph of sex in his heart—and Justine's dark slenderness could not at once dispel the milder image. He watched her with pleasure while she talked, but her face dwelt in his mind only as the vehicle of her ideas—she looked as a girl must look who felt and thought as she did. He was aware that everything about her was quick and fine and supple, and that the muscles of character lay close to the surface of feeling; but the interpenetration of spirit and flesh that made her body

seem like the bright projection of her inner self left him unconscious of anything but the community of their thoughts.

So these two, in their hour of doubt, poured strength into each other's hearts, each unconscious of what they gave, and of its hidden power of renewing their own purposes.

XVIII



LF Mr. Langhope had ever stooped to such facile triumphs as that summed up in the convenient "I told you so," he would have loosed the phrase on Mrs. Ansell in the course of a colloquy which these two, the next afternoon, were at some pains to defend from the incursions of the Lynbrook house-party.

Mrs. Ansell was the kind of woman who could encircle herself with privacy on an excursion-boat and create a nook in an hotel drawing-room, but it taxed even her ingenuity to segregate herself from the Telfers. When the feat was accomplished, and it became evident that Mr. Langhope could yield himself securely to the joys of confidential discourse, he paused on the brink of disclosure to say: "It's as well that I saved that Ming from the ruins."

"What ruins?" she exclaimed, her startled look giving him the full benefit of the effect he was seeking to produce.

He addressed himself deliberately to the selecting and lighting of a cigarette. "Truscomb is down and out—resigned, 'the wise it call.' And the alterations at Westmore are going to cost a great deal more than my experienced son-in-law expected. This is Westy's morning budget—he and Amherst had it out last night. I tell my poor girl that at least she'll lose nothing when the *bibelots* I've bought for her go up the spout."

Mrs. Ansell received this with a troubled countenance. "What has become of Bessy? I've not seen her since luncheon."

"No. She and Blanche Carbury have motored over to dine with the Nick Ledgers at Islip."

"Did you see her before she left?"

"For a moment, but she said very little. Westy tells me that Amherst hints at leasing the New York house. One can understand that she is left speechless."

Mrs. Ansell, at this, sat bolt upright. "The New York house?" But she broke off to add, with seeming irrelevance: "If you knew how I detest Blanche Carbury!"

Mr. Langhope made a gesture of semi-acquiescence. "She is not the friend I should have chosen for Bessy—but we know that Providence makes use of strange instruments."

"Providence and Blanche Carbury?" She stared at him. "Ah, you are profoundly corrupt!"

"I have the coarse masculine habit of looking facts in the face. Woman-like, you prefer to make use of them privately, and cut them when you meet."

"Blanche is not the kind of fact I should care to make use of under any circumstances whatever!"

"No one asks you to. Simply regard her as a force of nature—let her alone, and don't put up too many lightning-rods."

She raised her eyes to his face. "Do you really mean that you want Bessy to get a divorce?"

"Your style is elliptical, dear Maria; but divorce does not frighten me very much. It has grown almost as painless as modern dentistry."

"It's our odious insensibility that makes it so!"

Mr. Langhope received this with the mildness of suspended judgment. "How else, then, do you propose that Bessy shall save what is left of her money?"

"I would rather see her save what is left of her happiness. Bessy will never be happy in the new way."

"What do you call the new way?"

"Launching one's boat over a human body—or several, as the case may be!"

"But don't you see that, as an expedient to bring this madman to reason——"

"I've told you that you don't understand him!"

Mr. Langhope turned on her with what would have been a show of temper in any one less provided with shades of manner. "Well, then, explain him, for God's sake!"

"I might explain him by saying that she's still in love with him."

"Ah, if you're still imprisoned in the old formulas!"

Mrs. Ansell confronted him with a grave face. "Isn't that precisely what Bessy is? Isn't she one of the most harrowing victims

of the plan of bringing up our girls in the double bondage of expediency and unreality, corrupting their bodies with luxury and their brains with sentiment, and leaving them to reconcile the two as best they can, or lose their souls in the attempt?"

Mr. Langhope smiled. "I may observe that, with my poor child so early left alone to me, I supposed I was doing my best in committing her guidance to some of the most admirable women I know."

"Of whom I was one—and not the least lamentable example of the system! Of course the only thing that saves us from their vengeance," Mrs. Ansell added, "is that so few of them ever stop to think. . . ."

"And yet, as I make out, it's precisely what you would have Bessy do!"

"It's what neither you nor I can help her doing. You've given her just acuteness enough to question, without consecutiveness enough to explain. But if she must perish in the struggle—and I see no hope for her—" cried Mrs. Ansell, starting suddenly and dramatically to her feet, "at least let her perish defending her ideals and not denying them—even if she has to sell the New York house and all your china pots into the bargain!"

Mr. Langhope, rising also, deprecatingly lifted his hands, "If that's what you call saving me from her vengeance—sending the crockery crashing round my ears!" And, as she turned away without any pretense of capping his pleasantry, he added, with a gleam of friendly malice: "I suppose you're going to the Hunt ball as Cassandra?"

Amherst, that morning, had sought out his wife with the definite resolve to efface the unhappy impression of their previous talk. He blamed himself for having been too easily repelled by her impatience. As the stronger of the two, with the power of a fixed purpose to sustain him, he should have made allowances for the instability of her impulses, and above all for the automatic influences of habit.

Knowing that she did not keep early hours, he delayed till ten o'clock to present himself at her sitting-room door, but the maid who answered his knock informed him that Mrs. Amherst was not yet up.

His reply that he would wait did not appear to hasten the leisurely process of his wife's toilet, and he had the room to himself

for a full half-hour. Many months had passed since he had spent so long a time in it, and though habitually unobservant of external details, he now found an outlet for his restlessness in mechanically noting the intimate appurtenances of Bessy's life. He was at first merely conscious of a soothing harmony of line and colour, extending from the blurred tints of the rug to the subdued gleam of light on old picture-frames and on the slender flanks of porcelain vases; but gradually he began to notice how every chair and screen and cushion, and even every trifling utensil on the inlaid writing-desk, had been chosen with reference to the whole composition, and to the minutest requirements of a fastidious leisure. A few months ago this studied setting, if he had thought of it at all, would have justified itself as expressing the pretty woman's natural affinity for pretty toys; but now it was the cost of it that struck him. He was beginning to learn from Bessy's bills that no commodity is taxed as high as beauty, and the beauty about him filled him with sudden repugnance, as the disguise of the evil influences that were separating his wife's life from his.

But with her entrance he dismissed the thought, and tried to meet her as if nothing stood in the way of their full communion. Her hair, still wet from the bath, broke from its dryad-like knot in dusky rings and spirals threaded with gold, and from her loose flexible draperies, and her whole person as she moved, there came a scent of youth and morning freshness. Her beauty touched the man's heart in him, and made it easier for him to humble himself.

"I was stupid and disagreeable last night. I can never say what I want when I have to count the minutes, and I have come back now for a quiet talk," he began.

A shade of distrust passed over Bessy's face. "About business?" she asked, pausing a few feet away from him.

"Don't let us give it that name!" He went up to her and drew her two hands into his. "You used to call it our work—won't you go back to that way of looking at it?"

Her hands resisted his pressure. "I didn't know, then, that it was going to be the only thing you cared for——"

But for her own sake he would not let her go on. "Some day I mean to make you see how much my caring for it means my

caring for you. But meanwhile," he urged, "won't you overcome your aversion to the subject, and bear with it as my work, if you no longer care to think of it as yours?"

Bessy, freeing herself, sat down on the edge of the straight-backed chair near the desk, as though to mark the parenthetical nature of the interview.

"I know you think me stupid—but wives are not usually expected to go into all the details of their husbands' business. I have told you to do whatever you wish at Westmore, and I can't see why that is not enough."

Amherst looked at her in surprise. Something in her quick mechanical utterance suggested that not only the thought but the actual words she spoke had been inspired, and he fancied he heard in them an echo of Blanche Carbury's tones. Though Bessy's intimacy with Mrs. Carbury was of such recent date, fragments of unheeded smoking-room gossip now recurred to confirm the vague antipathy which Amherst had felt for her the previous evening.

"I know that, among your friends, wives are not expected to interest themselves in their husbands' work, and if the mills were mine I should try to conform to the custom, though I should always think it a pity that the questions that fill a man's thoughts should be ruled out of his talk with his wife; but as it is, I am only your representative at Westmore, and I don't see how we can help having the subject come up between us."

Bessy remained silent, not as if acquiescing in his plea, but as though her own small stock of arguments had temporarily failed her; and he went on, enlarging upon his theme with a careful avoidance of technical phraseology, and with the constant effort to keep the human and personal side of the question before her.

She listened without comment, her eyes fixed on a little jewelled letter-opener which she had picked up from the writing-table, and which she continued to turn in her fingers while he spoke.

The full development of Amherst's plans at Westmore, besides resulting, as he had foreseen, in Truscomb's resignation, and in Halford Gaines's outspoken resistance to the new policy, had necessitated a larger immediate outlay of capital than the first estimates demanded, and Amherst, in putting his case to Bessy, was prepared to have her

meet it on the old ground of the disapproval of all her advisers. But when he had ended she merely said, without looking up from the toy in her hand: "I always expected that you would need a great deal more money than you thought."

The comment touched him at his most vulnerable point. "But you see why? You understand how the work has gone on growing—?" he began.

His wife lifted her head to glance at him for a moment. "I am not sure that I understand," she said indifferently; "but if another loan is necessary, of course I will sign the note for it."

The words checked his reply by bringing up, before he was prepared to deal with it, the other and more embarrassing aspect of the question. He had hoped to reawaken in Bessy some feeling for the urgency of his task before having to take up the subject of increased expenditure; but her cold anticipation of his demands, as part of a disagreeable business to be despatched and put out of mind, doubled the difficulty of what he had left to say; and it suddenly occurred to him that she had perhaps foreseen and reckoned on this result.

He met her eyes gravely. "Another loan is necessary; but if any proper provision is to be made for paying it back, your expenses will have to be cut down a good deal for the next few months."

The blood leapt to Bessy's face. "My expenses? You seem to forget how much I have been obliged to cut them down already."

"The household bills certainly don't show it. They are increasing steadily, and there have been some very heavy incidental payments lately."

"What do you mean by incidental payments?"

"Well, there was the pair of cobs you bought last month——"

She returned to a resigned contemplation of the letter-opener. "With only one motor, one must have more horses, of course."

"The stables seemed to me fairly full before. But if you required more horses, I don't see why, at this particular moment, it was also necessary to buy a set of Chinese vases for twenty-five hundred dollars."

Bessy, at this, lifted her head with an air of decision that surprised him. Her blush had faded as quickly as it came, and he noticed that she was pale to the lips.

"I know you don't care about such things; but I had an exceptional chance of securing the vases at a low price—they are really worth twice as much—and Dick always wanted to get a set for the drawing-room mantelpiece."

Richard Westmore's name was always tacitly avoided between them, for in Amherst's case the disagreeable sense of dependence on a dead man's bounty increased the feeling of obscure constraint and repugnance which any reminder of the first husband's existence is wont to produce in his successor.

He reddened at the reply, and Bessy, profiting by an embarrassment which she had perhaps consciously provoked, went on hastily, and as if by rote: "I have left you perfectly free to do as you think best at the mills, but this perpetual discussion of my personal expenses is very unpleasant to me, as I am sure it must be to you, and in future I think it would be much better for us to have separate accounts."

"Separate accounts?" Amherst echoed in genuine astonishment.

"I should like my personal expenses to be under my own control again—I have never been used to accounting for every penny I spend."

The vertical line deepened between Amherst's brows. "You are of course free to spend your money as you like—and I thought you were doing so when you authorized me, last spring, to begin the changes at Westmore."

Her lip trembled. "Do you reproach me for that? I didn't understand. . . you took advantage. . . ."

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

At his tone the blood rushed back to her face. "It was my fault, of course—— I only wanted to please you——"

Amherst was silent, confronted by the sudden sense of his own responsibility. What she said was true—he had known, when he exacted the sacrifice, that she made it only to please him, on an impulse of reawakened feeling, and not from any real recognition of a larger duty. The perception of this made him answer gently: "I am willing to take any blame you think I deserve; but it won't help us now to go back to the past. It is more important that we should come to an understanding about the future. If by keeping your personal ac-

count separate, you mean that you wish to resume control of your whole income, then you ought to understand that the improvements at the mills will have to be dropped at once, and things there go back to their old state."

She started up with an impatient gesture. "Oh, I should like never to hear of the mills again!" she exclaimed.

He looked at her a moment in silence. "Am I to take that as your answer?" he asked at length.

She walked toward her door without returning his look. "Of course," she murmured, "you will end by doing as you please."

The retort moved him, for he heard in it the cry of her wounded pride. He longed to be able to cry out in return that Westmore was nothing to him, that all he asked was to see her happy. . . . But it was not true, and his manhood revolted from the deception. Besides, its effect would be only temporary—it would wear no better than her vain efforts to simulate an interest in his work. Between them, forever, were the insurmountable barriers of character, of education, of habit—and yet it was not in him to believe that any barrier was insurmountable.

"Bessy," he exclaimed, following her, "don't let us part in this way——"

She paused with her hand on her dress-

ing-room door. "It is time to dress for church," she objected, turning to glance at the little gilt clock on the chimney-piece.

"For church?" Amherst stared, wondering that at such a crisis she should have remained detached enough to take note of the hour.

"You forget," she replied, with an air of gentle reproof, "that before we married I was in the habit of going to church every Sunday."

"Yes—to be sure. Would you not like me to go with you?" he rejoined gently, as if roused to the consciousness of another omission in the long list of his social shortcomings; for church-going, at Lynbrook, had always struck him as a purely social observance.

But Bessy had opened the door of her dressing-room. "I much prefer that you should do what you like," she said as she passed from the room.

Amherst made no farther attempt to detain her, and the door closed on her as though it were closing on a chapter in their lives.

"That's the end of it!" he murmured, picking up the letter-opener she had been playing with, and twirling it absently in his fingers. But nothing in life ever ends, and the next moment a new question confronted him—how was the next chapter to open?

(To be continued.)

THE LOST SPIRIT

By C. A. Price

WHERE art thou fled, O Spirit of Delight?
 I knew thee once in every passing throng,
 Ever I caught a fragment of thy song
 Or saw afar thy vesture flutter bright.
 No way was then without thee; but for long,
 Search as I may, thou still evad'st my sight,
 O heaven-born Spirit! hast forsook us quite?
 Thou wouldst not do the earth such grievous wrong!
 Thy sister, Mirth is here; but she has loosed
 The fillet from her hair, unbound it flies,
 Jangled the laughter is that rang so sweet;
 And she, whose step was seemly when she used
 To be thy comrade, now a mcenad hies,
 Her shrill jests echoing from street to street.

JOSEPH DESBIENS: WIDOWER

By Elizabeth Shaw Oliver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



THE white-haired curé sighed wearily, as he shortened his rusty soutane with the aid of three large safety-pins. Marie Desbiens's funeral had tired and saddened him.

The pathetic little procession of husband and children following the quaint one-horse hearse, the pall-covered coffin in the cold, white-washed church, the last scenes at the grave; it had all affected him strongly. He had known the dead mother for many years. He could see her now as he saw her at her first communion, an innocent, brown-haired creature, only a little more impressed by the solemnity of the occasion than by the glory of her white dress and flowing veil. He could picture her plainly as she stood before him, timidly, with downcast eyes, on the day of her marriage to lazy, good-looking Joseph Desbiens. He remembered the babies that came tumbling in, and how he had baptized them all. A thousand memories of her crowded his brain, though he tried to dismiss them. Alas, he knew too well how she had worked to make the little home happy, how she had mended and sewed, spun and woven, with never a word of reproach for the shiftless husband. He had seen her lose her youth and beauty in the struggle, and a year before, when he had asked for something to cure her cough, had only received a doleful shake of the head from Duchesne, the village apothecary. Joseph, with the wilful blindness of the selfish husband, had described her sickness to the anxious curé as "une petite maladie de rien." Now it was all over, and she and her two-days-old child were lying in the arms of Mother Earth.

The old curé slipped off his spectacles and polished them furiously with his red cotton handkerchief, then replaced them carefully on his big, aquiline nose, seized his rod, hat, and fly-book and started toward the door. An afternoon by the stream, along with the unmarred beauties of the Creator would make him more lenient, more patient, with his fellow-man. There was a careful

knock at the door, and at the curé's irritated "Entrez donc" an obsequious little man in black stole into the room.

"Pardon, monsieur," he whispered, "but if Monsieur le Curé is not engaged, will he not speak with the husband of Marie Desbiens?"

The curé was no lover of the ne'er-do-well, selfish Joseph, but his pastoral sense ever outweighed his personal prejudice. He mechanically replaced rod, book, and hat on the chair and seated himself by his writing-table.

"Tell him to come in, François," he said gently.

The man vanished, and soon there were sounds of heavy boots in the entry. A six-footer in deepest black pushed open the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold. There was an embarrassed pause. "May I speak with monsieur?" he finally blurted out; "that is to say, if monsieur has time," and he glanced tentatively at the curé's fishing-tackle.

"*Mon enfant*," said the old man, and his lined, ugly face was beautiful in its sincerity, "I have always time, time and desire to listen to my people. Thou comest, perhaps, that I may give thee some comfort. Ah, the good Marie! one must not grieve too much; she was so tired."

Joseph looked uncomfortable and shifted from foot to foot. "It is true, monsieur, one must not grieve too much, but it was bad luck to lose her; she should have been still *ben capable*."

The curé's face hardened like flint. "Well," he said coldly.

"Well, Monsieur le Curé," continued Joseph, in self-commiserating accents, oblivious of the priest's changed tone, "it is like this. For the year, as monsieur knows, I have had *des misères*; poor food, ragged children, a dirty house, and Marie always complaining, always coughing. It has been hard for me, me who loves the drink. You, monsieur, have often said, 'Joseph, take care of the *whiskey blanc*.' But with such a

home what would you! Coming home from the funeral to-day, I meet Georget Hervey, and together we take *un petit coup*; I tell him my troubles as I tell you, and he says to me, 'Marry again, *mon cher*.' It is a good thought, *n'est ce pas*, monsieur? He also knows a girl at Baie St. Paul, and he says she is not too ugly. Georget thinks it is bad in life to waste time. I think so, too; but there is the rule.* I come to monsieur to ask will he not give me a dispensation, so I lose not forty days and go next Sunday with Georget to the Baie. I bring back a good girl who will keep the house and be kind to the children."

As Joseph's eloquence poured forth the curé leaned back in his chair, his fingertips together, his eyes half closed. Indignation, disgust, pity, were successively reflected in his mobile face, to be finally supplanted by a half-humorous tolerance. As the man finished, he opened his eyes and looked at him slowly, from head to foot.

"Poor Joseph!" he said; "poor Joseph! *Eh bien, mon enfant*, it is true thou art unlucky; it is true, thou hast temptation. Go with Georget, thou hast my permission."

Joseph's stupid face lightened with pleasure and relief; with unconscious grace he dropped on his knees beside the curé and kissed the brown, thin hand. "Monsieur le Curé is too good," he said; "Marie, poor girl, has always said it."

The curé winced at the reference to the dead wife, but he held his tongue. As the door closed on the retreating black figure he covered his face with his hands. "Ah, Jean la Ferriere," he murmured, "the good God has created all things, Joseph as well as Marie; who art thou to judge?"

Mechanically he unfastened the safety-pins from his soutane and placed them in his fly-book. "François," he called, "have supper as usual; I shall not go fishing."

Mass was over; the spluttering candles were out, the sacred vessels had been carried to the sacristy. The Sunday crowd of habitants in homespun and the little group of well-to-do villagers in black had filed out of the dreary church. Horses had been unhitched, *planches* and *calèches* righted, families collected; one by one the curé's flock were leaving for their homes.

*In Canada the Church imposes at least forty days of mourning before the widower or widow remarries.

The curé himself, in best soutane and buckled shoes, came out of the sacristy and carefully locked the door behind him. It was a wonderful June day; the great river glistened in the sun like a silver mirror, a perfect reflection of blue sky and slow drifting white clouds. The fields were fresh and green and the neighboring mountains soft with delicate, new foliage; even the scattered houses of little St. Fidèle looked less sordid, less unlovely, than usual. The scent of lilacs and lilies of the valley floated abroad from the *presbytère* garden. The curé, his eyes full of tenderness, was irresistibly drawn in their direction. A man was standing at the whitewashed picket gate, a short, thin man, with a weak, meaningless face, who uncovered his head as the curé came toward him.

"Ah, what a morning, Georget, *mon fils*," exclaimed the priest. "A morning to make one glad; to make one young, to make one understand!"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," assented Georget sympathetically, "it is good weather; good for the farmer, good for the carter; we will make much money this summer."

The old curé dropped rudely to earth; the scent of the lilacs grew faint. He drew himself up and assumed a practical, common-sense manner.

"What is it, *mon cher*?" he said. "Is the wife ill or the mare lame?"

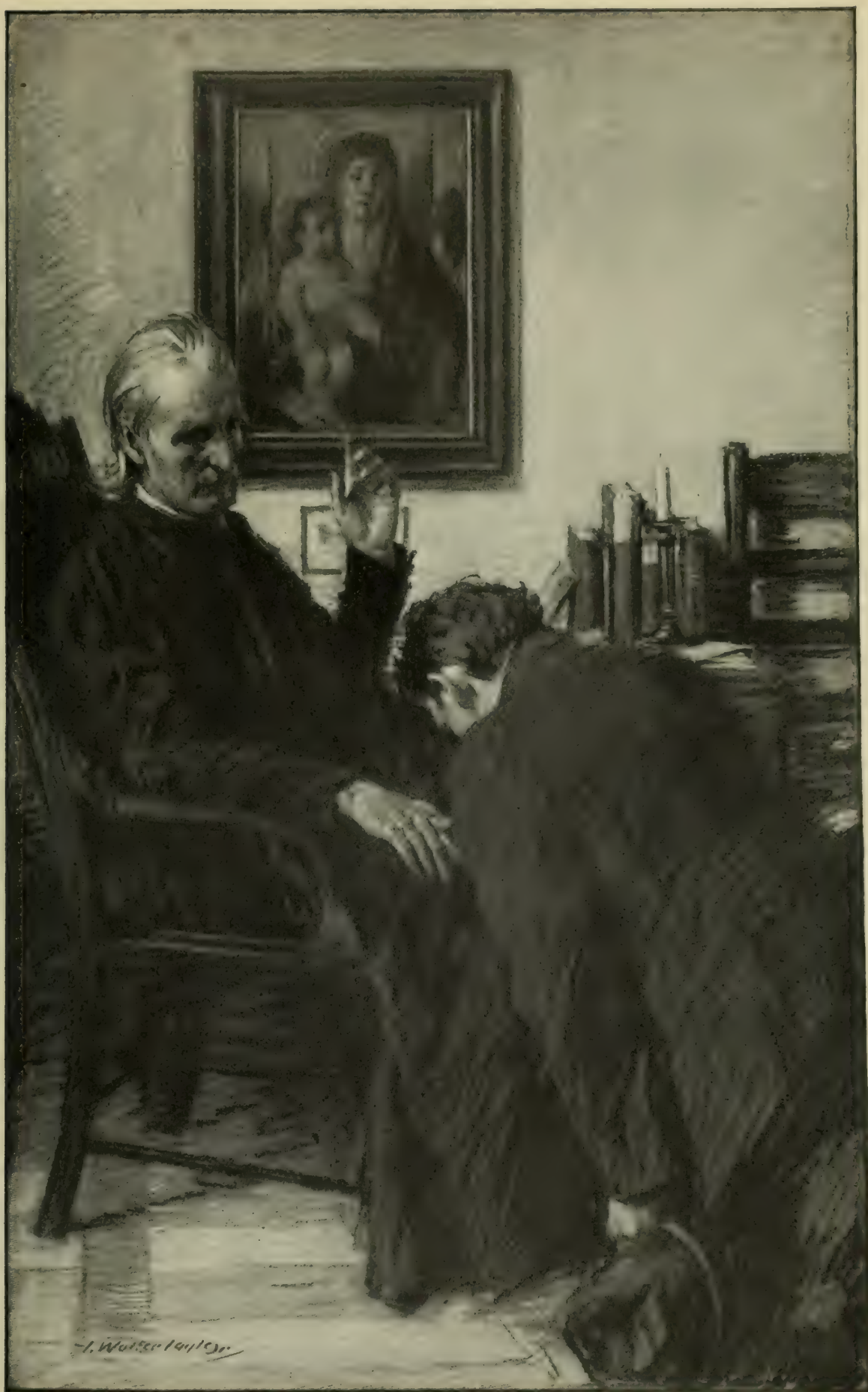
"Neither one nor the other, monsieur, but I should like to explain to you a little matter. You saw the new wife of Joseph Desbiens at the mass to-day, *hein*?"

"No," smiled the curé; "unfortunately, I did not think to look at her."

For an instant Georget's pompous manner suffered a relapse; he was deeply chagrined; the first public appearance of the second Madame Desbiens had produced a wave of excitement in the congregation; he could not understand how a matter of such great importance had escaped the curé's eye.

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, if you have not seen her it matters not so much, but I want monsieur to know that she is not of my choice." He cleared his throat and added consequentially, "A man like myself who makes many marriages must guard his reputation."

The curé passed his hand over his mouth, as if to obliterate all signs of a smile. "Well, Georget, *mon fils*," he said solemnly, "tell me thy troubles."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Monsieur le Curé is too good," he said.—Page 736.

"It is kind of monsieur to listen; perhaps I am wrong to take his time, but Corinne says I owe it to myself." Georget puffed out his thin chest and looked about him defiantly. A gleam of amusement shone in the priest's eyes at this bolstering up of Georget's courage; everyone in the parish knew who ruled Hervey's house and conscience. Georget cleared his throat, spat thoughtfully and began his story.

"Monsieur knows 'twas I who tells Joseph, 'Marry again'; who asks him to get a dispensation. Corinne and I have often said, the home is not happy. When Marie was in good health things were not right, and in the end she was impossible; always untidy, always complaining."

The curé's shaggy brows contracted angrily. "Marie is where the *bon Dieu* judges, not thou or I," he interrupted. "Leave her, *mon fils*, to Divine mercy." Georget looked disconcerted, but unconvinced. "Well, monsieur, as you please, I speak no more of Marie; but it is certain, for some reason Joseph found my idea good.

"I go at once to Monsieur le Curé," he says, 'and if he gives me dispensation we go to Baie St. Paul next Sunday.'

"Four days after the funeral we start at daylight in my *planche*. The girl I have selected for him is young and pretty enough; good on the farm, good in the house; a man of his age should be happy to have her.

"We arrive at the house, monsieur, just at this hour; mass is finished, the family Andette drives up to the house at the same moment. I present Joseph to all the family and I close one eye at *père* Andette to make him know I have brought a husband for his daughter. He understand quick, and soon all leave the kitchen to give him a chance.

"I myself go to the stables and occupy myself in backing the *planche* into the *grange*. What do I hear at the end of five minutes? What do I hear? The voice of the *sacré* Joseph. Pardon, monsieur, the evil word escaped me." Georget flushed with embarrassment and the curé tried to look shocked. There was an appreciable pause before the culprit resumed his narrative. "Yes, monsieur, I hear Joseph, who calls short as if he had not a minute to lose: 'Put in the horse quick, Georget, we should be starting for St. Fidèle.'

"I turn around to see the foolish one almost running from the house; when he

reaches me he pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his hot face. 'Bonne Ste. Anne,' he says, 'but she is ugly, thy Louise! If she is called a pretty girl in Baie St. Paul, I try elsewhere. I lose no time with such a one, *je me suis sauvé!*'

"Joseph," I say, 'be not a fool; at thy age thou shouldst know virtue is worth more than beauty. She will make thee a good wife, thy children a good mother.'

"But Joseph, as you know, monsieur, is *terriblement entêté*; he snaps his fingers—so in my face. 'That for virtue!' he says. 'A pretty wife or nothing.'

"Imagine, monsieur, that I am discouraged. Corinne and I have been certain, but certain, to make the marriage. Ah, it gives me great pain to do nothing for the little Louise Andette, who is not ugly, I assure you, monsieur, still I see it is best to go and say no more.

"I like not that he speaks so of the girls of Baie St. Paul; Corinne she is of the Baie, so I say to Joseph: 'I know a nice girl, a beautiful girl, Isabeau Villeneuve; she lives one mile up the road; it is true she is no longer a chicken of the spring, but thou art not young thyself; she is *si capable*, can read, write, and is cook of first-class.'

"I know she has a temper, a temper of the devil, monsieur, but I tell it not to Joseph. What would you! He know as well as I, everyone in the world has his fault.

"Joseph looks happy when I speak of Isabeau. '*Bien, mon ami*,' he says. 'We go to see the girl. If she is pretty, she need not be so very young. But quick, we have not too much time.'

"It is but a short drive from the Maison Andette to the Maison Villeneuve. We find them all at the table; the old *père* and *mère* Villeneuve, the two sons and their wives and children. Isabeau she brings a great dish of stew from the stove. Ah, but it is sweet to the nose! As I have said, she is a little old; not less than twenty-eight, but still *ben belle*; tall, straight, the eyes and hair black and the cheeks red like apples. I remark Joseph is content, and *mon Dieu*, when he taste the stew, his face shines like the moon of August. I say nothing, but I feel I see before me the new Madame Desbiens."

Georget paused a moment for breath and then shook his head sagely. "Little is sure in this world, Monsieur le Curé," he observed.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

He stopped before a new-made, unnamed grave.—Page 741.

"Unhappily, when we all are seated at table, content with our food, content with one another, the big gray cat, she jump *plon* on the table; she, too, has smelled the stew. She arrive with her paws in the plate of Isabeau and over goes the plate of good food in the lap of the girl.

"Isabeau, she jumps to her feet; her eyes like coals that burn, her face like my *calèche*. She seizes the cat, she throws her on the floor. Monsieur, I tell you not her words; it would not be *convenable*.

"Joseph, he sits up very straight, he opens wide his eyes; one sees he has arrived at a conclusion. A little later, when all is quiet again, he gets up and says, '*Au revoir*,' then he puts the hand on my shoulder and whispers, too loud for *politesse*: '*Bien smarte*, Georget, *et bien faite*, but suppose me, I had been the cat!'

"'*Mon Dieu*,' I say, 'I have had no luck to-day; I cannot please you. Perhaps it is better we turn, when we mount the hill, and drive fast for St. Fidèle.'

"I whip the mare and we start. We have almost arrived at the hilltop when the *planche* gives a jump back, the mare she stops quick and commence to tremble. At once I see the trace has parted; we jump out. Joseph, he puts the stones under the wheels; me, I hold the mare's head. Not far off there is a house. Go, Joseph, I say, go and ask that they lend us another trace. 'All right,' he answer, and walks away. He knocks at the door, and then enters the house; I hear the voices. I wait five minutes, ten minutes; no Joseph, no trace; still I hear talk.

"'Joseph,' I call aloud, '*vite, vite*, it grows late'; but he comes not, and I have fear to leave the mare, who is young. I wait still ten minutes, and ten minutes more then I am in anger. I unharness my mare and lead her to the house by her bridle.

"As I arrive, Joseph, he opens wide the door. '*Ola Georget, mon ami*, thou art tired?' he says.

"I look at his hand, he has no trace; I look at his face, he has not the air to be ashamed, and I am still more in anger. I speak loud. 'Thou art a worth nothing, a lazy dog; tell me, where is the man of this house? I myself will ask for help.' 'He is gone out,' answers Joseph, 'but his sister, who is here, says we may go to the stable and choose what we will.'

"I hear what he tells me, but I speak not with him; I have reason, *n'est ce pas*, monsieur? I turn round and walk to the stable.

"I hear him come after me. 'Georget,' he says, soft, like you speak to a child, 'you know the widow Bergeron, *hein*?'

"'No,' I answer short, and I search among the harness for a good trace.

"He starts again. 'She is not ugly and still young,' he says, and then adds as if he talked not with me, 'she has *beaucoup de butin*.'

"Then, monsieur, I begin to be wise, I think. 'Does Madame Bergeron live in this house?' I ask.

"'Yes,' he answers, and he takes out his pipe and fills and lights it. He smokes a little and look very serious, then he says: 'I have talked with Madame Bergeron, Georget, I find her not so bad. She is not *tout a fait mon affaire*, but what would you? We have spent a day doing nothing; next Sunday I have promised to drive an *étranger* to *Lac des Grosses Truites*. It is wise, I think, that I take her. Be not angry and mend the harness. I will arrange all, and when the brother comes we will go to the priest.'

"So, Monsieur le Curé, you see me, I have not made the marriage. I answer not for their happiness. The *veuve* Bergeron is uglier than Louise Andette and not so young; worse tempered, I am sure, than Isabeau Villeneuve, and I have heard *pas instruite*.

"Why did Joseph take her after refusing the others? you ask, perhaps, monsieur. It is my question, too, but I find no answer but this: It was a long day; perhaps Joseph, he was tired."

The curé had listened to the long recital patiently, attentively. There was a hopeless look in his tired old eyes, but he put his hand affectionately on Georget's shoulder. "Disquiet not thyself, *mon fils*," he said. "I doubt not that the widow Bergeron and Joseph will be happy. Tell the good wife I come soon to taste of her excellent soup. Adieu, *mon enfant*."

He opened the picket gate and passed into the budding garden. "I have vowed to say twenty masses for the repose of poor Marie's soul," he muttered dreamily. "Is it necessary? She has been twelve years the wife of Joseph Desbiens. The *bon Dieu* and the blessed Mother could have left her but a moment in purgatory; she must be playing now with her baby in the gardens

of paradise. Jean, Jean," he reprimanded, suddenly straightening up and squaring his stooping shoulders, "blaspheme not, blaspheme not."

A branch of lilacs swept across his face. He looked up smiling and gathered a handful of purple bloom from the gnarled old

tree. Retracing his footsteps, he passed through the picket gate, across the open green before the church door and entered the little graveyard on the farther side. He stopped before a new-made, unnamed grave, and, stooping down, laid the flowers on the brown earth.

IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

III—THE FRENCH TEMPERAMENT



AN attempt sympathetically to understand a foreign people, however cordially disposed, must always be fraught with delicacy—not least because you can never be quite sure that you may not inadvertently fall into errors, or infelicities of phrase, which may expose you in turn to unhappy misconception on the part of the friends whose character you are endeavoring to explain. Delicate anywhere, such an effort seems especially so when it concerns the French; and this for more reasons than one. As the whole world knows, they are full of sensitive feeling, and like all swiftly emotional human beings, they are almost equally ready to welcome sympathy and to resent misunderstanding. What seems less generally understood is that, at least in comparison with Americans, they often seem, when mere acquaintance deepens into friendship, remarkable for the last quality which the simple ease of their manners and the extreme frankness of their mental habits might have led you to expect. This is something which comes to seem like personal reticence.

No people could be more free or more kindly in their general talk, none could receive you in a spirit more genuinely and delightfully friendly. None, when they welcome you in their homes, could make you feel the welcome more unreserved, less clouded by any shade of consciousness that you are not quite of themselves. And yet, after many a pleasant hour with them, often

full of stimulating intellectual interest, you may find yourself surprised, on reflection, that you have not really come to know these friends any better than before. At least, if you have, it is not because they have told you anything more of their inner lives; it is only because the eager animation with which they have talked about the widely various subjects which have happened to occur has incidentally implied their more intimate personal characteristics. It would be a grave error, I think, to conclude from this that they have meant to hold you, as a visitor, at any distance; or even that, without intention, they have in any manner done so. The better I came to know them, the less I was inclined to believe that there was any shade of difference between their treatment of me, as a foreign friend, and their treatment of the French friends whom they welcomed at the same time. Even among themselves, it seemed to me—in the full confidence of immemorial friendship—they were far less apt than we to stray into speech, or even into thoughts which, as distinguished from confident, might be called confidential.

It was more than once my pleasant privilege, for example, to dine with a company of men who had been friends from boyhood. Nothing could have been more spontaneous than the eagerness with which they seemed to enjoy meeting each other familiarly and strengthening at each such meeting the tie which had held them together through years of busy work, in some instances crowned with conspicuous success. Nothing could

have been more delightful than their alert, helpful interest in whatever concerned any of their little group—their sympathy with the trials of one, their complete enthusiasm when another achieved some object of his effort, or some just reward for work well done. One felt as one might feel when received into the full and confident intimacy of some affectionate club of congenial classmates, graduated years ago from an American college. Such an experience is not only pleasant; it is tender. You remember those who have so welcomed you with something like their own contagious sentiment of mutual good-will. And yet all the while, when I was with these French friends—who were among those, I hope, who shall always stay friends—I was aware, even when they were talking most freely with one another, of a certain quality which would hardly have characterized such a company at home. It was not easy to define. It was not reserve; yet it had some touch of reserve. It seemed based on a deep, impulsive, instinctive sentiment that the inmost truth of personal feeling could not decently be revealed—that such truth should be kept sacred for occasions almost of confession, devout or mundane, as the case might be. To unveil it, as we might unveil it at home, I sometimes came to fancy, would have seemed to them like some shameless exposure of spiritual nudity. I can find no better name for the quality which I seemed to discern in these friends than an instinctive modesty of the spirit.

Indefinite, elusive, though this quality be, nor yet in any degree implying similar reticence in other matters than spiritual, there can be no doubt that such a quality is deeply characteristic of the French. Though perhaps I have explained it infelicitously, I am sure that it is there to explain. I am sure, too, that one must understand it sympathetically, even though one cannot articulately define it, before one can fairly understand the mutual misapprehensions which have so long obscured the personal intercourse of the French with their neighbors, the English, or with us of America. To put the matter most gently, there can be no question that, broadly speaking, the French are apt to appear in English or American eyes, and the English or Americans in French eyes, as somewhat deficient in a virtue equally respected by all three—

the virtue of candor. Now all three of us understand that this opinion, so far as it concerns ourselves, is mistaken. No fervor of French conviction could ever bring Englishmen and Americans honestly to agree that the typical nature of England—which so far as this consideration goes includes that of America as well—is perfidious and hypocritical. Nor could all the virtuous indignation ever expressed across the Channel or the Atlantic ever induce honest Frenchmen to conceive their national character as intentionally insincere. There can be no doubt, however, that these misconceptions have long had, on both sides, the rooted sanction of prejudice. Our present business, accordingly, is not so much to confute the prejudices as to seek for something which shall explain them.

This may be found, I think, in the different aspects in which the quality of candor presents itself to the divergent national tempers in question. The English ideal of candor, which I conceive to be substantially ours of America, too, is intimately personal. A candid man, we are apt to think, reveals to us, at any moment, exactly the condition of his inner life, in all its troublesome complexity of thought and emotion. So long as he does not keep this hidden we are more than merciful to the manner in which he may confront the specific problems of life and of philosophy; we see no everlasting reason, for example, why he should put himself to any inconvenient pains in order that his principle and his practice—or his assertions and the facts which they concern—should agree. If he let us know himself as unreservedly as he can we believe him completely candid. The French ideal of candor, on the other hand, is rather intellectual than personal. It admits, it almost demands, a degree of personal reticence which, by tempers like ours, might well be held to pass beyond the extreme of prudence; but when it confronts problems, whether of life or of philosophy, it rigidly demands a degree of intellectual frankness which our less alert mental habit has hitherto allowed us cheerfully to neglect.

The difference we are trying to understand is not, to be sure, a contradiction; it is rather a question of ethical emphasis. Frenchmen and Americans would equally admit that ideal candor in all its heavenly perfection should be intellectual and per-

sonal alike. To the French, however, the intellectual phase of this virtue presents itself as the more essential; to us the more important phase of it seems to be the personal. As a nation the French are no more untruthful than we are hypocritical. Yet the fact that each of us is apt, at least in unthinking moments, to suspect the other of the national vice in question goes deep in the characters of us both. And, beyond question, this unlucky tendency to misapprehension makes profound mutual sympathy or insight no easy task for one who should attempt to explain to either nation the temperamental nature of the other.

What is more, when anybody tries to give some account of the national temperament of the French, another difficulty presents itself, obvious the moment you begin to travel about the pleasant land of France. In America we have an artless way of deploring the ignorance of foreigners who suppose the United States to be the home of a single and homogeneous people; we smile at the ingenuous way in which Europeans confuse North and South, East and West; we wonder how anybody can pretend to intelligence who does not recognize as fundamental such distinctions as we all feel at home to differentiate New England from the Middle States, Virginia from Ohio, California from Nebraska. With equal artlessness we of America seldom trouble ourselves to remember that France extends from the Netherlands to the Pyrenees, and from the Atlantic to the Alps; that it borders on Belgium, on Germany, on Switzerland, on Italy, on the Mediterranean, and on Spain; that even well within its borders no two of the old provinces, whose names and traditions survive almost as lustily as if they still had political existence, have been alike either in origin or in history. The little differences in our own country on which we lay such emphasis are, at most, the results of two or three centuries. Those which must meet the eye of any traveller in France are sometimes older than Roman Gaul—lost in the inscrutable distance of prehistoric antiquity. There are few regions in the world where you shall find more incessant variety of landscape than in France, which so many travellers have known, within human memory, only from the trim lowlands which flit by the windows of railway carriages between Calais and Paris, or between Paris and some Continental frontier. Flanders, Nor-

mandy, Brittany; Auvergne and the Cevennes; Provence, the Gironde, Perigord; Burgundy and Champagne, have each their distinct aspects, as various as if they were in different continents or different planets. Each has its own immemorial forms of human expression as well; 'above all, its own architecture, most surely evident in the country churches which still imply everywhere the pervasive power of that religion which used to dominate them all. Each, too, has its own type of human beings, ancestrally distinct from the rest. If ever country or nation were composite, it is the France of this very day.

And yet, as you begin to know France with some approach to familiarity, there grows upon you the feeling that this composite, incongruous variety of humanity can somehow be generalized, despite the luxuriance of its incompatible detail. Partly, perhaps chiefly, because of the dominance of Paris—that extreme centralization of national life which attracts the strong and the restless from every nook and corner of France toward the capital—you come to perceive that in many ways the French are really at one in some such sense as untutored foreign prejudice has been apt to suppose. Years ago, no doubt, this impression would have been somewhat deeper; for it would have been confirmed by obvious peculiarities of personal appearance, even in imperial Paris. However various among themselves, the French as a people used to look their part. John Leech, for example, caricatured them, in a spirit as far from sympathetic or appreciative as that in which French caricaturists were apt, in his time, to portray the teeth and the taste of English girls. In his least happy efforts, the while, you were bound to admit that his wasp-waisted men, with peg-top trousers, fantastic hats, and inconceivable methods of hair-dressing, looked like what any traveller might see in Paris and nowhere else. This specifically French aspect of humanity, most familiar perhaps in the waxed mustaches of Napoleon III, began to disappear, I think, with the fall of the second empire. It is so much a matter of the past at this moment that your first impression of Parisians, whether in the streets, in any public assembly, or in their own pleasant society, is rather that they look and dress like other people than that they display peculiarities. In feature, in obvious manner,

in costume, they rarely delight us with such oddities as we used to fancy typically French. Until people begin to speak you may often be at pains to know whether they are going to address you in the language of France or in your own. The vivacious, erratic Frenchman of traditional fancy is as obsolete as that unwinsomely insular sort of Englishman who once justified the "Goddam" of Beaumarchais. This change, I think, is not wholly external. It goes far more deep than the extending prevalence of London fashions. It is one of many evidences that the French are less disposed than of old to consider the rest of humanity as barbarians. But it does not mean, in any sense whatever, that the French are not still as French as they ever were.

At the present time, however, the most instantly obvious trait of their national character is far from such as prejudice might have led you to expect. Whatever else the French have been, they have managed, throughout the past, so to present themselves to foreign eyes that foreign tradition is everywhere agreed in expecting them to be at least volatile and gay, if not completely frivolous, in their general manner and address. So far is this from the case now that I can hardly believe any people anywhere to seem more deeply, more impressively, more startlingly serious than the French seem both in formal intercourse and still more when you come to know them. This phase of their nature is perhaps more evident among rather young people than among people old enough to remember other days than these on which we are fallen. One of my most agreeable talks in France was with an elderly gentleman in whom the solemnity of the present time had not quite overcome the more gay traditions of social and conversational habit which had prevailed in his youth. With a deep sense of the perplexity of the situation he expressed in epigrammatically happy phrase his despairing wonder as to what could become of a nation which was passing into the hands of a generation so austere in earnest as the dutiful sons who were then gathered to meet me at his table. So far as I could conjecture, their respectful reception of his melancholy pleasantries was in some degree complicated by regretful conviction that it was deplorably deficient in seriousness.

Yet, however deep this seriousness of tem-

per now so evident among the younger French, it is not a bit priggish; it is as far as possible from the smug religiosity which associates itself with our conception of serious-minded youths in England or America. It is in no wise incompatible with courage and courtesy as profound and as punctilious as any which ever illustrated the traditions of elder France. It involves, however, a degree of self-control which must surely surprise a stranger prepared by prejudice to find French behavior generally characterized by impulsive volatility. A little incident which came to my knowledge in travel will illustrate what I mean; for when I had begun to know French people well it impressed me not as exceptional, but rather as what one might expect of them.

It happened that a well-educated man of thirty or so—a *licencié*, who had formerly contemplated an official career—found himself compelled by the illness of a chauffeur to take personal charge of an automobile which had been let to some Americans for a journey through some rather remote country regions. Something went wrong with the machine; so, while his travellers were at luncheon at a wayside inn, he attempted, though not an expert machinist, the troublesome mechanical task of putting it in order. Exactly what happened to him the party in his care did not understand. A commotion in the street called them out to the painful discovery that, by reason of some unexpected start of the machinery, he had broken both bones of his right forearm. The poor fellow was in great suffering and deathly pale, but as quiet as if nothing had happened to him. His first words were to express intense regret that his awkwardness should have resulted in an accident which must interrupt, for a little while, the pleasure of their journey, which he had undertaken to conduct. In all simplicity, his only thought seemed to be of the inconvenience which his misfortune had brought to others. The nearest medical attendance was in a large town, six or eight miles away. The only means of getting him thither was a jolting country cart. For some half an hour after it stood ready he refused to start, devoting himself, in spite of his pain, to what he declared to be obvious duties—such as arranging that his automobile should be duly stored in a barn until it could be sent for, and despatching telegrams for someone

who should come, as soon as possible, to replace him. Then he finally consented to jolt off toward the distant surgeon. He had not uttered a syllable of complaint; he had not shown a trace of excitement; his only reference to the accident was a repeated regret that it must inevitably annoy other people.

They had to follow him by railway, two or three hours later. On their arrival at the hotel where he had been driven they found that he had been taken to a hospital, for the reason that in the surgeon's opinion the setting of his arm would involve a degree of pain requiring anæsthetics. They anxiously followed him thither, to find that he was no longer there. When he had discovered that anæsthetics would confine him to his bed for some hours, it appeared, he had insisted that the bones should be set without them. He had things to do, he had informed the surgeons, which would not permit him the luxury of lying still, even for a single day. He had borne the operation without a moan or a quiver. Then he had hurried off to the nearest telegraph office. Before he reported to his employers at their hotel, late in the evening, he had arranged that their automobile should be brought on to them at once, and had received assurance that a man who could replace him as driver should start to do so the very next day. Nothing could have surpassed his quiet, self-neglectful devotion to duty; unless, indeed, it were the simplicity with which he seemed to assume that this was a matter of course.

And yet, a few days before, these same American travellers had been startlingly reminded that he had a high temper. A French gentleman who had lost a pair of spectacles at a hotel where both parties were passing the night had so far forgotten himself as to inquire whether they might not perhaps have been stolen by the chauffeur who had placed himself at the disposal of the American tourists. His suspicion, it may be added, was perhaps faintly justified by the range of anecdote, often without foundation, which prejudices the reputation for minor honesty of professional chauffeurs in France. Before the inquiry had been pushed, the missing spectacles had been discovered under a pillow in their owner's bedroom; and before the suspicion had reached the knowledge of the spirited youth whom it concerned their owner

was miles away in his own car. He had left behind, however, a record of his name and address. These the youth whom he had suspected of petty thievery was presently observed to be noting down. At the moment, he quietly explained to the head of his American party, he was not in a position which would quite justify him in demanding satisfaction of a gentleman; but his employment in his present capacity was accidental and temporary—an act of courtesy on his part to his employers and to their clients. He had a brother and a brother-in-law who were officers in the army. As soon as his present business was finished he should ask them to put themselves in communication with this gentleman who had taken the liberty of doubting his character. It was probable that when the situation was explained the gentleman would take the occasion to express regret. If not, he would have to fight a duel.

Whether this incident led to anything further, I have never happened to know. It clearly showed that, for all the self-control of the man when duty was concerned, the traditional animation of French temper is no fiction. If worst came to worst, it meant that the two Frenchmen involved would by and by meet one another somewhere, in the presence of friends and of surgeons, and would cross swords or fire pistols. It was highly improbable that, in any event, either would be more than scratched. The mere fact of the meeting would suffice to settle the point of honor in question, to everybody's satisfaction. The parties, thus introduced to each other's notice, might perhaps become good friends. And, according to the view of such matters now conventionally accepted among ourselves, the whole affair would have been ridiculous.

Again, there is no reason why we should trouble ourselves to consider whether our opinion is wiser than theirs or not. Beyond question, the two opinions are widely different; and until we try to grasp theirs we cannot pretend sympathetically to understand what manner of men they are. In one point, French and English agree: whoever does not cherish a sense of personal honor is not exactly what either of us would call a gentleman. In past times gentlemen have been apt to resent any imputation on their honor by challenge to mortal combat. Dur-

ing the nineteenth century this custom has disappeared in both England and America; in France, it has been so modified that contemporary duels rarely hurt anybody. Wherefore we have grown to suppose that the whole thing, with them, has become a mere pretence; just as they seem disposed to think that, with us, the sense of honor has fallen into abeyance. They are mistaken, of course; but no more so, I believe, than we are. The difference really goes deep in our national tempers; it turns on the fact that they are at once more searchingly intelligent than we, and far more disposed to believe in the importance of a formal system. The only circumstance which we take the trouble to notice in modern French duels is that they seldom do much harm; the fact which is uppermost in the French mind is the obviously implied one that, whether a duellist come to any manner of grief or not, a man cannot take part in a duel without deliberate risk of his life. His act, though probably only conventional, may turn out to be fatal. And even though, in general, it happily prove a mere formality, it involves, on the part of all concerned, a brave acknowledgment that anyone who pretends to belong to civilized society must hold himself responsible for any deviation from the code of conduct which its traditions prescribe and which its existence involves.

So far as general behavior goes, I think, there is little to choose between us. Our neglect of punctilio during the past century has not resulted in wide increase of misconduct. Their insistence on punctilio, as was evident in the incident of the traveller's spectacles, has not resulted in universally faultless behavior. And neither they nor we are so much given as our ancestors were to killing people with whom we may happen to disagree. We should not be ourselves, however, if we did not bluntly see only the formal exterior of their insistence on regularity of system; and they would not be what they are if they did not find our indifference to system reprehensible. They are far more alive than we to all that formal system implies. Which is one chief reason why they care so much for it.

This passion of the French for system is among their most pervasive traits as a nation. The considerations on which we have just been touching have reminded us how animated their temper remains when chance

involves any violation of the respect due to their persons or to their dignity. In matters of this kind, any of us can easily sympathize with their impulsive reaction of feeling, however little we may approve the form which their acts of resentment take. A more puzzling phase of their emotional sensitiveness appears when it is excited by some cause which we should personally regard as secondary. Anybody can understand why men should grow highly excited when personal dignity or personal interest is concerned. It is harder to see why mature people need lose their heads and their tempers over abstract propositions. Yet hardly anything is more frequent among the French, with their persistent attachment to intellectual candor. Nothing is more apt to rouse them into animated display of feeling than inquiries concerning the validity or the prosperity of any system—established or ideal—which commands their approval.

Among the general questions frequently discussed nowadays in France, for example, is that of divorce. It chanced one day to occur at the house of an intelligent and interesting woman who had previously impressed me as remarkable for repose of manner. This range of speculation revealed her in a new character. She became almost dramatically animated in her intensity. For various reasons—we were not all of the same way of religious thinking, for one—the ecclesiastical aspect of divorce was not mentioned. The purely social aspect of it was quite enough to excite her to an eloquence which I cannot pretend to reproduce. The substance of her discourse, however, was too vivid to be forgotten. She took, as her example, a concrete, though apparently imaginary case.

Suppose, she said, that a man marries a young girl of irreproachable character, an ideally honest woman. Their life has its hardships and its trials. The wife not only has her domestic duties—the monotony of her housekeeping, the bearing and the care of her children; as an honest woman she is the constant counsellor of her husband in the questions which perplex his own career and his conduct of the family fortunes. The years pass. The penalty of her devotion to duty is that it must leave plain trace on the charms of her person. She is no longer young, and she looks her age. Her husband, meanwhile, is not yet so advanced in years as to be insensible to the allurements of

youth. A young girl, somewhat older than his daughter, becomes a member of the household, in the character of governess. The honest wife admits her without suspicion to the *foyer*—the family circle. The husband cannot fail to find her appearance more attractive than that of his elderly mate. The girl proves to be of an intriguing disposition. Well, that sort of thing is bad enough at best; but under the time-honored system of marriage, the governess of intriguing disposition can be sent away, and—even if the husband prove so errant as not to relinquish his interest in her—at least the *foyer* is safe. What is more, this unlucky experience will have taught the wife a lesson which shall prevent such domestic misadventure in future.

But suppose such liberty of divorce as your self-styled reformers seem to urge. They would stop at nothing short of absolute freedom in the matter of elective affinities; that needs no discussion. The governess of intriguing disposition will be all smiles for the fatuous husband, and all smiles at the fading wife—the fading of whose charms may well be hastened by such vexation. The poor woman will weep in secret, which will be unbecoming. She may have the artlessness to imitate some pretty detail of the governess's costume, which will evidently make her look ridiculous. She may so far forget herself as to complain, or even to plead; which will render her husband still more sensible of the coy charms of the governess with a turn for intrigue. And meanwhile this demure young person will be far too intelligent to rate her charms at anything less than their full value—legitimate marriage. One can see the whole pathetic story at a glance. It is needless to dwell on details. The infatuated husband applies for divorce. As a matter of course, he obtains it; to deny it would seem to the authorities a tyrannical denial of their cherished principle of liberty in marriage—a contract which, according to them, should subsist only so long as it remains agreeable to both parties concerned. The devoted wife, prematurely old from suffering and from her unfailing attention to domestic duty, is sent to live and die as she may on what may chance to be left of her inconsiderable dowry. The triumphant governess of an intriguing turn takes her place at the *foyer*, as its duly wedded mistress. A new family succeeds the old one, whose interests are thus utterly ruined.

And, as anyone can see, such incidents can lead to nothing less than social chaos.

It is possible that the vividness of my friend's narration has betrayed me into some exaggeration of her hypothetical case. If so, it is a tribute to the art of her improvised discourse. For her story carried one with it unresisting. She did not pretend that it was true; but it was intellectually conceivable, to the most eloquent detail, and each new detail made it more like a reality. What is more, she appeared to feel that she was presenting to us a pathetic and valid argument in favor of the orthodox principles of marriage.

Of itself, no doubt, this little incident had no importance. Very likely it was forgotten in an hour by everyone else who happened to be present at the tea-table which it enlivened. It has lingered in my memory not because it was exceptional, but for the contrary reason that it was so deeply, so typically French. Elsewhere than in France, such a discussion, at least under just these circumstances, would have lacked, I think, several characteristics which here were marked. Throughout her vivid statement of an imaginary case this Frenchwoman was intensely, contagiously serious. She made one feel as if a great principle were really at stake; as if the occasion were one which should forbid any manner of levity; as if what we thought, when she had finished, would affect the future of society and of morals. It was just such a tirade as we have been accustomed to think pieces of stage convention when we come across them in the comedies of the younger Dumas. Again, her views concerning the matter in question defined themselves with the utmost precision. Not an outline was blurred, not a detail was neglected; you felt as if you had been privileged to look through an intellectual microscope inconceivably delicate in adjustment. Incidentally, too, her intellectual candor was uncompromising; she frankly recognized and plainly set forth a range of human error which the custom, and indeed the impulse, of an English or an American woman in similar circumstances would have been disposed to ignore or to veil. The French state of mind in this matter has no shade of conscious effrontery; neither has the English or American any conscious tinge of preaching or of hypocrisy. There is a deep difference, however, be-

tween people, like ourselves, who are comfortably disposed to believe that things are as they ought to be until the contrary is shown, and people, like the French, who frankly recognize that things are as they are—in which truth they find no reason for pretending things as they are to be what they ought to be. The formal conventions of life are in many respects similar with us and with them. The difference is that we of English habit do not look beneath the conventions; accordingly we do not value them merely as conventions, we hardly appreciate their full importance except in cases where we complacently find them to coincide with actuality. The French, on the other hand, look beneath conventions with uncompromising keenness, and candidly admit what they discern there. This, on the whole, they are disposed to regard as too dangerous not to be repressed by all imaginable insistence on conventional system. Conventions to them are not precisely truths, but neither are they pretences. They are the fortifications of society, which can be abandoned only at the risk of social peril. In which consideration we may find something to explain the impassioned animation with which my friend stated her honestly uncompromising conclusions about the question of divorce.

Whatever she discerned was vividly distinct; the simile of the microscope comes to mind again. You felt amazed at the precision of her perception and at the intensity with which she concentrated her powers on the task. But, as with the microscope—or with a telescope, either, if the comparison seem a bit invidious—the field of observation was rigidly limited. You could not have grasped what lay within it unless, for the moment, you had neglected what lay outside. The very limitation of her sketch was among the facts which enabled her to make it masterly. At the same time this limitation prevented it from being comprehensive. The moment you stopped to consider her imaginary case, you could see that there was nothing to prove it typical, any more than there would have been if one who should wish to generalize about the heavens should base his reasoning on what he saw through a telescope directed to some single point thereof, undisturbed by the swimming passage of planets. And yet, my friend would not have been so admirably French as she was, if her hypothesis

had not seemed to her exhaustive, and if the conclusion she drew from it had not appeared to her, at the moment, absolutely, universally, conclusively true.

For, as you come to know the French, you grow to feel that no quality is more deeply characteristic than their passionate devotion to what, in the widest sense of the word, we may call philosophy. The trait in question, which has its origin in an intellectual activity far beyond our habitual conception, involves immense divergence of opinion and of conviction. As everyone knows, there has never been a people since the Greeks themselves who have been less disposed than the French to remain contentedly unanimous. And their uncompromising love for precision of phrase has long made the term philosophy suggest, at least among themselves, something not at peace with dogmatic religion. Philosophy, as I conceive it at this moment, embraces such cosmic and social conceptions as they thus seem disposed to confine it to; it embraces as well, however, that other meaning of the term which in past time defined philosophy as the handmaiden of theology. The real distinction between devotion to philosophy like theirs and the neglect of philosophy which is so apt to characterize ourselves lies in the fact that a Frenchman is rarely content until he has reduced his views of life to a system, and that, so long as affairs in this wicked world proceed with reasonable prosperity, we see no particular reason why we should trouble ourselves to think about them. We are content with commonplace, with common sense; the French are passionately, alertly eager to understand, to explain, to control.

Accordingly, whatever the shade of your French friend's opinion, you shall seek far for a Frenchman in whose heart two assumptions are not so rooted that they seem to him, as a matter of course, sanctioned by all the force of passionate emotion. The first is that life, in all its bewildering complexity, can be generalized. There is no phase of it which may not be simplified, if we will, until we can perceive it clearly, firmly, finally, in all the precision of fixed, immutable system. How deeply this conviction is rooted in the temper of France is evident from the intense conservatism which underlies all the vagrant radicalism of their utterance in recent years. It is implied in their

intense devotion to system in such external matters as those which we have considered together—the constitution of their universities, their acceptance of national centralization, and the orderliness of their social structure. It appears even in that less obvious trait of their character with which we begun our present attempt to understand them more intimately. Their personal reticence, in its marked contrast to their philosophic candor, implies, as we come to appreciate it sympathetically, their devotion to system. The vagaries of any individual temper seem to them things which should be kept subordinate, even in the most friendly intercourse, to the larger truths, the general principles, which we must recognize and support as the true guides of life. The assumption that everything can be generalized and reduced to system lies at the very root of their emotional existence.

Along with this lies a second assumption, quite as dear to them: even though fact be unwelcome, they ardently believe that you must never shrink from acknowledging it. There is nothing in this philosophic conviction which should preclude the polite vagaries of social amenity. As is the case with any other society which has persisted long enough to make the inconveniences of earthly accident habitual, their respect for casuistry is instinctive; and their appreciation of the rudeness inseparable from excessive personal candor, in word or in act, is keen. The very fact that things are not always what they seem, however, is one to be candidly admitted. To see things as they are, before we can reduce them to system, is evidently a prime duty of intelligence. In this passion for fact, taken together with their passion for system, we may find, I think, an explanation of what we have been apt to feel the bewildering paradox of their national character.

For when we come to consider together these two almost equally passionate philosophic impulses, we cannot long avoid perceiving that they are bound to be more or less contradictory. What is true concerning fact and system throughout human experience remains true as ever in France, for all the passion of the French to reconcile them. No system of anything was ever so formulated as finally to include all conceivable fact. Unforeseen facts, incompatible with accepted system, must always occur every-

where. Radium, for instance, seems at this moment to be irradiating unexplored regions among the placid generalizations of physical science. And you cannot forever protect principles by the conventional assertion that an exception only proves the rule. For the essence of an ideal rule is that it shall be unexceptionable.

Now, when facts fail to agree with systems, you can take one of three distinct courses, besides this makeshift one of saying that the intrusive facts are only what everybody ought to expect; and French temper, with its impulsive love of precision, is far more ready than ours to take one of the three. Either you may attempt forcibly to reduce fact to system; or you may virtually ignore fact, admitting it, if you like, but treating it as negligible; or, if fact prove too stubborn, the final course open to you is to reform your system, in order to make it correspond with fact. If your philosophic impulse persist, you must almost certainly take one of these courses in the end. Which you shall take in any given case depends on extremely complicated conditions—not the least of which may be found in the peculiarities of your individual temperament. Which any Frenchman will take, it is hard to predict. The one sure thing is that, whichever he takes, he will take it so passionately that anyone who takes another will seem to him an enemy.

To illustrate what I mean, I may perhaps touch on a matter which, as the whole world knows, was deeply disturbing every corner of French society at the time when I was in France. It still involved such intense feeling that one could not tactfully mention it. All the more, one felt it close to the surface of emotion everywhere; and one felt, as well, that people of quite equal honesty—equally good gentlemen, I mean, in our best sense of the word—were to be found on both sides. From our present point of view, this was the most interesting phase of it. I refer, of course, to the Dreyfus affair. Amid all its confusion, two facts remained clear: one was that everybody, having come to his own conclusion about it, was honestly convinced that everybody who had come to a different conclusion was reprehensible; the other was that no foreign visitor, whatever his personal sympathy, could quite admit this to be the case.

For the dispute really turned, I think, not

on questions of fact, but on one of principle. Everybody admitted that the established system of law, having regularly accepted certain statements of fact, had proceeded to condemn an individual who stoutly asserted his innocence. Everybody admitted that some contrary and unofficial statements of fact had subsequently brought the justice of his sentence into question. In other words, it was plain that the regular working of a system did not agree with an alleged state of fact. What is more, efforts to suppress the alleged facts became out of the question. One of two courses must be chosen: Either the incompatible facts must be ignored by the supporters of the system, very much as the Christian Scientists of America now ignore malady, under the convenient name of "error," or else the system itself must be exposed to hostile scrutiny. The true question was whether the case should be reopened after sentence had been duly passed.

This seems to me the crucial point. The complications which ensued were embittered by prejudice, until the mutual sentiments of Frenchmen grew as rancorous as those of Americans were during our Civil War of forty years ago. The basis of this difference was apparently that both sides, with eager French love for logical system, regarded the question as an abstract one. To each it turned on unquestioning belief that a familiar legal maxim ought at any cost to be carried to its extreme conclusion. The difference between the parties was that, while both would probably admit both maxims, one held that the fundamental principle of public conduct is *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, and the other that it is rather *De minimis non curat lex*. At bottom, I think, there were these two distinct impulses, not quite formulated by anybody, and turning not only on political conviction and on class prejudice, but also on peculiarities of individual temperament. One sort of man assumes, as a matter of course, that the rights of the individual should be maintained at all hazard, no matter what may happen to institutions. Another sort of man assumes institutions, as a matter of course, to be so needful for the welfare of society that occasional wrong to an individual—even though in itself deplorable—is of no importance in comparison with the loyal maintenance of the system which has had the misfortune to inflict it. When a conflict between these contra-

dictory assumptions takes place, it is sure to be violent anywhere.

More than anywhere else in France. The dispute once started, everyone seemed impelled to consider it in much the way in which my French friend, at whom we glanced a little while ago, considered the question of divorce. The fundamental position was assumed as axiomatic, morally beyond dispute, sacred. Facts which seemed to justify the position—whether real or imaginary, or based on evidence, on hearsay, or on scandal—were eagerly emphasized. Principle and facts were used in impassioned processes of logical reasoning. Whatever this reasoning might lead to—including the villainy of anyone who did not agree with it—became an object of faith. The actual point in dispute, at least as I apprehend it, was quite lost from sight. Yet, in final analysis, you could always reduce it to the question of whether the case ought to have been reopened. People whose faith in institutions was paramount thought not; to reopen it would be to question, to weaken the authority of the law, the army, the Church. In any given case, of course, the Church, the army, or the law might err; nothing on earth is free from danger of error. But the less we dwell on this, and the more we insist on the benefits which such institutions bring us, and which the weakening of institutions might impair, the better for everybody. In comparison with the stability of society, the interests of any individual are negligible. *De minimis non curat lex*. In contradiction to this view, people who were disposed to care more for individuals than for institutions held that the only loyal course was to scrutinize afresh every fact in the case, old and new. If institutions had involved injustice to anybody so much the worse for institutions: *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*.

Of course, there were immense complications. Dogmatic attachment to different systems of religion or of politics entered into the matter. Catholics and Jews, Radicals and Reactionaries, naturally arrayed themselves against each other, and found in the fact fresh warrant for their belief that their opponents were villainous. And everybody was most bitter of all against people who on general principles should have taken his side, and who, in point of fact, took the opposite. For, as we have seen, the choice of sides often turned on questions

of individual temperament. Neutrality became impossible, until even an attempt, like ours, to consider the matter impartially, in distant perspective, may probably seem partisan to everybody concerned. In any event, if it should be brought to their attention, it would seem immensely incomplete—neglecting innumerable considerations which anyone who pretended to an opinion on this matter ought always to keep in mind. Had our object been to arrive at any decided opinion about the case, in any of its bewildering aspects, or even to simplify it into a clear statement of the facts, we should certainly have had to consider the matter more deliberately. Already, however, we have gone far enough, I think, for our only purpose here. This was to point out some deep characteristics of French temperament. From the very moment when the case was first brought forward, the French took sides, with precision, with logic, and with intense animosity. Nothing in their recent history can better illustrate the peculiarities of their emotional impulse when they are brought face to face with a situation where—in any sense of the terms—system and fact are shown to be so far at odds that some readjustment is needful.

Throughout the controversy, too, nothing was more evident to a friendly foreigner than that the moral weight of French character had thrown itself about equally into one scale and the other. This means more to us, just here, than any of the matters in dispute—whether of law or of fact. What we have been trying to realize is a deep temperamental characteristic of the nation which we are attempting sympathetically to understand. They passionately love system; their alertness of intelligence makes them passionately fond of reasoning; their most passionate impulse is to philosophize everything into order; yet all the while they passionately desire to recognize fact. When fact and system clash, accordingly, nothing can keep them from deep emotional disturbance, which at once intensifies and limits into undue concentration their processes of reasoning. And thus arise, throughout the course of their history, tragic antagonisms of conviction.

For a Frenchman would be something more, or something less, than characteristically French, if at any given moment his convictions on any subject in serious dispute had not an intensity rare among other

peoples. Whatever the question, his first impulse is to define his views of it. As a matter of conscience, his efforts to define them will not rest until they have resulted in a precision of which the very clearness involves limitation. If this were not the case, he could hardly be true to himself; if a bit untrue to himself, if not unflinching in his intellectual candor, he could not be an honest man. Almost unknowingly, then, he proceeds to make for himself a new little logical system. He honestly believes in it, at least for the while. He cherishes it, even to its remote implications, not only with instinctive devotion to his principles, but also with some of that jealousy with which any creative artist, or for that matter, any parent, cherishes his own offspring. At any given moment he could not be himself if he were not uncompromising. To tolerate convictions or opinions contrary to his own would be to yield himself contemptibly to a contradiction of right and of truth, surely mischievous and often wicked.

If I have made myself clear, I have perhaps done something to explain how some of the most obvious peculiarities of the French, often puzzling to foreigners, and surely less menacing to national persistence than foreigners might expect, spring from an excess of their national virtue—intellectual candor. As individuals or as partisans they never quite appreciate the limitation, as distinguished from the precision, of their opinions and their convictions. The results of this are familiar to everybody. Superficially they take the forms of *demonstrations*, amusing or alarming to foreign spectators, as the case may be. During the winter when I was in Paris, for example, the teacher of history at a secondary school gave expression to some opinion about Jeanne d'Arc which offended the prejudices of his pupils, boys sixteen or eighteen years old. These youths accordingly hooted down his lectures, refused to attend his classes, and assembling in public places indulged themselves in comically eloquent tributes to the character of the Maid of Orleans. This particular incident, I believe, was settled by transferring the obnoxious schoolmaster to an institution of learning where the boys were more disposed to agree with his political bias. When the characteristics displayed by these rebellious youths show themselves more profoundly among their elders the matter cannot

be so easily disposed of. Throughout French history, they have involved terrible mutual misapprehensions on the part of men equally honest and equally admirable. More than anything else, I think, they have led to those fatally uncompromising dissensions which again and again have prevented tolerant co-operation at crucial moments. The deepest weakness of the French as a people seems to be their inability to take confidently united action. They know one another better than they can know any foreigners. That is one reason why their history has taken such a course that an English writer, who knows them well, has lately declared, in discussing their republican doctrine of fraternity, that no Frenchman can ever hate a foreigner quite so intensely as he hates Frenchmen of other opinions than his own.

At a French dinner-party, I happened to hear a phrase which, in this connection, seems to me deeply significant. It was during the disturbances about Jeanne d'Arc to which we have just referred. The schoolmaster was believed to have intimated that, according to his reading of the evidence—duly confirmed by the decree of the ecclesiastical court which sent her to the stake—her character left something to be desired. His pupils, when you began to sift their eloquence, appeared to maintain—in accordance with the decree of the equally regular ecclesiastical court which rehabilitated her memory—that she was blameless to the point of beatitude. The question gave rise to animated, though friendly, dispute among a company of French people assembled at table. Everybody there was alertly intelligent, everybody knew his history with surprising accuracy, everybody took eager interest in the somewhat academic discussion; and the range of opinion extended from not guilty, through not proven, to guilty. In the midst of the dispute, one of the company gave utterance to a principle which everybody seemed disposed to accept as axiomatic—“*Il n'y a qu'une vérité*,” he exclaimed: “There is only one truth; a fact is a fact, or it is not; that is the whole story.”

Everybody assented; and the discussion went on, so far as I remember to no definite conclusion. For my part, I did not venture to interpose. Yet I felt at the moment, as I have felt ever since, that no incident could better have illustrated at once the uncom-

promising intellectual candor of the French, and the most insidious limitation of it.

Take, for example, the case then in dispute, that of Jeanne d'Arc. Concerning her actual conduct in this world, of course, the aphorism was completely true. Either she was spotless, or she was not; and by carefully studying the evidence about her we may very likely reach, in the end, a pretty substantial opinion, one way or the other. But, suppose for the moment that the weight of the evidence should prove to be against her; suppose that we were forced to admit her frailty, as a matter of history. That would doubtless be a truth; and in her own time it might have been held pretty comprehensive. Nowadays, however, the case is different. It will soon be five hundred years since she gave up the ghost in the marketplace of Rouen. Throughout these five centuries a tradition—a legend, if you will—has been tending to consecrate her memory. Even though she were proved in fact to have been worse than scandal ever pretended, nothing could prevent the equal truth that thousands and thousands of her countrymen have lived and died in the faith that she was the pure and inspired saviour of France. But for that tradition, even though she had been untainted as driven snow, she would to-day be nothing but a picturesquely eccentric soldier. That tradition itself, even though she were proved to have been the dregs of a mediæval gutter, is a fact which must still be reckoned with. There are at least two truths about Jeanne d'Arc—the truth of history and the truth of tradition. If they coincide, so much the better. If they prove hopelessly at odds, there is no reason why we should not reverence the monuments which perpetuate her name; for what they really consecrate is not what she actually was, it is what generations of posterity have fervently believed her to be. There is more than one phase of truth, after all; and the most deeply significant, the most lasting, the most pregnant, is not always that of mere reality. Oftener, I grow to feel, it is that of the ideal to which some fleeting reality—even though scrutiny may prove it sordid—has given inspiring and deathless life.

Such a distinction as this a thoughtful Frenchman would be apt to admit. Distinctions, even when not very fine, appeal to minds so fond of exactness as those of the French. At the same time, the precise dis-

inction which we now have in mind would seldom occur to them spontaneously. Their instinctive, impulsive love of system would prevent them from feeling its force until they had carefully considered it. There is something alluring in that phrase, to which the whole disputing company assented—*Il n'y a qu'une vérité*. Truth is single; it must remain forever immutable, unqualified. Their system of the eternities is based on this axiom. To question it would be preposterous—until you stop to think.

And meanwhile, let truth be single as you please, and let each one of us, with all the candor in the world, set himself the task of learning it; and you shall always find human beings at odds. The more alike they are in fundamental character, the more sharp their dissensions must be, and the more intolerant they must be of each other. Let them love system and love fact, as the French do. Let them be beset by the temptation to admit fact only in forms which may harmonize with system. Let them grow to maturity each amid the intensely strong traditions of his class and kind. Let each, as well, be conditioned by the accidental fact of the temper, the disposition, with which he chances to have come into the world. And the world he must live in must be, from beginning to end, a world of insoluble discord.

And yet, you would never understand the temper of the French if you stopped here. The excess, the fineness, the limitations of their strongest virtues, involve them in constant unrest, passionately resentful of their own images in the likeness of their com-

patriots. At the same time, there are some very deep impulses in which they remain deeply at one. This tendency you can feel in some of the phases of their character at which we have already glanced. The very fact of their school-boy demonstrations reveals their eager response to the appeal of a common sentiment. And when such a sentiment proves to be broadly, deeply, lastingly human, it springs to life with wonderful strength and tenderness.

How full of tender feeling the French are must be evident to anyone who comes to know them in their family lives. A constant phase of this tenderness—this impulsively deep human sympathy, at its purest and most true in the presence of poignant experience inevitable in the course of nature,—must be familiar to anyone who has ever travelled in France. Nowhere else does everyone, of every rank, respond with such instant, whole-souled, consoling sympathy to the presence of death. We are sometimes apt to think garish the conventional poms of a French funeral. We should rather linger in thought on the reverence with which the French bare and bow their heads throughout the streets while the sad procession passes. The impulse may be momentary, the act of sympathy forgotten almost before it is done. But the fact of it remains deeply, beautifully significant. When, for a little while, the French can find themselves at one, in response to some great human emotion, you can be sure that they are at one with beautifully sincere intensity. That is one reason why you grow to love them so well.

THE TENSES

By Jessie Wallace Hughan

ONE cried, "*I have*," while shadows of her fears
 Bedimmed the present joy with coming ill;
 "*I shall have*," laughed another, but the years
 Rolled o'er her hope, and left her waiting still.
 "*I have had*," said the third, "and am content;
 My joy is past and I have held the whole;
 Nor time, nor change, nor disillusionment
 Can tear my perfect treasure from my soul."

OFF THE TRACK

By Charles Buxton Going

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. T. DUNN



ALL along one edge of the Prado of Sandoval, the administration buildings of the Dos Bocas Development Commission blinked at the sun-glare from behind double barriers—an outer screen of gray-green eucalyptus-trees and an inner one of white columns and light semicircular arches. Clifford stood gazing out of one of the sashless windows, which gaped from the thick cement walls behind these slim defences against the heat. The double row of palms across the Prado was streaming in the trade-wind; beyond was a long, purple glimpse of the sea. But the abstracted look in his eyes suggested that his mind was elsewhere, and his fingers kept, mechanically, a place in the pages of his note-book. For the third time during the ten minutes he had been waiting he opened it and frowned at the tabulated figures.

A clipping fluttered out and he stooped to pick it up again, reading the short paragraph through with an obvious satisfaction which was not lessened by the fact that he already knew it, word for word:

The *Review* learns, at the moment of going to press, that Mr. Westerton Clifford, C. E., has resigned the position of division engineer to the W. & N. R. R., to accept an appointment with the Dos Bocas Improvement. His extensive experience and distinguished success in handling earthwork on a large scale will make him invaluable to the colossal enterprise with which he has associated his future. The commission and Mr. Clifford are alike to be congratulated on an arrangement which assures profit and prestige to both parties.

He turned, replacing the clipping and pocketing his note-book, as another man entered the room—dressed in white, like himself, and with the same semi-military air, but showing several shades more of bronze in his face.

“Good-morning, Mr. Stanwood,” said Clifford, holding out his hand.

“Oh—good-morning, Mr. Clifford. I

couldn’t distinguish your face, at first, with the light behind you there. Is the chief inside, do you know?”

“Yes; Brownson’s been with him for the last fifteen minutes. I’m waiting my turn.”

“Is that so? I got a wire this morning that he wanted to see me, just in time to catch No. 2. Smith’s close behind me. All the division engineers seem to be foregathered at headquarters. What’s up?”

“I’m not sure. There’s a report the old man’s ordered a state-room on to-morrow’s boat, and that he’s going up on account of some mix-up at the capital. Probably wants to get reports and leave instructions all around.”

“Oh! Likely enough. Well—I wish I had the job of going North for mine!”

Clifford smiled with the indulgent superiority of the novice.

“Oh, that’s all right, old man,” Stanwood continued good-naturedly; “it’s very lovely, at first, and all that”—he waved his hand comprehensively at the view out of the window; “we’ve all been through that stage. Wait till you’ve been here a year. It isn’t the chigoes in the bush, and stegomyia breeding in your bath sponge, and fleas all over the shop; that’s easy enough to get used to. It is the fifty per cent. discount in the efficiency of everything, machine or human, that breaks your heart and makes you sigh for God’s country.”

“Ah,” exclaimed Clifford, “that’s where our chance lies. Why” (pulling out the note-book again), “look at these figures I’ve been compiling: Cost of excavation, Maximilian Cut, for the past six months. They’re frightful. Why I——”

He broke off at the sound of voices and the opening of the door of the inner office. The chief engineer, following Brownson out, stood in the doorway, his heavy shoulders seeming almost to touch the jambs, and the forward thrust of his head emphasizing the uncomfortable peculiarity of the direct gaze he fixed upon the other men. His voice,

however, was of curiously pleasant quality, as he answered their almost simultaneous "Good-morning, Mr. Burtonshaw."

"Good-morning, Mr. Stanwood; good-morning, Mr. Clifford. Which of you gentlemen has been waiting the longest?"

Stanwood stepped a trifle back, with a gesture of deference. Burtonshaw silently held the door for Clifford to enter, ignoring his murmured suggestion, "After you, sir," and standing with fixed insistence until the younger man, in some little embarrassment, had passed into the room.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Clifford?" said the chief. The assistant took the place at the side of the desk and Burtonshaw, slipping down very low in his own chair, stared at him for a long, awkward interval. When at length he spoke, it was without any sign of consciousness of the preceding silence.

"How do you find things on your division?"

"The work lacks concentration. There is no coherence in the attack. There are seven types of excavators and shovels, four of them obsolete, and only one really efficient. The engines are not adapted to the duty, and the dump-cars are unsuited to the material. The unit costs are accordingly high."

Burtonshaw opened his mouth in a wide, silent laugh, looking around as if seeking someone to share the joke. Clifford, to whom this trick of manner was unfamiliar, reddened and shifted uneasily in his chair for some uncomfortable moments before the chief spoke again, beginning in a tone of singular gentleness but with the air of reciting memorized sentences:

"Our work so far, you understand, is necessarily tentative. We are doing what we can with what we have, and that is mostly a legacy from our predecessors, that unfortunate Belgian company that failed. We are scarcely more than gathering data, you understand, for the final plans. That is what I had in mind in arranging this conference. I am going North by to-morrow's steamer, and may be away six weeks. Dispose your equipment to obtain the best efficiency you can, of course, so long as the work is continuous and is applicable to any variant of the plans which may finally be adopted. But I desire you to keep your costs, so that we may take out accurately any element we need—what it costs to excavate

a yard of each class of material under all sorts of conditions, by each shovel and excavator, to haul it over each system of tracks, and to deliver it at each dump. Do I make it clear?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered Clifford.

"That is all, then. Brownson will be in charge of headquarters. Good-morning, Mr. Clifford."

With a sudden and absurd sense of vacancy, the younger man found the interview ended before he supposed it was begun. The masterly attack on things as they had been, which he had been arranging in his mind, was left facing empty air before he had done more than deploy his forces. He made a sort of futile gesture toward his note-book—opened his lips to speak—and found himself finishing an unready and rather ungraceful exit as the concentrated, imperturbable gaze of the chief actually seemed to usher him out of the door. An uncomfortable feeling—a species of minor chagrin—enveloped him as he walked across the Prado; once or twice he muttered, half unconsciously, parts of the speeches he was mentally making in the interview which had not taken place.

He gave his fragmentary, self-conscious outline of the conference that evening to Stanwood, who listened, smoking quietly and mentally filling in the gaps in the story.

"You didn't know 'Old Burt' before you came down?" he asked at length.

"No. I had seen him when he was president of the society and I had heard of his Sphinx gaze. By George, he is inscrutable!"

Stanwood held his cigar at arm's length, carefully flicking off a speck of ash. "Do you know, to me he seems wonderfully transparent?"

Clifford looked at him startled; then, laughing a little shortly: "Well, can you read what was in his crystal mind to-day, then?"

"That's easy." Stanwood straightened in his chair. "Easy! He knew things were wrong on that division; that's why you were brought here. He knew, in a general way, I mean, why they were wrong. You showed him, at the first go, that you knew exactly. That was enough for him. The particulars of the remedy were your business. Fix 'em, and then show him."

"But to have me tabulate and analyze the costs, and then not even——"

"My dear fellow, for your information—not for his. He knew the totals were too high, but he didn't give a damn for the details, for they were the details of bad practice, which, since you had come on the job, was now ancient history. But he was clear enough in showing the interest he would have in details hereafter, wasn't he?"

"He certainly was," said Clifford thoughtfully.

"Because he expects you, as a specialist in that work, to get figures that will be the basis of his biggest calculations. That's all there is to it, as I see it."

After some minutes' silence, Clifford rose with the air of one whose self-satisfaction was quite restored.

"Well, it's up to me to show what economical dirt-moving is, I guess." Stanwood rose also, looking at his watch.

"That would seem to be part of the game. And you'll find the old man keen enough to examine the outcome. Good-night, good luck!"

As he crossed the court the wet air blew in his face, driven before a flapping gust from the north. By the time he had climbed the stairs and tramped the long gallery to his room he could hear through the open windows the heavy splashing of the shower.

"That has the real rainy-season sound," he thought; "Brother Clifford may find economical dirt-moving more difficult than he expects. Well—new experience is broadening, if not always agreeable."

The wet season was indeed beginning; by the end of a fortnight Clifford found himself facing the work in the big cut under a downpour which could cover the whole region a foot deep in a month. While the rain was falling labor in the open was practically impossible; during the few hours of steamy sunshine between showers (they scarcely averaged one in four) it seemed impossible to do much more than repair the damage of the floods. The heading in his cost book—"Dry Excavation"—leered at him ironically. Entries of quantities removed dwindled daily smaller and smaller; the curve of "cost per cubic yard" climbed like a peak of the Himalayas. Yet, with things as they were, he saw no way to increase the output of the shovels nor to reduce the other labor.

Revolving these conditions in his mind, he dropped off the Dos Bocas Railway train

at the Maximilian siding. It was one of the rare mornings when it did not rain, and loaded dump-cars passing on the way to the spoil banks showed that work was in progress. Clifford walked alongside a line of empties waiting to go up and climbed into the locomotive cab.

"Are you hauling from the No. 2 shovel this morning, Donaldson?"

"No, sir; from the No. 3. No. 2 is buried in a clay slide."

"The devil! When did that happen?"

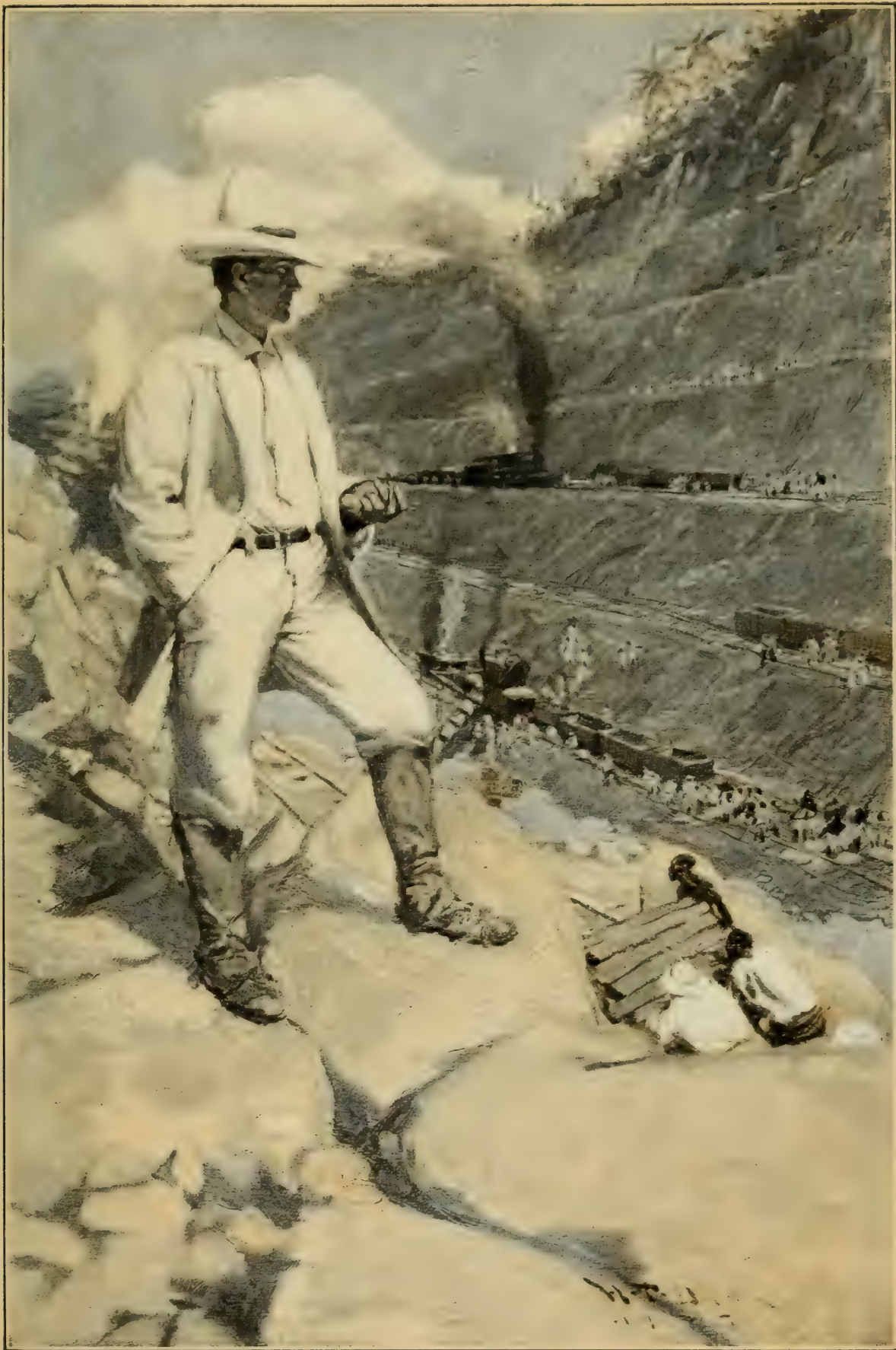
"Last night, or early this morning, I guess. She ain't not to say all buried—I hear Mr. Crehan give orders they should get the boom clear first so she could help dig herself out." After a moment he went on impassively: "No. 27's off at the bank switch this morning, and a cut of twelve cars is in the ditch up to the excavators."

"Oh!" said Clifford wearily; "how did it happen this time?"

"Spread rails!" Donaldson answered shortly. "The No. 27 is longer even than most of these engines, and they're all too long and too stiff. She just naturally butted the outside rail over. And them cars—why, Mr. Clifford, I see it myself—there was three rail lengths turned right over in one stretch, like. These here French rails is too high and too narrer on the base, even if they was laid solid and spiked good. Look out there, sir—she starts kinder rough." The engineer, getting his signal from the switchman, was slacking back to start. They got under way noisily, Donaldson leaning far out on his side of the cab and feeling his way over the yielding track. Once he ducked in and shouted something to his fireman, who in turn lurched close to Clifford, sitting forward on the fireman's seat, and yelled in his ear, grinning the while:

"He says watch out here, sir—the track was awful soft comin' out."

Clifford nodded, apparently undisturbed, but noticed the sag critically as they passed over the place. Hastily scribbling a note on a pocket pad, he threw it out to the foreman of a track gang a little farther on. He seemed to be concerned chiefly in scanning the raw sides of the great cut into which they had entered—a vast, artificially terraced trough driven across the ridge of the hills. Above it hung the fringe of the tropical forest. In its bosom lay a muddy, slowly spreading lake, unwelcome offspring of



Drawn by H. T. Dunn.

He looked back from across the cut.—Page 757.



Derailments waxed in number day by day.—Page 758.

the rains. The bare slopes of colored clays and sombre rock were dripping, glistening, slippery and scored by oozing trickles and runnels of water.

"Dry excavation!" muttered Clifford to himself bitterly, climbing down from the cab as they jolted to a stop. "A lovely job! Good-morning, Crehan. How are you getting on with digging out No. 2 shovel?"

"Pretty good, sorr, for a shtart. We'll have her cleean by to-morrer night, barrin' too much rain. 'Twill be hand diggin' an' twicet movin' f'r most of the dirt, though—we can't load to the cars the way she lies."

"Well—the main thing is to get her at work again as soon as you can. Too bad to lose this fine morning."

"It is, sorr; it is too bad. And her the best shovel we had on the job. Wu'd ye think it good to move the No. 3 to help dig her out, Mr. Clifford?"

"Um. I hate to stop the work on this face—but go ahead. It'll be moving dirt, anyway. Here—let Donaldson couple on to the shovel and place her for you. I'll be along directly."

He looked back from across the cut on his way to the wreck at the excavators, and saw the engine and shovel crawling slowly on their mission of rescue. Fifteen minutes later a ragged negro workman brought him a soiled scrawl from Crehan.

Mr. Clifford deer Sir engine 27 and Shovel
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No. 3 is off the top bench swich they are layin acrost both tracks Pleas send the recking crain and crew from the excavators as soon as posibile. Respfty J. Crehan.

By the time they had the wheels all on the rails again it was late afternoon—and raining once more. Clifford, soaked and muddy, saw the shovel started afresh for the landslide and was about to leave when word came that one of the excavators had "laid down." The track on which it stood, softened by the weather and the constant backflow of water drawn up in the buckets, had slid away. The whole machine had been saved from tipping into the cut only by the bucket ladder, and that was badly buckled. Clifford, chewing savagely on a soaked cigar stump, glared at the streaming landscape.

"Jack her back and shore her up safe," he snapped; "and, Crehan! Strip that crippled excavator and shop her, and shut down all the excavators to-night. They're simply eating up money. Put your whole attention on the shovels." He strode down the soggy track toward the station; the foreman, shaking his head dubiously, turned back up the cut.

"'Twas not Mr. Burtonshaw's wish anny of 'em should be shut down—but orders is orders. Well, well—sure 'tis hell f'r weather. Now, then, what are yez all doin' at all? Get yer tools on to thim cars and get

up out o' this. Do ye think she'll hang there all night waitin' f'r yez?"

That evening the division engineer went over his latest figures, carefully and despondently. For the following week he "lived with the job." He withdrew from every unfavorable spot in the excavation, and concentrated on the easiest and least troublesome faces. He put all his spare forces at bettering the track. But it was ill ballasted and worse drained, and in spite of all he and Crehan could do, the derailments waxed in number day by day. This blocking of the tracks kept the shovels idle half the time, waiting for cars. At the end of the week the output had fallen to one-half and the cost had risen to three times the normal. On Sunday, Clifford called the foreman to headquarters.

"Crehan," he said, "we will stop the digging in the Maximilian cut for the present. Lay off all the labor you can. Clean up, and send any extra men you have to keep to Mr. Stanwood and Mr. Brownson."

"We will—yes, sorr." The Irishman's thin gray face changed from blank surprise to distress. He stood hesitant, turning his hat nervously around in his hands.

"Well?" said Clifford, somewhat irritably; "is there anything more?"

"No, sorr," Crehan replied hastily; "thim's the orrders, sorr—ye wouldn't let us thry a bit longer, Mr. Clifford? 'T might be betther weather——"

"No," said Clifford sharply; "it's simply wasting money to dig dirt now. I won't stand for it, so long as I am on the job. That's all there is about it."

"To be sure, sorr," respectfully inter-

posed Crehan. "Yure the ingineer; 'tis f'r me to take the orrders, sorr. But—ye'll excuse me, Mr. Clifford; I'm gettin' to be an old man. I've been on jobs wid Mr. Burtonshaw since I were a young lad—and—I wance miscarried his orders, sorr——"

A sort of haunting terror leaped for a moment into the foreman's eyes, and his face worked silently. Clifford, who had been on the edge of dismissing him angrily, checked himself; he recalled hearing of some tunnel accident, years ago, caused by a foreman's neglect of Burtonshaw's instructions. There was still a little resentment, however, mingled with the condescension of his tone.

"You are very conscientious, Crehan. Don't disturb yourself. I am making the plans on this division; be good enough to see that they are carried out to-morrow, will you? Good-day."

"I will, sorr. Good-day, sorr." Crehan went out,

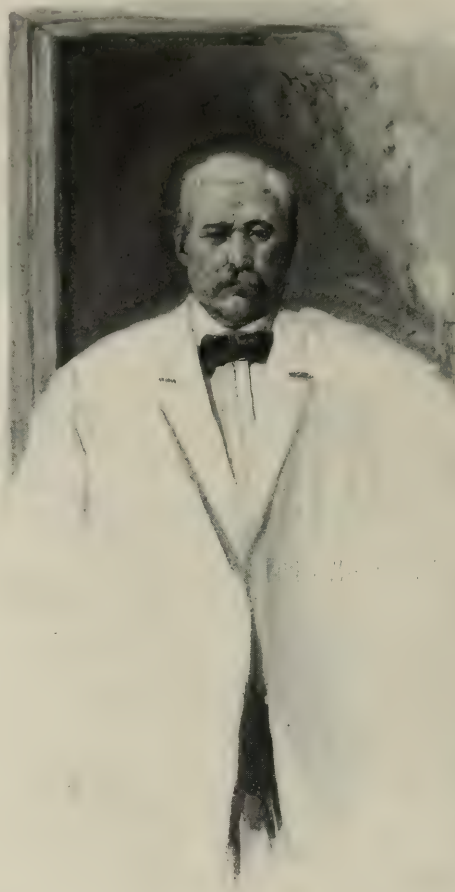
subdued; but as he passed through the narrow streets of Sandoval to the men's boarding-house, he kept muttering to himself over and over:

"'Twas not Mr. Burtonshaw's plan—'twas not Mr. Burtonshaw's plan—and by God, Mr. Burtonshaw's plan's got more behint it than thim young ingineers sees!"

"Do I understand, Mr. Clifford, that you have suspended the excavation absolutely for the past month?"

Burtonshaw, the day after a delayed return, was again addressing the division engineer across his office desk.

"I have, sir," answered Clifford. The assured confidence with which he had ap-



The chief.



Drawn by H. T. Dunn.

'The clay slide.'



"Get yer tools on to thim cars and get up out o' this."—Page 757.

proached the interview was dissolving in a very uncomfortable nervousness.

"On what grounds, may I ask?"

"On the grounds of economy. We spent more time getting the engines and cars back on to the rails than we did running them in service. The shovels were operating at barely one-fourth of their theoretical capacity. The costs, as that sheet will show you, were three times what they should be. It was simply wasting money."

Burtonshaw pushed aside the data sheet impatiently, rising and pacing the room back and forth several times before reseating himself at the desk. His gaze seemed to bore the younger man through. At last he spoke with great deliberation:

"It is impossible for you to know, Mr. Clifford, how I proposed to use your work or to co-ordinate it with that of others. It is unnecessary for you to understand my plan, but I might expect you to follow it. At this time, I do not care how much it costs to move that earth if the cost is due to necessary conditions. I do not care how often the engines jump the track, if the derailments do not result from mismanagement. I do not care how little the shovels turn out, if it is as much as they can ever be counted upon to move at this season. But I do want to know, and I must know, beyond cavil, what results are possible and what expenses are inevitable with the means now at our command. Do you understand that one of

the questions at issue is the scrapping of equipment which we have taken over at \$10,000,000?"

Clifford hesitated a moment, silent.

"I am satisfied on that point, to a moral certainty," he said at last.

"Then can you impress your moral conviction upon a political administration and a nation of laymen fifteen hundred miles away? Can you——" The chief broke off, seizing the sheet of figures and holding it out toward Clifford. "You show here a total of 30,000 yards excavated in a period of three weeks. We have to face a total of 60,000,000 yards to be moved, and to deal with arrangements for a period of ten years. Can you justify to yourself, to me or to that vast suspicious constituency watching us, any conclusions based on such premises?"

The huge bent shoulders of the chief suddenly seemed to Clifford to be bowed by a gigantic load of which, in angry mortification, he saw himself forming a part. A phrase of the *Review* personal circled in his mind, irritating, insistent, as if it were being whispered into his ears: "*His extensive experience and distinguished success in handling earthwork on a large scale make him invaluable.*" The contrast between the poor flattery and the mortifying facts in which he was plunged struck him with a sense of miserable sickness. Then a hot tide of self-justification broke over him.

"I certainly supposed," he began assertively, "I was to use my experience and judgment——"

"In organizing the work—in directing it to the best attainable efficiency—in continuing it against every obstacle, but not in suspending it." The chief rarely interrupted any speaker thus. Now he sat gripping the corners of the table before him, his whole presence the embodiment of an overmastering purpose against which Clifford's defence broke as if it had run upon a rock. "Can you go before the country," Burtonshaw continued tensely, "with any fundamental plan which must depend vitally on unit costs, and confess that you shut down operations and abandoned work at a very critical point in ascertaining those costs? You stop in alarm because a few yards of earth moved cost a dollar fifty a yard. Can you assure me that the attempt to carry on work through the rainy season would not

run that cost up to two fifty—or three fifty—a yard? If so, shouldn't I know it—*must* I not know it—to control all future plans and estimates?"

"But, Mr. Burtonshaw, much of our high cost was caused by the wretched track, and that is not a necessary part of any future operations." Clifford's angry resentment of the experience through which he was passing flashed out in his tone, and he was conscious in the same moment that the chief recognized it and ignored it in his reply.

"Precisely—and that is why I told you to dissect and analyze your figures so that we might separate and detect that very component." The chief rose, his heavy shoulders and forward-thrust head seeming to tower over the mortified assistant. "Mr. Clifford," he concluded, with slow deliberation, "you have lost a priceless, and I fear unique opportunity to secure data of inestimable value."

Clifford rose also, white and trembling. He waited some time to control himself, and finally spoke in a voice quite unlike his own:

"Will you accept my resignation now, sir, or shall I put it in writing?"

Burtonshaw stared at Clifford for a long, and, to the young man, a distressingly awkward interval. When at last he spoke his voice had regained its usual almost musical tone, but as he began the assistant thought his question had been ignored.

"We are dealing with a large problem, Mr. Clifford. We must look at things in a large way. You have been controlled solely by ideas of absolute economy. What we need is absolute knowledge, at almost any price. The misunderstanding has already cost some necessary data. If it costs a necessary assistant in addition, will not the work—will not I—suffer a double loss?"

Clifford felt a warm tingling flush and knew that his face was burning. He straightened up and met the older man's eyes squarely.

"Mr. Burtonshaw," he said, "I've been off the track. I'm sorry you have had the time and trouble jacking me back. But I can stay on now, I think—and the rainy season is not over yet, either. Shall I get to work?"

Burtonshaw's wide, silent laugh seemed to fill the room with its noiseless enjoyment. He looked from side to side, as if gathering

in the world at large to share it. Then Clifford saw his chief's hand extended.

"Good!" said the old man. "Good! And now let's study these figures a bit."

"By gad, he's big!" whispered Clifford to himself, crossing the Prado fifteen minutes later. "He's big! No wonder Crehan has stayed with him for a lifetime!"

• THE POINT OF VIEW •

EVERY June, when flitting time comes, and the birds of passage gossip of White Star, and Cunard, and North German Lloyd, and of French and Dutch lines, I, too, find myself touched with the fever of flight—with a desire for winging to distant lands. Then I dream a little of the countries that I would visit; and I should go, I think, only that before I have completed my itinerary the fever subsides, the desire ebbs away, the dream fades. I find that there are lands which do not attract me, and that concerning others I have illusions. The lands that do not attract me I do not wish to visit; the illusions I do not wish to destroy.

Take, for instance, France. When I think of France, I always see green lanes, and meadows, and vineyards, and gardens with quaint white cottages nestled everywhere among them, and two-wheeled tumblers drawn by oxen. Also, there are wooden-shoed and blue-bloused or short-skirted peasants, who make Millet pictures against the sky. There are winding placid streams, too, and châteaux, and time-hallowed villages where the people have gone on, unchanged in habit and speech, since Joan of Arc began her march to Rheims.

Unless I think of Paris. When it is Paris, it is always night, and there is a gay procession on the pavements—singers from the *café chantant*, dancers from the ballet—a medley of mask and fancy dress that capers and sings in the gaslight, and here and there on some high parapet a white *pierrot*, keeping company with the moon. This is the France of my illusion, and I want to keep it. I am afraid if I went there, the cottages would not all be white and the fields would not all be green. I am afraid there would be fewer two-wheeled ox-drawn tumblers than motor-

cars. I am afraid the peasants might be wearing leather brogans, made in Lowell, and cheap, ready-made ugly coats and dresses, and that they might not stand against the sky at evening and bow to the benediction of the angelus. I am afraid the châteaux would show modern additions and American plumbing, and that the sightseer would be scattering bits of paper about and shivering the old atmosphere of romance with shrill laughter and with frivolous comments in voices harsh and high of key.

And then Paris: something tells me that it would not be always night there and a gala procession, and that I might find it hard to discover the white *pierrot* keeping company with the moon. I do not like to risk losing the green lanes and the châteaux and the Paris of my illusion. So I do not go to France.

Then there is England. My reading and my observation teach me that the English language is spoken in that country. I have read selections of the literature printed there, which did not appear to differ materially from our American idiom, and I have met native persons from several English localities and in various walks of life, some of them barely off the steamer. Certainly most of these were able to speak something which very closely resembled English, each in his own manner and variety, though with scarcely more social and geographical differences than one might discover here at home. Yet I have never been able really to persuade myself that they had not acquired the tongue on the voyage over and used it in America as a matter of courtesy and convenience. I have never been able not to believe that in their native land and in their own homes they would, by heredity and of necessity, employ a lan-

A Stay-at-Home's
Lands of Illusion.

guage which only one born of the race and perhaps of the immediate neighborhood could comprehend without lessons.

If I should visit England it is quite possible that I should find myself undeceived. I might find them not only printing their books and their periodicals substantially in our written forms, but actually employing a colloquial speech which would fall no more strangely on the ear than that of those English visitors whom I have greeted on the docks, or than the lingual embroideries which I should be bringing home myself, perhaps, after a month or a week spent in the purlieus of Regent Street or Trafalgar Square.

I do not wish to lose my English illusion. I should not like to discover that it is not really a foreign country—to find, indeed, that we have laid the burden of our language and our literature and our customs upon that nation so completely that unless one examines a timetable or a bill of fare he might still believe himself at home. I want to continue to think that England is just foreign, and unusual, and that I should have to learn the language out of a word-book. So I do not go to England.

I consider Italy. My Italy consists of purple distances and creamy villas with terraces and colonnades, and olive groves and vineyards that stretch away and blend into a violet haze under the farthest hem of the horizon. I do not think of Venice as Italy, or of Rome, or Pompeii. I know those places, too, in the lands of illusion, and Venice is all moonlit water and white palaces, and Rome is moonlight, too, with palaces and the Coliseum, and the moonlight reaches to Pompeii and lies white and still among the ruins.

Florence is my Italian city. Men wear doublet and hose in Florence, and trunks, and when they dislike anyone very much they dispose of him with a long keen rapier or perhaps drown him in the Arno. There are fascinating shops in Florence. They are along a bridge, and you buy curiously wrought gold things in them, and gems. One Benvenuto Cellini has a shop there, and you must be polite when you barter with him, for he is easily angered and is uncommonly quick with weapons.

Oh, there is a lot to call one to Florence! The great ones of Italy, and the great wonders—all the art treasures and the architecture, all the romance and the tragedy I have gathered there. But then, I do not go to Florence. I have heard that Benvenuto is

dead—that is the report—though I suspect that he is only sojourning in Rome or Paris until one of his “affairs” has been settled at home. Still, it is possible that I should not find him in his shop, and I fear I should have to be wary of my purchases in other shops, or in returning home I should find myself bringing gems and filigree things back to their native land. Perhaps the men of Florence no longer wear doublet and hose and settle their affairs with the rapier and the Arno, but have descended to custom tailoring and the damage suit. The art and the architecture must be there, but I have seen them so long as one sees the objects beyond the looking-glass, in a glamour of unreality, that I hesitate before testing the direct glare of the real. And Venice might not be all music and moonlight and palaces—white without, and dim-carved-and-tapestried within. I have heard that steam-launches are on the canals there, and God knows what other desecrations may be on the way. And Rome might not be all moonlight, either, or Pompeii, and as for the purple vine-lands and olive groves, with the enchanted villas, one who has been in Italy once told me that Italy is not purple at all. I do not believe that, of course. I saw a painting once—it was called “A Dream of Italy.” I do not know who painted it—it was a long time ago and I have forgotten the artist’s name. I suppose he never became celebrated or I should have heard it again, and recollected. It does not matter—that picture was full of opalescent mist that blended away into the violet distance, and in it I recognized all the objects and the wonder that I knew there, and it was my Italy—the Italy I do not like to lose.

(I have not overlooked Germany—I have avoided it. Germany is one of the countries which to me does not seem attractive. I have no illusions about Germany. I find no romance and no mystery in its people or its language. We have more of both in New York City than in any city in Germany, except Berlin. The German city is constructed on the modern commercial standard, its institutions aim to out-Americanize even America. Its military officials crowd one off the pavement and run him through with a sword if he objects. I do not wish to be run through with a sword or even smacked briskly with the flat of it. No, the Germany I know is not attractive to me, though it may be an illusion, too, in which case I am satisfied not to disturb it.)

The Unvisited
East

I SHOULD end this matter here if it were not for the Orient. The Orient has a spell which one does not lightly resist. I need not distinguish as to locality. Among the lands of illusion the Far East is just the Far East, and the "Arabian Nights' Tales" comprehend it all. Emperors and princes, loaded with jewels, mounted on camels or richly caparisoned horses and protected from the sun by silken canopies carried by slaves. Sultans with splendid turbans and pointed shoes—dark-visaged men with burning eyes—who sit cross-legged on a dais and nod to the Grand Vizier when a head is to fall. Story-tellers who weave marvellous tales of genii and magic and jewelled caves, and who tread warily the trail of fancy, knowing that any halting or misstep may invoke the fatal nod.

And then the traffic of the East. Long caravans winding across the desert, loaded with rich bales of rare carpets from those vague interior lands where men and women sit in the sun and weave with the warp and woof of heredity and tradition, in colors and patterns whose very existence has to do with magic and the influence of the evil eye. Wide, shouting market-places where the costly things are flung about for inspection and where one may pick up a priceless treasure for a song. Gay, narrow streets, crowded with bazaars where mesmeric Eastern perfumes hang about rare fabrics and hover among strangely wrought trinkets and uniquely mounted gems. Dim corners wherein one may by chance discover a magic lamp that shall summon the genii of ancient days. Gorgeously clad merchants, with baggy trousers—dark-faced mysterious men who mutter "Allah" and swear by the Prophet's beard. And just outside, the squatting magicians who could never perform their marvels without the aid of invisible powers, who perhaps

toss a rope circling into the air, and then climbing it disappear from view. And everywhere color and mystery and magic—all the men mysterious, and all the women doubly so because their faces are veiled from profaning eyes.

I dwell long upon the Far East of my illusion. Yet I do not visit it. I believe it is all there, of course. But I can't take any chances. I can't take the risk of finding my emperor and my prince riding in a barouche, my sultan clad in a Prince Albert coat studying modern military tactics. It would grieve me to find my caravan reduced to a mule train, or to a few skeleton camels, loaded with bright new aniline rugs and glass jewels or gaudy cottons from Manchester. Perhaps the busy, shouting market-place would not be the fascinating outpouring of lavish and heaped-up riches I have known so long. Perhaps I might fail to pick up the priceless jewel for a song. Perhaps the last magician who ascended the circling rope into the viewless air has not yet returned. Perhaps I should not like the mesmeric nosegay of the bazaar; perhaps the dress of the shopkeeper might seem just stage property and unreal, and not truly a part of the picture I have known; perhaps the genii would not appear when I rubbed the lamp he sold me. I bought a lamp once in an Oriental bazaar on this side of the water. It was old and it was Persian—anyone could see that. But when I rubbed it—a little too smartly, maybe—nothing appeared but the brand of a Chicago manufacturer. It filled me with misgivings. When I consider the Orient for my journey, I remember the story of that lamp, and I cling fast to the Orient of my illusion, which I would not willingly disturb. And then, perhaps, I look up the New England time-tables, and pack a bag, and so carry my Lands of Illusion with me to enjoy somewhere among the solid hills.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

MURAL PAINTING AND DRAMATIC ART

WHEN he decides to paint a picture on his easel, the artist may make his conditions—those conditions which must be complied with if the spectator would see aright what is shown. But, when he is commissioned to paint a given wall surface, there are certain conditions necessarily imposed upon the artist. A commonplace statement if you choose, but one that expresses, I think, the difference between the painter of pictures and the mural painter.

There is something of this same difference between the work of the writer for readers and that of the dramatist. The conditions in the case of the mural painter are such as are necessarily brought to the mind of the beholder by the character of the building in which the painting is placed; not merely its being a court-house or a theatre, or what not, but by the particular—the undefinable—condition of the mind, brought out by the work of the architect. The painter may surprise that state of mind, or he may treat it gently; he may even combat it, but consider it he must if he is to gratify it. There are expectations in that mind which may not be neglected by the artist.

To proceed instantly to an example, the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Panthéon in Paris is so well known that it needs but mention to convince. Without detracting from the work of the other artists there represented, it may be said that Puvis, of all others, answers expectations. What he has done looks as easy to do as a sonnet of Shakespeare. One artist, in trying to analyze, says it is because Puvis has kept the wall surface in his painting; another, that he has eliminated unnecessary details, or that he has avoided dark spots; but I prefer to generalize and to say that Puvis has answered to the state of mind superinduced by the great work of Soufflot; by the famous church itself.

And there is a parallelism between the conditions under which a mural painter must work and those that confront the dramatist.

Voltaire said, "The only way to judge of a play is to see it played, because it is necessary to see it in place to judge it properly." Molière has used almost the same language, "It is well known that comedies are written to be played," and he would only permit those to read his plays "who had eyes to discover in the reading the play as seen on the stage." Now I question if there is a mural painter of experience who has not repeatedly used similar words in speaking of his own work. There are certain conditions that assert themselves when a painting is seen amid its surroundings that seem impossible to completely understand except when the work is seen in place.

If there were nothing but this point of similarity in the work of the mural painter and that of the dramatist, it would be interesting; but the more I read of the conditions of dramatic art the more do I see reflected those that have confronted me. It must be true, of course, that the grammar of painting is the same, whether it be applied to the style of a wall painting, or that of an easel picture. It would seem absurd to suppose that a man lacking in knowledge of the technique of painting could successfully execute a wall painting. But we all know that many painters of ability have produced wall paintings that are singularly inadequate; and we know also that men have written plays that are delightful to read and tiresome to see. How often have I seen photographs of mural paintings that attracted me, only to be followed by disappointment on seeing the paintings in place. Recently I went to see Gérôme's wall paintings in the Church of St. Severin in Paris. That Gérôme was an artist of great ability, his picture of the "Cock Fight," painted when he was but twenty-two, has proved conclusively, yet these wall paintings in St. Severin seem to me but commonplace. I should not have looked at them a second time had I not been interested in seeing just what a great painter of easel pictures would do with a wall painting. I can well believe

that, seen in his studio, they would have delighted me, for there he made his own conditions and doubtless complied with them.

And this suggests another experience I had some years ago. I was recovering from an illness, the days were long and the hospital seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of routine and sequence. Some essays of De Quincey fell into my hands and I recall with what pleasure I read them. Their matter escapes me now, but the easy way in which the mind was led from one paragraph to another was a delight. Later, in the activity of New York life, I found these same essays tiresome. My surroundings had changed, my mind did not respond; whereas some enchanting stories of Guy de Maupassant, with their quick turns of thought, seemed fitted to my mood; and so, too, Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." He seemed to skip whole chapters, and tell me the result, just as life in New York does. Is there not a suggestion here?

I do not know how to define my expectations at the theatre—that takes a Sarcey or Brisson; but you may bore me even with beauty at the play, if it is not dramatic beauty.

I find another parallelism in reading what De Julleville said of Alexandre Dumas: "He had the sense of the theatre, and not only did he know how to compose a drama, in view of its being played, but without writing well in a literary sense, he wrote well for the stage. His language may be poor, but it seems good on the stage. It has defects which are not noticed in the representation, and good qualities which there come out markedly." Now, I think nothing is more apt to occur to a mural painter than to have just such conclusions brought to him out of his own experience. He will surely discover that certain faults of painting, when his work is seen in his studio, are not faults at all when his painting is seen in place; and certain qualities that are not apparent in his work when seen in his studio become quite evident and quite important when seen on the wall.

I take up another paragraph from De Julleville; he is speaking of a twelfth-century play, representing Adam and Eve: "This drama," he says, "is not without literary merit; we may admire the skilful management of the scene where the demon cajoles and seduces the woman. . . . The demon and the woman are real people and living; this seducer knows how to speak the

language of seduction; this woman, weak, credulous, and curious, is, if not the type, at least a sketch of the character. The scene in which they struggle is not a dialogue between two cold abstractions." These words have suggestions for us painters! Do they not imply that we should make our figures expressions of real life, which is fundamentally the same in all ages? Whether our figures represent Adam and Eve, or Ceres, or the early settlers of our own country, should we not make them living realities rather than cold abstractions? Just how we are to do this is a matter for each painter to decide for himself. But might it not be advisable for us to paint De Julleville's words on our studio walls—"Reality rather than abstractions"? Americans are keen-witted, and will never be satisfied with anything less real than what they have learned in the struggle for their own existence.

In speaking of realities and expectations, let me quote from an Oriental writer. "It is because of this secret understanding between the master and ourselves that in poetry or romance we suffer and rejoice with the hero and heroine. Chikamatsu, our Japanese Shakespeare, has laid down, as one of the first principles of dramatic composition, the importance of taking the audience into the confidence of the author. . . . 'This,' said Chikamatsu, in criticising a play submitted to him, 'has the proper spirit of the drama, for it takes the audience into consideration. The public is permitted to know more than the actors. It knows where the mistake lies, and pities the poor figures on the board who innocently rush to their fate.'"

The word expectations has not been used here, but has it not been implied? "But," the Japanese says, "after all, we see only our own image in the universe, our particular idiosyncrasies dictate the mode of our perceptions." Was it not a perception of these truths that made De Julleville admire, in the old mystery play of "Adam and Eve," the exposition of one of the fundamental relations of life?

And does not the dramatic unity of action about which we have all read so much have its counterpart in pictorial unity? If mural painting has one requisite, it is that the impression produced be one of unity; unity with itself, unity with its surroundings. Scatter my attention and you will lose it. No amount of excellence of aggregated detail

will hold my attention, if it be not also congregated. Our paintings are surrounded by architectural details which, no matter how complicated, must be conceived on a structural principle. Put them together indiscriminately, and no matter how beautiful they may be in themselves, they will not make a successful building. And, with this requirement definitely established by the architect, does not the mind of the beholder expect the same principle to run through all parts of the building, whether those parts be of marble or of paint? We will accept *des longueurs* in a novel, if they are interesting in themselves; but at the play we shall yawn. We may put down a novel and take it up again to-morrow, but once the curtain is raised the mind must be led to a conclusion, and led inevitably, until the end of the play. I will not give my attention to-morrow if it is not won to-night. And I will not look at a wall painting again unless it delights me when first seen. And remember that I shall be in a frame of mind that first time that I see the wall painting which will not be of the artist's choosing. It will be fixed by architectural conditions over which the painter can have but little control. They will rather control him, and if he has heeded their suggestion they will give him a setting which will emphasize whatever of merit he puts into his work.

But where, it may be asked, may examples of mural painting be seen that fulfil expectations? Of course, we must go to Italy; Venice first, or perhaps Rome, but that is a detail. If we will analyze the great painting of Veronese on the ceiling of the ducal palace, his "Venice Enthroned," we may see how completely the artist has marshalled his forces in a manner that might have been used by the dramatist. A great festival has been suggested; an attendant crowd, guards, horsemen, a palace—all unreal, if you choose, but all united in a way that makes the appeal one of unity. But the painter La Farge says that this picture "has only conformed to external rules; . . . if the architecture be imaginary, we are reassured by the relative reality of its inhabitants. . . . All is fancy, all is impossible, except that these are the figures of the scene, and since they are there in their proper place and perspective, the sight must be true." Veronese has complied with that desire for unity which is inherent in the mind. Abstractions he has used, the necessities of the space at his dis-

posal required him to do this, but he has made these abstractions as real, yea, more real, than the actual things and men that furnished the basis for his imaginings. And so we might discover these truths in any of the great works of mural painting with which Italy abounds.

But if we turn to Italy to see these perfect examples of mural painting we need not be discouraged and think that mural painting is definitely and immovably fixed. No art can live that does not change as peoples and conditions change, and the work of Puvis can assure us that we may paint in a manner different from that of the men of the past, and yet hold the same fundamental principle. We may express our own individualities as truly as the great painter of Verona expressed his. Perhaps the dramatist may again come to our aid. Voltaire said, speaking of the drama, "All kinds are good except the tiresome kind."

And from how many different sources may both the dramatist and the mural painter draw material and yet remain original! De Julleville says: "Tartuffe owed something to twenty different authors: to Boccaccio, to Aretino, to Regnier, to all the old story-tellers, satirists, and moralists who have painted hypocrisy. A novel of Scarron furnished to Molière the striking scene between Tartuffe, Orgon, and Damis. . . . But in spite of these particular borrowings the play is entirely the work of Molière, and remains one of the great creations of his genius." Now anyone who has studied the work of Raphael knows how extensive were his borrowings. Everything that came to his hand he used, but in using the work of others he made it his own as truly as though he had painted from an actual scene in nature. His originality was never embarrassed because others pointed to what he saw. "He infused into manners the undefinable charm that we know by the name of Raphael."

Words of Rubens apply here, too. "There are," he says, "painters for whom each imitation is useful; others, for whom it is so dangerous that it may almost annihilate art in them. In my opinion, in order to reach supreme perfection, 'tis necessary not only to become familiar with the statues, but to be steeped in their innermost meaning. Yet such knowledge must be used with prudence and with entire detachment from the work; for many unskilled artists, and even some of

talent, do not distinguish matter from form, nor the figure from the substance which ruled the sculptor's work."

Nor is this way of working that Rubens suggests at all a difficult one. I have frequently pictured to my mind the landscape brought to my attention by the work of a Japanese artist; and I have painted from that landscape which I saw in my mind without in any way copying the work of the Japanese. Indeed, it is in no way difficult to walk about in that landscape, and to make a picture of it from another standpoint.

It might be well to consider for a moment the matter of the choice of subject for our mural paintings, for most wall paintings are for public buildings, and the subject-matter then becomes one of great importance. Like the dramatist, we have a public to appeal to as well as a class of refined critics, and if our work is well done we should satisfy both. Certain it is that Jupiters and Junos will not appeal strongly to audiences made up largely of those whose knowledge of the Greek gods is confined to what they have read in a classical dictionary. But suppose we represent, as Veronese did, sights that our fellow-citizens have seen, or that are real to them by the course of their natural reading. There is nothing that prevents our choice of such subjects, any more than there was anything that prevented Veronese telling his audience what they already knew something about. That Veronese had an advantage in the picturesque dress of the day may not be disputed, but a disadvantage should not be construed into a discouragement. Surely the wonderful story of the development of our own country gives us as great opportunity as we could wish for, and the fact that so many novels have been published of late in which the author has shown his intimate knowledge of the conditions in the settlement of that part of the country in which he was born should be to us painters an indication of the desire in the popular mind. There is perhaps not a State in the Union that is without a his-

tory peculiarly interesting. The hemp-fields of Kentucky played an important part in the development of that State, and California and gold-mines are intimately associated. Should we not make use of these facts? Mural painting should not make demands on the technical and artistic culture of the beholder. It should gratify that culture where it exists, but its appeals must be made to the public; nor need we have any fear that realism will rob us of our opportunities for imagination. The story of Lincoln and his development is certainly realistic, and it is as certainly imaginative to a high degree. The eternal verities, with which mural painters must deal, the verities of space and line and color, may as well be applied to the hemp-fields or the gold-mines as to the realities of Venice. Light and shade fall upon the homespun gown as truly as upon brocades and satins, and the delightful patterns they make are no respecters of materials.

And geometry, too, has laws as applicable to one kind of subject as to another. Its mysteries were not exhausted by the Italians. Gothic architecture is as truly a setting forth of the principles of geometry as is the architecture of the Renaissance.

Still another matter might be worth our attention. The mural painter of to-day is made from the artist who has learned his *métier* in the usual way of painting from the living model, and his tendency, perhaps, is inevitably toward painting well what he can see before him in his studio; but this is far from a free rendition of life. Instead of painting Abundance Rewarding Labor, he may easily, though unintentionally, paint a picture of one model giving another model a cornucopia filled with wheat and apples. And here again, as a last example of the parallelism between dramatic art and mural painting, let me quote from De Julleville again: "One may interest himself even in marionettes, provided he may imagine that they represent men and women, but one finds no interest even in men and women when they are at best but marionettes."

W. B. VAN INGEN.

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